Punch



Vol. CLXX.

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PUNCH



Almanack 1926

ONE SHILLING

Postage—Inland & Canada 1½d. Foreign 2½d.

Supreme—everywhere!



"Eat only SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE the best"

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



January							February						
S	...	3	10	17	24	31	S	...	7	14	21	28	...
M	...	4	11	18	25	...	M	1	8	15	22	...	...
Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...	Tu	2	9	16	23	...	...
W	...	6	13	20	27	...	W	3	10	17	24	...	...
Th	...	7	14	21	28	...	Th	4	11	18	25	...	...
F	1	8	15	22	29	...	F	5	12	19	26	...	...
S	2	9	16	23	30	...	S	6	13	20	27	...	...

March							April						
S	...	7	14	21	28	...	S	...	4	11	18	25	...
M	1	8	15	22	29	...	M	...	5	12	19	26	...
Tu	2	9	16	23	30	...	Tu	...	6	13	20	27	...
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Th	4	11	18	25	...	...	Th	1	8	15	22	29	...
F	5	12	13	26	...	...	F	2	9	16	23	30	...
S	6	13	20	27	...	...	S	3	10	17	24	...	...

May							June						
S	...	2	9	16	23	30	S	...	6	13	20	27	...
M	...	3	10	17	24	31	M	...	7	14	21	28	...
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July							August						
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September							October						
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Punch's Almanack for 1926.

LIFE'S GROWING DEMANDS.



TIME WAS WHEN ONE COULD TAKE THE YOUNG LADY OF ONE'S CHOICE TO A QUIET LITTLE DINNER—



FOLLOWED BY A LITTLE DANCING—



ROUND OFF THE EVENING WITH A LEMON SQUASH—



AND GET VERY PRETTILY THANKED FOR THE TREAT.



BUT NOWADAYS ONE HAS TO START WITH COCKTAILS AT ONE HOTEL—



DINNER AT ANOTHER—



COFFEE AND LIQUEURS AT A THIRD—



AND HAVING SPENT HALF-AN-HOUR AT A REVUE—



ONE IS HURRIED AWAY—

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

LIFE'S GROWING DEMANDS.



TO DANCE AT THE "CONSULATE"—



AND A VISIT HAVING BEEN PAID TO THE "1 A.M. IDIOTS"—



DANCING IS CONTINUED AT THE "CÔTE D'AZUR"—



UNTIL IT IS TIME TO ADJOURN—



TO THE "CAT AND KITTENS"—



FROM WHICH, EMERGING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—

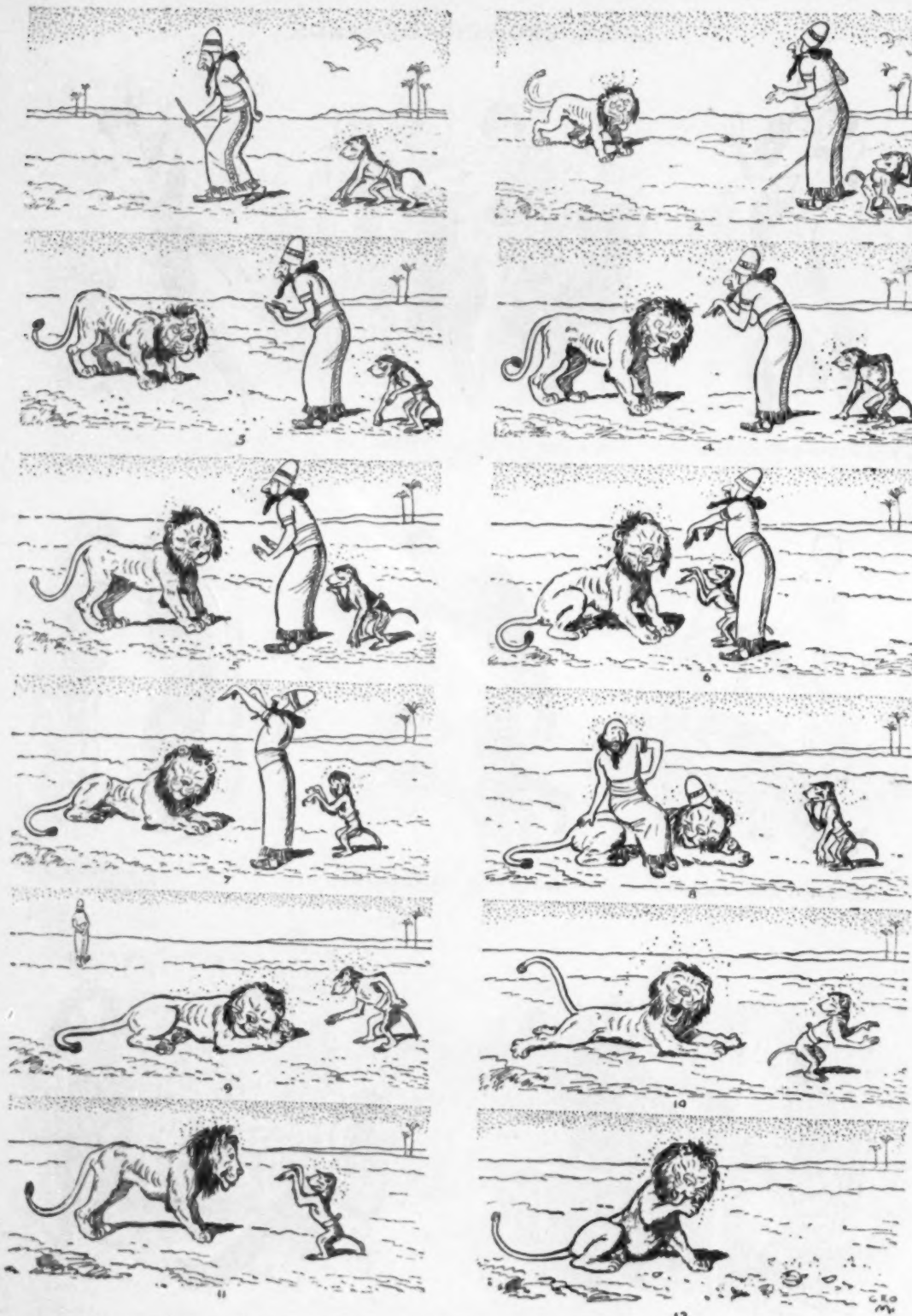


ONE REPAIRS TO THE "KNUCKLE-END" FOR HAM AND EGGS—



AND ALL THE THANKS ONE GETS IS "CHEERIO!"

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



THE FATE OF THE IMITATOR.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



Carol-Singer (doing a house-to-house performance). "You got the best voice, Charlie; mike a solo o' this 'n."



Dyspeptic Guest (in haunted room, who suspects practical joking in house full of youngsters). "No doubt you fancy yourself exceedingly humorous, but I shall certainly inform your father of this impertinence in the morning."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



WANTED—A "LEGITIMATE" CIRCUS.

MR. OSCAR ASCHE. MISS FAY COMPTON. MR. HENRY AINLEY. SIR GERALD DU MAURIER.
MR. TOBY. MR. OWEN NARES. MR. LESLIE HENSON. MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH. MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

MINCE MEAT.

(*By our Charivariety Artistes.*)

TRAVEL in the rush hours to avoid the "Shop early" crowds.

***

Trunk calls wishing friends the compliments of the season should be put in hand at once without further delay.

***

Some remarkable changes in women's fashions are foreshadowed, but we receive with extreme caution the rumour that clothes are to be worn again.

***

Nicotine is very useful in gardening. You should explain this to your wife when she finds you burying those cigars she gave you for Christmas.

***

All is fair in love and the variety of Bridge you let your wealthy aunt play on Christmas-Day.

***

A critic says that a poet must write what is in him. Some of the poets who write the couplets for our crackers must feel glad that they have worked them out.

A lip-stick that won't come off is on the market. It should come in well for the season of goodwill, when there is always a great demand for non-transferable complexions.

***

A well-known doctor says that kissing has an intoxicating effect, so, if you take your Christmas dinner at a restaurant, you must expect the waiter to remove your mistletoe at eleven o'clock unless you order another sandwich.

***

A certain large store is advertising that it can supply everything necessary for a good old-fashioned Christmas. We should like to see the staff busy with an order for a heavy fall of snow.

***

Tokens representing the value of a threepenny-piece were once made from leather. There was absolutely no way of distinguishing them from the rest of the Christmas pudding.

***

"Whisky is the best medicine for influenza," declares a daily paper. This accounts for the large number of Americans who have arranged to come over here to have their colds this winter.

***

A Parisian laments the fact that Englishmen never greet one another except by the formal method of shaking hands. It must be years since we kissed the Income Tax collector when he called on Boxing-Day.

***

One house in Camberwell has been broken into and robbed five times this year. It is expected that the burglar will call upon the householder for his Christmas-box.

***

It is said that we do not taste many articles of food at all, but merely smell them. Particularly gifts of game that come by post during the Christmas season.

***

We hear of at least one father who doesn't play with his child's toy railway train on Christmas morning. He is a Director of the Southern Railway.

***

Motto for Christmas Waits: It is an ill wind that blows a cornet.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE BALLROOM.



THE "JUST-LOOK-WHAT-THE-CAT'S-BROUGHT-IN" HOLD.



THE "I'LL-SHOW-YOU-WHO'S-MASTER" GRIP.



THE "TILL-DEATH-US-DO-PART" HUG.



THE "DROWNING-MAN" CLUTCH.



THE "KINDLY-STEP-THIS-WAY-MODOM" WHEEDLE.



THE "DOCTOR'S-ORDERS" MANNER.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



Old Retainer (taken on with the Castle, to new mistress). "BEG PARDON, ME LADY, I THINK YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THAT GHOST OF OURS—THE WHITE LADY. WELL, SHE 'S GONE AND SHINGLED HERSELF."



Householder. "CAROLS IN NOVEMBER! YOU 'RE STARTING EARLY, AREN'T YOU?"
Leader. "YESSIR. YOU SEE WE 'RE GIVIN' 'EM A TRY-OUT IN THE SUBBUBS BEFORE STARTIN' IN THE WEST-END."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



SCENARIOS FOR LOW-BROWS.

THE MONSTER DIAMOND; OR, MAKING GOOD.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

THE JOLLY GOOD OLD TIMES.



WHAT A WORTHLESS WASTER WE FEEL WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE PORTRAITS OF OUR EXEMPLARY ANCESTORS.



BUT AFTER ALL THERE WAS THAT DREADFUL SCANDAL OF GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-AUNT AND THE HANDSOME FOOTMAN.



AND THEN TO GRANDFATHER'S UNCLE, THE ADMIRAL, IS ALWAYS ATTRIBUTED THE ORIGIN OF THAT LEGEND, "A WIFE IN EVERY PORT."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

THE JOLLY GOOD OLD TIMES.



And Great-aunt Matilda, *she* eloped from school at the age of sixteen.



And there was the night when Great-aunt Susan and the Major got lost in Vauxhall Gardens.



And then there was Great-uncle Percival—well, the less said about *him* the better.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

THE JOLLY GOOD OLD TIMES.



What a worthless waster we feel when confronted with the portraits of our exemplary ancestors.



But after all there was that dreadful scandal of Great-great-great-aunt and the handsome footman.



And then to Grandfather's Uncle, the Admiral, is always attributed the origin of that legend, "A wife in every port."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

THE JOLLY GOOD OLD TIMES.



And Great-aunt Matilda, *she* eloped from school at the age of sixteen.

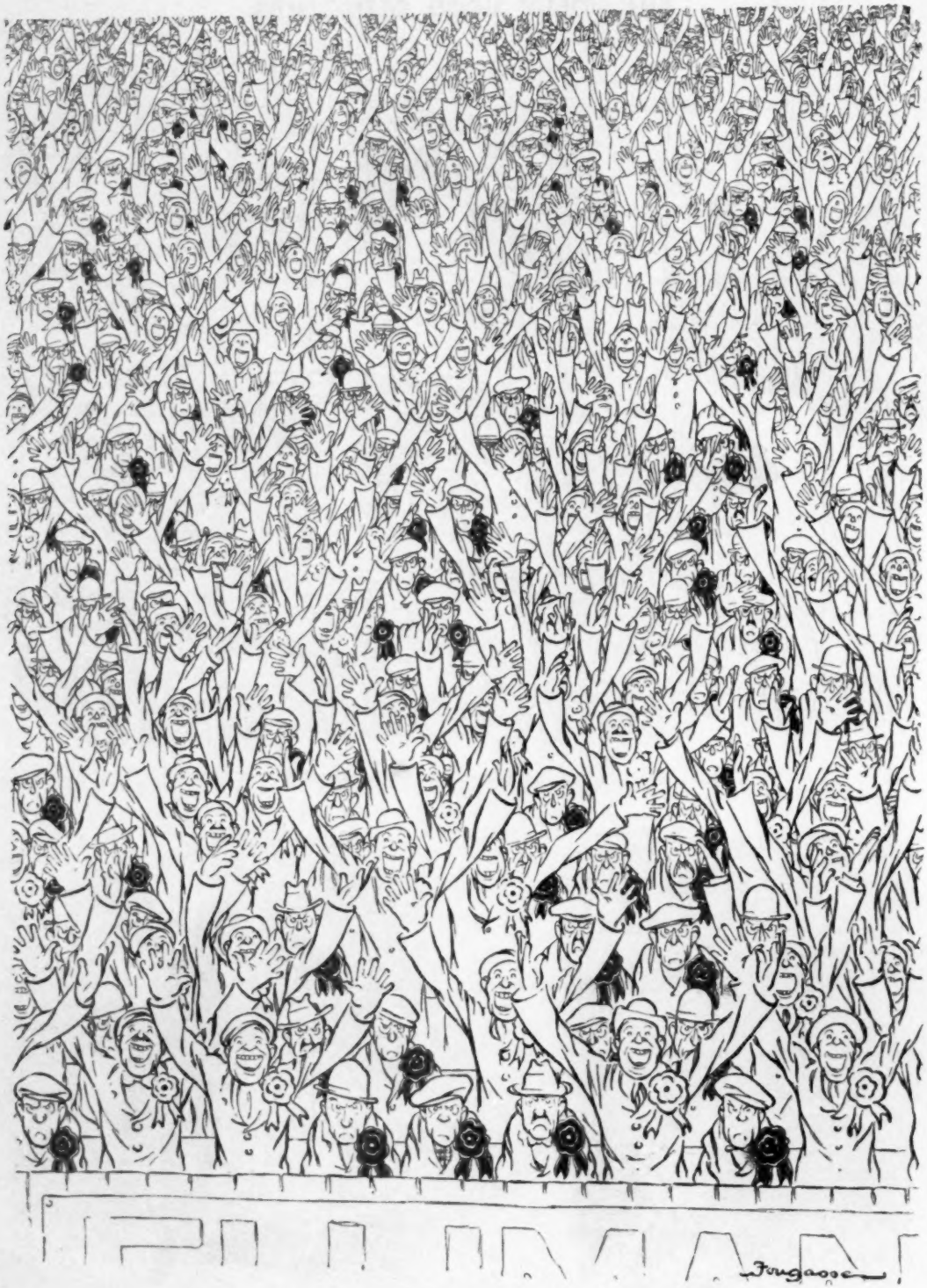


And there was the night when Great-aunt Susan and the Major got lost in Vauxhall Gardens.



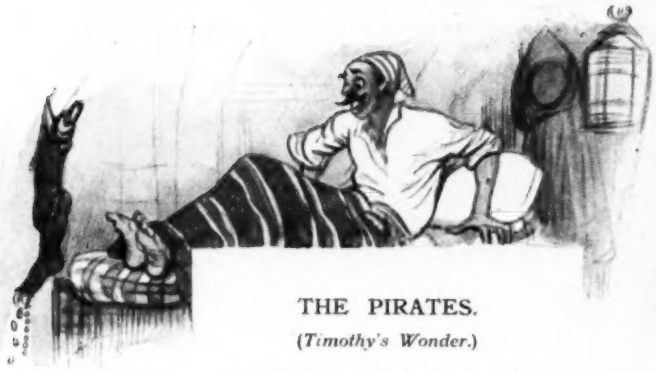
And then there was Great-uncle Percival—well, the less said about *him* the better.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



"GOAL!"

OR, 51,264 MEN'S MEAT IS 48,736 MEN'S POISON.





THE PIRATES.

(Timothy's Wonder.)

I'VE asked a great many people,
But nobody seems to know,
How the pirates kept their Christmas
In the days of long ago.

How many loaded galleons
On Christmas Day they sank,
And how many merchant seamen
They made to walk the plank.

Or whether they chanted carols
As round the decks they rolled,
And made each other presents
Out of their hoards of gold;

And covered a mast with green leaves
And called it a Christmas-tree,
And hung it with shining sequins
On the shore of a tropic sea;

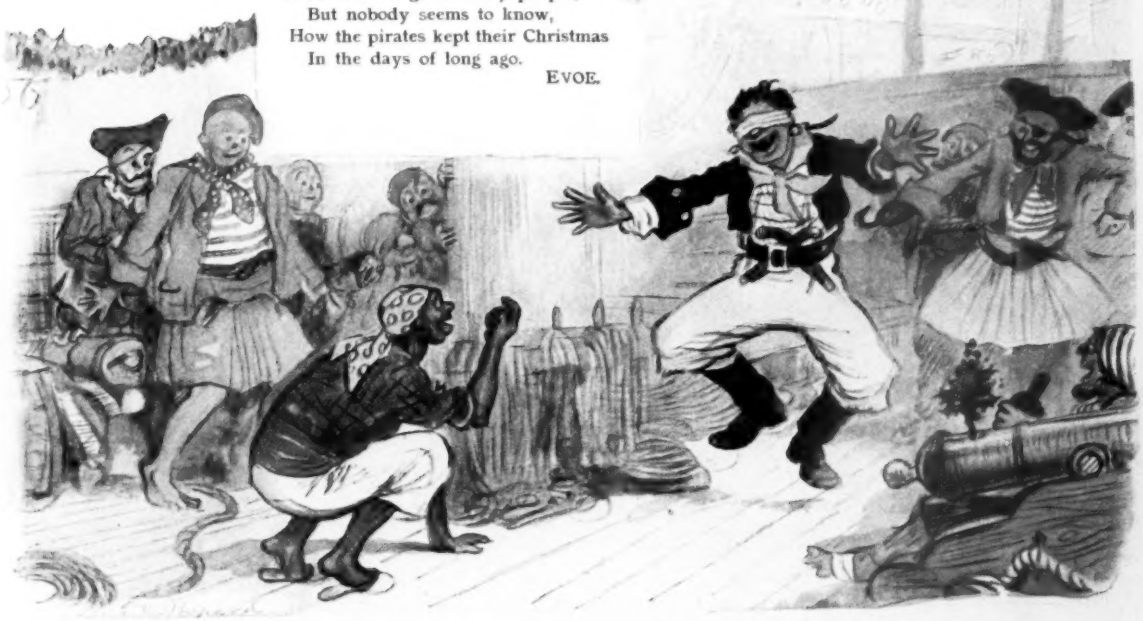
And lit the rum round the pudding
And cursed in a kindly way,
But refused to do any business
Because it was Christmas Day.

I've asked a great many people,
But nobody seems to know,
How the pirates kept their Christmas
In the days of long ago.

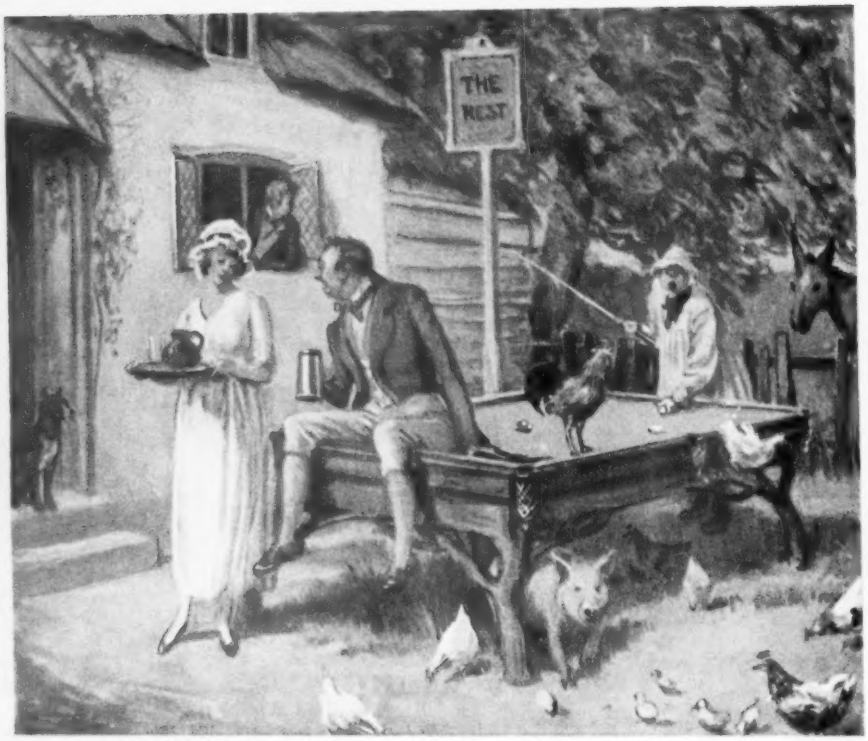
EVOE.







BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.

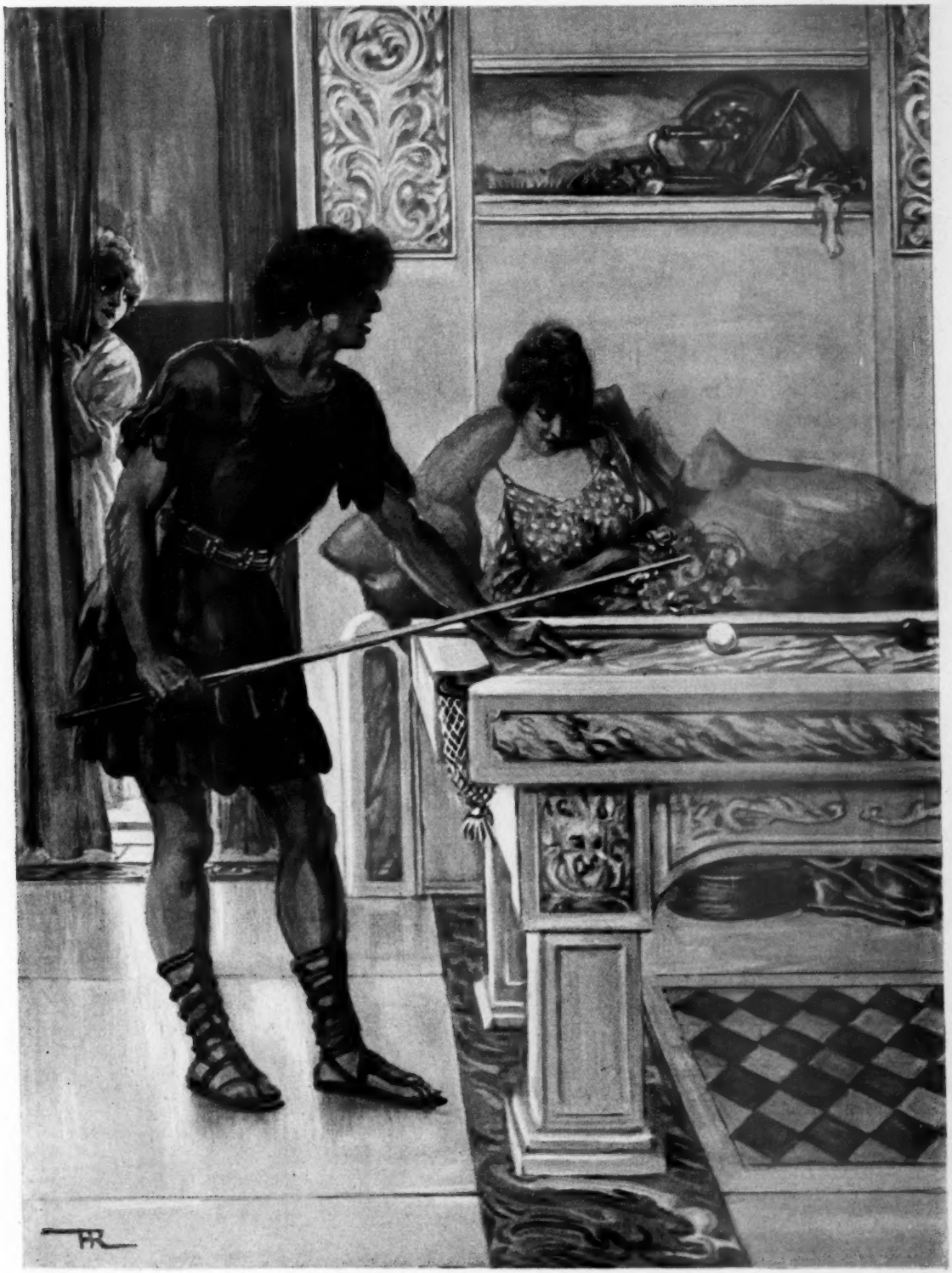


A WAYSIDE TABLE *(after Morland).*



A CUE FARM, MIDDLEHARNIS *(after Hobbema).*

BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.



THE MARBLE TABLE *(after Alma-Tadema).*

BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.



A BILLIARD WIDOW *(after Marcus Stone).*

BILLIARDS WITH THE MASTERS.



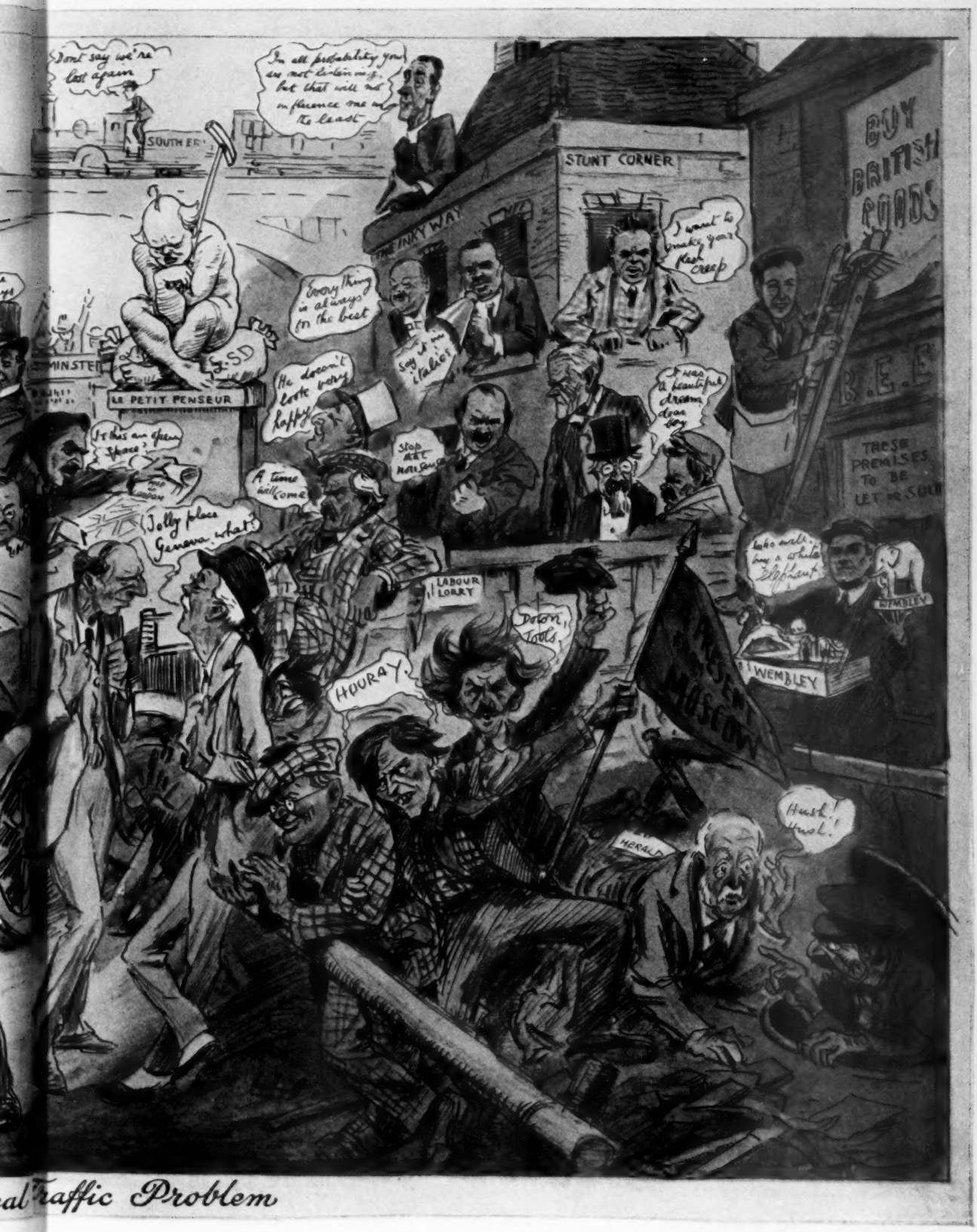
A LADY AT THE IVORIES *(after Vermeer).*



ON THE SPOT *(after Landseer).*



The Political Traffic

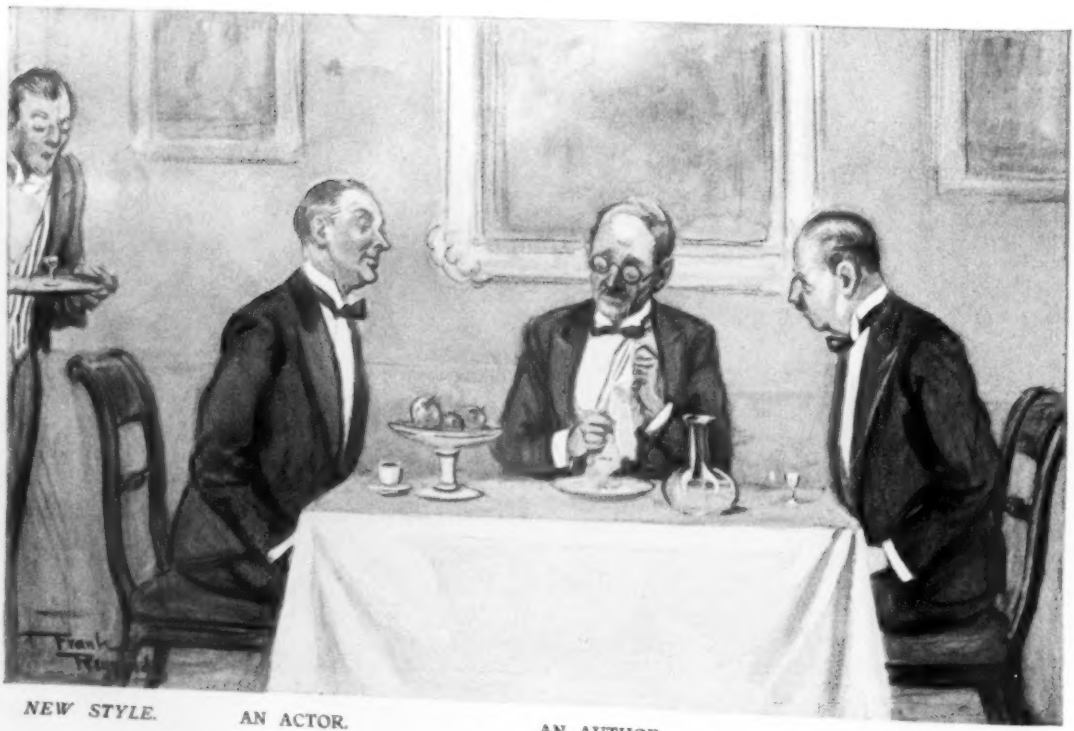


al Traffic Problem

THE DECLINE IN OUR CLUB PERSONALITIES.

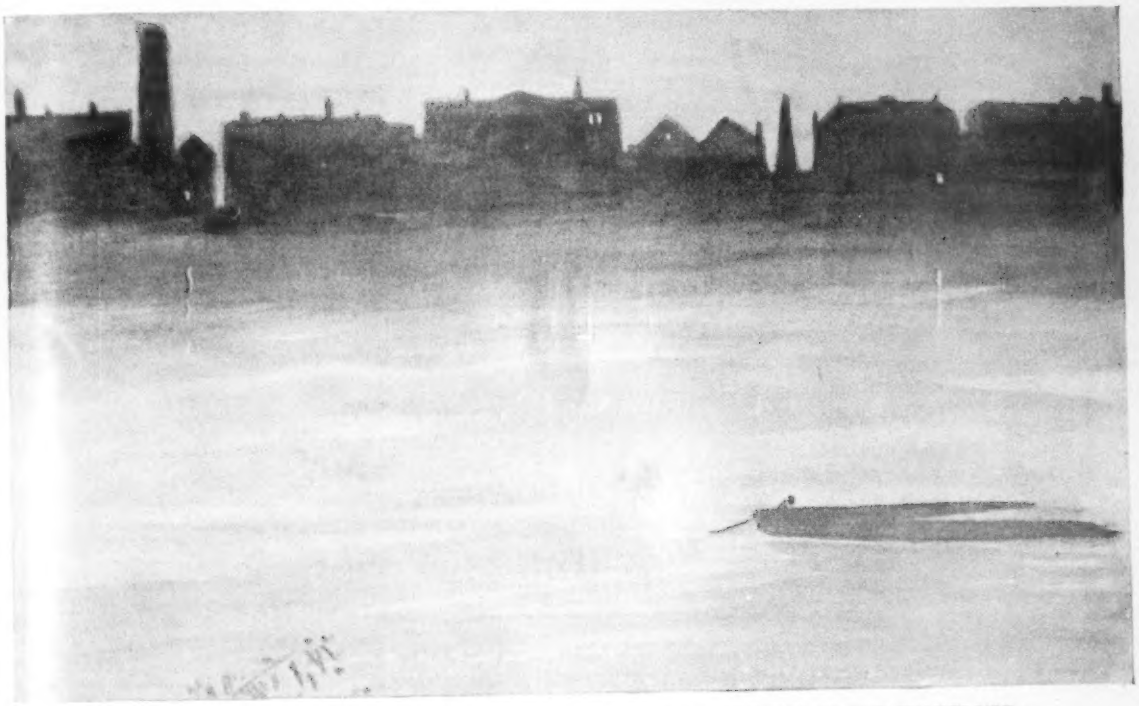


OLD STYLE. AN ACTOR. AN AUTHOR. AN ARTIST.



NEW STYLE. AN ACTOR. AN AUTHOR. AN ARTIST.

BEAUTIES OF THE THAMES-SIDE.

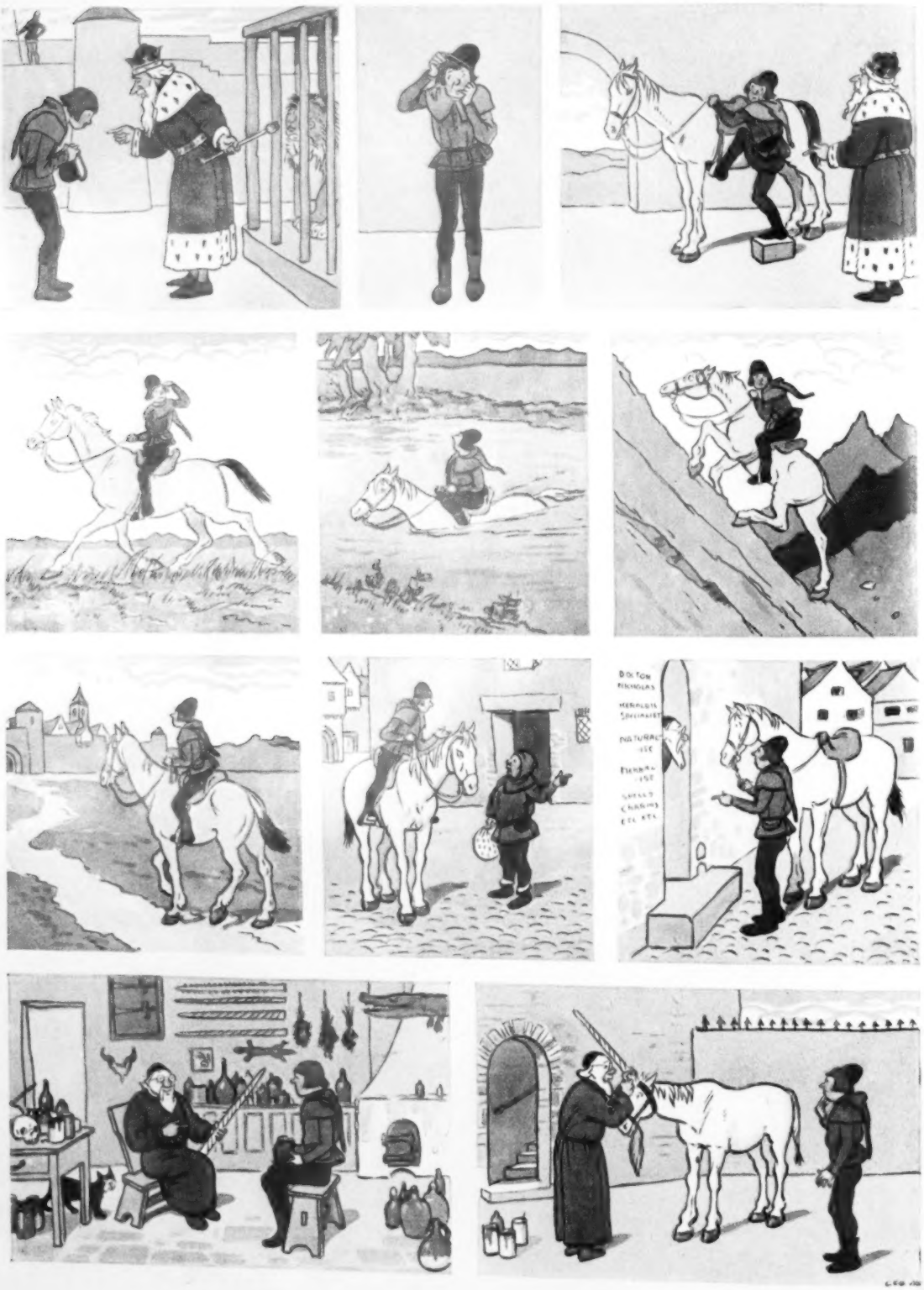


IT WAS WHISTLER WHO FIRST CALLED OUR ATTENTION TO THE BEAUTIES OF THE THAMES-SIDE—

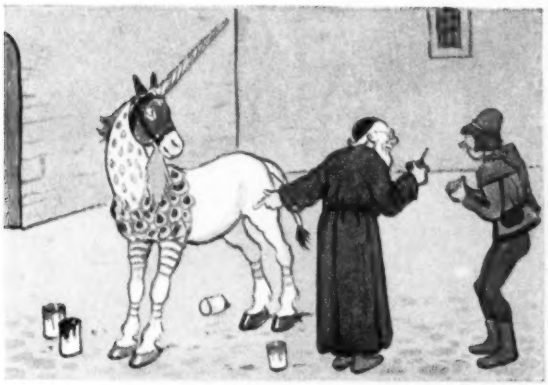


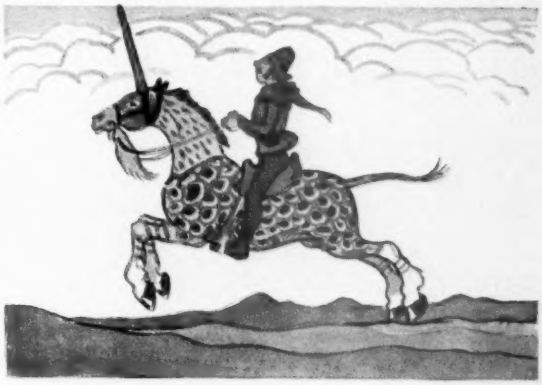
NOW, OF COURSE, EVERYONE'S NOTICED THEM.

THE STORY OF THE KING WHO DESIRED TO MATCH HIS LION AGAINST A UNICORN; OF THE TROUBLE EXPERIENCED BY—

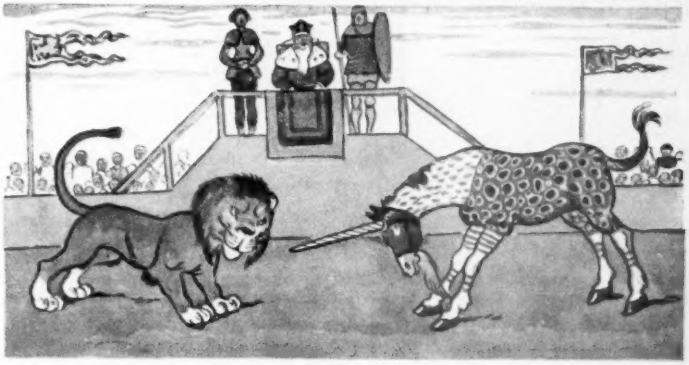


—THE MASTER OF THE HORSE IN HIS QUEST FOR THIS FABULOUS ANIMAL; OF THE FIGHT AND ITS ISSUE.

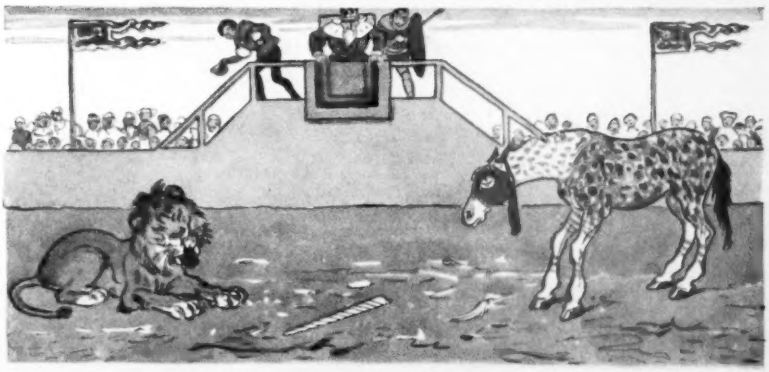


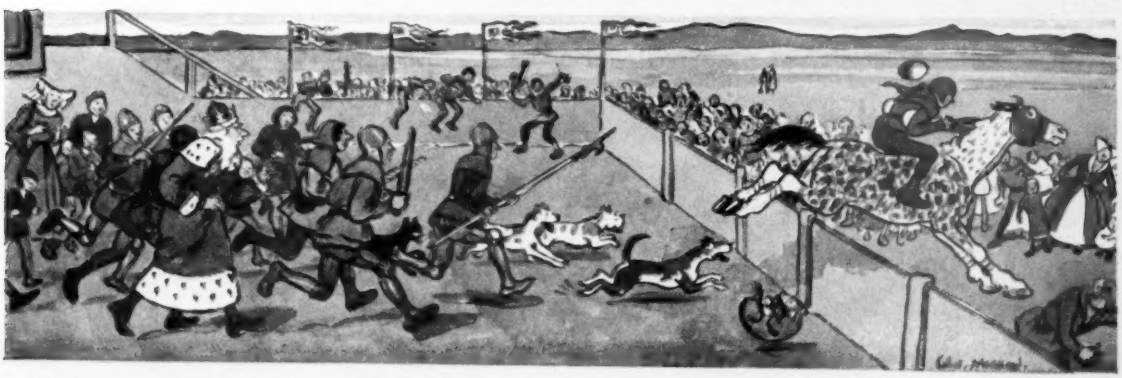














THE HIGHWAYMEN.

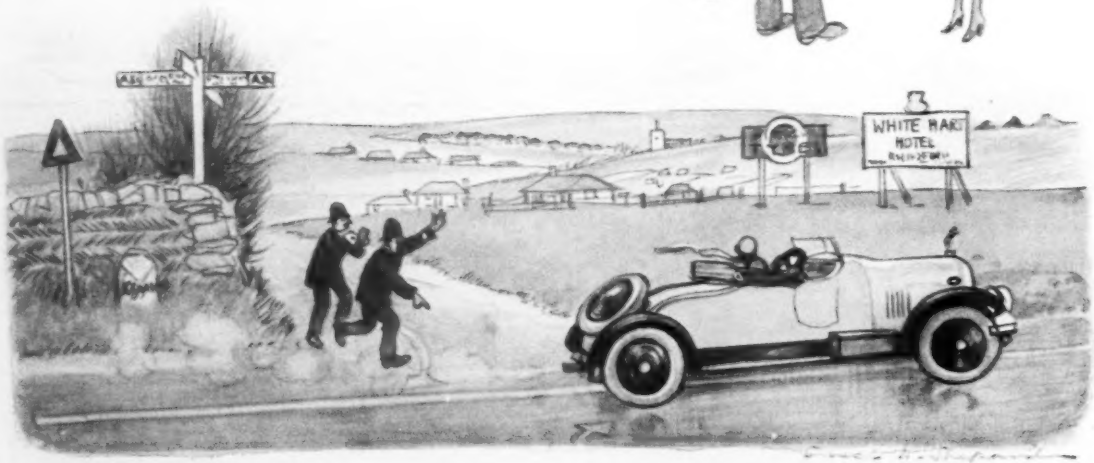
(Belinda's Complaint.)

THEY say my great-grandmother
Was once out driving when
At some cross-roads or other
She met two highwaymen.
They took her bag of money—
She could not well demur;
She did not find it funny,
And I agree with her.

Yet somehow in their sly way
It seems to me these new
Marauders of the highway
Are fiercer than those two;
For, charging down like bisons,
When once their toll was forced,
They took no further licence—
But *mine* has been ENDORSED.

EVOE.





Punch's Almanack for 1926.

THE ENCHANTING PRINCESS.

ONCE upon a time there were a King and Queen who lived in a magnificent palace in the capital of the Mountains of the Moon full of every modern inconvenience that could be devised. But the south-west wing, which overlooked a pond of water-lilies, had been let from motives of economy to an elderly Wizard of benevolent disposition, who wanted a *pied-à-terre* when he came to town.

The royal couple had only one child, a handsome boy named Rotario, who, as may be well imagined, was a Prince; but the King was so much preoccupied with backgammon, which he loved, and the Queen with the enormous tea-parties which were a feature of the gay life of the capital, that they had small leisure to attend to the education of their son, and were glad to entrust it to the Wizard, who, although he knew little but magic, at any rate demanded no fee.



"LYNETTE GOT FULL MARKS FOR HER MAGIC."

The little Prince was not a good pupil, and it is doubtful whether he would ever have listened to a word that the Wizard told him if it had not been for the palace goose-girl, to whom the old man in the kindness of his heart gave lessons as well. She was a very beautiful child. She had eyes which changed colour like the sea, and tawny-coloured hair which had been bobbed, so that when she tossed it round her face she might easily have been mistaken for a chrysanthemum. She was also very quick at her lessons and got full marks for her magic almost every time.

The old Wizard taught them to turn stones into frogs and tufts of gorse into rabbits and water-lilies into white swans, and explained to them that, in magic as in anything else, as one becomes more experienced one is able to do more difficult things. But the Prince was always impatient. At the end of a lesson in the Royal Park, when the old Wizard had gone away and Lynette, for that was her name, would burn a newspaper until the black pieces floated up into the sky and became a flight of starlings, he would say gruffly—

"Come on, let's play cricket."

And this she very obligingly did, because she admired him so much, although his innings were enormous and often lasted for days and days, and sometimes when he gave her a hard catch and she missed it he would shout "Butter-fingers!" which made her burst into tears.

After a time, however, the old Wizard died, and the Queen said to the King, "Really, my dear, we must make a few more economies in the Palace staff; let us give up our great flock of geese, which are no ornament and have to be cooked with onions, which I detest. What is more, I don't believe that goose-girl is up to any good. She is always about with Rotario."



THE PRINCE DECLINES TO ENTERTAIN THE IDEA OF MATRIMONY.

So Lynette was obliged to go. But before she went she kissed the Prince and said to him, "Never forget me."

And he said, "Of course not; why should I? Look here—I believe this is the way a googly is bowled." And he showed her.

"If you want me," Lynette said wistfully, "you will find me in the enchanted woods."

But as the Prince grew up he forgot all about Lynette and became exceedingly good at golf, which he played with the old Prime Minister, beating him every time; or shot phœnixes in the royal preserves; or drove rapidly about the country in a motor-car, except through the enchanted forests, which were bad for the tyres.

At last the time approached when the King and Queen thought it right that Rotario should be married; but he himself was very much opposed to this idea.

"Why should I want to marry?" he said. "I have my golf and my gun and my motor-car;" and he refused to take any steps in the matter.

So the King summoned a meeting of Parliament and issued a proclamation in the following form:—

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE THAT AN OPEN COMPETITION WILL BE HELD FOR THE HAND OF PRINCE ROTARIO.

A SERIES OF TESTS WILL TAKE PLACE IN ORDER TO SELECT THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED MAIDEN IN THE WORLD.

IN THE EVENT OF TWO OR MORE COMPETITORS PROVING EQUAL IN THE TESTS A FURTHER ELIMINATING CONTEST WILL BE HELD.

NO CORRESPONDENCE CAN BE ENTERTAINED.

THE ROYAL DECISION MUST IN EVERY CASE BE ACCEPTED AS FINAL.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE SMALL BILLS.

And this was printed in all the newspapers and shouted through all the streets in the whole world.

Princesses and maidens of high degree came from every land, some riding on palfreys with halberdiers, and some in motor-cars with shingled hair. All of them were extremely beautiful, and many of them had a college education and understood algebra and the use of the globes. The King decreed a seven-weeks' holiday, which, as everybody happened to be on strike, made very little difference, and the whole population assembled to watch

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

the maidens compete. Their skill was tested in riding and driving over the mountain of glass and swimming through the river of fire, and also at tennis, badminton and golf. There were likewise trials of dancing, deportment, the spinning of thread into gold, walking upon peas and cross-word puzzle competitions. And when all these were finished the maidens were summoned before Parliament to answer three riddles. The Prince set the riddles himself, but he was very much bored at having to do so, for he had taken hardly any interest in the proceedings.

The Prince's three riddles were:—

When did the whale wail?
Why did the door bolt?
What does the urn earn?

And so difficult were they that when the papers had been examined the Prime Minister announced to Parliament that only one of the Princesses had got all the answers right. "She is the Princess Poinsettia," he declared very solemnly, "of the Land of the Midnight Sun."

There were great rejoicings when the news became known, and a wyvern which had been captured was roasted whole in the market-place, though many of the Socialists thought that it was far better done upon one side than the other.

The Queen invited the Princess Poinsettia to a garden-party that she and the Prince might become better acquainted. Now the Princess Poinsettia was very beautiful, so that one was almost dazzled when one looked at her, but her eyes were hard and cold.

The heralds announced her with a great flourish of trumpets, and the garden-party began. After many polite remarks had been made and a great many ices eaten, "Come," said Rotario to the Princess Poinsettia, "let's have a game of clock golf."

"After all," he said to himself when they had been playing for some time and Poinsettia had shown extremely good form, "I suppose there is something to be said for this girl. She seems to have a great many talents of a practical kind." And so saying he stooped down to putt at the eleventh hole, the line of which was a little difficult.

At the same moment the Princess Poinsettia, who was standing beside the hole, was changed into a frog.

The ball ran up to the edge of the tin, lipped it, and lay about a yard beyond.

"Bother!" exclaimed the Prince, walking after it and swinging his putter angrily in the air. The incident had put him entirely off his game.



THE HERALDS ANNOUNCE THE PRINCESS POINSETTIA.

Naturally no one affected to notice anything unusual about the Princess Poinsettia, for that would not be consistent with the etiquette of a Court. But for the rest of the afternoon, as the Prince brought her sandwiches or walked about the shrubbery with her, he became more distant and formal, and an atmosphere of constraint brooded over the whole ceremony.

When it was all over, Rotario consulted his father and the Prime Minister.

"Look here," he said; "you can't really expect me to marry a frog."

"My boy," said the old man, blinking and shaking his head, "I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid you must."

"There's no getting out of it," said the Prime Minister, taking a pinch of snuff. "The Land of the Midnight Sun is very important territory, with boundaries adjoining our own, and diplomatic considerations alone——"

At this moment the Prime Minister was turned into a crocodile.

"Tut, tut," said the King, looking much more worried than he had done about the Princess Poinsettia. "This will do us no good."

"It will lengthen his golf handicap a good deal, I should think," said Prince Rotario. "Does it matter much otherwise?"

"You don't understand affairs of state, Rotario," answered the King not unkindly. "This is exactly the sort of occurrence which gives a handle to Bolshevism and discontent."

He clapped his hands and summoned a seneschal.

"Escort His Excellency to the water-lily pond," he said.

At dinner that night Prince Rotario renewed his protests.

"And I tell you what it is," he said; "I suspect there has been some trickery at work. I can't believe that Poinsettia would have become a frog and the Prime Minister a crocodile unless there was a jolly good reason for it. There's something behind all this, and I mean to get at it."

Both the King and the Queen turned a little pale.

"I hope you're not accusing me," said the King.

He had scarcely uttered these words when he was transformed into a pelican.

"Or me?" cried the Queen,



THE TRANSFORMATION OF THEIR MAJESTIES.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

and was instantly changed into a sheep.

"Really this is too bad," muttered the Prince, as he handed his mother the parsnips. "It is becoming almost impossible to carry on a conversation nowadays. Bring back the fish course for His Majesty," he said to the third footman.

The third footman bowed and retired.

The Prince now found that the labour and responsibility of government devolved very largely upon his shoulders. Summoning Parliament he had the list of entries to the competition examined; and it was found that the name of one competitor had been erased in red ink. It ran:—

THE PRINCESS INCOGNITA OF ULLALUME.



Their Majesties motor in the enchanted forest.

And a note was written against it, initialled by the Prime Minister himself:—

"*Lineage Unknown. Consult Foreign Office.*"

After this came the two letters "N.G.," and then, in the King's own hand:—

"*Transfer marks to Princess Poinsettia.*"

"Just as I suspected, gentlemen," said the Prince. "This is without a doubt the cause of the recent sudden changes at the palace. There has been a political intrigue."

Looking round the crowded chamber, he perceived that there were changes in Parliament also. The Minister for Foreign Affairs had become a cassowary; on the cross-benches he could distinguish the faces of more than one wapiti, and several Under-Secretaries were now onagers or gnus. So he issued the following proclamation:—

If the Princess Incognita of Ullalume will apply personally or by letter to the Palace she will hear of something to her advantage.
R. S. V. P.

But many days passed and there was no reply. The Prince had now taken the reins of government entirely into his own hands, but in the afternoons, because he was sorry for them, he often used to take his father and mother, the Prime Minister and Princess Poinsettia for rides in his motor-car. And one day, becoming weary of the ordinary routes, he drove along the fringe of the enchanted forest, which occupied the more desolate part of the land. The Princess Poinsettia sat by his side. The King, the Queen and the Prime Minister were together at the back of the car. Suddenly, as he sped along, he heard a voice calling very sweetly, "Rotario! Rotario!"

"Who said that?" he cried, turning his head.

The Princess Poinsettia was staring lumbly upwards at the sky. The Prince glanced over his shoulder. The Prime Minister was weeping silently. The Queen was coughing in a subdued voice. The King was swallowing one or two fish which he had kept in the pouch under his bill. No one had spoken. There was nobody in sight. The Prince Rotario was puzzled.



The Princess Incognita of Ullalume (formerly goose-girl).

On the next day the same thing happened again. On the third day the Prince's motor-car was changed into a hippogriff and the whole party had to come home on foot. On the fourth day the Prince was walking disconsolately about the palace courtyard when a flock of geese was driven through the gateway by a little beggar-girl in rags.

"Would you like to have some geese, Sir?" she said to him in a humble voice. "They used to keep geese at the palace in the old days."

"It is almost Christmas-time," said the kind-hearted Prince; "I don't mind if I do." And half-contemptuously he threw the beggar-maid a purse of gold. She tried hard to catch it, but it fell to the ground.

"Butter-fingers," said Rotario.

As he spoke the word the goose-girl suddenly became a beautiful princess, wearing silver robes and a crown, and the geese were turned into page-boys and ladies-in-waiting, dressed in white satin with yellow shoes.

"I am the Princess Incognita," she said, "of Ullalume."

Rotario looked hard at her and saw that she had hair of tawny colour under her golden crown and that her eyes changed colour like the sea.

"Rubbish," he said. "You are Lynette;" and he went to her and kissed her.

Hand-in-hand they strolled round together to the water-lily pond; but, when they reached it, lo and behold there stood the King and Queen talking amiably to the Prime Minister, and all of them in their own natural shapes as if nothing had happened at all.

They made no objection whatever to the betrothal of Rotario and Lynette. A sudden qualm, however, assailed the Prince. Where was Poinsettia? He was, after all, engaged to be married to her. He knew enough now of foreign affairs to realise that there might be awkward international complications if he broke his word. Had she hopped angrily away into the long grass, or had she too become herself again? He questioned the Prime Minister.

"You need not trouble about the Princess Poinsettia," he answered with a wise smile. "By an unhappy accident I swallowed Her Royal Highness whilst we were bathing in the pond."

The astute old man had scored yet another diplomatic success.

Prince Rotario and Lynette were married almost immediately and lived happily ever afterwards. They spend the whole of their mornings in motoring, playing golf and considering the welfare of their people. But in the evenings they study romance.

Evoe.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

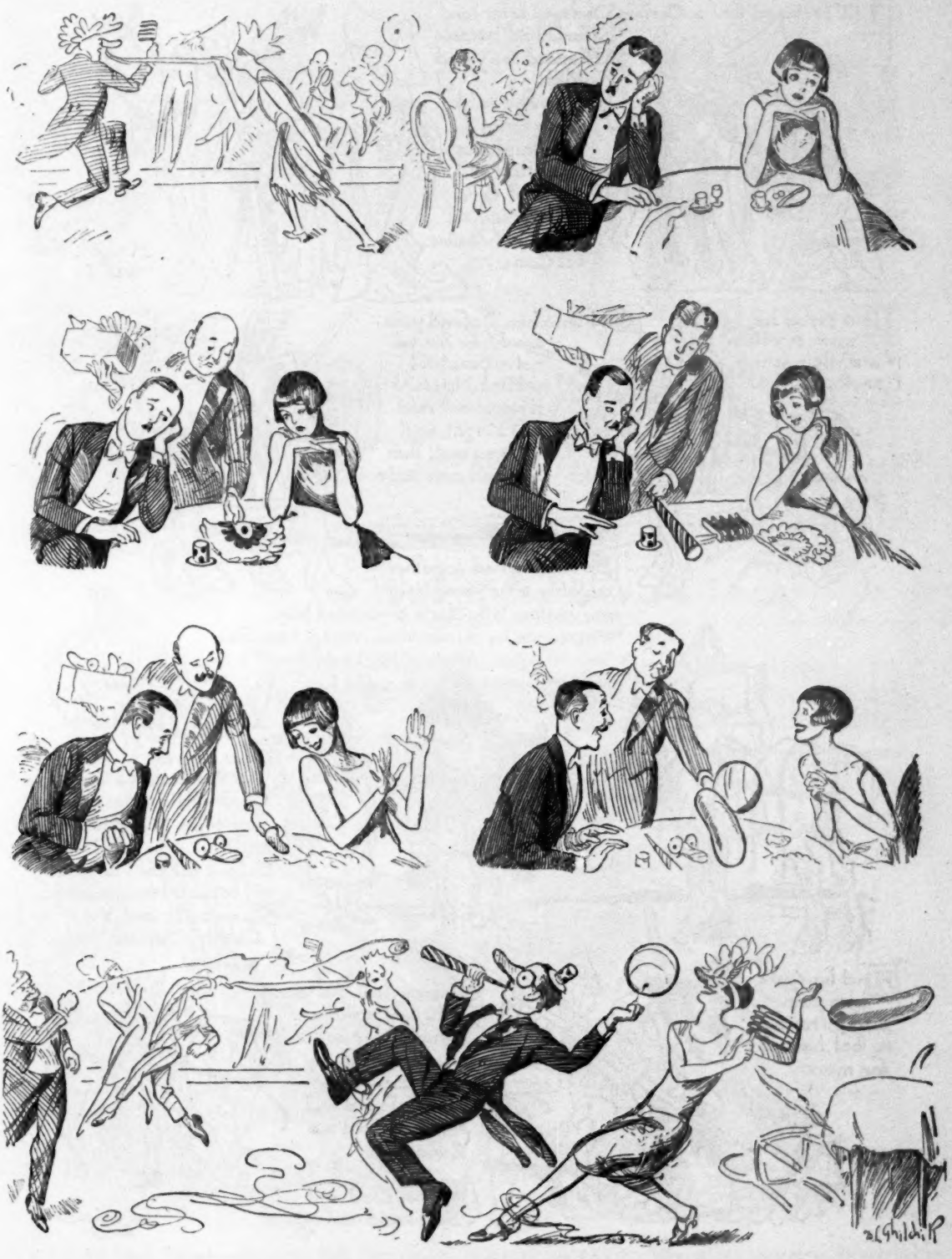


Enthusiastic Sportsman (after deer). "I 'VE NO PATIENCE WITH THOSE FELLOWS WHO MUST SIT COMFORTABLY IN THEIR BUTTS AND HAVE THEIR BIRDS PUSHED AT 'EM. THEY 'LL BE WANTING UMBRELLAS AND HOT-WATER BOTTLES SOON."
Less Enthusiastic Sportsman (faintly). "QUITE."



Sportsman (after much preparation for the shot). "HAVE I GOT TIME TO WIPE MY GLASSES?"
Stalker (in disgust). "OO, AY—CO, AY! YON 'S A MAIST OBLEEGIN' BEAST."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



THE TRANSFORMATION; OR, AIDS TO GLADNESS.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



THE DAMOSEL WHO COULDN'T LET WELL ALONE.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



THE WHITE LINE.

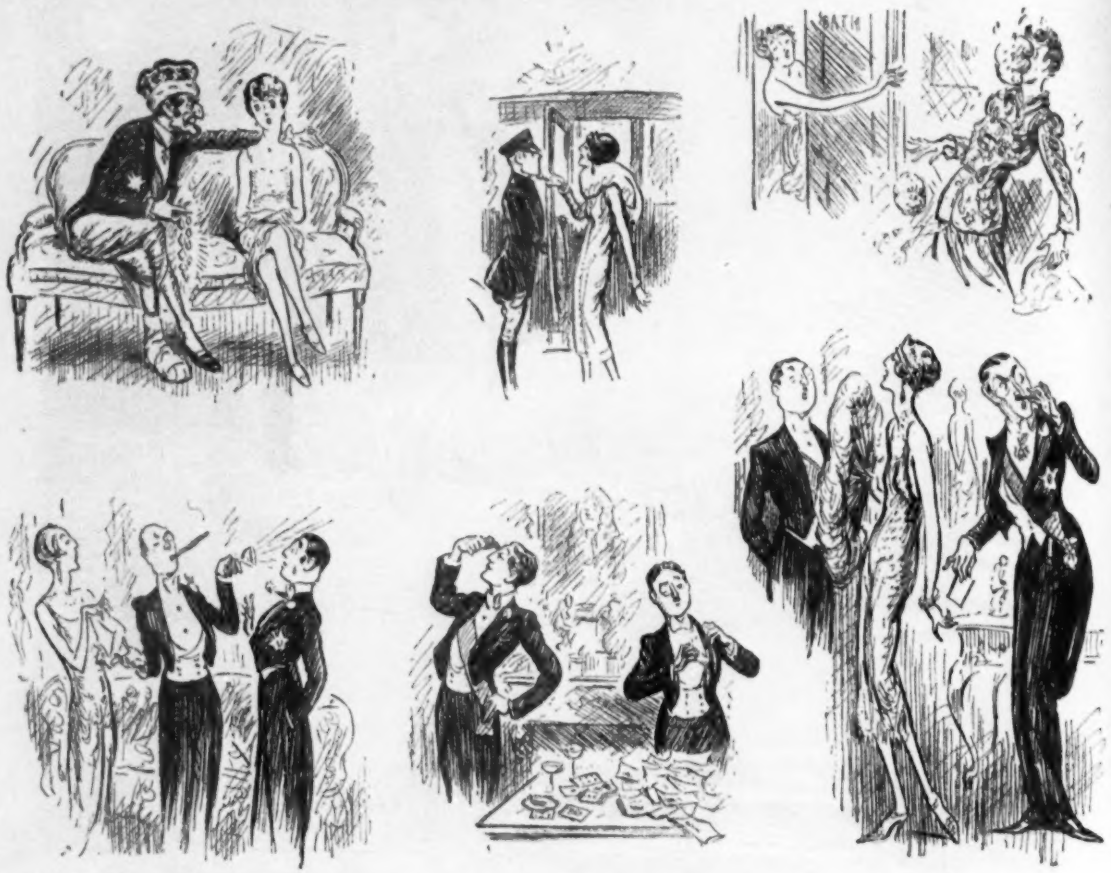
First Reveller. "We 're quite all ri' now. If anything happens *they* get the blame."



Oldest Inhabitant. "Folk bain't like they used to be, whatever you du zay. Why, every year come Christmustide I did use to sit in this ole seat an' zed to everyone as did come in, 'Merry Christmuss to 'ee,' and they allus zed to Oi, 'Zame to you in a quarrt o' beer.' That were a proper way to keep Christmuss, that were."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS



THE PAPERS WHISPERED OF TERRIBLE GOINGS-ON IN THE HOMES OF THE INNER CIRCLE.



SO THE OUTER CIRCLE DETERMINED TO GO IT IN THE NIGHT CLUBS OF SOHO.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.



"On the contrary," said the papers, "the Inner Circle lead the most blameless of lives."



"What lies the papers tell!" said the Outer Circle, and determined to go it all the more.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.

MAN *v.* WOMAN.



THEY LOOK VERY PRETTY—



AND THEY TAP IT ALONG QUITE NICELY—



BUT OF COURSE WHEN IT COMES TO REAL—



LENGTH—



I SAY—



"LENGTH"—



AS I WAS SAYING—

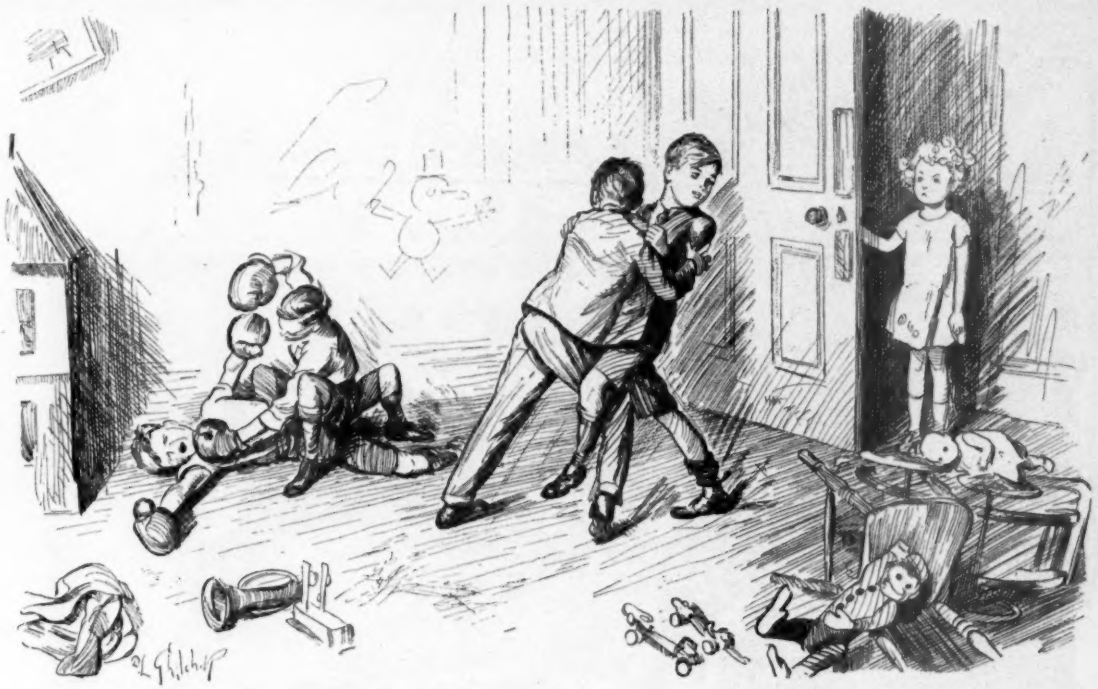


"LENGTH"—



WELL, IT ISN'T A MATCH AT ALL.

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



Small Sister. "I WISH TO DOODNESS YOU WAS BACK AT SCHOOL, FRANK. ALL THE HOLIDAYS YOU 'VE BEEN FILLING THE HOUSE WITH YOUR POT-HOUSE COMPANIONS."



M.F.H. (*to ladies whom he strongly suspects of having headed the fox*). "DID YOU SEE THE FOX?"
Chorus (*enthusiastically*). "OH, YES, BEAUTIFULLY! THANK YOU *EVER* SO MUCH."

Punch's Almanack for 1926.



THE SUSPECT.

STUDY OF A DETECTIVE MINGLING WITH THE CROWD AT A NIGHT-CLUB.



The Disarmament Pax-Trot.

A WIRELESS ENTANGLEMENT.

IF you say that for several reasons this could not happen, my reply is that it did happen. And, alternatively, that if it has not actually happened yet, it will happen very soon.

What went wrong with our receiving set I cannot explain except in such technical language that no one (not even Signor MARCONI or Captain ECKERSLEY) would understand me. But the result was that several of those instructive talks which are doing so much to supplement the efforts of our primary schools became entangled.

In place of a steady flow of "Tide Erosion" from Hull, to which we had been looking forward with controlled enthusiasm, we received, mixed with it, snatches of "English Architecture" from Birmingham, of "Aboriginal Customs in Central Africa" from Bournemouth and "The Housing Problem" from Glasgow, with particles of the Weather Report from 2LO.

This is how it "came over":—

". . . When I accepted the British Broadcasting Company's invitation to give you a little talk on English Architecture this evening . . . a deep depression advanced over the Midlands and South of England . . . but in Glasgow . . . a part where civilised man has seldom penetrated . . . there will be brighter intervals . . . as a WEIR house was erected there . . . This beautiful Gothic building, which has a picture-gallery ninety feet long . . . is, however, unfortunately being eaten away rapidly . . . by the natives, who while usually subsisting on a vegetarian diet of roots and fruits . . . have a fondness for scalloped capitals . . . The overcrowding which results is the cause of . . . storms and disturbances in the centre . . . which must inevitably follow unless some check can be put upon . . . the increasing population of Glasgow . . . It is difficult to give those who have never seen it an adequate idea of this part of the country. The people give themselves . . . light and variable airs . . . and are stilted, the ribs . . . seldom showing themselves in the daytime. They make music on a curious instrument resembling . . . a gale from the south-west . . . great rocks are split in two by it, and the older houses are demolished . . . What we are trying now to do is to prevent them from inundating . . . the great industrial towns of England . . . and carrying off the women of . . . the Cathedral Authorities . . . of which the MINISTER OF HEALTH would, of course, approve . . ."

To avoid further scandal we hurriedly switched off at this point.

THEN—AND NOW.

THEN—

TIME—*The year 1900.*

SCENE—*The breakfast-room of a small house in Mayfair.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Walter Laird.
Irene Laird (his wife).
Dora (parlourmaid).

Irene. Walter, isn't this dreadful? Here's a letter from Marian asking if she can come here while her case is on.

Walter. Good heavens! How very unfortunate.

Irene. We can't possibly have her. I must write at once and tell her so.

Walter. Oh, my dear, I don't think you can. She'd be so terribly hurt.

Irene. I know she will. And it breaks my heart to refuse. But she ought to have known better than to ask. She has ruined her own life, and whatever happens she mustn't drag us down with her. I am thankful that dear mother is dead. At least she didn't have to bear the disgrace of seeing her daughter respondent in a divorce case.

Walter. I don't like to think of her having to face all that horrible publicity alone. She can't have much courage left after the way that brute has ill-treated her ever since she married him.

Irene (distressed). It's terrible. Poor Marian! If ever any woman was driven to do wrong she was. But we must keep out of the scandal if we can. There are the children to think of too.

Enter Dora.

Dora. A note for you, Madam.

[*Exit* Dora.

Irene (opening the letter). It's from the Duchess. (*She reads it.*) Oh, Walter, she's heard about Marian; she says that under the circumstances she thinks I would prefer to resign from her Bazaar Committee. Oh, it's too cruel——

[*Bursts into tears.*

CURTAIN.

—AND NOW.

TIME—*The present day.*

SCENE—*The dining-room of a small flat in Piccadilly.*

Dramatis Personæ.

John Bellairs.
Sylvia Bellairs (his wife).

Both are seated at the table reading papers.

Sylvia (tossing her paper away). There's nothing about Babs in any of these papers, John.

John. Nor in these. It's rotten luck. This murder mystery and the three strikes have crowded out everything else.

Sylvia. I rang up twice to-day, but they said she was in town shopping.

John (still searching the paper). Of course she's buying some ravishing glad rags for the court. But I think she might have a little consideration—it would just make us if she parked here while the case is on. I've asked her at least five times.

Sylvia. It's just like Babs, though, thoroughly selfish. She's never even kept us up in the affair. Why, yesterday that wretched Calder woman corrected me twice about the men who will be mentioned in the case. I did feel small.

John. Sorry, darling. It certainly was mean of her not to let us have first-hand knowledge, especially as we are her only relations; but you know—— (*Telephone bell rings. He takes up the receiver.*) Hello—yes—speaking—that you, Babs—cheerio—how goes it?—rather—did you get my wires?—what, you're not coming?—why not?—no—but dash it all—you might give us a look in—you've never even kept us in the know—what—where—what?—I say—hold on—here, dash it—she's rung off (*replaces the receiver and turns to* Sylvia). She's taken the Countess of Ripham's flat in Park Lane. She's going to do awfully well out of this. *The Daily Moon* is giving her twenty guineas a thousand for the story of her life, and Terence Boorman has offered her a hundred pounds a week to appear in the Second Act of *Alluring Aline* for three months in London and a tour in the provinces.

Sylvia (with a sigh of envy). Isn't she a perfect marvel? By the way, is there any chance of our getting into *Society Snaps* when the case comes on? I've sent them our photographs on chance.

John. It depends on whether our names are mentioned in the evidence. Babs of course could see to that if she chose.

Sylvia (greatly excited). Oh, ring her up at once, dear, and tell her she simply *must*! (John *takes up the receiver.*)

CURTAIN.

Rubber.

When cards were against him John Bull didn't squeal,
So why should friend Jonathan blubber
If once in a way he's the worst of the deal
And has to pay out on the rubber?

"REGENT THEATRE.—A double bill of Bernard Shaw's plays—'Androcles and the Lion,' preceded by 'The Chewing Up of Blanco Posnet.'"
Local Paper.

Knowing Mr. SHAW's principles, we assume that Blanco Posnet is a vegetable.

THE LASS OF BIGGIN HILL.

[It is proposed to provide Biggin Hill with gas.—*London Press.*]

I MET a rustic maiden
In London Town to-day;
She moved with a distracted mien
Along the public way;
And, as upon her path she sped,
As one that swims amain
She waved her hands before her head
And sang a strange refrain:

"Oh, Biggin Hill is drear and dull,
And Biggin Hill's a bore,
And all who dwell on Biggin Hill
Are stodgy to the core."

I said to her, "O maiden,
We are not well acquent,
But that you've something on your mind
Is fairly evident;
Tell me your grief, O rural one,
And, if a married man
Can give you help, it shall be done;"
But still her burden ran:

"Oh, Biggin Hill is dead-alive
And gives a girl the hump,
And any more of Biggin Hill
Would send me off my chump."

I said, "The hill called Biggin
I have not come across,
And, judging by your own account,
I shall survive the loss;
But changes happen at a stroke;
A new age may begin
Even at Big——" and, as I spoke,
The lady butted in:

"Oh, Biggin Hill is out of date,
And Biggin Hill's a dud,
And nothing new on Biggin Hill
Has happened since the Flood."

"Madam," I said, "excuse me;
'Twas written long ago,
'What should they know of Biggin Hill
Who only Biggin know?'
You have not read our London Press
Or you'd have seen ere now
A flame, a sudden liveliness,
New-lit on Biggin's brow.

For there is news of Biggin Hill,
And London stands enthralled
On learning of the gas supply
Shortly to be installed."

She kissed my hand, and madly
Into a taxi sprang,
And flew for Charing Cross as though
She didn't care a hang;
And as the wild cab sped along
I seemed to hear again
A high voice lifted up in song
Bearing the strange refrain:

"Oh, I was Biggin's fairest maid,
And I will be so still,
And I'll be there to greet the gas,
Sweet gas of Biggin Hill."

DUM-DUM.



THE GOOD FAIRY.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS OF UNREST. { "WE ARE THE DEMON KINGS, BUT MR. THOMAS INSISTS ON KEEPING ALL THE FAT BITS FROM US."



SAD PLIGHT OF A HUMOROUS ARTIST WHO MADE A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION TO BE FUNNIER THAN EVER.

OUR REGIMENTAL CHILDREN'S PARTY.

ROUND about the New Year, when the deadening effects of Christmas dinners have slightly worn off, we give a party to all the children of our battalion.

It is a terrific show. I don't think one properly realises how many children a single battalion *can* have till one gives them a party. And in addition there are what the Regimental Sergeant-Major calls the "details": Private Barrel's "sister's little gel, Sir, what 's staying with us;" and Private Sling's grandmother, "if she might just look in, Sir, to watch the kiddies playing," and incidentally punish the tea like a two-year-old; and finally Private Butt's new baby, which didn't arrive "till after the invitations was sent out, Sir, and might I 'ave one for 'im too, please?" In fact one really needs the Albert Hall to do the thing properly.

The first arrivals turn up, I may say, just after lunch. At 4 P.M. we start. We lead off with a cinema, which we hope will go down well, but which, to the officers, N.C.O.'s and men running the show, is merely a busy period of counting heads and getting late arrivals in, while to the children it is just a blank period before TEA.

TEA is a cross between two months' hard labour crammed into one hour and a field-day with the R.A.S.C. It also shows up the fallibility of the human eye in estimating internal cubic capacity. For instance, young Master Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo, who for obvious reasons has not spoken a word for twenty-three and a-half minutes, is not now, as one would suppose, wondering whether he can possibly even move within another hour. In reality he is deciding whether to take on his charge another plate of jelly before or after a couple more doughnuts. Again, little Miss Sergeant-Major Magazine, who up to this point has had to look after the baby, chiefly by giving it sardine sandwiches, has now handed it to Mother, and is instead looking after about half-a-pound of cake, apparently within a time-limit.

The commissariat is really in the hands of the wives of the officers and N.C.O.'s. The officers themselves merely go round with pockets full of crackers, acquiring an enormous popularity, which will probably even outlast the fact that they may have next morning, in the course of duty, to give Daddy three days' C.B.

After the last cracker has been pulled—in which connection the Regimental Sergeant-Major, wearing a coloured paper-cap, is a pleasing spectacle to the officers—we start the entertainment. This is generally a series of side-shows of every kind, with lots of prizes to be won and no payment. There is also a fish-pond. This year we had a guard with fixed bayonets over the fish-pond. Last time the crowd "rushed" it within two minutes; and Private Pullthrough, who was in charge, was severely child-handled, besides having to spend the rest of the evening trying to discover who had "fished" his watch.

But the greatest attraction of all is of course the "slide." The slide is about fifty foot long, with a switch-back effect in the middle, and is nine foot high at the start. It is very highly polished and becomes even more so as time goes on. It gives scarcely less pleasure to the children in the evening than it has already done to Private Muzzle and his friends who have been putting it up in the morning. Private Muzzle, caught by the Orderly Officer and trying to "sit to attention" when half-way down at twenty-two miles per hour, with a sprig of holly in his cap, was an inspiring sight. There are little mats provided for the children to slide down on, but mostly they go down on their—well, mostly they don't use them. As James remarked to me when handing

an enthusiastic slider back to its mother from the receiving station: "Going out to tea does put a polish on children."

The joys of the slide never flag. The children have practically to be clubbed away from it, when it is desired to direct their attention to the Christmas-tree. At the same time the figure of Sergeant Grenade, clad in what James calls the complete uniform and Christmas-tree of Santa Claus, appears from outside, trying to keep within the wavering beam of light which Private Trigger, to the accompaniment of subdued blasphemy, is directing on him from a magic-lantern.

Sergeant Grenade's knowledge of the battalion children is stupendous. Prompted audibly by the Regimental Sergeant-Major, who has what he calls "a Nominal Roll of Children on the Strength, by Age and Sex," Sergeant Grenade finds a present for every child by name, even remembering Private Butt's new baby, the one which, as Butt has it, "luckily arrived in time for the party." There is also a present for the clown, a job which Private O'Jector has secured after fierce competition, for the advantages of being a clown are many, and in this case include the chance of securing a large amount of temporarily homeless food.

The present-giving over, there is another rush for the slide, and the latter half of the proceedings becomes most thrilling. The N.C.O.'s line the sides to give each human bullet an increase of velocity as it shrieks past, and a wall of officers catches it at the end. Those parents who are trying to get home hover anxiously round the butts to retrieve their offspring before it wriggles off for another go.

"Oh, jes' one more, Mum?"

"No, Charley, you don't. You come 'ome this minute. Pass us that one in the blue knickers, will you, Sir? I 'll tell your Par of you . . ."

In the last few minutes an air of abandon descends on everyone. Mrs. Sergeant-Major Magazine is persuaded to have a try, and whizzes past, hotly pursued by Mrs. Capt.-and-Quarter-Master Ledger, who is leading her mat by a length and a half. The Regimental Sergeant-Major shoots down in a detached and well-disciplined manner, somewhat spoilt by a coloured balloon tied to his tunic. Lance-Corporal Scabbard secures several rides under the pretext of taking nervous children down on his lap. Corporal Foresight takes a magnificent but involuntary run on his left ear owing to the treachery of a friend at the top.

Finally we get Capt.-and-Quarter-Master Ledger himself to go. He is built for comfort rather than speed, and just fits into the slide at the top, where at first he stays, his moment of inertia being too great. Lance-Corporal Pouch, as starter, gives him a respectful push; then a less respectful one. Eventually, with the help of a friend, he puts his shoulder to it with a "'Gain so—*heave!*" and Captain Ledger is launched on his career.

Slowly, majestically he starts. It is rather like the launching of the *Mauretania*. We feel we ought to have broken a bottle of Bass on his bow-window.

Gradually he gathers way. The men cheer; the children clap; Q.M.S. Fourbytwo gives him an encouraging push halfway down. The slide quivers under the strain. Sergeant-Major Magazine gives him another push as he passes. He leaves his mat behind. Rocking from side to side he is doing some thirty miles an hour just before the end and creating a thin trail of smoke.

There are several big mats at the bottom to break the shock. Captain Ledger's mighty rush spurns them to one side. There are about six officers to catch him. Captain Ledger flings them to either flank like a wave before a ship's bow. Several yards further on there is an iron stove and a coal-box. Gathering them up, Captain Ledger takes them with him through the side of the building and eventually comes to rest in a garden with what sounds like a creaking of brakes.

When we have picked ourselves up, Captain Ledger, slightly charred about the seat of the trousers, says it was fine and proposes to do it again. We stop him. We only have a party once per year and Captain Ledger is only to be allowed a slide once per party. A. A.



Wife of Mayfair Profiteer. "NO, I DON'T KNOW THE LADY. I 'M TOLD SHE LIVES IN ONE OF THE WILDEST PARTS OF BAYSWATER."

THE BARNABY TRAIN.

"ONCE upon a time," began Uncle James, for indeed the situation was serious; Clare had a cold and Posh had a cold, and Charles had something which might be going to develop into a bilious attack. Nobody could be surprised if it did, because Charles had such a peculiar philosophy about meals in the holidays.

"There's so much risk," he told Uncle James on the morning of the New Year's party, "in not over-eating."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Uncle James.

"Well, you see, you *might* easily be ill even without eating as much as you possibly could," explained Charles, "and then just think what you'd have missed."

That was why Charles was a little yellow and rather cross and had been quarrelling with Posh about the Barnaby train. As for Clare and Posh, they did nothing but sniff, though Posh sniffed much more powerfully and cheerfully than Clare. Not even the fact that the tom-tits were actually eating the half-cocoanut or the pride of a new fountain-pen could make Clare, afflicted by a cold, look other than a figure of woe. Besides she was always diving at the leg of the wrong knicker when she wanted her pocket-handkerchief.

"Once upon a time," began Uncle James, endeavouring to dissipate the gloom, "there was a little boy with no brothers or sisters at all, who had two Barnaby engines, O-gauge, three carriages, four trucks and a petrol-tank, and lines which ran right away from the furthest bookcase, round the edge of the writing-desk and back again up to the telephone cupboard. And there were four point-switches, only two of which had been trodden on, and two stations with porters who had no heads, and a milk-can and a tin portmanteau and an automatic machine; and one tin lady passenger dressed in red in the fashions of 1895, and fourteen tin Mexican cowboys whose horses had broken their legs."

"Was there a restrong?" asked Clare.

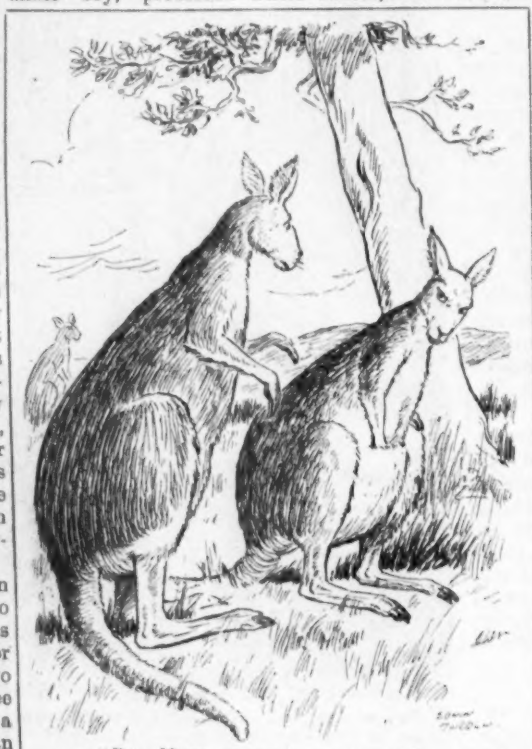
"There was," replied Uncle James, "and a butcher's shop, with sugar sirloins of beef hanging up in it, two of which had been sucked for a short time by the little boy's dog, so that the crimson streaks had come off."

"I thought this was going to be a story, Uncle James," said Charles rather indignantly.

That was a quite just rebuke, for up till now the narrative did no credit to Uncle James's powers of imagination; it merely showed that he had been making an inventory of the principal furniture in his own study. But Posh was less critical.

"Oh, *do* go on," he said, sniffing tremendously. "It's a perfectly awfully decent story so far."

Thus encouraged, "Now the little boy," proceeded Uncle James, "who was called, as you may be surprised to hear, Meliagraunce, was sometimes very lonely in spite of his beautiful train, and often wished he could speak to the little girl living next door whom he often saw when he went out for walks to the park with his nursery-governess, and sometimes even made faces at her, and she made faces back at him. But they were never allowed to speak to each other because their parents were not acquainted, in spite of having exactly equal shares in the big rain-pipe that ran down between the two houses in front; so that, when both the houses were painted at the same time in the spring, the half rain-pipe belonging to Meliagraunce's parents' house was painted bright green, and the half rain-pipe belonging to the little girl's parents' house was painted deep blue, which had a very pleasing effect."



"BUT, MARY, WHERE 'S THE CHILD?"
"BLESS ME, I 'VE HAD MY POCKET PICKED."

"But what," inquired Clare petulantly, "was the little girl's name?"

"Auricula," said Uncle James.

Clare blew her nose more ineffectively than usual, which was always a sign of deepening interest.

"Now it so happened," he went on, "that one day Meliagraunce grew tired of winding up the Barnaby engines and sending them round and round, first with one carriage and then with another, for neither of them would ever pull two carriages at once not really the whole way round, and tired of shunting cowboys on the trucks, and tired of the restaurant, and tired even of railway accidents"—this was aimed at Posh, who time after time had refused to move the points for Charles because he liked to see the Barnaby engines turn over on their backs and buzz like bumble-bees instead of letting the express thunder down the main while the local stood on the siding—"when all of a sudden he heard a tapping sound on the other side of the wall. And he tapped back. Then he had a brilliant idea. There was a big mouse-hole in the wainscoting on his side. He took out his new and very sharp pocket-knife—there was no one in the room—and began to cut through the plaster behind it and scooped it out like a tunnel in a sand castle. He scooped as hard as he could. In fact he scooped and he scooped and he scooped till at last he made a hole right through the wall, and then, lying down and putting his eye close to it, he could see daylight.

"'Hello!' he said.

"'Hello!' said Auricula, and she lay on the floor too and put her face down to the hole, so that the tunnel became all dark again.

"'I am playing with my Barnaby train,' said Meliagraunce.

"'I wish I could too,' said Auricula.

"'Well, so you can,' Meliagraunce told her. 'Get your face away from the tunnel.'

"And he took up pieces of his line and pushed them through, one by one, and told her how to fit them together on the other side. And after a while he ran an engine through alone, and then an engine with an empty truck, and then an engine with a truck full of Mexican cowboys, and Auricula sent them back again. Thus they had great fun for nearly an hour, for they pre-



Aunt (*who is entertaining nephew*). "I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU TO PLAY WITH YOUR TOYS FOR A FEW MOMENTS, TOMMY. NOW DON'T GO TRYING THOSE TOOLS ON THE FURNITURE."
Tommy (*sotto voce, delightedly*). "THAT 'S AN IDEA. I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT."

tended that every time the cowboys went through the tunnel they were in great danger from the attacks of fierce mice, which might spring upon them at any moment and bite their paint off. And at last Auricula sent a little note on the truck saying, 'I think you are awfully nice——'"

"Gosh!" ejaculated Charles.

"—and Meliagraunce," persisted Uncle James relentlessly, "wrote on the other side of the piece of paper, 'And so do I too you,' and sent it back to her.

"But just at this moment there was the sound of a terrible scolding on Auricula's side of the wall, because her nursery-governess had come in and found out what had happened, and she was taken out of the room so that the nursery-governess could explain it all to her parents. But perhaps the worst thing of all was that one of the Barnaby engines was still in Auricula's parents' house, and Meliagraunce didn't know whether it would ever come back again."

"And did it?" asked Posh.

"Not," said Uncle James, "until Meliagraunce had gone to bed and had been very soundly scolded by *his* parents for damaging the two walls, only one of which belonged to them. Meliagraunce's father, in fact, was in a great to-do about the whole business. He thought that Auricula's parents would never forgive him. I ought to have told you, by the way, that it was Christmas-Eve."

"Well?" said Clare with a very excited sniff.

"Now you must know," said Uncle James, attaining with calculated effect to his dramatic climax, "that there is a law in this land which says that no one may buy tobacco after eight o'clock in the evening, and it so happened that very night that Auricula's father found he had none, and he knew that on Christmas Day the shops would be shut, and possibly on Boxing Day too, so about nine o'clock, when Meliagraunce's father was sitting at his desk, he suddenly heard a rattling noise, and the little Barnaby engine came dashing through the tunnel in the wainscoting, and ran across the floor and round the desk and bumped into his feet and upset, and began to buzz. And what should there be in the tender but a note saying:—

"'DEAR MR. MELIAGRAUNCE'S FATHER,—I am very sorry to trouble you, but I have run out of tobacco. Could you oblige me with the loan of a few pipesful?'

"Meliagraunce's father immediately filled a whole truck full of tobacco and sent it back through the wall. And ever after that day the two became friends, so Meliagraunce and Auricula were allowed to talk to each other. And when they both grew up they——"

"I know!" exclaimed Clare.

"Kept tame mice, I should think," said Charles irreverently.

"The only thing I can't understand," commented Aunt Mary, "is why Auricula and Meliagraunce used their fathers' studies when they had nurseries to play in."

"Because it was Christmas-Eve," said Uncle James rather sadly, "and the study floors were so much larger."

"When we're at *home*," said Posh with surprising mendacity redeemed by a seraphic smile, "we 're always allowed to use the study. We smoke pipes in it, big pipes, and drink glasses of rum."

EVOE.

"Have you a snub nose, a long supper lip, or a receding chin?"—*Evening Paper.*

We have a long supper lip.

AERONAUTICS.

III.

"THIS observing business," remarked Charles aggressively, "is too easy. All you have to do is to loll comfortably in the back seat while I—I, the man of clear eye and iron nerve—pilot you about the uncharted air."

I bristled. I can't explain to you exactly how I did it, but you must take my word for it. The argument is an old one, and we have been at it ever since we joined the Fleet Air arm; but, though custom has staled its infinite variety, age has never withered it.

"My dear Charles," I observed majestically, "an observer is a highly-skilled man who would be an ornament to any trades union. The wireless which I manipulate, while you, a mere chauffeur, drive me about the upper air, would alone require a genius for its proper regulation. And remember that I, and not you, am the Eyes of the Fleet."

I began to stop bristling; this was doing me good. "To you, Charles," I went on, "the ships that we see scattered on the face of the waters are merely ships, no more. To me, viewed through the eyes of the intelligent naval observer, they are not mere purposeless vessels. They are 'a division of *Queen Elizabeth* class battleships, steaming ten knots, in line ahead' or maybe 'a flotilla of destroyers in screening formation, ten miles ahead of the main fleet.'"

Charles pulled out his watch—we have a definite agreement that this argument shall never last more than five minutes. "Time's up," he remarked. "And time we were up too."

I agreed. A Very August Personage had been lunching with the Admiral, the General and the Air-Marshal, and on his departure an air escort of fighters was to accompany his ship for the first ten miles of her journey. The hour of the V.A.P.'s leave-taking being uncertain and the petrol capacity of the fighters extremely limited, Charles and I had been deputed to keep watch and ward over the post-prandial port and to signal to the base directly the V.A.P.'s ship got under way. The fighters were then to go up and perform what our local paper describes as "graceful curves" over the head of the departing guest.

The harbour, when we got over it, was very full and the ships half-hidden in the mass of bunting donned in honour of the V.A.P. And no sooner had I begun the task of discovering which ship was which than my wireless began to give trouble. I can send Morse with the best, and have always managed to scrape through my exams. on the subject of W/T by some fortunate chance or other. But, really and truly, deep down in my secret heart these little dials and things get me down, particularly when the apparatus is angry and starts shrieking at me.

However after a quarter-of-an-hour's feverish manipulation I did eventually reduce the whines and coughs to reasonable proportions and was able to look over the side once more. Apparently only just in time, for a large vessel, almost hidden beneath her flags, was under way and making for the breakwater. To my huge delight I got my signal through without having to repeat it more than twice, and by the time the ship had cleared the breakwater the fighters had arrived and were busy with the customary series of hair-raising evolutions.

Nothing, from the air, moves so slowly as a ship. A man walking along the street can at least be seen to be progressing upon his way, and even a chicken affords some air of finality when it has succeeded in crossing from one side of the road to the other in the face of an advancing car. But a ship just seems to be dawdling deliberately, and I was getting very bored when, at the end of an hour, the ten-mile limit had been reached. The fighters, like a flock of gigantic geese, had swept past us in wedge-shaped formation, making for home before their petrol should be exhausted, and we had ourselves turned before Charles's voice, booming down the voice-pipe into my ear, interrupted my sigh of thankfulness.

"There 's another ship coming out of harbour, old boy," said Charles. "Now the fighters have gone we might go down and have a look at her."

We descended steeply and suddenly, and as we roared past the bridge a group of men in frock-coats and top-hats caught my eye, and horrid doubt arose and smote me.

"Go round the stern, Charles," I yelled, with the last faint glimmerings of hope.

Charles saw the name of the ship as soon as I did, and I hold it to his lasting credit that he made no superfluous comment. "Keep our mouths shut and play escort ourselves," he observed laconically, and for a further hour we circled in "graceful curves" above the head of the V.A.P.

What that worthy thought of the thinness of his escort I don't know—he was too polite to make public comment upon it. Even Charles preserved a creditable silence until we landed, and then I am bound to confess that the honours of war lay with him.

"Of course, old boy," he remarked pleasantly, "to me a ship is merely a ship, no more. But to you——"

I was beaten.



Visitor. "YOUR BABY ALWAYS CRIES WHEN I LOOK AT HIM."
Father (with the best of intentions). "AH, 'E DON'T MEAN NOTHINK, MUM. WHEN 'E 'S A LITTLE OLDER 'E 'LL LARF AT YER."

Our Helpful Advertisers.

From a leaflet:—

"WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF FIRE.
Keep cool."

"COUNSEL QUOTES POETRY.

'The act of kissing a woman shortly before murder or an attempt to murder is, of course, not unusual in the annals of crime,' said Mr. Fazackerley. He quoted:—

'Every man kills the thing he loves,
Some with a kiss; some with a bitter look,
Some do the deed with many tears, and some with a sigh.
But every man kills the thing he loves.'"
Local Paper.

Some chaps even kill poetry.

HOSPITALITY.



I'M VERY GLAD—



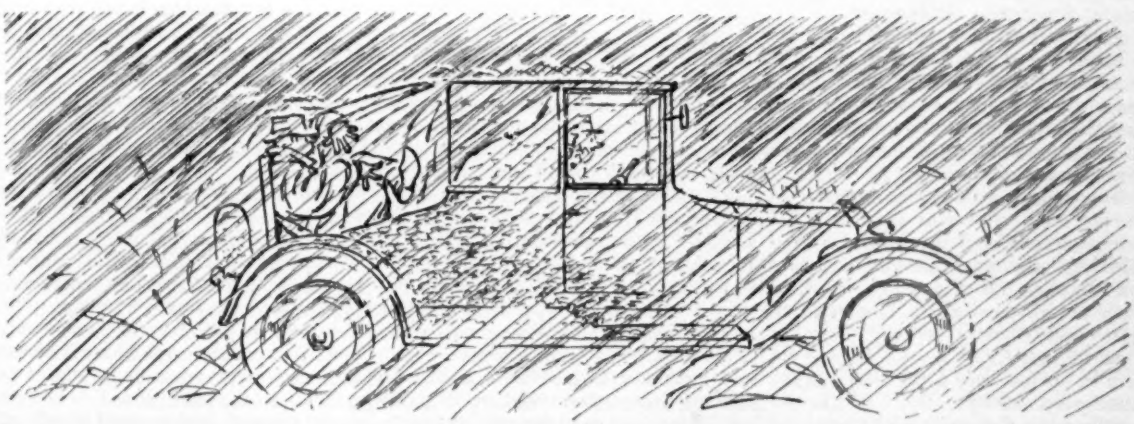
JONES OFFERED ME—



A LIFT HOME—



AS THE RAIN—



CERTAINLY SEEMED TO GET MUCH HEAVIER.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXI.—SANE FINANCE.

IF there is one department of the national life in which the Old Land is about a century behind Australia it is the conduct of betting and horse-racing. Here at least there are no signs of the "new country," no rough-and-ready pioneer methods, but all things ordered and civilised and scientific in one of the principal activities of the population.

If a man fell suddenly from the skies into Randwick or Flemington during a race-meeting he would say that the civilisation of Australia must be as old as Rome's; but if he fell on Epsom during the Derby he would judge that we had but recently emerged from the Stone Age.

I have seen no course here as beautiful as Ascot or Goodwood, it is true. On the other hand, the Australian course is never so far away. One runs out about lunch-time and is home by five-thirty, instead of devoting the whole day to the foolish business, starting at nine and tottering home dog-tired in the dusk. Also there is room to move about, and the arrangements are precise and clear, the approach for motors is never through a bog, nor need one park one's car in a morass; everybody sees the whole race, and very often the start as well. *And they make betting pay.*

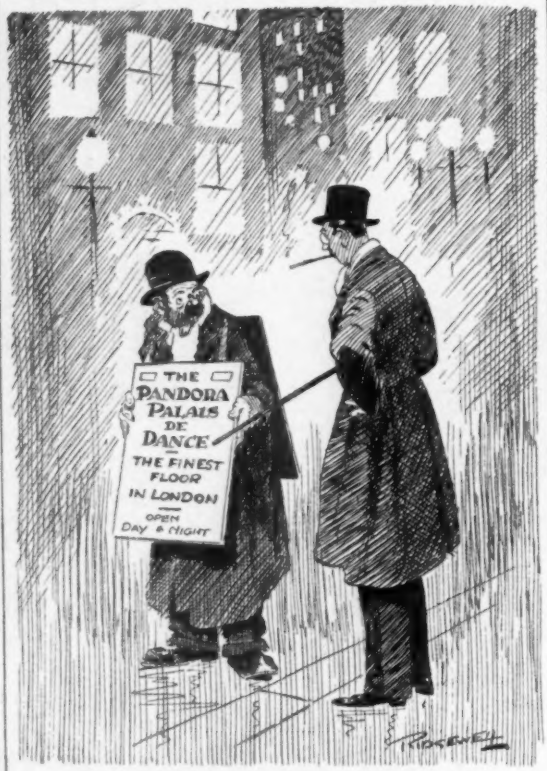
Some time ago in England we had a Royal Commission, Committee or whatnot which solemnly decided that a tax on betting was both impracticable and undesirable. Well, this infant nation in the Antipodes might teach the Mother of Derbies something about that. I have never discovered the grounds of that decision, but one of them, I fancy, was the argument that the collection of revenue from betting would be the condonation and encouragement of vice.

Now it might easily be argued that betting on horse-racing is among the noblest activities of mankind. At any rate for the average backer it involves the practice of the three cardinal Christian virtues—Faith, Hope and, in most cases, Charity as well. I do not often do this thing myself, having no faith in horses, very little hope and absolutely no charity. But I do like my weekly glass of wine; and I do *not* see why my weekly glass of wine should be taxed almost dry; I do *not* see why two-thirds of the price of George's bottle of whisky should be tax while another man may win a thousand pounds on Love-Lies-Bleeding without contributing a penny to the State. And by the way I have never heard it said that to levy a duty on my glass of wine was to condone and encourage intoxication. Quite the opposite. On the other hand, the bookie does pay income-tax on his vicious earnings, so that the fatal "condoning" is done already. And that, I hope, is the end of that argument.

There are social workers who will tell you that betting is an evil among the poor not much less powerful than drink. Our "drink-bill," we are often told, is three hundred million pounds. Our betting-bill, the Inland Revenue or some such creature calculated, is two hundred million pounds. And it must be obvious that the two go hand-in-hand, for most bets made lead on to a drink, whether by way of celebration or consolation; and these potations in their turn renew the springs of faith and hope and so lead back to charity and the bookmaker. But in England, while Bacchus pays through the nose, Fortuna goes scot-free. Yet a mere ten per cent. on that two hundred million pounds would help the income-tax considerably.

This is all theory, you say; but here in the Happy Isles they are doing it every day. Vice or virtue, they say, this thing is going on, and the State shall have its pickings. The arrangements differ by States, of course. In some they have both totalisator and bookmaker, in some one or the other only. In Tasmania, where they have the totalisator only, they have put the tax too high, and the secret bookmaker is coming back; and elsewhere the golden goose is perhaps being worked a little hard. But in general the State takes up to ten per cent. of all money invested in the totalisator; while the bookmaker is registered and licensed both by the State (to which he pays say £75) and by each club (to which he may pay the same or less); his registered number appears in the race-card, and he works in an official stand under his official number, so that he is easy to find and there are no welshers and no race-course gangs. Further, on every betting ticket he issues there is a penny, twopenny or threepenny stamp, or whatever is the duty in his particular State and his particular part of the course. Then there is a State Admission Tax and a Federal Entertainment Tax, amounting in the saddling paddock at Randwick to 3*s.* 2*d.* and 10*d.* respectively. The Government of New South Wales takes, I believe, about £130,000 yearly from the totalisator at Randwick alone, £300,000 from the totalisator all through the State, and about the same figures from the bookmaker. Yet Sydney has a population of about a million only, and New South Wales of about two.

The "Tote," of course, is originally a principle, and it can be expressed primitively by one man under an umbrella or elaborately by a machine, just as a shop's sales may be recorded in a note-book or by a cash-register. So there are many machines. But the totalisator at the Randwick course in Sydney is, I think, the most marvellous machine I ever saw. The idea of the Tote—for those who know it not—is that you select your horse and back it without any agreement as to odds, and at the end the total sum invested on the race (less 9 per cent. in the case of New South Wales, to the Government, and 3½ to the Club for expenses) is divided among



Festive Youth. "I SAY, IS THIS REALLY TRUE?"
Sandwich Man. "DON'T ASK ME, GUV'NOR. BETWEEN YOU AN' ME I AIN'T A DANCING MAN."



Polite but persistent Customer (to stranger at clearance sale). "WHICH HALF DO YOU PREFER?"

the supporters of the three placed horses, so that the successful backer receives the mathematically accurate odds or price as registered by that proportion of the public which supported his horse. One may sometimes get better odds from the bookmakers, it is true, and there are those who prefer the exciting business of wandering from bookie to bookie in the constant hope of a better price. There are also those who do not like it. For my part, I am so frightened by the large rough bookmaker, registered or not, that I seldom speak to one without misfortune; as when at Melbourne I handed one a pound note and said, trembling, "Ten shillings on Dogsbody," and he took the pound and shouted, "Ten bob to win, Dogsbody," and when I returned to explain my mistake he said, "No, my lad, you gave me ten shillings;" and I said, "Yes, Sir," and went away.

Betting with the Tote has no such terrors, and all the ladies love it. It is charmingly simple. You go to any one of about forty little windows and say, "Ten shillings, Dogsbody." The clerk presses a button and a ticket is printed with the number of your horse. That bet is instantly recorded by the machine and shown upon the great wall of the main building, which is like some vast cricket scoring-board. Each horse running has its own little hole in that wall, and there you may see from moment to moment both the number of mugs who have betted on Dogsbody and the total number of mugs who have betted so far on the race. And if you care to subtract 12½ per cent. from the total you can calculate what kind of "dividend" Dogsbody will pay when he wins, and you can see at a glance who are the favourites and who are the outsiders. But if, like myself, you do not bother to calculate, you have a double excitement—first, will Dogsbody win? and second, when he has won, what dividend will he pay? The dividends are posted up miraculously within two minutes of the finish of the race, and when I backed the glorious horse Honan he paid a dividend of £6 18*s.* for every pound invested in him.

There is no possibility of unfairness or dirty work in this system. From the moment the clerk presses the button on Dogsbody the machine does the rest. Each clerk's operations are recorded independently and yet together, so that if fifty clerks issue tickets on Dogsbody at the same instant the machine immediately adds them up and shows them on the central board, both in Dogsbody's place and in the total figure; and it is fascinating to watch the figures jumping up, especially as each movement means so much more to the State and therefore to the Commonwealth of British Nations. A machine has been manufactured and shown in Sydney that records bets up to 250,000 a minute, and from what I saw of Sydney they will very soon require it.

It was a very small meeting that day. The State took about £5,000 from the Tote, and on the glorious race which Honan won about £1,000. But did I care? I would willingly have given the Government more. While those who did not back Honan had at least the comforting assurance that, though they were poorer, their country was the richer.

Yet in dear old England a tax on betting is impracticable and undesirable!

A. P. H.

"In the deadly race for originality, advertisers have thrown Santa Claus overboard, have cast the gang-plank after him, scuttled the ship and sailed hastily away."
Trade Journal.

When the typhoon beaches them on a tropical iceberg, no doubt they will regret their folly.

BOBBY AND HIS HOBBY.

[Suggested, with humble apologies to the late Mr. HENRY CAREY, by the recent enthusiastic cultivation of Morris-dancing by the Oxford police.]

Of all the lads that are so smart
There 's none to match my Bobby;
He is the darling of my heart
And dancing is his hobby;
There is no constable so keen
In checking theft and pillage,
So large, well-nourished, trim and clean—
And he lives in our village.

His father plies the cobbler's awl
To earn laborious dollars;
His mother washes for the Hall
And starches cuffs and collars;
Plebeian in their speech and face
And in their figures cobby,
They do not show the slightest trace
Of handsome winsome Bobby.

He 's stalwart as a grenadier
Yet, when he comes to trip it,
He 's graceful as a mountain-deer,
He 's agile as a whippet;
And when I meet him on his beat
My heart goes wibbley-wobby
All for the love I bear my sweet
Tarantulating Bobby.

Come wet or fine, come rain or shine,
He practises new capers;
His photograph and also mine
Have graced the picture papers;
At cricket he has skill and luck,
His scores are seldom blobby,
Although he is a perfect duck,
My own and only Bobby.

The beauteous Boy that GAINSBOROUGH drew
Ain't half so spruce and nobby
As my enchanting Boy in Blue—
My Morris-dancing Bobby;
His strength is as the strength of ten,
Firm as an oaken grillage,
And, as I wish to say again,
He lodges in our village.

So, when another Christmas comes,
If Bobby thinks of wiving,
I 'll give him all the little sums
I 've gathered by whist-driving;
And, if I 've *nil*, I 'll loot a till
And hand him o'er the tillage,
For he 's the darling of my heart,
And he lives in our village.

My father and my brothers three
Make game of me and Bobby,
And, but for him, I 'd sooner be
A slave and scrub a lobby;
But let them laugh and let them jeer,
We 'll have the best of answers
When we are wedded and appear
As champion Morris-dancers.

"Adding Machine: adds up to £999,999 19*s.* 11*d.*"—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
No use, then, to ROCKEFELLER.

CHARIVARIA.

DR. DAYTON MILLER, President of the American Physical Society, claims to have disproved the EINSTEIN theory. We have always understood, however, that the theory of relativity was not intended to be applied to America.

* * *

The South African students now visiting England are reported as saying that they don't think much of our weather. It is only right to point out, however, that we have never bragged about it.

* * *

Sir HARRY LAUDER has stated that before going on the stage he drinks a glass of water because it provokes humour. It should certainly strike a Scotsman as very quaint.

* * *

A cat-burglar recently gave Lord KNUTSFORD some good advice. This, we hasten to state, was for his own protection and not by way of assisting his activities on behalf of the London Hospital.

* * *

The formation of "The Workingmen's Hunt" for the purpose of shooting foxes is regarded in industrial circles as a first step towards the nationalisation of the shires.

* * *

It is stated that the Tube extensions have had the effect of enabling London criminals to operate further afield. The convenience of this class of workers has hitherto received too little consideration.

* * *

Part of the Filey golf-course has disappeared. Some players are far too remiss about replacing sections of golf-courses.

* * *

We read that a miniature wireless-set which was bought as a joke picked up 2 LO ten miles away. This ought to be a warning to jesters.

* * *

At the Schoolboys' Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall we hear that disappointment was expressed that Smith minor's report was not on view.

* * *

A correspondent of a daily paper suggests the taxation of hyphenated surnames. Our own view is that this would bear too heavily on the suburbs.

* * *

It has been remarked that very few people visit the Royal Sanitary Museum. Take your youngsters there these holidays to see the stuffed plumber.

* * *

The medical staff of the West London Hospital has demonstrated that it is possible for a man's ear to be stitched on after it has been torn off. This will be good news for Rugby players, who hitherto have had to carry spares.

* * *

Owing to the report that certain specimens of fish are being preserved in alcohol in Scotland, many Finnan haddocks are giving themselves up without waiting to be caught.

* * *

A new word, "Antedation," has just appeared in *The London Gazette*. We understand it may now be used without fee by all *bonâ-fide* crossworders.

* * *

A man at Westminster was recently chased from a whist-drive for playing with cards he had marked with pin-pricks. No doubt he understands now what is meant by the rigour of the game.

* * *

New standard signals are being suggested for all motorists, but what we want is one that means "I am coming back this way later on."

* * *

CHARLOTTE PAVA, of Pau, aged one-hundred-and-ten, has been a servant for a century in one family. They 're now hoping that she likes the place well enough to stop on.

* * *

The latest volume of *Who's Who* is so bulky that it should be broken up into two volumes: (1) *Who's Really Who*; (2) *Who's Only Just Who.*

* * *

The heathen Chinee may be peculiar, but he is quite ordinary compared with his "Christian" general.

* * *

A pig recently swallowed a diamond ring that fell into its trough. This should teach the loser to wear pearls next time.

* * *

A man who lately stopped to count some money on the metals near Weymouth was run into by a train. This only shows that one mustn't believe *all* the jokes one reads about the Southern Railway.

* * *

We are informed that the farmer who said that he had had a good year and was perfectly satisfied with it has, on the advice of his friends, decided to go into a Home.

* * *

Honesty is the best policy, but some church bazaars still do very well in spite of that.

* * *

Elaborate measures are taken by the London General Omnibus Company to ensure that their vehicles are free from germs. Nothing is more unpleasant than the spectacle of a streptococcus strap-hanging.



"A LITTLE LEARNING . . ."

Englishman (to proprietor of Riviera Hotel). "JE VAIS EN ANGLETERRE POUR QUELQUES JOURS; PENDANT MON ABSENCE PRENEZ GARDE DE MA FEMME."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

VII.—THE INCORRIGIBLE.

He didn't like authority; O'Kelly was his name;
He wouldn't do a stroke of work or play a single game;
They did their best to make him, but it wasn't any use,
He resisted all coercion and was deaf to all abuse.

Their efforts to instruct him he persistently ignored;
He wouldn't look at anything they wrote upon the board;
He wouldn't construe *Cæsar* or attempt a simple sum,
And when they asked him questions he pretended he was dumb.

He wouldn't rise for early school, he wouldn't go to bed,
He wouldn't answer "*Adsum*" when the call-over was read;
He wouldn't blow the organ, and he wouldn't write out lines,
And when he lost the lib'ry books he wouldn't pay the fines.

He wouldn't cap the masters and he wouldn't call them "Sir;"
The prefects tried to make him fag but he declined to stir;
He was cheeky to the matron, he was saucy to the maids,
He was very insubordinate on O.T.C. parades.

He wouldn't keep in bounds, and they discovered him one day
Very early in the morning breaking out to run away;
As this clearly was the moment their authority to show,
The Head expelled O'Kelly, but O'Kelly wouldn't go.

G. B.



Husband. "I SAY, JOLLY NEAT LITTLE FIGURE, EH?"
Wife. "SHOCKING BAD ANKLES."
Husband. "HOW DO YOU KNOW?"
Wife. "WELL, SHE WOULDN'T IF SHE HADN'T, WOULD SHE?"

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

THE WOOD.

(*After Mr.* EDMUND BLUNDEN.)

DEEP in the tangled groves where August strays
I go to find the loves of old remembered days,
And where the bloated flies in the warm air sing
My heart in the dankness cries and my soul takes wing.

But scarcely do I see the small blooms that cry
And crick their trembling knees as my boots go by;
I kindled once at puffballs and wild hellebore,
But they and yellow toad-flax charm no more.

I came by the sunk plot where barbary box-thorn
Trails on the ruined cot where my sweet was born;
Rank weeds there towered and a black snake hissed
At the door where she flowered and shyly kissed.

The jays call in the trees, I care not a whit,
Nor thrill to the bees and the blithe tom-tit;
Birches and beeches sigh, and oaks and elms;
A joy that is not nigh my spirit o'erwhelms.

All my young delight gone as all joys go;
I strain my weary sight and see but woe;
The dark beetles whirr, the dung-flies veer;
Since I see not her no beauty is here.

Once I sensed the sap of each soundless tree;
Now, though I tap and tap, they speak not to me;
When I tapped she listened and, though I only heard,
Her dark eyes glistened, she was shy as a bird.

Once I loved sweet-briar, and hemlocks made
With the sorrel's fire a rich stock-in-trade;
Now to the pond I 'll hie and through curled vapours
Regard with pensive eye tadpoles and tapers.

W. K. S.

HAIRLESS WOMEN.

(*Showing the awful result of writing to the papers on this theme.*)

I *am* in a mess.

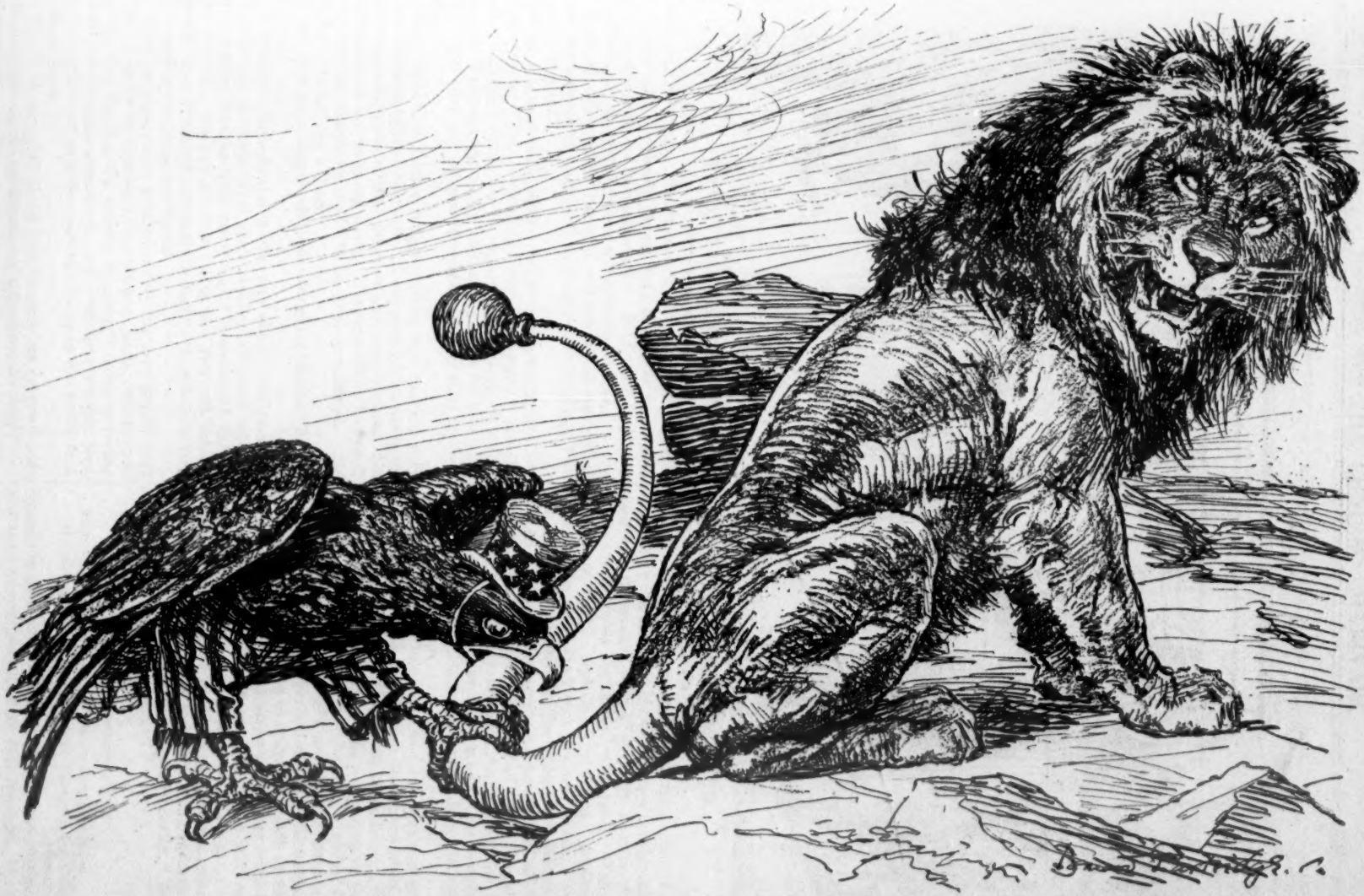
You see, I thought the correspondence columns of my newspaper wanted stirring up a little. They were getting turgid. They were full of letters about "Parsons who Mumble" and "Hollyhocks in November" and "Sir,—Surely the Government's latest ineptitude surpasses even its own record of asinine futility," and all that sort of thing. I thought it was time to introduce something a little more lively. And I did. I wrote a letter saying happily that I thought women looked prettier with some hair than without.

And now I *am* in a mess. The correspondence column has already spread to three, and still they haven't finished saying all the things they want to say about me. It 's awful. I never had any idea of what an appalling sort of person I must be to have about a world.

For instance, Miss Wagtail of Peckham wrote at once and said, after a few pithy introductory remarks, "I know your correspondent. He is the sort of man who never wants a woman to be comfortable."

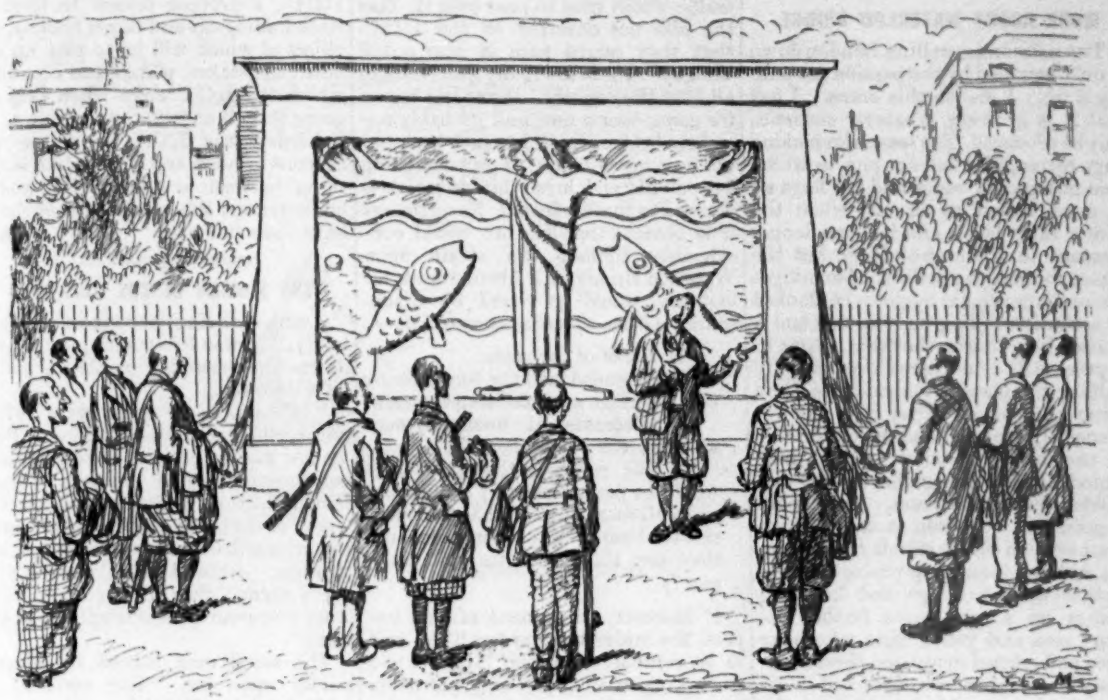
Now this isn't true. I do *not* know Miss Wagtail of

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 6, 1926.



THE LION WITH THE RUBBER TAIL.

There was once an Eagle who was used to having the Best of Everything. And it chanced that he met a Lion with a Tail of Rubber. And a great Envy overtook the Eagle because the Lion's Tail was of Rubber. And the Eagle said, "I will see how this Lion likes to have his Tail twisted." But the Lion remained unmoved, saying, "My Tail does not mind being twisted; it is so resilient." And when the Eagle perceived that he was having no Success, he was very much annoyed and said so. But the Lion remained unmoved.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

UNVEILING A MONUMENT TO THE FOUNDER OF THE FLY-FISHERS' CLUB.

Peckham nor, I sincerely hope, does she know me. And I *do* want women to be comfortable. Frightfully! There is nothing I like better than a comfortable woman.

Then Mrs. Grimalkin-Browne of Hampstead wrote: "If your correspondent is so fond of long hair, why doesn't he grow it himself?"

Well, I have considered this and I am beginning to think that perhaps Mrs. Grimalkin-Browne is right. Not so much because I am indiscriminately fond of long hair, but because I am a very manly man and simply hate looking like a girl with my present Borstal crop. I must go into this.

Miss Smilax of Lower Sniggerington also wrote a very well-reasoned letter. She said, "I suppose your correspondent would approve of the yashmak and the crinoline. He would like to see us going about in cotton-wool, I expect. Probably he thinks we ought to be kept in a harem. He ought to have been a Turk."

I can't do anything about this letter except blush. Aren't I *awful*?

And then somebody else wrote, very simply and proudly, "Can't your correspondent really understand that women are actually prettier with short hair?" I should like to ask this lady just one question: Has she ever sat behind herself in a theatre? Because I have—or someone like her—and my evening was spoilt.

Then somebody else pointed out to me very firmly that don't I know by this time that women don't *want* to look pretty, that the idea of a woman spending her life in trying to attract the male creature is most fearfully *vieux jeu*, that to appear attractive is the very last thing in the world that women desire?

Well, I'm very glad about this, because the cropped ones certainly run no risk of appearing attractive, do they?

"Hasn't the ineffable Mr. Codde ever considered the time we save in dressing?" asks Miss Bingle-Browne of Surbiton. (I am the ineffable Mr. Codde. Oh, yes!) Well, what am I to say to that? Nothing, I'm afraid. Anybody knows the awful value of time to a woman. Time, I suppose, is practically of paramount importance to a woman, and any minute or two she can save by going about without hair-pins is going to do her a world of good. I only wonder they don't recklessly abandon their lip-sticks and their powder-puffs as well, and so save another couple of hours on the day. Yes, this I must admit is a distinct point to Miss Bingle-Browne.

And, lastly, four-hundred-and-fifty-three women (I didn't actually count them, but that is the figure which seems to occur to me) wrote identically the same letter. They said, "My husband told me he would never forgive me if I had my hair cut off, and now it is done he is simply delighted; he says I have never looked younger or prettier in my life." Well, I don't think that letter needs any comments; do you? It is a pity to do anything to undermine such touching trust. Because if those innocent ladies could hear what their husbands say when they are not speaking to their wives they *would* be surprised.

But the letter that really frightened me most and has caused me to have a new lock fitted on my front door was the shortest of all. It just said quite curtly, "What is the address of your correspondent?"

I *am* in a mess.

A. B. C.

From the programme of a musical club:—

"'Mon Couer S Ouvee a ta vix' from 'Sampson and Delilah.'"
American Paper.

France is surely entitled to a substantial remission of her war-debt as compensation for this outrage.

MORE ABOUT WATERLOO BRIDGE.

THE passion for pulling London down is only equalled by the passion for pulling it up. I dislike this craze. I feel that it is growing, whatever statistics may be produced. The season for making large rectangular holes or pits, in which men guarded by ropes and red flags sit at meat, comes to an end when the winter rains begin and it is no longer pleasant to dine out-of-doors, but the season for building little wooden bridges where the pavement ought to be, flanked by a wooden railing on one side and a wooden hoarding on the other, seems to be perennial. Londoners are perpetually walking the plank. I abominate these rustic gangways. They are narrow, offensively crowded and uncomfortable for the sole of the shoe. Rough men behind the hoardings throw dust and rubble down on to them. They serve no good end. As soon as one of them is removed an edifice stands revealed no less hideous than its predecessor, and another wooden bridge and hoarding springs up a few yards further on. Many men and young girls who have hated and refused to walk on these monstrosities have been run over and killed by motor-buses. I know it for a fact.

And now, not content with building ugly wooden bridges all over the streets, the L.C.C. proposes to pull down a beautiful stone bridge over the Thames.

I will say this for them. They did not, even in the autumn, attempt to pull up the Thames. They could easily have pulled up the floor of it, by damming or diverting the stream, in order to make vent-holes for the extension of the so-called Hampstead Tube, which is about to run, I believe, to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. They did not do this thing. I am thankful to them for that. But there is no other good word which I can say on behalf of the L.C.C.

With regard to Waterloo Bridge, the correct procedure is obvious. Either the bridge can be held up or else it cannot. If it can be held up it ought to be held up, even if the members of the L.C.C. have to do it themselves with their hands. I see no reason why they should not take shifts at doing this. I should enjoy watching them. If the bridge cannot be held up, we should wait till it falls down and then build another one. Nothing is gained by pulling it to pieces first. One might as well purposely throw oneself down on the pavement of the Strand because there are so many banana skins about. One might as well bash in one's hat and go out and buy a new one because some day or other somebody is certain to sit on it.

There is the argument that Waterloo Bridge is too narrow for the volume of traffic which tries to pass over it. Has the idea not occurred to the L.C.C. that they might turn it into a toll bridge? There are many such bridges all over the country. If one has to pay for going over a new and probably unsightly bridge which has just been put up, how much better to pay for going over an old and lovely bridge which is doomed to tumble down! Nevertheless it is obvious that this tax would considerably lighten the strain upon Waterloo Bridge. All Aberdonians, for instance, would go round by Blackfriars. Other advantages would be—

(1) Relief of the rates.

(2) Extended facilities for lingering on the bridge and admiring the view.

(3) Decrease of unemployment amongst toll-bar keepers.

(4) The certainty that the bridge would be praised even by Philistines, since all men admire what is expensive to obtain. (Why otherwise should they pay threepence to walk on a pier?)

If however, on account of this impost, the bridge became too little used to be remunerative, the L.C.C. could embark upon an advertising campaign to secure customers for it, especially during the American tourist season:—

LONDON'S MOST POPULAR LINK.

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE

OF WALKING ON RENNIE'S FAMOUS BRIDGE.

TRAVEL BY OVERWATER.

DO IT NOW!

NEXT YEAR MAY BE TOO LATE!!

or, more enigmatically but more, perhaps, in accordance with modern publicity methods:—

U WATERLOOK

AT

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

I would have a free day, I think, on Saturdays, and perhaps on Bank Holidays, and increase the toll on Wednesdays and Fridays and the date of the anniversary of Waterloo. It is not at all improbable that if this course were pursued the L.C.C. would be able to run steamers also to look at the bridge from the river and examine it underneath.

On further reflection I am inclined to think that a Waterloological Society might even be formed with a moderate annual subscription, and that the bridge could be closed entirely on Sundays, except to Fellows, who would be allowed to walk up and down on it themselves or give passes to their friends.

If none of my counsels prevail in moving the adamantine heart of the L.C.C., I propose myself to form an Anti-Pulling-up-and-down Society, the object of which will be to pull up and down the stakes, planks and hoardings which the L.C.C. erect when they are going to pull anything up or down. If it amuses the L.C.C. to deface and obscure London and turn it into something between a timber-yard and a brick-quarry, the ratepayers ought to have their fun too.

EVOE.

THE WOMAN IN THE CALL-BOX.

I WAS standing waiting in a violent hurry. It was like running for a train down the ascending escalator, and it infuriated me.

"It's not as if there were half-a-dozen call-boxes," I complained. "Here we are waiting patiently to deliver urgent messages while she goes through her life-history, why the cook left, the colour of the hat she saw in Bond Street, the price of bacon and so on to a perfect stranger. At least that's what I expect she's doing; they all do. You can't trust a woman with a telephone in her hand."

The small man turned his glasses mildly upon me. "She certainly is taking rather a time," he said.

"Rather a time," I echoed loudly; "I should think she is. How long have you been waiting?"

He looked at the post-office clock.

"Half-an-hour," he replied.

"There you are," I continued; "I've been waiting nearly twenty minutes and yet she goes on chatter, chatter, chatter as if the entire telephone service was her own private property. It's—it's——"

"You can go in directly she's finished," he interrupted hastily.

"Thanks very much; but I wouldn't dream of taking your turn. You've waited quite long enough for this selfish gabbler to get finished with her silly gossip. No, no; it's very kind indeed of you, but I cannot dream of it."

"But there's no reason why you shouldn't. I——"

"Well, if you insist. I certainly am in a great hurry. It's disgraceful that a post-office of this size hasn't more call-boxes. Still, even if it had I suppose they would be chock-full of babbling females."

At that moment the woman opened the door of the call-box.

"At last!" I exclaimed and strode rapidly towards it. Instead of emerging, however, she merely poked her head out.

"John!" she called.

"Yes, dear," answered the small man, hurrying up to her.

"Give me two more pennies."



COUNTY SONGS.

II.—KENT.

If you mean to advance
On the Fair Land of France,
And the Channel cross over
From Folkestone or Dover,
Your journey will take you through Kent,
Delectable beautiful Kent;
And I (who was born there) applaud your intent,
For the Garden of England is also its name,
Everywhere lovely and nowhere the same.

Now, but for this Garden there 'd not be the beer
That (to wash down his beef with) John Bull holds so dear,
And that 's why the hop-casts in plenty you 'll see,
With vanes on their summits, as like as can be
To white Quaker ladies presenting a tract,
Or performing some other benevolent act.

E. V. L.







AT THE PLAY.

"THE RISING GENERATION" (WYNDHAM'S).

THIS cheery and unpretentious comedy by LAURA LEYCESTER and WYN WEAVER, which was tested in Town some months ago and by no means found wanting, has returned to be a welcome addition to the season's gaieties.

The home-coming of *Geoffrey Entwhistle*, colonial administrator and kindly man, to his Wimbledon house of retirement and his hopes of a peaceful time, happens to coincide with a particularly restless phase of the development of his son *Warwick* (*æt.* 16) and his daughter *Winnie* (15). Fired by the ideas of *Warwick's* school-friend, *Walter Morell*—editor of the school mag. and author of the leader, heartlessly suppressed by the Headmaster, "Are Parents Always Right?"—*Warwick* and *Winnie* and *George Breese*, turned seventeen and captain of the second eleven, with a quiet ruthlessness squeeze the *Entwhistle* father and mother out of their own house and, with the addition of the editor and the editor's exceedingly plain sister, *Selina*, run the



THE RISEN AND THE SET GENERATION.

Warwick Entwhistle . . MR. GODFREY WINN.
Geoffrey Entwhistle . . MR. C. V. FRANCE.

show on their own. Old, or not so old, *Geoffrey Entwhistle* tolerantly agrees on the grounds that the rising generation had better know that running things is not so simple as all that, what with cooks and neighbours and financial calculations.

Nothing startlingly original, you will observe, but all treated with a light hand for pastry suitable for the digestion of old and young alike.

The authors (one of whom, Mr. WYN WEAVER, takes the part of an infuriated orchid-maniac whose most valuable bloom is damaged by the rising generation's cricket-ball) manage their exits and entrances with more than ordinary plausibility, and offer us quite a number of excellent lines, of which the cook's definition of a misogynist as a "gentleman who has loved and lost and now keeps himself to himself," will serve for a sample.

The playing all through was spirited and natural, though there was only one large-type name, that of C. V. FRANCE (an admirable *Geoffrey Entwhistle*), in the cast. I liked particularly Miss LISA COLEMAN'S *Cook* and Mr. GERALD MIRRIELEES' *Butler*. Mr. GRIFFITH HUMPHREYS' explosively tyrannical *Mr. John Morell, Senior*, showed us only too clearly the source of *Master Walter's* embittered philosophy. I doubt if the rising generation would have hesitated to put poison in the soup of such a deplorable anachronism.

The six young people were all excellently natural, a rare event in experiments of this kind: Mr. GODFREY WINN and Mr. W. LAWRENCE IRELAND as *Warwick* and *George*, Mr. J. CRANSTOUN NEVILL as the agitator *Walter*—a particularly good performance. Miss ENA GROSSMITH showed what I assume is an hereditary talent for the grotesque as the unfeminine *Selina*—one of those fatal vowel-ended names which gives the chance, here taken, of saying "Selinar is," one of the common flowers of speech of our English stage. Miss MARGERY WYN WEAVER and Miss RENEE D'UNGERN were more than just adequate as *Winnie Entwhistle* and the precocious flirt, *Vane Harpenden*.

A good honest show. T.

"HENRY VIII." (EMPIRE.)

Henry VIII. may fairly be set down without sacrilege as a substantially bad play, loosely knit and wordy, with four highly desirable parts—*Wolsey*, *Queen Katharine*, *King Henry* and the *Duke of Buckingham*.

However, as an actors' play and as an opportunity for pageant-master and stage-decorator it has its due place in our national repertory; and one can always attribute to FLETCHER, SHAKESPEARE'S partner in the unsatisfactory business, the things one doesn't like about it.

The outstanding feature of this presentation was unquestionably the really beautiful and moving, nay, the noble performance of Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE in the trial scene. In the later episode of the vision, when the *Queen* is near death, though she did not fail in any way, she was nothing like so effective. Perhaps the scene is too level-grey in tone; and I thought that here Mr. LEWIS CASSON as the faithful *Griffith* rather



OLD HARRY AND HIS MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cardinal Wolsey . . MR. E. LYALL SWETE.
King Henry VIII. . . MR. NORMAN V. NORMAN.

stole the honours with his simple sincerity and gentleness and his admirable unstrained elocution. But the *Katharine* of the trial must rank as one of Miss THORNDIKE'S finest pieces of work. There was power, pathos—the "Sir, I am about to weep" was superbly said—an air of queenly dignity, a rare repose, with underlying and outbreaking fire, great beauty of movement and of significant gesture.

Mr. LYALL SWETE is, one would assume, too sound an actor gravely to mishandle a part. He received a great ovation, and it would perhaps be ungracious to say that he did not deserve it, especially as he was seriously hampered by a horrible cold. But he never seemed to me to give any impression of *Wolsey's* intellectual power, while the greatness of the man in his acceptance of untoward fate seemed like a mask assumed, not a reserve of power hinted at in what had gone before. Admittedly the authors leave him little room to move in. In his rather too obvious by-play he occasionally gave the awkward impression of a burlesque *Mephistopheles* rather than a great Cardinal and resourceful statesman.



Beater. "WOT BE THEM HOPTIMISTS AND PESSIMISTS I 'EARED THE GUV'NOR TALKIN' ABOUT? THERE BEN'T NONE BOUND HERE."
Under-keeper. "WELL, IT 'S LIKE THIS. A GENT THAT CAN'T SHOOT, BUT ALWAYS THINKS 'E 'S GOT WOUNDED BIRDS DOWN, 'E 'S A HOPTIMIST; AND THE KEEPER WHO 'S GOT TO 'UNT FOR 'EM WITH 'IS DOG, E 'S A PESSIMIST—D'YE SEE? SO 'S 'IS DOG."

I suppose the stage tradition of clowning a great deal of the part of the *King*, even where the text seems to give little warrant for it, is too strong to break, and in that tradition Mr. NORMAN V. NORMAN'S rendering was extraordinarily successful. His make-up was astonishingly good. He had apparently just stepped out of a HOLBEIN canvas, and his suggestion of character—generosity, sensuality, bluff humour and potential ferocity—was soundly conveyed. Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER bravely took his chance in the speech of *Buckingham* on the way to the Tower. He had prepared by a passionate humour and port of pride in an earlier scene for the contrasted Christian resignation and dignified philosophy of this.

Miss ANGELA BADDELEY resolutely, and I think rightly, underplayed the part of *Anne Bullen*—who had not yet really "arrived"—and looked comely enough to make a naturally polygamous man look about for any possible loop-holes in his marriage contract. Miss ADA KING as her lady-in-waiting—another obvious excerpt from HOLBEIN—played her jolly part with a fine skill and humour. Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, as the elderly philanderer, *Lord Sands*, and again as *Cranmer*, gave us of his best; and I particularly liked Mr. BRUCE WINSTON'S flamboyant comment, as the *Third Gentleman*, on the behaviour of the Coronation crowd. *Anne Bullen*, who had merely to be the lovely centre of the Coronation pageant, scooped (quite innocently) his curtain. Perhaps *Third Gentlemen* have no rights.

Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON made a spirited *Earl of Surrey*, and Mr. HUBERT CARTER as the *Lord Chamberlain* won our gratitude by his clear-spoken lines.

Mr. RICKETTS had decorated the play in a manner which avoided meretricious effusiveness on the one hand and modernist austerity or eccentricity on the other—a most happy and effective compromise, though compromise is not an adequate word. The whole *décor* was admirably invented and harmonised. One oughtn't to forget the little angels of the dream—"provided by Miss EUPHAN MACLAREN" (odd phrase)—with their charming beehive bobs and graceful dancing; nor a hearty rabble that suffered many blows from stout cudgels with a most surprising fortitude; nor again Miss DORIS KEALY'S sweet singing.

A notable pageant, full of colour and movement, with some superb purple patches of genius in the writing, and of skill and spirit in the playing. The Empire—which must secretly have wondered what it was coming to—was packed with an attentive audience, good augury for the success of a courageous venture which deserves well of the town. T.

"THE BLUE KITTEN" (GAIETY).

This animal, you notice, is of the same colour as *The Blue Bird* of M. MAETERLINCK; but there the resemblance ends. It will be remembered that *Betrothal*, a sequel to *The Blue Bird*, was once played at the Gaiety; but I never understood how it found its way there, for the Gaiety is not the natural home of symbolism. Certainly I could find nothing symbolic about *The Blue Kitten*, which just gave its name (rather improbably, since there are few things more innocent than a kitten, whatever its colour) to a Paris hotel, not of the first order in point of social distinction or propriety.

One does not look for a very sweet reasonableness in the plot (if any) of a musical comedy, but this one was exceptionally free from any such restraint. You might have thought that a low-

class Englishman with a name like *Popp*, who had married a high-born Frenchwoman (she had nursed him after a motor accident in her neighbourhood) and become the occupant of her family château at Fontainebleau, might have been contented with this good fortune. But no, he must needs live a double life, and so we find him established as head-porter of The Blue Kitten.

To appease his wife's curiosity as to his absence (not, it would appear, a very poignant curiosity, or else she was strangely credulous) he gives out that he is the night-editor of the *Figaro*. The deception appears to have worked better than you would expect, and we might never have had this play at all if the *Popps'* daughter had not become affianced to a Marquis who happened also to be an *habitué* of The Blue Kitten. This nobleman might flinch from the prospect of having a head-porter for his father-in-law, and so the mechanism of the old formula of concealed identity starts creaking. Throw in a *collage* in the person of *Totoche* (a *cocotte* rather past her prime, and so the more difficult to shake off), and let her pursue the Marquis to the château, and your machinery gets right home to the bosom of a British audience always ready to be persuaded that it is seeing French life as it is lived.

Mr. W. H. BERRY as the peculative head-porter of The Blue Kitten was at the top of his form. And he was no less happy when trying to hide his identity at the château. Never once did he "pine in thought" or let "concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on his damask cheek." He was given many good things to say and threw them off very smoothly. He also sang the best songs of the evening, "Summer is Here" and "Breakfast in Bed." The only other figure of real fun was Mr. DALLAS WELFORD'S *Popinet*, tutor (though his qualifications were not apparent) to the Marquis.

Apart from the virile notes of Miss ETHEL LEVEY as *Totoche*, none of the women made much pretence of singing, and not all of them could talk. Miss MARGARET HALSTAN as *Mme. Popp* was of course an exception, and not in the matter of enunciation alone. She was indeed the only one who seemed out of place in this fatuous environment. Of the dancers Mr. BILLIE BRADFORD did some notable feats of acrobacy, and Miss MOLLY DODD, who has a sense of style, should do well in the more legitimate school of ballet.

As for the chorus, it was true to musical comedy tradition, no attempt being made to give it a reason for existence in the *milieu* in which it found itself. It purported to consist of actresses from the Folies Bergère, with youths to match, who had apparently taken up a permanent residence at The Blue Kitten, but were free at any moment to make a concerted flight to Fontainebleau. I hope they were not



SYNCOPATED ADVANCES.
Armand du Velin . . MR. ROY ROYSTON.
Totoche . . . . . MISS ETHEL LEVEY.

so fatigued as I was with their tedious formations and silly flexions.

The public seems still to crave for some sort of continuous plot, be it never so futile. How else explain its apparent delight in stuff like *The Blue Kitten*,



STRIKING A LOW OCTAVE.
Christopher Popp . . MR. W. H. BERRY.
Octave . . . . . MR. BOBBY HOWES.

when its intelligence is offered so much better and more varied entertainment in such a revue as *Still Dancing*? I like to trace here, as in a sweet tooth, the sign of an incorrigible innocence.

The authors, Messrs. HARBACH and DUNCAN, state that they have founded their work on the French farce, *Le Chasseur de chez Maxim's*. In that case they have very adroitly concealed its Parisian atmosphere. The same thought seems to have occurred to *Popinet*, who made the best *mot* in the play when he summed up the proceedings in a spasm of ironic appreciation. 'So this is Paris!" he said. O. S.

"INHERITORS" (EVERYMAN).

Miss SUSAN GLASPELL'S *Inheritors*, which is being presented by the Liverpool Repertory Company, could indeed be improved by compression. Our author commits one of the deadly sins by allowing her characters to repeat in later Acts things which we have already been told about in full. But the whole play is inspired with a fine idealism and a white-hot anger against certain poisonous by-products from the manufacture of hundred-per-cent. Americanism and of the War that made the world safe for democracy — crowd-tyranny and the resolute destruction of that liberty of thought and speech and action for which WASHINGTON, ALEXANDER HAMILTON and LINCOLN lived.

In a Prologue, *circa* 1880, we are presented with a fine old rugged, middle-west pioneer. He has seen the Indians, whose chief, Black Hawk, was his friend and a king among men, robbed of their land and spoiled in their characters by the ruthless progress of white civilisation. He has no book-learning, but reads in the fields and the stars that he must "give something back"—the old dream of generous souls—and, inspired by his friend, a cultured Hungarian nobleman in exile for his revolutionary faith, dedicates "the hill," the loveliest and, for residential development in the growing city, the most valuable piece of his land, to the building of a college where men may learn the best that has been thought and said, and work for the enlargement of the human mind and spirit and the appreciation of whatsoever things are lovely.

The play proper is set in 1920. The old Count's son, a prosperous banker, is Lay President of the college: his grandson and the old pioneer's granddaughter are students. The boy is all that a hundred-per-cent. American should be; the girl a sponsor of lost causes, a friend of friendless Bengali students and conscientious objectors kept in prison two years after the War. The shining light of the college, intellectually and spiritu-



A NICE DISTINCTION.

Escort. "I SAY, HOW COULD YOU DANCE WITH THAT APPALLING DAGO?"

Lady. "I KNOW; ISN'T HE GHASTLY? I ALWAYS DANCE WITH HIM, BUT OF COURSE I WOULDN'T DREAM OF BEING SEEN TALKING TO HIM."

ally, is a certain Professor of radical tendencies, and, as the State Senator indicates to the Lay President, the college can look for no help from the State while its professors refuse to repeat all the accepted shibboleths of the hour. The Professor has a sick wife and knows that he will get no other job if he resigns, so the hand of finance chokes his struggling spark of liberty. From his portrait-frame, then, the old pioneer looks out on this bad business that has come of his great dream. And that is life, says the author; that is the smoke in which end all your heroic fires.

But the granddaughter, who has come into conflict with the police in defence of the persecuted students, goes resolutely off to prison rather than compromise her faith—so the torch may be relighted after all.

Mr. HERBERT LOMAS, whom it is good to welcome back in London, achieved a notable artistic triumph in his presentation of the characters of the old farmer, *Silas Morton*, with his tongue-tied diffidence, his generous sympathies, his gentleness and large tolerance, and of his son, *Ira*, who, left cruelly early a widower, becomes absorbed to the point of monomania in the improvement of his corn. I do not see how either character could have been better interpreted. Miss MURIEL RANDALL played with great sincerity and depth of feeling the part of the (judged by the hundred-per-cent. test) revolutionary girl-student. Mr. HANNAM CLARK was excellent in the two parts of *Count Fejevary* and his son, the banker; Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS, who played the younger *Fejevary* in the Prologue and the grandson, *Morton*, in the body of the play, handled both *rôles* with great skill, particularly that of the young American student. Indeed, all three men players of these father-and-son parts showed a nice intelligence in marking the differences of character, with hints of the inherited likenesses. Mr. CECIL PARKER'S *Professor* was a distinguished piece of work. Mr. HERBERT LOMAS'S achievement, however (the others will, I am sure, generously permit me to say), stood out on a higher plane.

Miss GLASPELL has given us a fine play, whose virtues far exceed its petty faults; and avoiding the chief snag of the passionate pamphleteer, she has created, not types, but living characters.

T.

At the Savoy Theatre, on Tuesday the 12th, a Matinée performance of Sir JAMES BARRIE'S *The Admirable Crichton* will be given by the children of well-known actors and actresses. The proceeds are to be shared between the Cheyne Hospital for Children (Special Jubilee Fund) and the Three Hundred Club. Those who attend will not only be supporting a fine charity and a society devoted to the production of new British plays, but will have an exceptional opportunity of seeing whether dramatic gifts are hereditary.

Tickets may be obtained either from the Savoy Theatre or the Cheyne Hospital, Chelsea.

"Framed paintings, concerts, lectures, educational classes, bulbs for cell cultivation, artistic furniture and new lawns with flower beds have been provided for Winson Green Jail, Birmingham. The prison population, however, continues to decrease."—*Scots Paper.*

Why not offer unemployment pay?

THE PARAGON.

I AM not disputing the fact that Cruikshank's spaniel, Jim, is an excellent dog in his way. After hearing the catalogue of his master's eulogies no one *could* dispute it. But after all there are other dogs. There is my fox-terrier pup, Haig, for instance. Haig, though he is afflicted with the faults of the young and those of his class, means extremely well. This is a quality, I find, that strange guns are slow to appreciate. For when I turned up with Haig at Cruikshank's shoot, a certain coolness emanated from our host and his two other guests at the sight of my companion. Even Jim refrained from any enthusiastic welcome, though Haig barked at him in the most friendly manner.

"I say, you're not going to bring that along, are you?" said Cruikshank rather uneasily.

"Well, you said there were only four guns and you were going to dispense with beaters, and as you've only got Jim——"

"Only Jim!" They all smiled a polite protest.

"——I thought he might be useful. But of course if you'd rather not——"

"Oh, that's all right," said Cruikshank, not with the very best grace. "As long as he doesn't interfere with Jim. The old man's a bit touchy, you know. Perfect dog—perfect. But he can't stand yapping. Did I tell you fellows how he handled that hare the other day?"

"Yes, you did," one of them interposed hastily. "Very clever dog."

"Clever isn't the word. Now we'll just walk these two hedges and then do the spinney in line. We might get a woodcock. If there's anything there Jim won't miss it."

The dog certainly knew his business, and while Haig became engrossed in the pursuit of sparrows and chaffinches in the spinney Jim worked a zig-zag course, never more than a few yards in front of the line, and put up a woodcock and a brace of pheasants. And he didn't put them up indiscriminately. In each case he was considerate enough to give ample warning. As soon as the bird was located he would stand stock still and apparently mesmerize it for half-a-minute or so. Then he would pounce, and up got the bird. It was inevitable that during the most intense part of these operations Haig should bark.

"Sh! Keep that microbe quiet, old chap, or we'll have to tie him up," said Cruikshank.

I did my best, naturally to the detriment of my shooting and much to the disgust of Haig, who undoubtedly has an idea that on most occasions noise is the one thing needful. However he and I survived the spinney, and in the next field I potted a couple of rabbits. Haig of course dashed forward and indulged in a great game with the corpses.

Jim, the perfect dog, sat obediently on his haunches till told to give them to the boy who was carrying the bag, when he calmly walked up to Haig, took them from between his paws and deposited them at the boy's feet.

"Good dog! Good dog!" said Cruikshank. "Isn't he a pattern?"

And, as I keep on admitting, he was.

All through the day I did my best to inculcate in Haig some of the good qualities of the spaniel, but my success was none too obvious. Periodically I apologised for his bad behaviour, feeling the while that I was hardly the most popular member of the party myself. Meanwhile Jim's conduct continued to be exemplary. He seemed to realise, as indeed we all did at length, that the shoot had been arranged primarily with the view of exhibiting his prowess. Cruikshank made no secret of it.

And it appeared, up to the last fence, that he was thoroughly justified.

We had arranged to finish the day after walking a certain root field, which Cruikshank informed us was *the* hunting ground of all.

Cruikshank, as usual, was right. Jim put them up in droves, recognising that this was no time for finesse and discarding completely his mesmerist tactics.

Haig was jumping about among the mangels as if he'd been born to it, and chased any flying birds that didn't fall to us till they were nearly out of sight.

"There's only one thing your dog needs to make him a really good hunter," said the humourist of the party.

"What's that?" I said unguardedly.

"A pair of wings."

The line had reached within a hundred yards of the boundary hedge when a fresh covey of partridges rose away to the right. Cruikshank blazed at them and winged one.

"It's a runner. After him, Jim!" shouted the man next to me.

"No, no. We'll walk the rest first. There may be some more birds," cried Cruikshank and called the dog back. The partridge meanwhile had sought refuge in the hedge, at which we duly arrived.

"Now you'll see what Jim can do," said Cruikshank. "Hi! Seek. Good dog. If he's there Jim'll find him. I always think this is the real test of a shooting dog. You watch."

And sure enough, after a preliminary run up and down, Jim found.

We saw him suddenly stiffen. His tail wagged slightly at first, then straightened like a rod. Suddenly he sprang, and sprang back as suddenly.

"Must have pecked him," I said, and realised by the silence that I had been guilty of something approaching profanity.

Jim made another dive, and this time began dragging his victim, in fits and starts, from its sanctuary.

"Fetch him out! Good dog," encouraged Cruikshank, and with a tussle and a super-canine effort Jim drew into our view an enormous hedgehog.

Cruikshank went positively white with mortification.

The guns, I fear, laughed openly.

"I've never known him do a thing like that before," spluttered Cruikshank. "And he wouldn't have done it now if the bird had been within fifty yards. Must have got clean away."

But it hadn't. We turned to find Haig standing by patiently, almost apologetically, with the partridge in his mouth.

THE GLUTTON.

HE'd had his longed-for train; a gun;
A top that sang aloud when spun;
An aeroplane, a lovely one,
That almost seemed alive;
Of other Yuletide gifts a score—
Games, books that bulged with nursery lore;
Not bad, you might conjecture, for
A tiny man of five.

His fill he took of Christmas fare,
Leaving inside no inch to spare;
And, while there was a pensive air
At night about the kid,
It struck us as extremely rum
That such an inexperienced tum
Could keep its equilibrium
After the work it did.

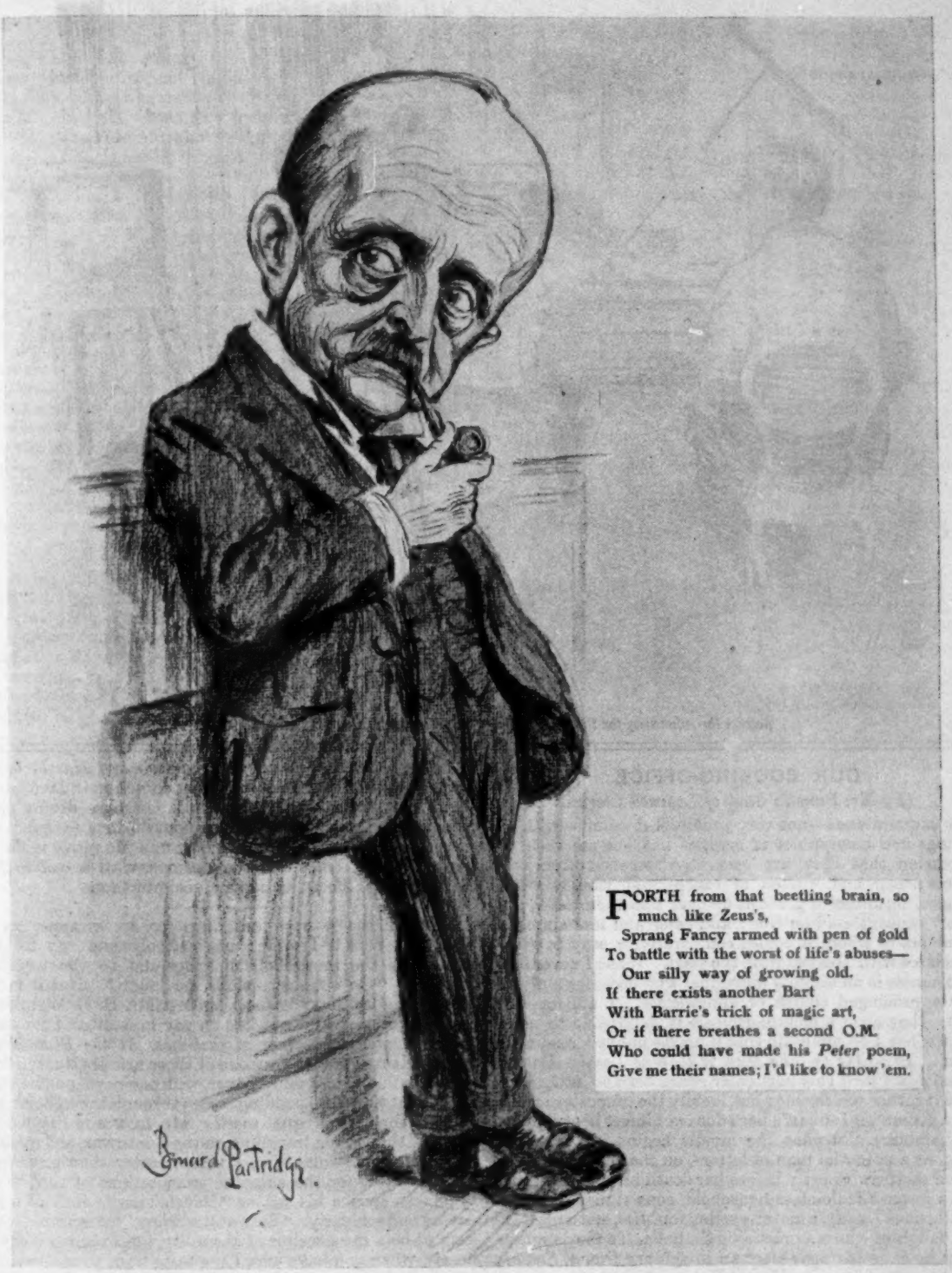
You'd think, I say, he'd had enough;
I did, and caught a swift rebuff,
For boys are made of sterner stuff
In many ways than men.
Next day this undefeated lad
Said in a wistful tone and sad,
"How long is it to Easter, Dad,
And what do we get then?"

The Growth of Patriotism.

"Dec. 21.—Waterproof Garment Workers return to work after five weeks' lockout, agreeing to 10 per cent. wage reduction instead of 25 per cent. originally required by the employees."—*Labour Paper.*

Things that might have been expressed more prettily.

"Lady ——, a consummate horsewoman, who is getting in as much hunting as foot-and-mouth disease and social engagements allow."
Morning Paper.



FORTH from that beetling brain, so much like Zeus's,
Sprang Fancy armed with pen of gold
To battle with the worst of life's abuses—
Our silly way of growing old.
If there exists another Bart
With Barrie's trick of magic art,
Or if there breathes a second O.M.
Who could have made his *Peter* poem,
Give me their names; I'd like to know 'em.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

VII.—SIR JAMES BARRIE, BART., O.M.



Actress (broadcasting for the first time). "WAIT A JIFF; I'M NOT QUITE READY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AN acquaintance—not very profound, I admit—with the writings and biographies of mystics has left me with the impression that they are generally recruited from two sources: men and women of exceptional vitality whose energies, misdirected perhaps at first, find themselves ultimately concentrated on God; and paler and less animated characters to whom it comes comparatively easy to throw in their lot with Heaven from the start. What I never have come across is an aimless individual who becomes a mystic after a prolonged course of aimlessness. I am far from saying that such a metamorphosis is impossible to omnipotence, but I do maintain that it makes unlikely reading as fiction. In so far as *The Man Who Was Lonely* (DAMIAN PRESS) deals with this particular character and situation, I found it rather wearisome; but luckily the preposterousness of Mr. KENNETH INGRAM'S hero does not infect his subordinate characters. *Stephen* the mystic begins his career by living, as a potential man of letters, on the resources of an invalid mother. Shortly before her death he gets into touch with a lower-middle-class household, consisting of a vulgar and hilarious *Daddy*, a motor-cycling son, *Jim*, and a pleasant little daughter who is a practising Catholic. To the daughter, whom he calls *Marjorie* after an imaginary friend, *Stephen* owes his introduction to *Harold Spair*, exteriorly a commonplace clerk, interiorly a singularly well-informed zealot. The most convincing lesson of this novel with two purposes is the power of a great religious tradition to give a unique culture to its active adherents, *Marjorie* and *Harold* being in this respect complete and efficient contrasts to *Daddy* and *Jim*. Unfortunately Mr. INGRAM is far more deeply concerned with the spiritual development of *Stephen* than with the psychology of *Stephen's* friends; and the result is a long tale of visions, trials and temptations, with a call to the contemplative life as its unconvincing upshot.

When I see a book described on its wrapper as a "laughter book" I stiffen instinctively and say to the author, as the music-hall manager did to the aspiring comedian, "Go on, then; *make* me laugh." But it is no use putting up these defences against Mr. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS, and I should not like to say how often I laughed over his latest collection of sketches, *At the Blue Moon Again* (METHUEN). Every one of these articles was written to fill a column in a daily paper, and one need not be surprised if at times the padding comes through the upholstery. Nor are they all of equal merit. Mr. LEWIS is happier in England than when travelling on the Continent, and extravagant burlesque suits him, I think, better than sustained parody. But for the accepted connotations of that word I should describe his wit as "Rabelaisian": it is at once riotous and scholarly. "Seen at the Show," for example, may seem to be a mere welter of absurdity, but examine it more closely, when you have wiped the tears from your eyes, and you find that in one short article Mr. LEWIS has added fifty-one new words to the English language, all of them as plausible as those which the motor-expert habitually uses. And having brought down the motor-expert one day he is

out after "highbrows" the next. His extravagances may strike one as being almost too wild at times, but these are liberties which a lover may take with impunity, and one cannot read a page of this book without realising that Mr. LEWIS'S humour is rooted in a love of our language and literature both genuine and deep. Long may he flourish!

Major Sir NEVILLE WILKINSON,
One of the tallest of Coldstreamers,
Remains, when all is said and done,
Devoted to the lore of dreamers;
For, though he played an active part
Throughout his life at various stages,
His zeal for "tiny-craft" and art
And fairies dominates these pages.

Stories of Harrow in the day
Of two dissimilar headmasters,
BUTLER and WELLDON; work and play
At Sandhurst; African disasters
Upon the Modder; happier times,
Before the world grew dark and deadly,
In Spain and India; wedding chimes—
Compose the prelude of this medley.

Freed from excursions and alarms,
In Ireland, till the War convulsed her,
He lived a peaceful King of Arms,
The twentieth of the line of "Ulster;"
Rejoined the Staff at Imbros, Berne,
And served awhile with London's warders,
Then saw the last, on his return
To Dublin, of her black disorders.

I've found his book a curious blend,
In style and thought, of pomp, formality,
True love of art and, in the end,
Dry light on Ireland's strange mentality;
"Titania's Palace," which he planned
And built, rounds off the whole recital;
The publisher is NISBET, and
To All and Singular the title.



"WHEN DO I GET A TRAIN TO BALLYHOOLY?"
"THERE'S NOTHING FOR AN HOUR AND A-HALF."
"OCH, I'LL SOON WAIT THAT."

I should have expected Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON to excel himself in writing about *William Cobbett* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), and I am not disappointed. Gallant and graceful, penetrating and just, fresh and mellow, the book has all the characteristic CHESTERTON virtues. And although its unconventional scheme—a mere outline of COBBETT'S life, broken by two studies of his literary personality—might be supposed to encourage the characteristic CHESTERTON vices it is a model of apt proportion and welded unity. COBBETT, as Mr. CHESTERTON delights to point out, is coming back. His style of course, the last thing he would have wished to be remembered by, has never vanished; but now we see the revival of all the enthusiasms that style so successfully embalmed. Liberty, England, the family, the self-respecting poor, the self-supporting country—all the things so desperately minimised by the industrialism of the last hundred years—are returning as ideals. With COBBETT, as Mr. CHESTERTON asserts, they were rather instincts than ideals. He was a prophet, not a doctrinaire, and he was so far ahead of his day that before anyone else saw the disease he saw the remedies. We who are just arriving at the first stage may use COBBETT to hasten us on to the second. That, I think, is Mr. CHESTERTON'S dominant hope. For the rest, he is not blind to his subject's imperfections, but, having handsomely admitted them, passes on to something more fruitful. The consistency of COBBETT'S political views he does defend, for they were deeper than the tenets of the two opposing parties with whom he temporarily chose to ally himself. When he, who had been all for war with France, came out on the side of stopping war, the matter is put in a nutshell by Mr. CHESTERTON'S comment, "He would waste no more time on saving England from the French. He had the huge task of saving England from the English."

I read the works of Mr. J. C. SNAITH, when they happen to come my way, with a certain admiration. He has many excellent qualities. He can write and he has power of invention (occasionally verging on the gruesome), and his men and women are generally more or less like human beings. Also he has shown himself to possess a sense of humour. In *Broke of Covenden* he came very near to writing a great book. *Thus Far* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is an adventure into a field where I do not remember to have met him before. It is meant to set us wondering whether modern science is not going too far, and the author has taken more than a hint from the once-famous *Frankenstein* of MARY SHELLEY. There are passages in the book where the reader does indubitably get the real pricking of the scalp. I felt it when *Lumsden* and *Fremantle* were waiting in the out-door laboratory of the murdered *Professor Delaforce* for the supposed monster who had done the deed, in the dark hours of early morning. This is perhaps the emotional climax of the story; the tracking and final surrender of the strange being who has caused all the trouble is possibly a little tame by comparison. But I liked *John Lumsden*. He makes a pleasing combination of *Sherlock Holmes* and *Mr. Fortune*, with his polished manners, his "suprascope" and his action as of a sporting dog at work when he sets out to track his quarry. But then he was a senior wrangler and a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, which gives him an almost unfair advantage. As to the young lady, rest assured that *Miss Sybil Delaforce*, with her "lovely yet haunted eyes," is quite up to the best traditions of a tale of mystery and imagination.



Customer. "I WANT A GOOD-SIZED ENLARGEMENT MADE OF THIS SNAPSHOT OF ME."
Assistant (under a week's notice). "WHY?"

In *The Glory of Lois* (CASSELL) there is much to be commended to the reader who wants a simple, slightly theatrical tale brought to a sufficiently interesting climax. A vivid picture of a mean Flemish village before and during the War; an undercurrent of idealism; a passionate hatred of shams; a profound mistrust of militarism. All this is admirable. But Mr. FRANK SHAW would have written a better novel if he had not spoilt what is essentially a straightforward, even an artless, plot by an occasionally tiresome method of telling it. The retrospective style of CONRAD is not to be imitated by any except a master-hand, and Mr. SHAW is not yet that. He sometimes loses grip on his subject in consequence. And the names he has given to his characters worried me a little. *Alencyon*, for instance. Hardly a suitable name for a bluff rolling-stone of a sea-captain, unless bluff sea-captains are entirely unlike what I romantically imagine them to be. I will not divulge the plot of this tale of adventure. Some may find it stretches their credulity too far; others may find it too mystic. For myself, it held my interest on the whole and is, I think, to be praised for its wholesome sentiment. But Mr. SHAW is happiest in his grim description of that Flemish village in war-time. How well one seems to know it.

The strong silent man is to be met with almost devastating frequency in fiction, but it has remained for "Miss BERTA RUCK," in *Kneel to the Prettiest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), to introduce me to a hero who would not talk and had no feeling—not, at any rate, till page 222, when the announcement is made that at length *Harry Tophampton* "felt." This insensitive youth—an Australian—boarded with some cousins in a London flat, over which a miserly and imperious great-grandfather had his abode. Whenever this man of menace wanted his relations he thumped on the floor, and on one never-to-be-forgotten evening he thumped to some purpose. For, on answering the summons, the silent *Harry* was informed that he should inherit ten thousand pounds a year if he found and married a girl who passed the old man's exacting standard of physical perfection. Such a proposal was offensive to *Harry's* pure young soul, but out of sympathy with the acute poverty of his numerous cousins he decided to embark upon the chase. I cannot say that I took a feverish interest in it, but it was gay and lively enough and should, I imagine, be acceptable to Miss RUCK'S numerous followers.

The Shining River (LONGMANS) convinces me that Mr. F. CAREY SLATER has a real knowledge of South Africa, but has failed to use it to the best advantage in this story. *Jim Foam*, when quite a child, ran away from home with the laudable intention of making a fortune on the diamond-fields. He meant to return to his adoring and adored mother with riches enough to save her from the poverty caused by his drunken father. These early adventures are told well enough, but the development of the tale is much too slow when *Jim*, after many years of absence, does return. Mr. SLATER allows a mendacious man, *Oom Mias*, to spin lengthy yarns which have practically nothing to do with the main story, though they prove him to be one of the world's greatest liars. When Mr. SLATER has learnt the art of construction he will, I believe, have a story to tell of South Africa which will make really good reading. There are passages of true beauty to be found in this book, and *Jim* is drawn with sympathy, skill and courage.

Our Seasonable Place-Names.

"In the Rest-and-be-Thankful district, near Arrochar, motor-cars are immovably embedded."—*Daily Paper.*

"DISHORNING CALVES.

Mr. R. ——, Live Stock Inspector, Department of Agriculture, advocated the use of caustic potash for dishorning calves at five days old. Something like this would have to be done if they were to fight the Canadian cattle."—*Irish Paper.*

The plucky little sportsmen.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. J. HOBBS says that it is a toss-up whether we win the Ashes this coming season. Unfortunately this happens to be the department of the game where we are weakest.

* * *

A speaker at the Conference of Headmasters advocated more team-work in the class-room. Nothing is so detrimental to the unity of a form as a selfish refusal to pass the crib.

* * *

Mr. EWART MCCLURE says that the modern boy will make a better man than his father. Yes, but will he make a better one than his mother?

* * *

We hear of a Shepperton resident who contemplates entering his bungalow for the America Cup.

* * *

"Hamilton-Wickes has another Cambridge man inside him," writes a Rugby expert. This cult of cannibalism is a disquieting development of Varsity life.

* * *

Turks who refuse to wear hats are to be executed. "No hat, no head" is MUSTAPHA KEMAL's motto.

* * *

"What use is a Russian boot when it's shabby and old?" asks a writer. Might it not be employed as the crinkly part between the two ends of a concertina?

* * *

A lecturer avers that there are ghosts of cats. It is very discouraging to realise that, after you have put a cat out with nine direct hits, you may still be haunted from this number of neighbouring roofs.

* * *

A referee officiating at a Bath football match carried a pedometer which recorded the fact that he ran eight miles. We understand that he is safe with his family now.

* * *

It is rumoured that Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, who is now appearing regularly in only one play, instead of two, finds himself short of exercise and has offered to deputise for the lion-tamer at Olympia every other night.

* * *

At Harpenden a man threw a bomb wrapped in a silk handkerchief through a jeweller's window. It seems a clumsy way of disposing of jazzy New Year presents.

* * *

A writer observes that railway passengers are often irritable and impatient. But of course they can always cool their heels in front of the waiting-room fire.

* * *

There is a new star film actress in America. A critic who prides himself on his predictions says that she has a past in front of her.

* * *

If scientists succeed in their efforts to make an unbreakable china the next thing we shall want will be an unbreakable kitchen floor.

* * *

A hen that recently died at Pebmarsh, in Essex, had reached the advanced age of nineteen-and-a-half. The only explanation is that she never attempted to cross the road.

* * *

Trade returns show that we export practically no top-hats to the Antipodes. Australians are naturally afraid that some conjurer might go and produce a few more rabbits.

* * *

There are so many radio pirates now that it is suggested they should adopt a flag with the device of a skull and earphones.

* * *

A Canadian girl has gone to New York as a dress-designer at a salary of twenty thousand pounds per year. This isn't quite money for nothing, but very nearly.

* * *

Now that the Sahara has a nine-hole golf-course there should be no more grumbling about the dulness of week-ends at a sheik's country house.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the courage of a young Society lady in defying the superstition that it is unlucky to be a bridesmaid repeatedly. Another wedding superstition that is disregarded nowadays is that it is unlucky to be a bride very often.

* * *

At the Conference of Educational Associations a headmistress declared that EPSTEIN's *Rima* would stand no chance at Upper Tooting. The idea of taking it on a tour of the suburbs will therefore probably be abandoned.

* * *

A writer in *The Meat Trades Journal* remarks that grooms are unable to shake off the habit of hissing when they take up other work. That of course is why comparatively few of them are tolerated as dramatic critics.

* * *

According to statistics a crime is committed in this country every five minutes. It is too often.

* * *

The Dutch heavy-weight boxer who recently sang selections from *Pagliacci* in the ring after winning a contest in London is considered to have put the Punch in Punchinello.

* * *

The alleged burglar at a telephone-exchange, who was held up by the operator with an unloaded revolver, is believed to have said, "Sarry you were tr-r-roubled."

* * *

A *Daily Express* reader complains that his dog does not bark enough. It is expected that the case will receive the personal consideration of Lord BEAVERBROOK.

* * *

"Allergen," we read, "is a new word being used by doctors." No fresh additions to the patients' vocabulary are announced.

* * *

Since Dr. SALEEBY said that sunlight was more invigorating than alcohol, several Glaswegians are only waiting for a fine day to ask a friend to come and split a sunbeam.

* * *

A naturalist observes that some foxes maintain two homes. We deprecate these reflections on hunting-field morals.



Boatman (to riverside dweller). "I THINK YOUR HOUSE MUST BE SOMEWHERE UNDER HERE, SIR. LOOK AT THE CORKS."

ANOTHER NEW SHELLEY POEM.

[The discovery of two poems alleged to be by SHELLEY has recently been announced. A line in one of them is identical with a line in a translation attributed to the poet. A similar coincidence is to be remarked in the superficial resemblance which may be traced between the following unpublished poem, clearly composed in a prophetic vein, and the final chorus of SHELLEY'S *Hellas*.]

THE age of Saturn dawns anew,
Pink with the blush of Peace;
The nations' argosies renew*
The quest of Jason's fleece;
More gold will soon be changing hands
Than trickled down Pactolus' sands.

A fairer Marne now rolls its waters
Where drier champagnes grow;
A nicer set of "Rhinegold daughters"
Swim in Cologne's sweet *eau*;
More inexpensive navies sweep
Across a less congested deep.

Fresh *Mauretanias* plough the blue
With comfort more replete;
To louder jazz a lustier crew
Careers on larger feet;
Round rubber-fields there laughs to-day
A lovelier cycle of Malay.

A race of chemists shall arise
With gas of harmless blend;
On rarer skulls from fewer skies
Less fatal bombs descend;
And everything be quite all right,
Just as it is on GUY FAWKES night.

A greater Wembley lifts its walls
Round an Italian lake,
Where men, no more Bellona's thralls,
Their peaceful joys shall take;
Nightly on board a cosmic Ark
A World Tattoo shall cleave the dark.

Let Earth no longer bathe in blood,
But cheat the halcyon hours
With mimic strife where shells are dud,
Being composed of flowers;
And let their heads alone be cracked
Who go and disregard The Pact.

Oh, must we still be wondering what
To kill each other for?
Still must our corpses feed, or not,
The carrion-fowls of War?
Heaven smiles to hear Locarno give
The answer in the negative!

O. S.

* SHELLEY here seems deliberately to repeat one of his famous "French" rhymes from *Hellas*.

"'Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast.' (That is if we believe the Poet's Lay.) But —— charm thousands with a Feast of Super-Bargains every Shopping Day!"
Advt. in Cape Town Paper.

Oh, how it irks to see the poet's lay
Butchered to make a Cape Town shopping day.

A RELIEF FUND FOR AMERICA?

IT is a cynical comment on the gross materialism and hard "business-is-business" attitude of the Old World that the heartrending appeal by Mr. HOOVER would seem to have fallen on deaf ears. The tragic plight of the U.S.A. must have brought a tear to many an eye, a sob to countless throats. But I have looked in vain for any movement by our leading philanthropists or by the proprietors and editors of our great dailies. From the Mansion House no word is spoken. There are no clarion calls from our pulpits. Probably Lord BEAVERBROOK has told Mr. BALDWIN what he ought to do about it, but Mr. BALDWIN does nothing.

Yet surely we cannot remain indifferent? The people of America are suffering, are in dire need. Rubber, which they consume in incredible quantities, has risen to famine prices. The price per pound is now only two shillings below that which obtained for the five years prior to the War. True, since that curiously local event the inhabitants of the United States have acquired a trifling increase of wealth, but against this one must set the fact that they require far more rubber. But do not let us dwell on this aspect of the matter at all but on the far higher one of charitable reciprocity.

Who can forget 1922? In that year the price of rubber had fallen to sixpence-halfpenny a pound, while it cost tenpence to produce. And by that year every man, woman, child, dog and an occasional cat in the United States had their own cars, so that the national consumption of rubber was already colossal. They had to buy all this rubber in foreign markets, and buy it they did. But at the trade price? No. They refused to sign any contract unless the seller was assured of a fair and even generous profit. Many a Mincing Lane broker will recall his tears of thankful joy on decoding cables which often read as follows: "Understand rubber quoted sixpence a pound. Will gladly give one-and-threepence-halfpenny. Am mailing toys for your little ones."

It is true that a few Chicago dealers (recent emigrants from Europe) endeavoured to trade at spot prices, but they were coldly regarded by their kindlier competitors. The "Don't-Starve-the-Nigger-in-Malaya" movement had countless adherents, all pledged to pay double prices for rubber. The wonderful gift by the Western Farmers to the Singapore Starving Shareholders' Society sent a wave of warm emotion through every Bourse in the Eastern Hemisphere. In that gift may we not find the birth of the new spirit which has led straight to the restoration of the gold standard and to Locarno?

Such was 1922. What of to-day? America starved for rubber and well-nigh insolvent through recent forced purchases! Think of their situation. Many a poor invalid tortured and shaken on the iron rims of his rubberless tyres. TILDEN forced to play tennis in leather shoes or bare-footed. Young children—the He-Men and She-Women of the future—pathetically trying to rub out their mistakes with morsels of bread instead of unbuyable erasers. Ay, and eating the bread afterwards.

And over here the "Rubber Boom" and wealth rampant, flaunting. Stock-brokers buying back pearls, diamonds, pictures and castles from the United States. Speculators' very dogs playing (playing!) with solid rubber balls. Taxes paid with a merry laugh and rate-collectors received with champagne. The unemployed reduced to a trifling million or so. Overseas in India, Ceylon, Malaya, Java and Sumatra wild scenes of luxurious gaiety. Planters are carried about in jewelled palanquins, their bearers American car-manufacturers. There may be seen the strange spectacle of coolies, once paid two grains of rice per diem, now driving round the estates in large limousines, idly tapping a tree or two before lunch.

And all this paid for with the very life-blood of America. Mr. HOOVER may well look across the Atlantic with streaming eyes. May the water from those anguished orbs prove a second Gulf-stream, calculated to melt the icy barrier which the cold spirit of Old World commercialism has erected against his country, so great, so generous, so nearly bankrupt!

More Commercial Candour.

"The substance from which the —— Needle is manufactured preludes possibility of injury to the record."—*From the notice on the box.*

"Wanted, a subscriber to share the Punch (price 6d.) weekly.—*Herefordshire Paper.*
Why not drink it all like a man?

"Elizabeth looked at Mary, whose black hair was coiled in two shining plaited coils round her eyes."—*Story in Magazine.*
Giving a pretty effect of goggles.

"Two of the principal wars disturbing China have been decisively concluded during the Christmas holidays."—*Daily Paper.*
We trust the festive season has not interfered with the others.

"The young actress is liable to become toothless and senile while waiting for a roll."
Evening Paper.
Then she should patronise another tea-shop.



THE DOG IN THE WEIR MANGER.

JOHN BULL. "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, THIS ISN'T ÆSOP. YOU'RE COMING OUT OF THAT — QUIETLY OR OTHERWISE."

[The engineering trade, which is suffering badly from unemployment, is prepared to undertake the erection of steel houses, but is being prevented from doing so by the hostile attitude of the Building Trades Union. This interference has been severely condemned by some members of the Labour Party, and the Government have announced that they do not intend to tolerate it.]



ROGER SHEEPFACE, POET.

1895-1925.

Roger Sheepface is dead. The news, which was conveyed to London yesterday from Eyewash, the picturesque little Sussex village where the poet, in his own words, "lived and roared," will come as a great shock to the many who rejoiced in his work.

As leader of the modern school of Weak End poetry it may be claimed that Sheepface's position is secure for all time. No one—and we write with deference to those other great artists still lingering on among us—brought the technique of the Weak End to a finer and more imperceptible finish. The writer remembers, while reading one of the poet's many volumes, an occasion when he turned a page rather rapidly and found himself suddenly scanning an advertisement for All-wool Underwear, and not being aware of it until he came to the price-list, which showed him that the sordid Muse of the Advertiser had intervened and the Golden Trumpet had ceased.

But it is in beer that Sheepface's reputation will be chiefly measured. It may be said that no one sang the praise of beer better than he. His name, in fact, is writ in beer. Like an unearthly voice he moved among the breweries of the Home Counties, a lusty singer, out-soaring the bar's "slow stain," and giving to our English tap-rooms a melody that "Time, Gentlemen!" shall not take away, nor custom, in its infinite sobriety, stale.

The immemorial "Ode to Burton," which first appeared in *The Afternoon*

Advertiser, rises irresistibly in our memory, with that great opening line:—

"Down the Sussex lanes I went me a-roaring,"

which crashes out like some divine harmonium to its majestic chorus:—

Half a keg of Burton,
A barrel full of ale,
The stuff to put your shirt on,
Oh, drown me in a pail!

Yet perhaps it is those poems diluted with his love for Sussex "zights and zounds" that will live longer:—

The clouds stand up on Eyewash Hill
(Ho, ho, and a large Tolly);
The fields lie down at Hazelville
(Ha, ha, and a small Polly).
Though teas will freeze
In High Pyrenees,
This no one can deny—
They brew good hocks
At Dickery Docks,
And the very best hock
At "The Jolly Old Cock,"
The very best hock I kno-ho!

In the above one can, of course, trace the hilarious Bellocian influence, but the theme undergoes a subtle inflammation in Sheepface's hands; it is at once stifled and re-born, and rises splendidly, an inert thing gloriously imagined; the limp Bacchus of Belloc is as it were revivified.

And now Sheepface is dead. Details of the tragedy are sparse, and as yet there is little to record of actual fact.

On Saturday afternoon last it appears that Sheepface, in company with a few disciples of the Weak End School, went "a-roaring" with umbrellas over the Sussex Downs. After a considerable walk they fetched up at a little place called Cowfold, and, calling at the local inn, demanded their customary liquid nourishment. They were obliged with foaming tankards of lemonade. Consuming this at a draught, as is the wont of hearty drinkers, report tells that Sheepface suddenly rose from his seat and, under the influence of the mineral water, flung down a coin and demanded a half-pint of ale.

In a body his disciples rose and begged him to desist from his request; but he was adamant. The ale was brought.

Raising the mug, he loosed a round full-blooded oath, such as is seldom heard in England in these anæmic days, and, dipping gloriously his face, took a mighty sip. When his face emerged again it was noticed that he had turned a deathly white and was tottering. Finally he fell on the floor of the Sussex he loved so well and lay still.

At the landlord's request his companions immediately picked him up and carried him into the yard. Emetics were administered in the shape of two verses of Mr. Pyeford Cinders' "Ode to a Bull-Pup," recited by Mr. Omar Drinkle, whose "Lay Lyrics" is still fresh in our memories; and, these producing a curious form of paralysis instead, "Sea Fever," by JOHN MASEFIELD, was sung by Mr. Windrup Toms, accompanied by Mr. Pansy Frittle with tissue-paper placed on a comb.

After one verse of the song, Sheepface opened his eyes and told Mr. Frittle to go and collect his change in the bar. Then he begged the singer to cease, and spoke a few words to the party, in which, speaking in clear firm tones, he admitted never having tasted beer in any form before, and proposed, when he recovered, never to touch it again. He then suggested that the company present should also abstain from such indulgence, pointing out that beer was a man's drink, and as such should be rigorously avoided. To this proposal the company readily agreed in the usual manner.

After this, apparently, Sheepface gave vent to a sudden mighty roar, and, waving finally to the countryside—alas! now passing—he died.

Ar, zo you may zay,
Main likely, I lay;
Mubbe zo,
Mubbe no,
Thur be more zum day.—*Anon.*



Child (tired of monotonous breakfasts). "MUMMY, I DO WISH THE HENS WOULD LAY SOMETHING ELSE 'SIDES EGGS."

NEW DON'TS FOR THE NURSERY.

[Being a doggerel paraphrase of Dr. CRICHTON MILLER'S address at Bedford College on January 6th on the falsity of the Victorian view of a mother's ascendency in a child's life, on the psychological value of dirtiness and disobedience in small boys, and on the need of extreme suspicion when a boy of eight is described as a "perfect little gentleman."]

Don't let your "mummy" scrub your hands,
Though you are eight and she is thirty;
The human boy must still enjoy
The freedom to be dirty.

Don't wipe your feet upon the mat,
But disobey without apology;
She has disdained while you've maintained
The teachings of psychology.

The "perfect little gentleman,"
Wholly devoid of self-expression,
Is but a sign of our decline,
Of racial retrogression.

Yours be it from your earliest years
To keep your stiff rebellious head up
And to declare with mother's care
That you are fairly fed up.

Be mutinous, recalcitrant,
Despising all that 's prim and formal,
All female fuss; for only thus
Will you be truly normal.

So, breaking loose from apron-strings
And inhibitions matriarchal,
Which lead to crime, you may in time
On Fame's forefinger sparkle.

P.S.—This folly is no fairy-tale,
Like those of giants and their killers;
Mine is the muse, the thoughts and views
Are Dr. CRICHTON MILLER'S.

A Roman Scandal.

"The new empire, if the reported plan is put into operation, would compromise Italy proper, Sicily, Sardinia, Elba and various small islands."
Canadian Paper.

No wonder the scheme was called off.

"ANGRY LIMERICK STRIKERS."
Newspaper Headline.

Still annoyed at the prevalence of crossword puzzles?

"We regret to learn that the Rev. C. —— is confined to the parsonage suffering from a sceptic hand."
Siam Paper.

A good thing it 's not his head.

"The public is to be allowed to inspect the crematorium on Sundays. Other amusements will be found advertised in the local press."—*Canadian Paper.*

We are glad to see that at least one of the Dominions is loyal to the Mother Country's tradition about taking her pleasures sadly.

ON BEING FIT.

I SEE references to a great National Health campaign in the year 1926. I wish it joy, so long as the campaigners



"NAPOLEON . . . SUFFERED PERPETUALLY FROM THE PANGS OF INDIGESTION."

confine their efforts to the healthy and do not interfere with the busy unwell, who are doing the nation's work.

Robustness is a vocation in itself and permits of no other ties. Nobody conscientiously doing his job in a modern industrial civilisation has time to be well. Indeed the world's greatest men have always been invalids. CÆSAR was afflicted by the falling sickness; NAPOLEON, like Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, suffered perpetually from the pangs of indigestion. Modesty alone forbids me to name a fourth example.

Beware of your robust man. He is a grave menace to the community, for all his thoughts are centred on keeping himself robust. He it is who walks every morning to the office, arriving three-quarters-of-an-hour late, and then insists on opening all the windows, letting in the pernicious cold air, and causing all the most important papers to be blown into the fire, thus destroying the labour of weeks. He it is who spends the rest of the morning practising golf swings with a tightly-rolled umbrella, which he uses for no other purpose. He goes out early to lunch to drink vitamins.

One such I knew who was always an hour later for breakfast than anybody else. It appeared that he had a system of physical exercises, practised before entering the bath, and involving a parody of most of the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition. After breakfast, instead of reading *The Times*, he would sit for an hour in an armchair, apparently motionless. Apparently, I say. But if you watched his face closely you would see him raise one ear for a moment and then lower it carefully. A few minutes afterwards he would raise and lower the other. If you asked him what on earth he was doing, "Twitching my muscles," he used to say.

Twitching his muscles! In the afternoon he would go to the river and scull. Of such are the nation's parasites.

Contrast with this man a discovery I made in the offices of a great Government Department. It was eleven o'clock and work was well under way. Wherever I looked there were files—and files—and yet more files. The affairs of England were being administered. On a shelf behind the plucky administrator were two large glass bottles, one containing a white and the other a pinkish fluid. I asked him what they were.

"The one," he said, "is raspberry vinegar, the other milk. I am living at present on these."

It appeared that his digestive organs had been for a long time so deranged that he was compelled to subsist on this strange nutriment. Meanwhile the nation was trembling at his nod. As far as I remember he was controlling our beef and mutton supplies. But if he had been one of your robust men he would have fled to the Riviera at the first symptoms of his complaint and twitched his muscles on a tennis-court until he was fit.



"BEWARE OF YOUR ROBUST MAN."

If the whole of England were to concentrate to-morrow on being fit, the result would be far more terrible than a general strike, and in a few months there would be no money with which to pay the doctors' bills. Our great statesmen in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, suffering the excruciating agonies of gout, added laurels and lustre to their country's fame. Nowadays, while contracts go to Germany, we do physical exercises in front of a looking-glass.

And how offensively uncompanionable is the robust man! The invalid eats and drinks in a convivial manner of all that is set before him, as though every meal were likely, as indeed it is, to be his last, and he intended to make the most of it. The robust man, lest he should fall ever so slightly from the pink of condition, refuses this and that. He will not touch the port.

"One glass of that," he says, "and I should ruin my schoolgirl complexion."

Confound his schoolgirl complexion!

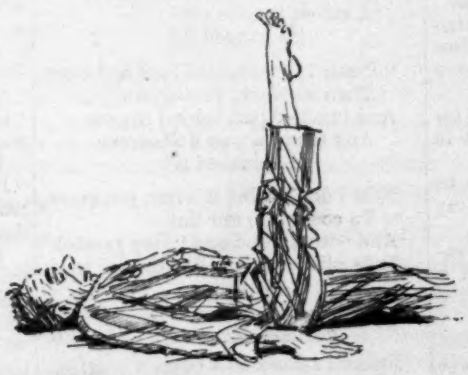
Doctors of course are well aware of the truth of all this. They know that it is upon robust men that they depend for their livelihood at present, because it is the robust man who takes diseases seriously when he gets them, and is indeed so fearful of getting them that he is constantly being inoculated against bronchitis, against chilblains, against tennis elbow, against golfers' waggle, against *raconteur's* throat. Doctors know also that the permanently unwell are far too preoccupied, too patriotically concerned with the nation's weal, to place themselves under medical treatment. Doctors in fact are mostly unwell themselves. The bulk of their work, apart from special cases, lies in making the robust robuster; and the robuster these robust people become the less work they do.

I regard holidays as a time when the ordinary unhealthy man panders to this craven idea of being fit. Dieting himself carefully in order to lower his handicap and twitching his muscles from morning till night, he cultivates the clear bright eye, behind which no intelligence lurks, and the loud laugh which bespeaks the vacant mind. He comes back to his office crass, incompetent, fuddled with bucolic air, and spends a week or two working off the evil effects of incipient robustness and getting down to his job again.

Happily there are still plenty of men left in England who are content to remain heroically unwell. There are still more in America. It is well known that American millionaires are always invalids. Thus America and England lead the world. The Latin races, on the other hand, lounge in the sun, become offensively healthy and either go bankrupt or refuse to pay their debts. The farther south one goes the more health and the less efficiency one finds, until at last those negro races are discovered who, rioting in physical well-being, have contributed nothing to the advancement of humanity except the music of jazz bands. A negroid band is the flower and perfection of the unprofitably robust.



"HE IT IS WHO SPENDS THE . . . MORNING PRACTISING GOLF-SWINGS."



"HE HAD A SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL EXERCISES."

The true progress of civilisation, on the other hand, consists in the elimination of the fit. I know a man who comes to see me sometimes, throwing his chest out and treading lightly on the balls of his feet, vitality oozing from every pore and the vacuous glitter of the carefully doctored health-fiend in his gaze.

"What are you doing there, frowsting by the fire?" he asks.

"Planning for England's good," I say quietly, opening my eyes.

"Come out and play golf or squash-rackets, or something of that sort," he says.

"Why?"

"Well, if you did that a little oftener you'd feel as fit as I do."

"Does it make you any nobler in character, Marmaduke, to feel so fit? Does it help you to do your duty to your employers, or render you more capable of fleecing the other men in the City?"

He cannot pretend that it does.

To humour him I played squash-rackets with him the other day. He contracted a chill afterwards through not tying his muffler tightly enough round his neck. It developed into influenza, and he lay a shattered hulk for days. After that he retired to France. Personally I am never well enough to catch influenza, even if I had the time.

EVOE.

STILL LIFE.

ALONG the banks
Of Rhône and Seine,
In patient ranks
They fish in vain.

A ten-foot pole,
A mind content—
These are their whole
Accoutrement.

When CÆSAR came
Campaigning there,
They wore the same
Abstracted air.

The legions laughed
And thundered by;
The men they chaffed
Made no reply.

The earth shall cool,
The last sun set;
Piscator Jules
Will angle yet.

Take this from me:
His basket will
Infallibly
Be empty still.

THE BETTER HALF.

THE fiercest storm of a century swept across the high uplands. The lonely house upon the moor stood at the very heart and core of the inferno. Each lightning flash made every feature of the landscape stand out in weird flat incandescence. In each crash of thunder all creation seemed hurtling noisily to its doom.

The husband and wife sat by the smouldering embers of last night's drawing-room fire, and he thought, "This, then, is the end of everything." White-faced domestics huddled together in the kitchen and drank tea. The son of the house slept peacefully in his little crib. Infant slumbers are doubtless pure, but he lies in his teeth who says that on such occasions they are light.

A ghastly sheet of flame lit up the sky from zenith to nadir. There was a crackling and rending as of mighty oaks torn in sunder. The house sensibly shook and, even above the deafening peal which followed, the household heard the rumble upon the roof of falling masonry.

"That one struck the house, my dear," said the husband. He looked with anxious eyes at his wife. The shock of his coming announcement might well be too much for that frail frame. "I must go out and view the extent of the damage," he said with obvious reluctance. "One must do one's duty," he added after a pause during which his spouse showed lamentably little sign of fainting.

"All right, darling; put on your mackintosh," she said simply.

He looked at her anxiously. Poor thing, she clearly did not appreciate the position.

"I should go before the next peal," he said; "that will be safer. Anything may happen to me, but, no matter how small the chances, one should take every possible precaution."

"And your goloshes," murmured his wife, a note of gentle consideration in her sweet patient tones.

"Whatever happens," he said as he rose reluctantly, "remember that my only desire was to do my duty."

A blinding sheet of light circled creation. There followed a crash as of a world of Woolworths hurtling down the cataract of eternity.

The husband rose from his recumbent position on the floor and stood beside his wife.

"That got the house again. It might have been me," he said.

"Perhaps you should go now, then, darling," she said with simple courage.

* * * * *

He returned two minutes and twenty-five seconds later. His face showed in the drawing-room as deathly white as the second housemaid's in the kitchen.

"The main tower is leaning at an angle of forty-six degrees over this very room," he gasped through chattering teeth.

"But surely, John," she said, "the architect should have made it differently, somehow."

"Only the Architect of the Universe can save me—us," he said solemnly.

"Can't *you* do anything, darling?" she murmured with the quiet confidence she always showed in him.

"I can and will," he said in switchback tones. Each word that followed cut the stifling air like a knife. "I shall go out on to the roof—alone—and I shall shove the tower outwards into the garden." He paused. "It means almost certain death; but one can only do one's duty." He paused again. "Good-night, my love," he concluded, as the ice-cold tip of his nose brushed her cheek for an instant.

A blasting flash, followed instantaneously by a devastating roar.

"All right, darling," she said. "You'd better go at once. I needn't wait up, need I? And you'll make as little noise as possible, won't you? So as not to waken Baby."

BLACK MAGIC.

A CONJURER came to our flat,
A strange man, tall and big;
He felt in Daddy's new top-hat
And found a guinea-pig.
He kept it!

And then near Mummy's new valve-set
He waved his wand about;
He tilted down the horn and let
A rabbit tumble out.
He bagged it!

"Presto!" he shouted loud and clear,
Then suddenly bent down
And fumbled just behind my ear
And found a new half-crown.
He pinched it!

Now I don't think it's fair, you know,
To come into our flat
And with a wand and "Hey presto!"
Take all our things like that.
It's stealing.

Commercial Candour.

Placard affixed to a baker's cart:—
"CHEAP BREAD IS DEAR BREAD. OUR BREAD IS CHEAP."

"The number of persons injured by the collapse of the grand stand at Pasedena, California, was 235. The stand was a temporary structure."—*Channel Islands Paper.*

So we gather.

PENNY FOOLISH.

Bertie was a bank-clerk. Three months ago he entered the Grand National Bank. To-day Lombard Street is the poorer—but we anticipate.

Let us go back to December 31st. On that day no bank official leaves the premises until the half-yearly balance-sheet is completed. Up to midnight or later there is a feverish checking of ledger accounts and summation of balances. Sometimes the figures betray a discrepancy, and then the hunt for the source of error produces a painful atmosphere of tension and suspense.

At 11.45 P.M. Bertie breathed such an atmosphere. The trial balance continued to show on one side £343,879,641 14*s.* 9*d.*, and on the other side £343,879,641 14*s.* 10*d.* Wild-eyed cashiers and dishevelled ledger-clerks strove to track the elusive penny to its lair, but without success. The manager's collar became limp.

"What's wrong?" asked Bertie of another junior.

"We're a penny out," was the reply, "and here we stay till it is found. Dash it!"

Now Bertie had counted on getting away in time for at least the fag-end of a perfectly ripping dance to see the New Year in. His common-sense revolted at this wrecking of his hopes on so insignificant a rock as a penny. And suddenly the great idea came to him.

Furtively withdrawing a coin from his pocket he dived under the Q—Z receiving counter and rose with a triumphant cry of "I've got it!"

"What?" said the Q—Z cashier.

"The penny you've all been looking for. It was in that corner."

The cashier was a grim little man, but he smiled. "Take it into the manager's parlour," he said; "you may as well get the credit."

A confident knock on the parlour door.

"Come in," growled the manager. "Oh, it's you! And what the deuce do you want?"

Bertie did his best to look modest. "Please, Sir, I've found the penny. It was on the floor behind the counter." And he held out the fateful bronze.

But the manager did not shake him gratefully by the hand. He gave a gulp and spluttered. "You infernal young jackanapes, we're not a penny short; we're a penny too much. Get out of this. BRRRR!"

And as the dazed Bertie reached the door the manager growled, "I shall have a word with you in the morning at nine-thirty."

If anyone wants a bright young man for the Stock Exchange or rubber-growing, Bertie is still disengaged.



Vicar. "I SUPPOSE YOU 'VE HAD YOUR SHARE OF THE VICISSITUDES OF LIFE, MRS. MIGGET?"
Mrs. Migget. "NOT WHEN MY HUSBAND 'S ABOUT, SIR."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

VIII.—ENGLISH HISTORY.

REMEMBER, boys, when studying the story of your land,
That England is the country of the free;
Or else you 'll find it difficult perhaps to understand
How contented now-a-days we ought to be.

The people of our nation are a stout and stubborn breed,
As they demonstrated very early on,
When, assembled in that meadow on the isle of Runnymede,
They presented Magna Carta to KING JOHN.

They defeated the Armada, they beheaded CHARLES THE FIRST,
And they told the Second JAMES he 'd better go;
When NAPOLEON would scare them it was he who came off worst,
Like another still more recent foreign foe.

The powers once reposing in hereditary peers
The Reform Bills most effectively withdraw;
And it 's now been proved distinctly by events of later years
That Trade Unions are not subject to the law.

So when all the British industries together go on strike,
How thankful and delighted we should be
That Englishmen can still behave exactly as they like,
For England is the country of the free.

It will then become apparent why the people wouldn't stand
Invasion, or oppression from the Throne—
The privilege of plundering and smashing up their land
Is a privilege they cherish as their own. G. B.



Passenger (to harassed officer). "COME UP VERY DRAUGHTY, 'ASN'T IT?"

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXII.—TATTSMANIA.

TINY Tasmania is very small and very green, very English and very pretty, very lovable and very cold. Or so we thought; for we were there in the early spring, and from the bathroom window we looked across to the South Pole and felt thoroughly at home.

Unlike Australia proper or New Zealand she has scarce a name upon her map which is not English. It is all Cornwalls and Cumberlands and Dorsets and Glamorgans and Dorchesters and Exeters and Beaconsfields and so forth. Here stands Launceston beside that ancient river, the river Tamar, in the county of Cornwall; here in Tasmania for the first time I passed through Epping Forest and saw from Lymington the snowy heights of Ben Lomond. And, though their Cornwall is to the east of Devonshire and has Dorset to the north, the hearts of all of them are emphatically in the right place.

Here we saw at last good solid old stone buildings, bridges and horse-troughs, green fields and hops and hedges, and at least one authentic English-looking village, with a real church tower poking peacefully from the tree-tops; and these things naturally are not found everywhere in the Antipodes. In a wayside inn we saw in a glass case the bottle and glass which had for a minute refreshed the PRINCE OF WALES upon a journey. Elsewhere was found a black kitten which had been named after me (Haddock). Could loyalty and intelligence go farther?

Tasmania is about the size of Ireland and has fewer people than Malta. She is absurdly rich in natural resources and absurdly poor in fact. The inhabitants tell you with a sort of pride that there is a great part of this tiny island which is still unexplored. We wondered less at that when George and I attempted to explore about a hundred yards of bush and jungle and emerged half-naked. Still, there it is. You have an almost uninhabited British island, bursting with every sort of mineral and flowing with milk and honey, yet her population is on the down-grade. The truth is that, except for an occasional picnic, the little thing has been forgotten by the grown-ups, and George, in his address to the citizens of Launceston, compared her daringly to the Island of the Lost Boys, though it is not recorded of that island that any part of it was unexplored. But it seems about time that the British emigrant and British capital discovered the place.

Meanwhile there is at Hobart one of the most remarkable institutions in the British Empire. I refer to TATTERSALL'S, affectionately known as "TATT'S," which is a business solely occupied in the organisation of sweepstakes on horse-races, under the licence and *ægis* of the Government.

The total revenue of Tasmania is only two millions odd, and of that three hundred thousand proceeds from this beneficent and patriotic firm. Tasmanians rear some fine sheep and profitable cattle, they have lovely apples and rosy cheeks, but they frankly confess that they do not know where their finances would be if it were not for the noble horse; while, as George remarked in execrable taste, Mr. GEORGE ADAMS may well put his hand upon his breast and say, "*Le Tatt's c'est moi.*"

We were privileged to witness the draw for the Melbourne Cup, and none who saw it could still think wrong of wagering. It was like going to church—or rather to a Cabinet meeting. Indeed the Government were represented there; and there were the police, the public and the Press. None but the pulpit held aloof.

It is not called a "Draw," but a "Consultation," and there is a Consultation once or twice a week. The procedure is a marvel of ingenuity and a guarantee of fair-play. In a huge horizontal barrel of shining wood, a little reminiscent of the Trojan horse, about 6 feet by 4, there are placed 100,000 wooden marbles, each stamped with a number. The police and the Press certify that there are 100,000 marbles in the barrel, and then the barrel is sealed up with the Treasury seal by a Government official, who retains the sacred keys in his possession. At each end of the barrel is a windlass, by which two men may roll the barrel round and mix up the marbles.

George and I sat among the hushed spectators and gazed at the barrel. In walked a very exalted policeman and took his seat at the green-baize table. Then came the high priest, a few minor priests and two Treasury officials. The high priest announced that the consultation of 100,000 shares was fully subscribed. I may mention that George and I had done quite a little subscribing ourselves. I stood to win £10,000; and I had never won £10,000 before.

That, of course, was if my horse should win. But about £10,000 was given away before they even drew the horses—twenty cash prizes of £100, twenty of £50, twenty of £40 and so on. The acolytes revolved the barrel, first one way, then the other; the Treasury man broke the seals and opened the barrel. Then the acolytes took two shining silver tubes, like six-foot cheese-scoops and entitled "jiggers," and these they plunged into the heart and bowels of the fatal barrel, extracting at each plunge a single marble.

Near by sat the high priest, and in his hand a sacrificial soup-ladle. Into this ladle the acolytes from the tips of their silver wands dropped one by one the fortunate marbles. For it is a cardinal point in the ritual that none but the Treasury official shall touch the marbles with his hands. The Treasury man took the marble from the great ladle and, looking at it, cried aloud:—

87,439!

And a priest cried after him:—

87,439!

And four priests hastily wrote down 87,439, likewise the policeman and, I think, the Press. And the marble was placed upon a holy tray and the next drawn forth. And so on till twenty deserving men and women had been rewarded for their simple faith with the sum of £100.

Then those marbles were restored to the barrel (which means, you see, that in theory the same marble may win any number of prizes), and again the windlass-men revolved the shining mother of riches, first east to west, then west to east. When this little *douceur* of £10,000 had been thus distributed, they poured into a smaller barrel the two or three hundred fair black marbles which represented the horses. And they plucked a marble from the great barrel, and another from the horse barrel; and so the solemn thing went on.

The turn-over of this glorious concern is about a million and a half yearly. On every ticket issued the Government takes 10 per cent.—one shilling on a ten-shilling ticket. And on all the winnings the Tasmanian Government takes 12½ per cent., so that if I had won £10,000 I should have received a mere £8,750. But what do I care?

The attitude of the Commonwealth Government to this industry is faintly curious. Although till recently they extracted a not inconsiderable revenue from Tatt's, they have never allowed their postal service to deliver mails to this address. So there has grown up in and about Hobart a prosperous community of "Agents," widows and spinsters largely, who convey to Tatt's, for a small commission, the loyal offerings of British subjects all over the world, and there continue comfortably in their admirable trade, until in the opinion of the Commonwealth Government their correspondence grows larger than their personal attractions would seem to justify. Then their mails are cut off.

Ah, well! By the way, I need scarcely say that throughout the proceedings my little marbles remained obstinately in the barrel. And so did George's. Never mind, we have at least done something to bolster up the deserving finances of gallant little Tasmania.

A. P. H.



Indignant Schoolboy. "UNSPORTING BLIGHTERS, SPOILING THE HOLS!"

A TRAFFIC HOLD-UP.

"OH, it's you," she exclaimed as I came into the room, and she looked quite astonished. "Blanche was here only a minute ago and she said she had just seen you in a bus waiting at Piccadilly."

"It is where," I explained, "I am."

She seemed a little uneasy.

"You aren't a ghost, are you?" she asked.

I reassured her, and she appeared quite relieved.

"You see, ghosts are so fashionable just now," she explained, "and when a thing gets really fashionable—well, one never knows, does one?"

"I make a point," I said, "of never yielding to passing crazes."

"I 'm so glad," she said earnestly; "only, if you 're there in a bus waiting at Piccadilly, how are you here? Of course I know appearances are deceptive. Only yesterday, when I wouldn't give a beggar a penny, he called me an Idle Rich. Me idle!" she said, sighing. "I wonder how he would like to sit on a committee for a dance, a bazaar and amateur theatricals the same afternoon all at the same time and owe for seven calls as well! Me rich! I wonder how he would like half my bills!"

"He meant it kindly, perhaps," I urged.

"He did not," she answered with asperity, "because then I gave him a shilling, and he was most insulting. He said no other lady he called an Idle Rich had ever given him less than half-a-crown, and I was only bourgeois, after all."

"Too bad," I sympathised; "but, as one of the Idle Rich himself, he may have known."

"Well, I wish I had kept my shilling," she said regretfully. "I could have given it to the income-tax man, and I expect he would have been more grateful—don't you? At any rate he would have felt we were trying, wouldn't he?"

"It would have been," I said, "like feeding a hungry tiger with a recipe for dandelion tea."

"Well, then, I 'm glad I didn't," she declared; "only you haven't told me yet how you 're here when you 're in a bus waiting at Piccadilly?"

"Because," I explained, "when at last we started we got at once into a traffic hold-up, so after a time I woke the conductor and told him I was going to beg a cup of tea from a friend and then I would come back and join him again."

"But supposing," she said, "it 's gone before you get back?"

"Traffic hold-ups," I reminded her, "do not go. And anyhow it wouldn't matter. I should simply stroll on and overtake the bus in the next hold-up a few yards further on."

"All the same," she argued, "I don't see that that proves that you are there when you are here."

"I spoke officially," I explained. "Officially I am there, though in actual fact—just like," I explained, seeing she looked puzzled, "an official statement in Parliament, whereas all the time—you understand?"

"You mean you weren't telling the truth?" she asked.



Little Girl. "PLEASE, SIR, IS THIS THE SECOND TURNING ON THE LEFT?"

"Dear lady," I protested, shocked, "I have never known you so crude before. And by the way how is it Blanche has betrayed me? How could she have seen me there and then been here to tell the tale to you?"

"Oh, she was in her car," she explained, "in the same block. She got out at once and walked, and looked in here for a minute on the way. She says she always leaves her car and walks now, so as to save time; and she 's very bucked about it; the exercise is making her so thin she 's been able to give up patent reducers altogether."

"Then thus," I mused, "does London traffic, like death and Russian boots, bring all the world to an equality, so that the owner of the lordly six-cylinder and the humble bus-passenger must all come to walking in the end—if they want to get there."

"At any rate," she remarked, "Blanche is quite pleased. She says it saves all the trouble about garaging your car in town. You leave it at Piccadilly with the buses, you do your shopping, look round a little, get something to eat and then take the tube to Oxford Circus. By then your car has generally got that far, unless the hold-ups have been worse than usual. At the very worst you haven't long to wait."

"We shall finish," I said gloomily, "by never going out at all, because it will be quicker to stay at home."

"Oh, you exaggerate," she protested. "Why, Tom was as pleased as anything about a hold-up we got into yesterday."

"Tom," I said, "is no doubt entering on the contemplative life; he wished for a long period of tranquillity."

"I don't think it was that exactly," she answered doubtfully. "You see, we were on our way to buy a new hat each, and, by the time the traffic was released and we got through, the shop was shut."

"Mean of Tom to be pleased," I said severely. "He might at least have simulated a decent grief. Very likely," I added with increased severity, "he 'll have bought his in the City to-day."

"His what?" she asked, looking quite bewildered.

"His new hat you were speaking of," I explained.

"I never did," she cried indignantly. "Tom! A new hat! What ever for? Why, he has the one he bought the year before last—or was it the spring before that?—some time, anyhow—or is it the one he was married in?—anyhow, it 's ever so good still."

"But you said," I insisted reproachfully, "you most certainly said, 'a new hat each.'"

"I know I did," she answered with her most patient air. "I was going to buy one for myself and Tom was going to buy one for me. Isn't that one each?"

I admitted that it was, and I apologised, but I could see that she was still feeling very patient with me as I shook hands and departed to retrieve my old unhurried bus.

E. R. P.

"The Right Honourable Mr. Austen Chamberlain will be invested with the Order of the Barter, in recognition of the part he played in negotiating the Locarno Security Pact."
West Indian Paper.

A suitable honour for a really "honest broker."



COMPARED WITH THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE EUROPEAN COMMUNIST, ONE FINDS HIS ENGLISH COMRADE A LITTLE DISAPPOINTING.

ELEGY ON A GOOD RESOLUTION.

OFFSPRING sublime of Will and Reason mated,
And brought to birth at a propitious hour
When all the baser appetites lay sated
And on a sudden Manhood ceased to cower,
And all my Better Nature rose to power
And cried in accents earnest though belated,
"I will reform, I WILL! and my resolve
Recks not what sacrifice the struggle may involve."

Even as the caitiff who has said, "I'll risk it!"
Straightway feels courage surging through his heart,
Lifts a proud eye and spreads a broader brisket
And knows, before he's played, the hero's part,
So I, "This night," I said, "shall see the start
Of a new life. No longer will I frisk it
In the small hours; no more in slothly bed
Lie until Phœbus' orb is burning overhead."

Oh! bright the lights and sweet the flute and tabor
On that last tick of 1925;
Rich was the fare and many a jocund neighbour
Bade fill the glass and keep the fun alive,
And Beauty smiled, new fetters to contrive.
Then struck the hour. "Henceforth," I cried, "Love's labour
(And oh, ye waiters, yours) is lost on one
For whom the simple life has even now begun."

For nine long days and nights—it seemed an æon—
I kept my vow like any anchorite,
Rose ere the dawn flamed redly roof and tree on
And gleaned refreshing slumber through the night,
Let moderation wait on appetite,
And managed every punctual morn to be on
Time at the office, ay, and earned the praise
Of a suspicious Sire, who stared in frank amaze.

Oh, but at what a cost, with what a struggle
I kept the torch of victory flickering,
Spurned the desire to be another *Bruggle-Smith* and succumb in one hilarious fling,
To seek some spot where people dance and sing,
And, seated at one's favourite table, snuggle
Down to a mess of oysters and a bird
And bubble-winking wine by Beauty's hand conferred!

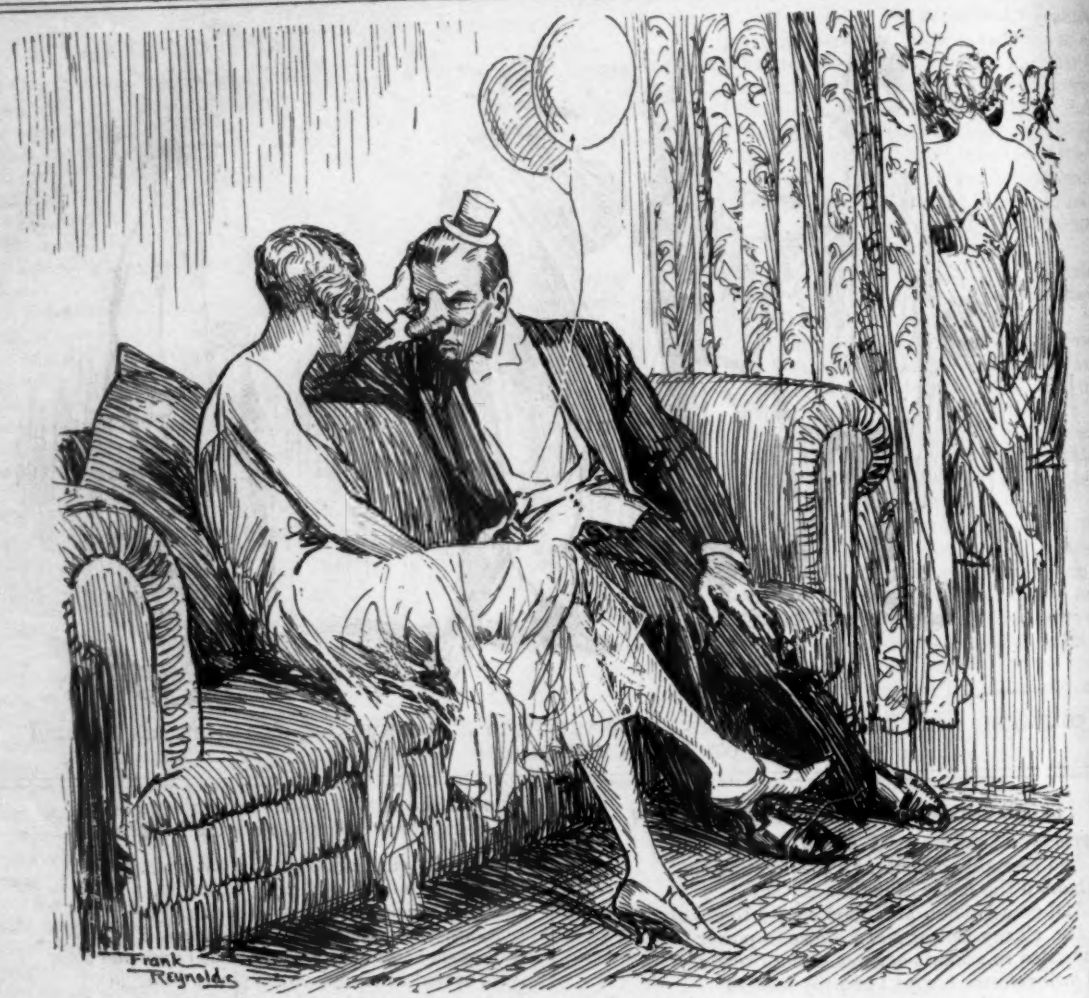
And now thou 'rt dead. Not actually *in ovo*,
But, like young Lycidas, before thy prime,
And all Temptation's snares with which I strove (Oh!
How feebly and for oh! how brief a time)
Resume their ancient sway. Each evening I 'm
One of the lads; each day begins *de novo*
The giddy whirl; each morn I hear with pain
My Sire observing, "Charles is quite himself again."

And I have slain thee! Oh, my sweet, my pretty,
Beneath whose influence I was brave and true
As Shropshire lads that, humming of a ditty,
Stride forth to ploughing in the morning dew.
Oh, may I but survive this long year through,
And, though thou 'rt gone for ever, more 's the pity,
I 'll make amends to thee, I vow by Heaven,
And wed thy twin in 1927.

ALGOL.

"ATHEN, Friday.—'Eleftheros Typos,' the Government organ, announces that the Military Council decided General Plashias shall be court martialled in connection with the disaster to the Green Army in Aratobia, 1922."—*Provincial Paper.*

The British printer seems to have caught the true spirit of eleftherotypography.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE DEVOUT LOVER.

THE ANTI-JAZZER.

[Mr. DE GROOT, writing in *The Daily Chronicle*, condemns the false rhythm of the fox-trot and the abuse of the saxophone; and predicts the decay of jazz, the return of the waltz and the revival of melody.]

THE gifted DE GROOT is an artist of note
Who elicits seraphical sounds;
His fame as a star travels swiftly and far
To the furthest aerial bounds;
And all listeners-in from Peru to Berlin
Are enthralled as he goes on his rounds.

But he is not content just with finding a vent
For emotion in Art *à la mode*;
In *The Chronicle's* page with an eloquent rage
He is moved to protest and explode,
And in this novel *rôle* he delivers his soul
On the strains that corrupt and corrode.

He pleads for the gait of dance-music that 's
"straight;"
The fox-trot he longs to dethrone;
No good word he has for the rhythmics of jazz
Or the "saxo's" continual drone;
While the "clever buffoons" who torment
classic tunes
Provoke a contemptuous groan.

Yet, though sorely distressed, he still hopes for
the best,
Declining to grumble or grouse,
For Melody must, pure and sweet and robust,
Set in order our musical house,
And the Muse of Vienna replace the Gehenna
Of jazz with the waltzes of STRAUSS.

So since Mr. Punch, when he goes out to lunch
Or to dine in convivial vein,
Is repeatedly vexed and annoyed and perplexed
By music inept and inane,
He will aid with his vote and his voice good
DE GROOT
In his Melody-Saving campaign.

"Wanted, Office Boy; one with slight knowledge preferred."
The last one, we gather, knew too much. *Local Paper.*



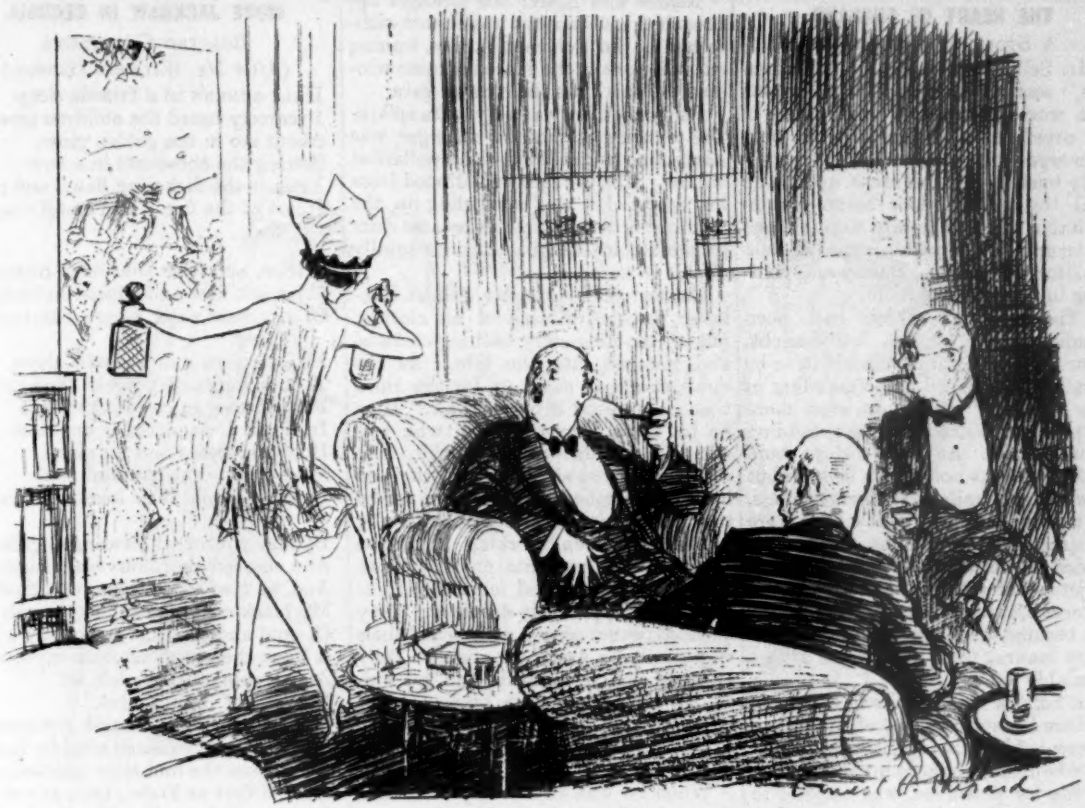
THE DILUVIANS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "GIVE YOU A TOW TO ARARAT?"

SIR ALFRED MOND. "THANK YOU; I'M ALL FOR GETTING BACK TO THE LAND; BUT—I RATHER MISTRUST YOUR CRAFT."

[SIR ALFRED MOND, while expressing his eagerness for agricultural reforms, has severely criticised Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's new Land Scheme.]





Small Daughter of the House (raiding the parental whisky during youngsters' party). "SORRY, OLD THINGS, BUT WE MUST KEEP THE BAND GOING."

THE SHOE-SHOPPERS.

"LET 's try to get the shoes here," said Catherine, pausing in front of about half-an-acre of plate-glass and footwear. "I rather like the look of this shop."

"I think," I observed, "that I can see another just round the corner, not so—so vulgarly pretentious. Come along."

Catherine threw me a look tinged heavily with suspicion, but I was stepping firmly up the side-street to where a small and unassuming door lurked between two modest show-cases.

"Ah," I said, "now *this* is more the sort of thing."

The exterior, however, was misleading, for we walked through into what appeared to be a sort of outsize Albert Hall lined from floor to roof with little white cardboard boxes.

Across a desert of carpet a large female with improbable hair bore down upon us. She lifted an interrogatory and languid eyebrow.

"I want some shoes," replied Catherine, lest this elegant person—I imagine—should suspect that she had dropped in for a cup of tea or a shampoo. "Something strong and sens——"

The large female was interested in all this only up to a point, it seems. She lifted her voice.

"Miss Choales!" she trilled. "Forward!"

An underling advanced.

"I want some shoes," repeated Catherine. "Something strong and sensible."

Miss Choales invited us to be seated and pushed forward a foot-rest, whereupon Catherine recollected in the nick of time that the hole was in her right stocking.

For a few moments the young person left us in order to perform miracles of agility on the extreme altitude of a pair of steps before returning with an armful of the white boxes.

"Here is a very naice shoe," she remarked, producing something in patent leather with three-inch heels and fitting it on Catherine's left foot, which proved to be the one with the hole, after all. "Or this . . . Or this . . ."

The shoe of strict utility nevertheless was not present.

"What I want," explained Catherine at the twenty-seventh pair, "is something with a stout sole"—Miss Choales blenched visibly—"and good plain uppers"—further signs of distress—"and a reasonable shape, with a straight inside line and room for all my toes."

"I am sorry, madam," replied the young person with pardonable hauteur; "I think I understand what you mean, but I assure you that shape is not being worn at all this season."

"Oh!" moaned Catherine, looking about her wildly. "This is too dreadful of me! You 'd hardly believe me, but do you know, my foot is practically the same shape this season as it was last. What 's to be done?"

I moved gravely to the door, and Catherine followed. Outside a possible solution occurred to me.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "we might try that other shop, after all."

A braided commissionaire opened the ornate portal to us and we entered. Across a desert of carpet a large and vaguely familiar form advanced.

For an instant she hesitated before lifting her voice. Then, "Miss Choales!" she almost bellowed. "Forward!"

I got out first.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

A STORY OF THE FLOODS.

Mr. Selkirk Robinson, of "Thames-side," was enislanded. Indeed it was even worse than that. The waters of the overflowing stream had not only submerged his garden and his gooseberry bushes, but had crept up and up until the ground floor became uninhabitable and the family were obliged to live upstairs. The tide lapped against the kitchen dresser. Dace were swimming in the drawing-room.

"Thames-side," which had been proudly stated by the house-agent, when Mr. Robinson purchased it, to be completely detached and "standing in own grounds," was now even more completely detached. It was standing in own waters. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but a few roofs of similarly submerged villas, the tops of trees, in which hens were roosting, telegraph poles, dead cats, wooden boxes and the usual flotsam and jetsam of a flood. The rays of the winter sun, at those brief moments when they became visible, were reflected in a dreary manner from the surface of this unamiable fen.

Mr. Selkirk Robinson was a Briton, and bore his sorrows bravely; sorrows the greater because his wife's brother, whom he disliked on account of the man's appetite for preserves, was staying in the house and could not be got rid of. No tradesmen called. The marooned inhabitants of "Thames-side" supported life on biscuits and pickles, potted meat and jam. Occasionally out of the spare bedroom-window they would catch a dead haddock or a living bream. Boxes occasionally floated to them on the tide, but when opened were invariably found to contain boot-polish, tins of black-lead, bath-salts and washing-soda. Towards evening on the eighth day of the flood the Selkirk Robinsons were well-nigh in despair.

But ha! what is that distant speck upon the watery waste? Surely it is coming nearer? It is. Oaring himself with difficulty by means of a piece of board and seated on a large window-shutter, the figure of a small and shabbily-dressed man was seen steering his way towards "Thames-side." A rescuer? Who could say? One, at any rate, bringing tidings of the outer drier world. For a long weary week the Robinsons had known nothing of their fellows except what was told them by the B.B.C., for their wireless installation very fortunately remained intact. Every evening they were able to set their clock absolutely right by Big Ben, and to listen to the weather report, which said "Damp."

Nearer and nearer the stranger approached, until now he was almost within hail of the Robinson family, leaning excitedly out of the spare bedroom window, by this time their water-gate.

Suddenly there was a cry and a splash. The shutter which the stranger was navigating had collided with a pollarded willow. The voyager had slipped from his craft. He was struggling in the waters. A moment later it became clear to the Robinsons that he was totally unable to swim.

Calmly, yet swiftly, Mr. Selkirk Robinson divested himself of his clothes, put on his university bathing-costume and plunged into the tide. As the stranger's head came up for the third time he grabbed it by the hair. Then he hit it to stun the man, who was struggling, as drowning men will. Encouraged by the shouts of his wife and his wife's brother, Mr. Robinson towed the shipwrecked mariner majestically into port. Then, working hard, the three of them put into practice those excellent rules devised for the restoration of the apparently drowned. They kneaded, punched and pommelled their victim till he breathed again. They swathed him in blankets and fed him on brandy and essence of beef. Not Ulysses, stranded on the island of the Phæacians, was more hospitably entertained.

When he was sufficiently recovered they asked him politely what business it was that had brought him upon that great adventure over the waves.

Silently the stranger searched in the breast pocket of his dripping overcoat until he found a damp and sodden envelope. From this he drew out a printed sheet. With hardly concealed excitement Mr. Selkirk Robinson took it from his outstretched hand.

It was an application from the Urban District Council for the "Thames-side" Water Rate, now several days overdue.

Mr. Selkirk Robinson counted out the necessary silver from Mrs. Robinson's house-keeping cash-box. Then politely but sternly he escorted the stranger to the spare bedroom window-sill, placed him aboard his raft, which the wind had happily driven against the side of the house, put a tin of sardines, a hymn-book and a few biscuits by his side, and pushed him off into the night.

EVOE.

More Work for the Royal Geographical Society.

From an account of the floods in England:—

"Les rivières Soar et Eye ont débordé, inondant Livestock.

A Bristol, la rivière Swollen a débordé et inondé les habitations dans plusieurs quartiers."—*Belgian Paper.*

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

(*After Mr.* WILFRID GIBSON.)

HALF-SUNKEN in a fireside sleep
I scarcely heard the children creep
About me in the golden glow,
Setting the chestnuts in a row
Against the flickering flame and red
Heart of the fire. The small shapes
fled . . .

A trice, and from that dusk retreat
My spirit flew and basked in heat
Of Spanish ways where chestnuts
grow,
First flowering in a candle show,
Then in long sultry weeks made prime
For roasting in our colder clime.
In Spain I wandered under skies
Blue for siestas and for sighs,
Where señoritas gay and bold
Laughed while their loveliness was
told
By lazy youths who twanged guitars
And smoked enormous black cigars;
And, as I watched them, in a flash
My black coat was a shirt, a sash
Of gold and crimson graced my hips,
A huge cheroot stood from my lips;
And I, sombrero-shaded, fell
For love of Doña Isabel.
Sailing the Plaza's length she came;
The chestnuts flowered in white flame,
And where the fountains spirtled she
Looked first at Pedro, then at me,
And laughed; and, as she laughed, I
knew
I had a murderous work to do.
Fire filled my veins; I drew my knife
And flashed it into Pedro's life.
Then, as the Plaza rang with cries,
I saw those chestnut blossoms rise
In a great cloud from the cool trees
And fall and whelm me in white seas—
Flowers drifting deep,
White flowers of sleep. . . .

Then Peggy burned her thumb; her
scream
Made sudden havoc of my dream,
Awakening from that blaze and heat
To chestnuts roasting at my feet.

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From Smith minor's history-paper:—

"The Spanish Armeda married Henry VIII.'s son."

Somehow they missed this scene in the Empire production.

At the winter sales:—

"SCHOOLBOYS IN SOME CASES ESCORTED THEIR MOTHERS TO THE SALES.

For a boy of nine, returning to his preparatory school in a fortnight or so, my best bargain was a strong little suit of grey wood at 16s. 9d."—*Evening Paper.*

We should infer that this little boy did not accompany his mother.



MR. PADLOCK HOMES, THE EMINENT SLEUTH, SO OFTEN USES HIS PIPE AS IF IT WERE A REVOLVER—



THAT ONE CAN OVERLOOK THOSE LITTLE LAPSES WHEN HE SUCKS AWAY AT HIS SIX-SHOOTER.

THE HEART OF ENGLAND.

A STORY OF THE FLOODS.

Mr. Selkirk Robinson, of "Thames-side," was enislanded. Indeed it was even worse than that. The waters of the overflowing stream had not only submerged his garden and his gooseberry bushes, but had crept up and up until the ground floor became uninhabitable and the family were obliged to live upstairs. The tide lapped against the kitchen dresser. Dace were swimming in the drawing-room.

"Thames-side," which had been proudly stated by the house-agent, when Mr. Robinson purchased it, to be completely detached and "standing in own grounds," was now even more completely detached. It was standing in own waters. As far as the eye could reach there was nothing to be seen but a few roofs of similarly submerged villas, the tops of trees, in which hens were roosting, telegraph poles, dead cats, wooden boxes and the usual flotsam and jetsam of a flood. The rays of the winter sun, at those brief moments when they became visible, were reflected in a dreary manner from the surface of this unamiable fen.

Mr. Selkirk Robinson was a Briton, and bore his sorrows bravely; sorrows the greater because his wife's brother, whom he disliked on account of the man's appetite for preserves, was staying in the house and could not be got rid of. No tradesmen called. The marooned inhabitants of "Thames-side" supported life on biscuits and pickles, potted meat and jam. Occasionally out of the spare bedroom-window they would catch a dead haddock or a living bream. Boxes occasionally floated to them on the tide, but when opened were invariably found to contain boot-polish, tins of black-lead, bath-salts and washing-soda. Towards evening on the eighth day of the flood the Selkirk Robinsons were well-nigh in despair.

But ha! what is that distant speck upon the watery waste? Surely it is coming nearer? It is. Oaring himself with difficulty by means of a piece of board and seated on a large window-shutter, the figure of a small and shabbily-dressed man was seen steering his way towards "Thames-side." A rescuer? Who could say? One, at any rate, bringing tidings of the outer drier world. For a long weary week the Robinsons had known nothing of their fellows except what was told them by the B.B.C., for their wireless installation very fortunately remained intact. Every evening they were able to set their clock absolutely right by Big Ben, and to listen to the weather report, which said "Damp."

Nearer and nearer the stranger approached, until now he was almost within hail of the Robinson family, leaning excitedly out of the spare bedroom window, by this time their water-gate.

Suddenly there was a cry and a splash. The shutter which the stranger was navigating had collided with a pollarded willow. The voyager had slipped from his craft. He was struggling in the waters. A moment later it became clear to the Robinsons that he was totally unable to swim.

Calmly, yet swiftly, Mr. Selkirk Robinson divested himself of his clothes, put on his university bathing-costume and plunged into the tide. As the stranger's head came up for the third time he grabbed it by the hair. Then he hit it to stun the man, who was struggling, as drowning men will. Encouraged by the shouts of his wife and his wife's brother, Mr. Robinson towed the shipwrecked mariner majestically into port. Then, working hard, the three of them put into practice those excellent rules devised for the restoration of the apparently drowned. They kneaded, punched and pommelled their victim till he breathed again. They swathed him in blankets and fed him on brandy and essence of beef. Not Ulysses, stranded on the island of the Phæacians, was more hospitably entertained.

When he was sufficiently recovered they asked him politely what business it was that had brought him upon that great adventure over the waves.

Silently the stranger searched in the breast pocket of his dripping overcoat until he found a damp and sodden envelope. From this he drew out a printed sheet. With hardly concealed excitement Mr. Selkirk Robinson took it from his outstretched hand.

It was an application from the Urban District Council for the "Thames-side" Water Rate, now several days overdue.

Mr. Selkirk Robinson counted out the necessary silver from Mrs. Robinson's house-keeping cash-box. Then politely but sternly he escorted the stranger to the spare bedroom window-sill, placed him aboard his raft, which the wind had happily driven against the side of the house, put a tin of sardines, a hymn-book and a few biscuits by his side, and pushed him off into the night.

EVOE.

More Work for the Royal Geographical Society.

From an account of the floods in England:—

"Les rivières Soar et Eye ont débordé, inondant Livestock.

A Bristol, la rivière Swollen a débordé et inondé les habitations dans plusieurs quartiers."—*Belgian Paper.*

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

(*After Mr.* WILFRID GIBSON.)

HALF-SUNKEN in a fireside sleep
I scarcely heard the children creep
About me in the golden glow,
Setting the chestnuts in a row
Against the flickering flame and red
Heart of the fire. The small shapes fled . . .

A trice, and from that dusk retreat
My spirit flew and basked in heat
Of Spanish ways where chestnuts grow,
First flowering in a candle show,
Then in long sultry weeks made prime
For roasting in our colder clime.
In Spain I wandered under skies
Blue for siestas and for sighs,
Where señoritas gay and bold
Laughed while their loveliness was told
By lazy youths who twanged guitars
And smoked enormous black cigars;
And, as I watched them, in a flash
My black coat was a shirt, a sash
Of gold and crimson graced my hips,
A huge cheroot stood from my lips;
And I, sombrero-shaded, fell
For love of Doña Isabel.
Sailing the Plaza's length she came;
The chestnuts flowered in white flame,
And where the fountains spirtled she
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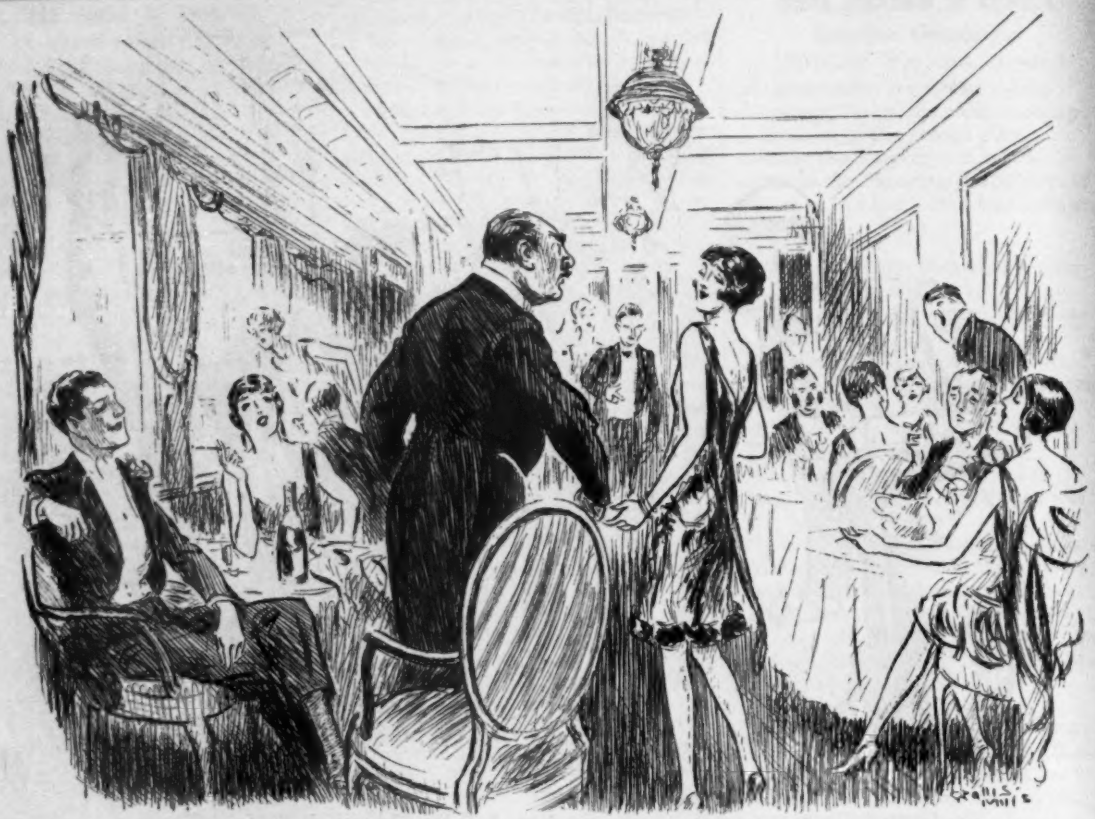
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Keen Veteran (to niece who has asked him to dance). "RATHER! YOU KNOW I FEEL AS YOUNG AS EVER I DID."
Niece. "OF COURSE YOU DO, POOR DARLING."

THE TERMINAL REPORT.

"Averil's report," I said to my wife, "is not good enough. I shall speak to her about it. Or will you?"

I added the "or will you" because I am one of those amiable weak men whom pretty daughters are supposed to twist round little fingers.

Averil is supposed not so to twist me, but she always does.

"You do it," my wife replied. "I'm tired of speaking to her about things."

Accordingly the next day I had Averil into the study. I run a study because I am a writer and have an enormous desk. I was writing at this desk when she came in. I went on writing. Miss Sixteen should wait. Let me create an atmosphere of impending doom.

"What do you think *you're* doing?" said a fresh young voice.

"Sit down," I rejoined, "and keep quiet. I have something to say to you."

I dashed off a covering letter to the Editor of *Tall Stories*, scribbled, stamped and sealed the envelope with a flourish and a thump and spun suddenly round in my swivel-chair. Now for it.

"Don't do that," protested my daughter; "you make me giddy. Please may I have five bob?"

Like most long-legged bobbed-haired flappers of the present day Averil specialises in irresponsibility and inconsequence. To these characteristics she unites a lively audacity, and I am not surprised that at St. Radigund's, her expensive boarding-school, she is regarded as being something of a handful.

"Please may I——"

"No, you may not. I wish to speak to you. Sit down." (She had got up.) "On that chair. Stop talking. Don't interrupt."

This style too nervous, I decided.

"What's it all about, Daddy?"

"Your report," I began; "I have it here."

I picked up the prospectus of a gold-mine. Nor was that it—nor that.

"If you weren't so frightfully untidy you might be able to find things. Just look at your desk. I never saw such a mess."

Accustomed as I am to losing papers this particular blast of ill-fortune was maddening. Where the dickens . . . .

"Look for it, please, Averil. It must be here."

She began to rootle with deafening zeal—banging books, shifting furniture and rattling desk drawers; finally ferreting in the waste-paper basket.

"You needn't make a row."

"No, I suppose the report 'll do *that*."

At this point it struck me that there might be a simple explanation of the mystery.

"Have you taken it?" I shot at her.

"Nope."

"Do you know anything about it?"

"Yep."

"Don't talk like that. Say 'yes' or 'no.' Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes."

"What do you know about it?"

"I know what 's in it."

"O-ho," I said, rather like an examining magistrate, "you know what 's in it, do you? Then am I to understand that you 've seen it?"

"I've heard it. We have 'em read out at the end of term."

"In that case," I replied, "you will be the better able to appreciate what I have to say to you. I am disappointed in your report, Averil. It is—er—not good enough. You seem to have been idle and—er—rebellious. Don't inter-

rupt me. Your conduct was stated to be—was—was represented as—er—what was the word?"

"Capital," she suggested.

"'Conduct capital'? Certainly not. Nothing of the kind. I only wish it had been. The word actually used—the actual word used was—er—it escapes me for the moment—your conduct—um—well, we'll call it what it was," I concluded briskly, "unsatisfactory."

"Oh, will we!" exclaimed my daughter very indignantly; "I like that, 'We'll call it unsatisfactory.' You've forgotten the word, you say so yourself, and then you go inventing things like 'unsatisfactory.' Why, you could invent the whole report at that rate. It's beastly mean of you, Daddy; I never thought you'd do that sort of thing. It's absolutely unfair."

"Your mathematical mistress, if I remember right, writes of your work as 'slipshod' and of your behaviour as 'argumentative,'" I continued desperately.

"But I don't think you do remember right. Wasn't it 'a promising pupil'?"

I fixed her with a severe penetrating gaze. She met it unblushingly.

I felt that we might not get much further.

"Was it?" I said sternly.

"If I remember right, Daddy; of course I can't be *absolutely*——"

"I shall have that report repeated," I snapped.

"Jolly hard," rejoined the child sweetly. "All the mistresses are having their hols and the head marm is leaping up Fuji-Yama or somewhere."

I grasped dwindling dignity with both hands.

"Nothing alters the fact that your report was disgraceful," I said.

"But isn't that extraordinary? I thought is wasn't too bad—for me. I do wish you could remember it. What did it say about geography?"

My mind teemed with words and phrases which might have been, ought to have been, in the report, but which I couldn't be positive were. How confoundedly irritating! Geography—yes, that was it, surely——

"I believe 'very weak' described your geography."

"That's funny."

"Why is it funny?"

"'Cos I didn't do any geography last term. We don't in the 'special.' I thought I'd catch you on that one. Naughty Daddy!"

I realised that no useful purpose would be served by prolonging the interview.

"Go away," I said feebly, "and do better next term."



Haughty Châtelaine (to butcher's boy). "KINDLY ROW ROUND TO THE 'TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE.'"

She gave an ecstatic wriggle.

"How sickening to have worked yourself up for a jaw and then have to simmer down! But of course you mustn't condemn without any evidence, must you, darling?"

Here she lightly kissed the top of my head.

"All forgiven?" she murmured.

"All forgotten," I thought to myself sadly.

Aloud I said, "There, there, run along; I'm very busy."

"Can I have that five bob?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Goodness knows you don't deserve it. Here you are; and post this letter. Justify your existence for once. Run along now."

She ran along with swift grace.

Thanking goodness that that was over I settled down to a little quiet writing—"The Episode of the Shrieking Swordfish"—and, though conscious of no particular inspiration, concocted doggedly for some time until a plunge into the tangle-growth of my desk in quest of fresh paper resulted in a curious discovery.

I found the MS. of "Through Flood and Flame," which I had, as I thought given Averil to post.

How careless——

Surprisingly soon I received a heart-rending note from the Editor of *Tall Stories*.

He said:—

DEAR MR. CARSTAIRS,—I am glad to have had an opportunity of seeing the enclosed prose sketch of a child's school report. From a humorous standpoint it marks a distinct advance on anything you have yet done for us, but after careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that it is not quite in our line and accordingly return it to you herewith. With regards and regrets,

Very truly yours,

HY. HUBBERT,

Editor, *Tall Stories*.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST AT HOME.

XXI.—A DE LUXE PERFORMANCE.

FOR two years, three months and eight days Will Newman and I lived in New York without going to a movie. We went once three or four years ago, in a town outside of New York, to a picture called *Why Marry Your Wife?* and until the night before last we hadn't been since. That we happened to go after so admirable an abstinence is the fault of the man who lives in the apartment next to ours. One day he bought a radio outfit. That evening we listened to the story about *Rabbi the Rabbit;* the next evening we went to the movies. I don't know how we are going to manage the next two or three weeks until the man gives up listening and sets quietly in to tinker with the instruments.

"There is *Peter Pan*," said Will, reading from an evening paper, "'in a De Luxe Performance at the Grand Palace, with the Grand Palace Symphonic Concert Orchestra of thirty-one trained musicians, conducted by Herr Karl Fracus, the internationally famous Hungarian leader, assisted by Zimbolom, the great trombone artist.'"

"Let's telephone them," I suggested, "and ask what time *Peter Pan* appears; we may be able to slip in after Mr. Fracus has gone home."

I got the Grand Palace Movie Emporium on the wire and asked her in very distinct tones at just what time *Peter* was expected. She said, "Eight-thirty," and dropped a brick on the receiver-hook.

At eight-twenty-five we arrived at the theatre.

"You get the tickets," I said to Will; "she's mad with me."

Will asked her if she had two seats on the centre aisle about halfway back. She said she had. Will put down seventy-five cents.

"One-fifty!" said the girl, snatching back the tickets.

"I know it, Mary," said Will patiently, beckoning me to put up another seventy-five cents.

We went inside. It was gorgeously illuminated by thousands of diamonds, each diamond sheltering an electric-light bulb; it was so big that the ZR3 could have been moored in the balcony.

The seats we were assigned turned out to be in the second row, against the right-hand wall. Will was all for going back and suing the woman until I called his attention to the fact that he had merely asked her if she *had* two seats in the middle; she had said she had, and she probably still had them. We sat down.

"Who's this?" said Will.

A man came out on the stage in civilian clothes, holding his hat in both hands; I guessed he must be the manager or somebody connected with the theatre, because these people are all very careful about their hats and never let them get far away. On the rear half of the stage was the Grand Palace Symphonic Concert Orchestra of thirty-one trained musicians and Herr Karl Fracus, the Hungarian leader. Herr Fracus stopped the music and turned politely to listen to the manager, who evidently had something he wanted to say to the audience.

"What's this man got to do with *Peter Pan*?" said Will.

"Maybe he wants to ask if Mr. L. J. Robinson is in the theatre; it won't take a minute."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the manager gaily, "and boys and girls." He was so encouraged by this witticism that he took two more steps away from the wings. "As all of our friends know, but for the benefit of those who don't know it I want to say that every week every Wednesday evening we have here for the entertainment of our patrons what we call Opportunity Night, by which we mean we give an opportunity on one evening every week on Wednesday evening to present to your approval a group of amateur vaudeville stunts, the best stunt to receive a prize of—er—a prize." He repeated this twice without interference; when he started in on the third repetition the audience applauded so vigorously that he was compelled to depart, and the first amateur had her "opportunity."

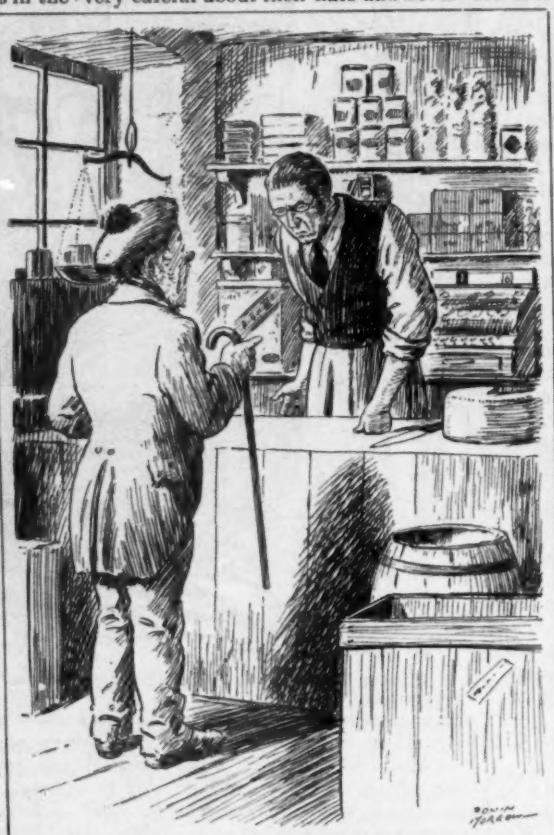
After the sixth stunt all of the performers were lined up on the stage, and the manager, with his hat in one hand and an envelope in the other (which everybody was supposed to think contained a prize), passed behind them, shaking the envelope over each performer's head in turn and judging their relative excellence by the applause of the audience. "The White-faced Fool" got the prize, and they all filed out. (Will suggested that he would feel like a whiter-faced fool than ever when he opened the envelope, but Will is by nature sceptical.) The orchestra appropriately struck up the triumphal march from *Aïda*, and played on it for about fifteen minutes, after which the first trombone was excused to get a drink of water.

The lights were put out and the curtains drawn from in front of the movie screen.

"Why do they have such a hard time getting started on *Peter?*" said Will.

"That's past now," I said philosophically, and we turned our attention to the picture.

It said "Monday: *Sinners in Silk*," and burst into the midst of a grand ball at some extraordinarily wicked place where the dancers were dressed in bathing suits and toy balloons; it showed a villain with a roving eye, and a languid young woman with an adventuress's comb in her hair; then it flicked off and repeated that those who liked could see this million dollar production on Monday at this theatre. On Tuesday was what must have been meant for the sequel; it was called *Sinners in Paradise*, and a rather thrill-



"YOU HAVEN'T USED THE CASH-REGISTER, MR. MCTURK?"
"D'YE THENK I'M GAEIN' TO WEAR IT OOT RINGIN' UP YER MEASLY BAWBEES?"



AT THE PANTOMIME.

"WHY DON'T YOU TURN ROUND, DEAR?"
"BUT IT'S MUCH FUNNIER, MUMMY, WATCHING DADDY AND UNCLE."

ing picture it was to be too. On Wednesday the scene would be shifted to a Florida beach and called *Sand Sinners*. And so on through the week, culminating in a tremendous moral to be given away on Saturday with DANTE'S *Inferno*.

Then the management thought they would spread out a little education and ran through a reel showing briefly the lie of the land in southern Madagascar. After this we saw somebody's daughter break a bottle of grape-juice over the bow of a ship.

I began to think we had got into the wrong theatre. I asked the man sitting next to me if he knew whether they were going to show *Peter Pan*.

"Give 'em time, give 'em time," said he.

I told him I wished to heaven I was a judge and I would.

After a while the spot-light was turned on a stoutish member of the orchestra, who stood up with a very long and silvery cornet and proceeded to play a solo. It was a large theatre, as I have said, and there may have been several little corners up under the roof where the acoustics were bad, or there may have been a few people in the audience who had been regular patrons for so long that they had contracted deafness. At any rate he laid his cornet straight up the shaft of light and fired. The object was to show the crowd how long and loud he could blow without catching his breath, and he was very good at it.

Then a new beam (because there wasn't much left of the old one) was thrown on the first pianist, and he played something that went very fast in the treble and very slowly in the bass, allowing him time to run his left hand through his hair now and then; soon he crossed his hands and played fast with his left and ran his right through his hair.

Will said he was going home now before he hit somebody.

Just as we got our hats the pianist finished his solo. When the applause had died down there was the manager again. He began by saying that for the benefit of those who had not been able to see the announcements of next week's programme . . . Will and I walked boldly up the aisle. By the time we reached the last row of seats there was loud applause, and the manager withdrew.

"Here's *Peter*," said I. "This must be *Peter*, by process of elimination."

Will said he didn't believe it, but we stopped and leaned over the back rail. But the end was not yet. The spot-light was widened and thrown over the entire orchestra of thirty-one trained musicians (though many of them were on sick-leave, which is not surprising), and they all joined in playing a military march, which they ran through with a great deal of expression. We left them playing it the second time *fortissimo*.

Will asked an usher what time *Peter Pan* came on.

"Eight-thirty," she said.

"But," said Will, waving at the orchestra in the spot-light—"but——"

"Oh, the per*for*mance begins at *ten*-thirty."

"Then what 's all this?" cried Will, and he waved both hands.

"This is the De Luxe," said the girl.

We went on home. U. S. A.

INSULARS ABROAD.

V.—*En Voiture.*

In France people take a railway journey seriously; in England we do not. We stroll up to the station a few minutes before the start, take a ticket, jump in and then keep on saying to somebody on the platform, "Well, soon be off now," while they say, "Yes, soon be off now," till we are forcibly separated. I suppose we don't worry because we know we can't go for more than a few hours in any direction without running off the island—except, of course, on the Southern Railway. But in France you take your ticket two days beforehand and, having booked a seat and laid in a store of food, turn up at the station with three hours to spare. You use these three hours in, as the Americans say, "getting together" with your fellow-travellers and telling those people who *will* run it fine by arriving a bare couple of hours before the start that the compartment is full up.

Percival and I "got together" fairly well with the two nuns, the Frenchman and the Italian lady who were in our compartment. They all said they hoped we should have a *voyage tranquille*. Percival in reply made a little speech about the unemployed in England and the income-tax, and touched lightly on international finance. He calls this "propaganda, old man; must show these people that England has troubles too." The Frenchman instantly accepted the challenge—everyone in France, except M. Doumer, knows exactly what M. Doumer ought to do—while one of the nuns tackled me with a *questionnaire* on my age, sex and present attainments. The other, feeling out of it, promptly started up a quarrel with the Italian lady. When the ticket-collector put his head in a little later it was nearly ten minutes before he could make himself heard. The *voyage tranquille* had begun.

I don't know why, but I have always had a wrong impression of French nuns. I thought they lived shut up in a convent or something and called it a great day if they saw a tram-car go past; but I have never yet been on a railway journey in France when there wasn't a nun in the compartment. They seem to gad about like anything. I thought too they were timid ignorant creatures, knowing nothing of the rush and jostle of the outside world, and that it was a kindness to find them a seat or extend them a helping hand. But every one of the numerous nuns I've travelled with had the best corner seats reserved, air-cushions, rugs and a wad of illustrated papers. And as for the rush and jostle of the outside world, well, one of our two collared half Percival's seat as well as her own, and the other sat on my best hat. Quite politely, of course. The French are never rude. She said "*Pardon*," and got off again practically at once. Always the politeness!

My last illusion went when our nuns, who at least, I thought, existed solely on bread and water, suddenly produced a hamper of food about the size of a platoon's daily ration. While Percival and I were eating biscuits and wishing we had a drink the two helpless and abstemious nuns were walking into cold chicken and salad, with a bottle of wine, followed by coffee from a thermos and what looked like a small Grand Marnier each. At intervals during the journey too they unbuckled the hamper again and had a terrific set-to with brandy and lumps of sugar. If that is what they call putting up a snack for the journey I should like to attend a guest-night at the convent. It's a good life, a nun's. I expect we shall meet a few at the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo.

Percival during his conversation was much exercised as to what to call them. It seemed an awful break to call them "Madame." I understand a nun is never "Madame." On the other hand, when he called them "Mademoiselle" they both sat bolt upright as if they could scarcely believe their ears. After all, they looked about fifty, and in France the word "Mademoiselle" instantly calls to mind nineteen years of age, a powder-puff and several yards of stocking in the fashionable "flayed-whelk" shade. I suggested Sister—"Sœur"; but Percival said he simply couldn't keep on saying "Oui, Sœur," "Non, Sœur," "Very good, Sœur," as if he were talking to his late colonel. He compromised at last by calling them "Vous-autres-ici-en-France" when working off the "Propaganda-old-man" on them.

The "Propaganda-old-man," I may say here, has now been given up. It received its death-blow to-day when Percival, having tackled with great success (1) the hotel-porter, who, of course, agreed with everything a guest said; and (2) a waiter, who only spoke Italian and couldn't disagree, started in on a stray bank-clerk. The young fellow listened to the end and then said, "Rather, Sir, I agree absolutely; I come from Guildford myself."

That's the worst of these English-French French-English banks. However, the "Propaganda-old-man" did very well in our railway-carriage till about midnight, when I suggested we should all sleep. The carriage responded enthusiastically by taking off its boots, turning the heat full on and shutting all the windows.

Half-an-hour later Percival and I opened one of the windows and moved stealthily to another compartment situated some two kilometres down the train. We never saw the others again. They probably thought we had fallen out on to the line. At least that would be the only reason they could conceive for the open window.

The next morning we both woke up and found there was a nun in our new carriage. She had an enormous basket on her knees, out of which she was eating a light breakfast of ham, bread, hard-boiled egg and hot chocolate.

A. A.

A QUESTION OF DEGREE.

[At some American universities it is now possible for girls to take a course which enables them to graduate as certificated brides and write the letters C.B. after their names.]

When Jane and I were plighted
She vowed to do her best
To show that she requited
The fervour I'd expressed,
To make herself more worthy
Of my pronounced regard
(A vow that won for her the
Approval of the bard).

It seemed a good idea
That led her to decide
That she would come to me a
Certificated Bride,
Who, thanks to skilled preparing
And diligence, could claim
The privilege of wearing
C.B. behind her name.

My Jenny thereupon ducked
(Or plunged) in Learning's pool;
From cookery to conduct
She studied every rule;
She conned the earlier text-books
Voracious and entranced,
Then clamoured for the next books
(A little more advanced).

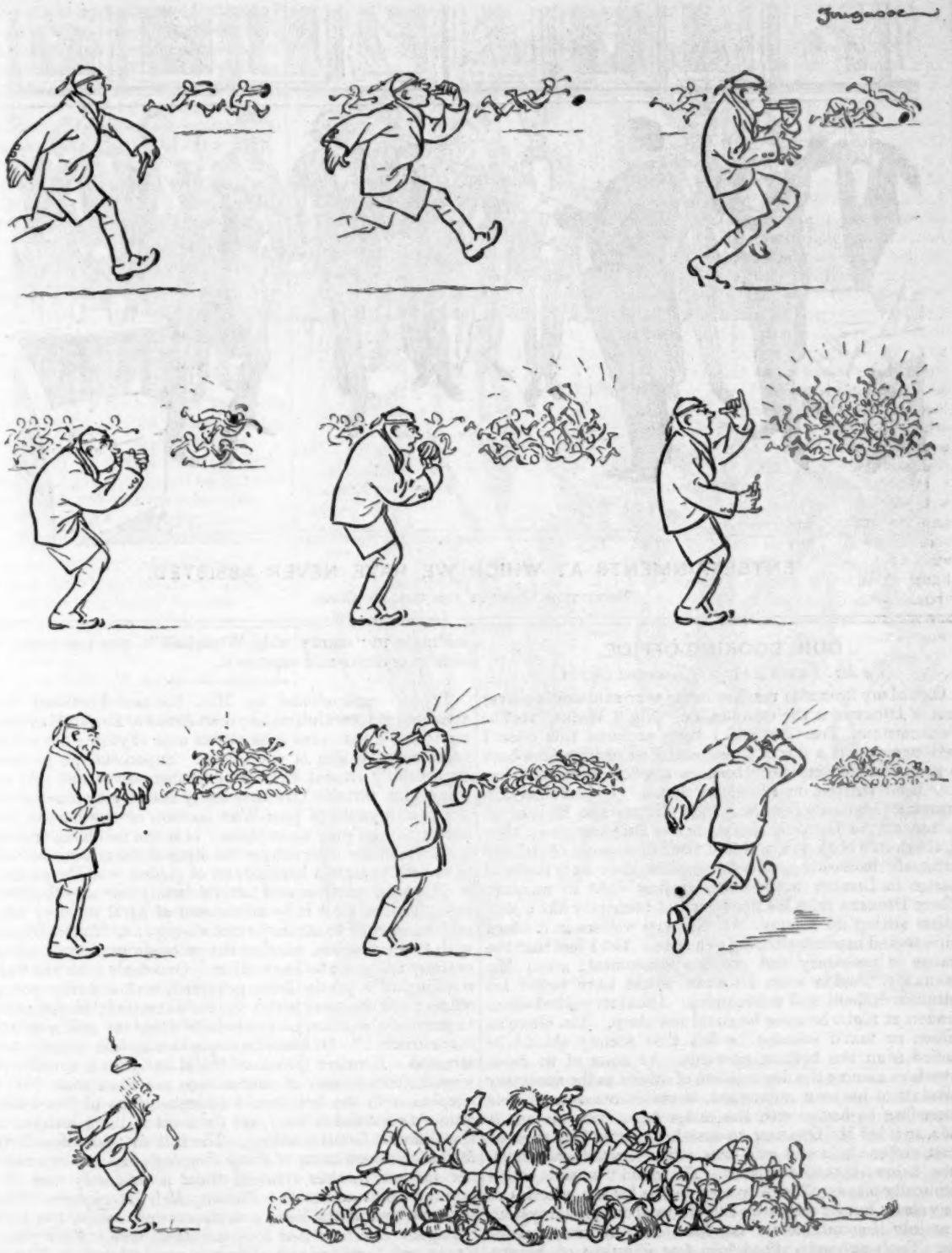
She passed, of course, with honour,
But when the lists were out
At once there broke upon her
The dawning of a doubt;
Was I a wise selection
For any girl who'd got
Approximate perfection?
No, frankly, I was not.

Not mine, without the gaining
Of academic plumes,
The properties pertaining
To graduated grooms;
And all my joy was thus banned;
She deemed that my degree
(If any) as a husband
Was simply N.D.G.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"'Metastasic,' by Tom Secondo."

A close relation of Tom Primo, who wrote another book of the same name.



THE WHISTLE THAT JAMMED.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

RECITATION NIGHT AT THE GARRICK CLUB.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of my favourite reaches in the ever-exhilarating river that is DICKENS is the essay called "Night Walks," in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. If I have explored this once I have explored it a dozen times, and I have just gone back to it with added curiosity because a whole new book has now been written on the same theme. If you read Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S *London Nights* (HURST AND BLACKETT) on top of the DICKENS essay; or the DICKENS essay after M. GRAHAM'S book, you will find their divergence of attitude extremely interesting, and far greater than any material change in London would seem at first sight to warrant. Where DICKENS rides his dark flood of humanity like a jolly bather sitting on a buoy, Mr. GRAHAM welters in it like a shipwrecked mariner clinging to a spar. Yet I feel that the change is necessary and not temperamental: given Mr. GRAHAM'S London even DICKENS would have found his optimism difficult and unbecoming. DICKENS walked about London at night because he could not sleep. Mr. GRAHAM walked or taxi'd because he felt that society should be studied from the bottom upwards. As none of us dares nowadays assume the degradation of others as the necessary postulate of his own refinement, it strikes me as a sensible proceeding to begin with the under-dog; even though it leads, as it led Mr. GRAHAM, to doss-houses and City churchyards, coffee-stalls and café-bars, street-shelters and night-clubs, fishmarkets and prisons. He found "what is called technically pleasure" largely responsible for the miseries of every class; but he sets down the War and our prison system as mainly accountable for London's crop of human derelicts. Such subjects afford him few glimpses of beauty and little scope for delicate writing. But wherever beauty exists—at dawn on the water-front at Wapping or at midnight in "empty wide Whitehall"—you can count on him to perceive and express it.

I have read stories by Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES that attracted me more intimately than *Bread of Deceit* (HUTCHINSON); but if you want a quick run over anything but pedestrian country this is your book. Superficial people seen superficially are not interesting in themselves, and I do not think Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES really knows very much about the golden youth of post-War London or the harpies and parasites who prey upon them. It is the technical address with which she interweaves the lives of these two sections of society against a background of golden youth's puzzled middle-aged relatives and faithful family servants that tells here, fortified as it is by an element of lurid mystery kept up long enough to attain its tantalising end. The tale opens with two prologues, relating the proceedings of two couples entirely unknown to each other. One deals with the war-wedding of a pretty Irish governess and a flashy young officer; and the other with a mother's successful intervention to prevent the union of her heiress daughter and a decent "detrimental." Of these two episodes certain aspects are stressed. *Rosaleen Quinlan's* bridal hat with a cornflower wreath (cornflowers of course were not worn after 1914), coupled with the best man's apprehensions of the bridegroom's essential villainy, are the most striking features of the *Quinlan-Lovell* wedding. The fact that penniless *Tony Melville* did not know of *Kitty Fleming's* expectations until her tactless mother divulged them is evidently the important point about the *Fleming-Melville* rupture. The well-dowered *Kitty* loses a disinterested suitor, the self-indulgent *Lovell* is tied to a penniless wife. Four years elapse and *Lovell*, supposed to be unencumbered, is *Kitty's* wooer. What has become of *Rosaleen* and her wreath of cornflowers? What has become of *Melville*? What has

become of the apprehensive best man? Will *Kitty's* marriage to *Lovell* take place without intervention from any of these quarters? Well, perhaps you can supply the answer to the last question; I did myself. But I defy you to foretell the intrinsic and extrinsic excitements that attend the solution of the others.

In *Dear Ducks* (DUCKWORTH)—you'll forgive,
I trust, an inadvertent quip
Which can't be called indicative
Of LYNN DOYLE'S polished workmanship—
In *Dear Ducks* (let me start again)
LYNN DOYLE, who's done it twice before, is
Back in his Ballygullion vein
With further *Patrick Murphy* stories.

Those who have read his earlier books
Will need for this no praise of mine,
Because they'll be on tenterhooks
Until they've wolfed its every line;
Those who have not should understand
That Irish wit as here presented
Is totally unlike the brand
By various amateurs invented.

His speech is full of happy turns,
Not of the "Och! bejabers" kind;
In those who use it one discerns
The offspring of a nimble mind;
The schemes they weave to help a friend—
They're born of mirth to shrewdness married—
All make you hurry to the end
And, when you've got there, wish you'd tarried.

About ten years ago a large size in bird books appeared, written and illustrated by Mr. ARCHIBALD THORBURN and published by LONGMANS, GREEN in a sequence of four parts. It was called *British Birds*, and, though it was costly, the first impressions of it are, I'm told, still more costly to-day, when the same combination of artist-author and publisher gives us another book of the same title (but at half the cost), which too is being issued in four volumes. The artistic difference between the two editions—I assume that the latest volume (No. 2) of the new one is a sample of the whole four—seems, on comparison, to be that in the earlier production every bird that can be called British appears, grouped for the most part, in the beautifully coloured plates, and each one has a separate page or so of particulars all to itself; but in the new edition I find that, while the letterpress deals, as before, with each bird separately and even in rather more detail than did its predecessor, the illustrations, though profuse and, of course, sumptuously coloured, omit certain specimens. Nevertheless the later illustrations are to be preferred to the earlier, since the subjects appear singly or in much smaller groups, and consequently a more artistic effect is possible; for instance, the kingfisher in the book I am now admiring is a perfect little blue diamond, whereas his great-grandfather, or whoever sat to Mr. THORBURN about 1914, possibly because he hated being in a crowd of commoners, doesn't look nearly so happy and at home. The present edition will naturally be of a far handier size than the earlier one; and, if my compliments to Mr. THORBURN'S illustrations have been more implied than direct, I hasten to say that he here gives us of his very best; so now you know.

I yield to none in admiration for Sir HARRY JOHNSTON



Teacher. "WHEN IS YOUR LITTLE BROTHER COMING TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL, ALFRED?"
Alfred. "PLEASE, MISS, MOTHER DON'T WISH 'IM TO TAKE UP RELIGION JUST YET."

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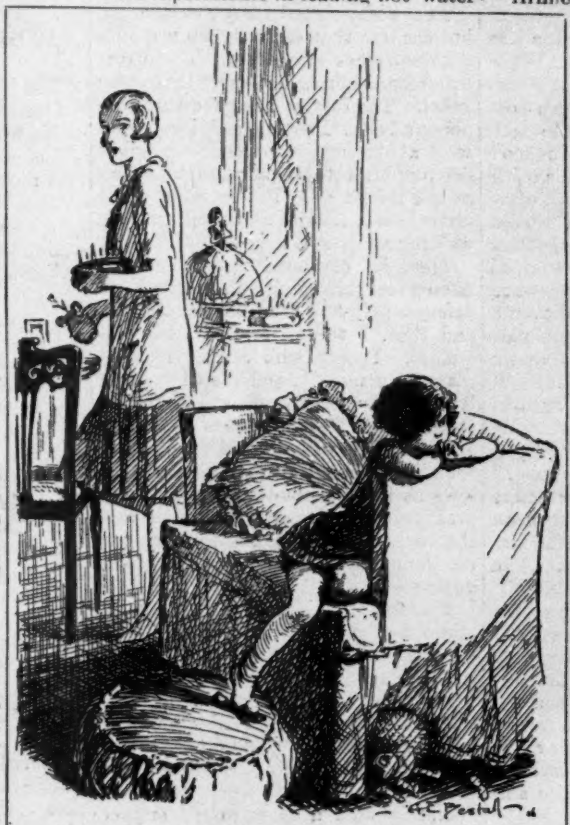
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INSULARS ABROAD.

VI.—THE MONTE CARLO CATCH.

MONTE CARLO may have other distinctions, but in my mind it stands out as the only place in the world where I have ever seen one of those patient amateur fishermen (pictured in that poem, "Still Life," which appeared in *Punch's* last issue) of the type that lines the banks of the Seine, or the Regent's Park Canal, or the piers and harbours of England and France, actually catch a fish.

The excitement on this occasion was worthy of the landing of a shark. When it became definitely certain that something was hooked, a small boy in a boat having rowed out to verify the fact, practically the whole life of Monaco's harbour was suspended. All the other fishermen stopped work and came round; ships lashed to the wharf turned out their crews, neighbouring cafés their supporters; every passer-by stopped and leant on the parapet or crowded round the hero of the hour, and even a passing tram drew up while the passengers stood on the seats. Boats were seen putting off from craft lying out in the harbour, and everywhere fond mothers were bringing their offspring along at the double to see the wonder. "*Regardez, donc, le poisson, ma petite!*" Half the principality was there before one could turn round, and in a corner a row had started up between a mandolin-player and a concertina-soloist as to who saw the crowd first.

In the meantime the playing of the fish had commenced. So intense was the fisherman's preoccupation that one would have thought it was Thursday evening in the old monastery and nothing in the larder. Slowly he wound up, let out, wound up, playing the catch with an infinity of skill. Everybody who could see was giving advice and most of those who couldn't.

When at last the fish could be seen and the excitement and noise redoubled, Percival said it was only the bait; but I said I thought it was a real fish, though it was difficult to tell without having it close up—say a couple of feet off—for it certainly was small. Even under the rules of the Tiddler-hunters' Saturday Afternoon Piscatorial Society it would have had to be returned to the water.

But to a Monagasque crowd size was a mere nothing. The idea was the thing. A Fish had been caught. That was enough. *Vive le pêcheur!* *

At last the fisherman got it close up and, putting out all his skill, landed it on the quay. It was solemnly unhooked and lay there gasping in the midst of a respectful circle. Percival and I felt we ought to take our hats off.

Then came the tragedy. As the eager populace surged from behind to get a view, a stout man in the front row was precipitated violently forward and *trod on The Fish.*

His feet flew up into the air and he struck the quay with his left ear, while The Fish torpedoed suddenly back into the sea.

I have seen a good many rows abroad, but the one that started then was in a different class altogether. There was a moment's horrified silence; then came babel. The fury of the fisherman rose above all else. People, he shrieked, who went about treading on other people's fish oughtn't to be allowed to watch people fish at all. People who didn't know how to admire a fine fish without walking all over it were only fit for . . .

Then he of the damaged left ear, having recovered a bit, broke in with his defence. He had been hurt by the fall, and that, I think, improved his eloquence. People who caught fish, he roared truculently, and then left them lying about where people would step on them oughtn't to be allowed to handle a rod. People who were so blind to any thought of consideration for their fellows as to go about strewing the quay practically ankle-deep with fish and then expecting people not to touch one of them inadvertently with a foot, oughtn't to . . .

The first man's voice at this point triumphed once more. He had been a bit taken aback at the other's answering him at all, but now got going on a more direct line. People with faces like some people, he yelled, above the noise of the crowd, would do anything, even down to strolling about on a privately owned whale. They would deliberately kick a poor man's supper into the sea the moment his back was turned . . .

Then the opponent got his second wind and started again. People with faces like a cinder-track, he shrieked, accepting the challenge on the new ground of facial disparagement, oughtn't to be suffered to catch fish. Not that this fish had been caught. His personal belief was that it had been tied on to the line beforehand . . .

Then their voices were drowned by the crowd, which had by now sorted itself out into sides, some being pro-fisherman and some pro-spectator, while there was a small but compact centre-party which appeared to be pro-fish.

When an infuriated face was thrust at us, demanding if we didn't think it was scandalous, we decided to leave.

As we left the local police arrived in force and began to urge their way into the centre of the throng, ostensibly to stop the row, but primarily to satisfy their own curiosity as to what it was about and, if it seemed a good-looking sort of argument, to take a part in it.

A. A.

* Taken by Percival to mean "May the ungodly flourish!"

"THE IMPLACABLE."

(*Formerly "Duguay-Trouin."*)

(*Air*—"Oh, Boney was a Warrior.")

SHE sailed agin Lord NELSON—
Away-ay-oh!
All taut from truck to keelson—
John Franswaw!
The bloke whose name she carried
Our ships had often harried.
He was a dandy fighter,
Likewise was none politer;
A regular true blue 'un,
The Admiral DUGUAY-TROUIN!
She sailed agin Lord NELSON,
Oh, she was there with bells on!
But she didn't have no luck there;
A prisoner she was took there.*
Her name and flag she chang-ed,
But still the seas she rang-ed,
Until the fighting nations
Sought peaceful occupations.
She kept on gettin' older;
Her ribs began to moulder.
She 's due for overhaulin'
To fit her for her callin'
Of learnin' lads their duty
To England, home and beauty.
So may we soon be'old her
Afore she gets much older
As taut from truck to keelson—
Away-ay-oh!
As when she fought Lord NELSON—
John Franswaw! C. F. S.

* * *

Mr. Punch, who recently joined in an appeal for £25,000 to save *H.M.S. Implacable* and fit her out as a holiday training-ship for boys, will shortly report on the state of the fund subscribed. More than enough has been raised to prevent her destruction, but a considerable amount is still required for her fitting out. Contributions should be sent to Sir VINCENT BADDELEY, K.C.B., Midland Bank (Westminster Branch), Wesleyan Hall, S.W.1.

"'Valve Triste' (Sibelius)."
Wireless Programme.

Always a popular turn.

"Apparently it is an accepted theory that by damning the Mersey and the Dee, heating and power to the equivalent of millions of tons of coal per annum would be harnessed for the citizens of Merseyside."—*Liverpool Paper.*

It seems superfluous to damn the Dee.

* Shantyman's licence: she was really captured after STRACHAN's action of Nov. 2-4.



ONE THING AT A TIME.

MALCONTENTS. "TO THE PLANK! TO THE PLANK!"

M. BRIAND. "I'M RATHER BUSY JUST NOW. KINDLY POSTPONE THAT DIVERSION TILL THE SHIP IS CLEAR OF THE ROCKS."

[According to the latest reports the Captain seems to have temporarily appeased these gentlemen.]



Child (to doctor who is making long and careful examination of her spine). "IF YOU 'RE TRYING TO FIND MY TUMMY IT 'S ON THE OTHER SIDE."

"SOCIETY" CORRESPONDENCE.

"A WASH-OUT."—You have no legal remedy. If you insist on being taken in a group by flashlight at a Hunt Ball you have only yourself to thank for the ghastly spectacle which you present in the photographic Press for the entertainment of the public.

"EXCELSIOR."—You are anxious to appear in what the suburbs imagine to be the social whirl? Nothing simpler. You have only to go to Cannes and hang about on the Beau Site tennis-courts in the neighbourhood of one of the hardy annuals, and some fine day, if you keep on smiling nicely at the camera-man, you will be mentioned in despatches. Your obscurity should not stand in your way. Lots of people who figure in these photographs of "Society on the Côte d'Azur" have never been heard of at home.

"SOUTHWARD HO!"—We sympathise with your desire to escape from the rigours of our climate to the balmy air of the Sunny South. Have you thought of Naples? Do not be put off by any accounts you may read of winter sports on the slopes of Vesuvius. The temperature in the immediate vicinity of the boiling crater still remains well above zero Centigrade.

"BEHIND THE VEIL."—You may be right in thinking that the private life of public characters ought not to be exposed in the Press. Yet to a certain type of mind it is comforting to know that our great men have their human weaknesses. Take the case you mention of Sir PHILIP SASSOON, so notable a figure in the War. You speak of a woman gossip-writer who reports the rumour (without specifying which of his servants supplied the information) that Sir PHILIP has adopted the vogue of sleeping in coloured sheets. The thought that this hardened warrior has his softer and more womanly side should touch many a heart below-stairs or in other places where this kind of news is devoured.

"INDIVIDUALIST."—The trouble with the old "cloche" hat (the name is now, of course, *démodé*, though the general form remains) was the difficulty of giving a note of distinction to a shape that lent itself to mass-production. This difficulty can be overcome by means of a pinch or dent or tuck. These individual touches, which reflect the wearer's personality, secure her hat from being copied on blocking-machines for the benefit of outer West Kensington.

"SHORN LAMB."—Your dislike of the Borstal Crop for evening wear is easy to understand, and we appreciate the difficulty you find in growing enough fresh hair between six and eight P.M. to cover the indecent nudity of your shaven nape. Why not try some of those attachable coils ("*postiches*"), which can be stuck on with an indiarubber pin? If you haven't stored the harvest of your own crop you can buy somebody else's at any good hairmonger's. ED.

Our Amateur Test Selectors.

"England wants no player who does not take the field without complete confidence in himself and his side."—*Sunday Paper.*

"In consequence of the glamour caused by the banishment of Crown Prince Charles, marital law has been proclaimed in parts of Rumania."—*Liverpool Paper.*

There are times when we wish it could be proclaimed here.

AERONAUTICS.

IV.

ONE of those complicated nightmares known as fleet exercises was taking place. Two enemy submarines were known to be in the vicinity and our flight was carrying out an anti-submarine patrol over the fleet as it steamed along in line ahead. Even a dummy bomb being liable to damage a submarine in the unlikely event of its hitting her, we were supplied with red-coloured lights, which we were to fire from a pistol at the moment when we would in real life have been dropping a bomb—an excellent arrangement from our point of view, since no one would be in a position to correct us when we claimed a direct hit at the conference afterwards. We carried also a white distress light in case our engine failed and we had to make a forced landing on the flying-deck of the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier.

Submarines are easy enough to see from the air if you happen to be right over them, but very hard if you aren't, and I had been searching the sea diligently for some ten minutes before Charles's voice booming down the voice-pipe distracted my attention.

"Did you know it's the P.M.O.'s birthday to-day?" he asked.

"No, I didn't," I answered shortly.

"Well, it is," triumphantly remarked Charles.

I was a bit annoyed; it was hard enough to keep concentrated without these frivolous interruptions.

"I don't see what on earth it's got to do with us," I answered crossly, "even if the whole ship's company had birthdays."

A chuckle rattled on my eardrums. "It's only that he promised to put up bubbly in the wardroom this morning," observed Charles; "and if you don't buck up and find those two submarines we shall be too late for it."

"If only you'd shut up——" I began. And then suddenly I saw it. Down below us, submerged with only its periscope showing above water, was a huge green fish, motionless, invisible in all probability to anything but aeroplanes. From her position I judged she was about to fire her torpedoes, and she was close enough to the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier to be pretty certain of a hit unless something happened rapidly.

"Quick, Charles!" I shouted, pointing furiously downwards; and as we began to dive steeply I whipped out a pistol and let fly with a light.

I have done this game several times before, and as a general rule the ships don't bother to turn away to avoid the torpedoes until too late. Maybe they don't believe us until they see the submarine themselves; or maybe, though this I am loth to think, a couple of hits being held on paper to put them out of action, they are not sorry to be able to drop out of the exercise.

Perhaps, however, the V.L.A.C. had more confidence in her own aeroplanes than the rest of the fleet; anyway she wasted no time in turning away; and just as well, for as she turned under full helm and increased speed the submarine fired four torpedoes, all of which missed.

"Pretty smart, that," observed Charles. "Now, if you'll only buck up and find the other one we'll be in time for the P.M.O.'s champagne yet."

"You seem to think of nothing but drink, Charles," I said reprovingly. "Instead of rejoicing at the perfect accord just manifested between ship and aeroplane you are concerned solely with the prospect of free wine."

Charles's voice was almost apologetic. "The modern tendency, old boy," he answered. "Even you yourself are only half an ancient. If I remember right, your conduct the other day was not altogether free from——"

Luckily I was able to interrupt Charles's excursions into my past. "Look at the ship," I said. "She's got our number up and the signal to land on. The other submarine must have fired her torpedoes somewhere else in the line, or perhaps they've washed



Hostess (by way of putting nervous miniature painter at his ease). "NOW DO TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR TEENY-WEENY WORK."

the rest of the show out. That turn 's just put her nicely into wind too."

"Fine," observed Charles shortly as he throttled down. "Fizz."

We made a perfect landing, and as the machine came to rest on the deck the Wing-Commander came bustling up.

"Good bit of work, that, Sir," I said enthusiastically.

Wings held a hand up to his ear to shut out the noise of the engine.

"What 's that?" he yelled.

"Very smart turn you made, Sir," I shouted back; "dodged all four 'mouldies' beautifully."

Wings came a bit nearer. "What 's the matter?" he yelled.

I decided to keep my compliments until we could hear ourselves speak.

"Nothing, Sir," I shouted reassuringly.

"WHAT?"

I gathered myself for a final effort and leant over the fuselage.

"NOTHING!" I shouted.

Wings' face went a dark purple. "Then what the devil did you fire a white light for?" he screamed. "You don't suppose we've turned into wind and landed you on just for fun? As for your beastly torpedoes, I never saw them."

I examined the pistols with a sinking heart. There was no doubt about it. And just as I was about to suggest that the ship would not have turned so quickly had I not made the mistake, there were two faint but distinct bumps; and as the ship swept on there arose in her wake two pools of oil, in the middle of each of which lay a torpedo, its dummy head crushed in by the shock of impact and its calcium recognition flare blazing triumphantly.

"You 'll go up again now," shouted Wings furiously, "and stay up till all the torpedoes are found and hoisted in by the destroyers. And I hope they take a long time about it."

And as we soared up again to locate the stray torpedoes Charles put the finishing-touch to my discomfiture.

"Finish fizz," he remarked laconically.

"To guard deep-sea cables from the attack of the teredo, a submarine insect, every inch of which has to be wrapped in brass tape."—*New Zealand Paper.*

It seems to us a mistake to coddle the creature like this.

THIS COMING YEAR.

I FIND that by an unpardonable oversight Mr. Punch has omitted to give his readers any forecast of the probable



AN INFLATED MARKET.

course of events during 1926. What is likely to happen during this fateful year? In the first place my relations in foreign countries, especially Cousin Frederick (Persia), will, I hope, continue to be friendly. At home, on the other hand, there will be a good deal of

SOCIAL UNREST.

With some this will take the form of waving red flags, with others of nervously adjusting white ties. In my own case it will chiefly consist in wondering whether I ought now to stop talking to Mrs. X, and if, in that event, I shall have to go on and talk to Mrs. Y. I shall also frequently stroke the top of my head because of that awkward tuft of hair which will not stick down. At any rate I absolutely refuse to dine with the Guildenstern-Smiths. . . .

So much for social conditions. What now is the

TRADE OUTLOOK?

Trade is a curious thing. One might suppose that, since there are always a large number of people wanting to buy things and always a great many people, to judge by the advertisements, eager to sell things, trade would not alter much from year to year. But one would suppose wrong. In some years trade suffers from a tendency which may be most clearly represented by the following diagram:



In other years the tendency is startlingly reversed, in the following manner:



The reason of this curious state of affairs appears to be that, however eagerly people may desire things, their desire does not last so long as the people who wish to sell things hope and imagine that it will. They therefore manufacture too many things and have to bury or burn what they cannot get rid of, or throw it away.

This tendency may be illustrated by taking the example of coloured neckties and fancy footwear which fill the hosiers' shops in alarming variety and profusion. There is at all times a great eagerness on the part of men to purchase rainbow-coloured socks and ties, but this eagerness is so much exaggerated in the minds of manufacturers that they continually produce numbers of ties and socks in which nobody would be seen dead. A very sad ceremony therefore takes place after every holiday season, when small sailing vessels are chartered and filled with cargoes of



"WOMEN DO NOT UNDERSTAND CRICKET."

unsuccessful socks and ties and then set on fire and pushed out to sea, after the manner of the old Anglo-Saxon funerals.

Since trade has been very bad for some time it is calculated that 1926 will be a boom year, that is to say, if trade has reached the bottom of its periodical slope and begins to rise (*see* Diagram A); if trade has not reached the bottom of the slope this year will be a slump year (*see* B). Nobody, it seems, can prevent trade as a whole from behaving in this peculiar manner, although it is the business of politicians and newspapers to pretend that they can. The same is true of expert advice and a skidding motor-car.

With regard however to specific industries, I prophesy for 1926 a certain amount of

TROUBLE IN THE COAL INDUSTRY.

This industry has got into a bad way lately owing to the neglect of my simple advice, which is to conscribe it. Every young man ought to serve two years in the coal pits compulsorily, so that in the case of a national emergency, which is another name for a general strike of the trades unions, he could be recalled to the collieries. Once we admit, as most of us do, that peace has its annoyances no less disagreeable than those of war, the value of this method of solving the coal problem will be seen by all young men. I am only sorry that I am not young enough myself to hew.



COMPULSORY SERVICE IN THE MINES. INSTRUCTION IN THE GRIP.

Meanwhile, under the present system of paying for the extraction of coal, there will be a

DEFICIT IN THE BUDGET.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's forethought in placing a tax on silk stockings has unhappily been countered by the manufacture of Russian boots, in conjunction with which it is only necessary to wear a pink silk bandage round the knee. This deficit in the Budget will probably be met by a tax on all leather worn above the ankle, and the tax will be countered in its turn either by crinolines, Turkish trousers or etchings on the natural skin.

All things considered, I give as my opinion that the old country will stagger safely through the winter and spring, and arrive in due course at

THE TEST MATCHES.

A word must be said here about the very wise provision made by Australia in not permitting the wives of their chosen representatives to accompany them to England. The Australians realise that women do not understand cricket and are capable of seeing in it nothing but a game. The Australians refuse therefore to have soft hands clinging to the pad-buckle in this great crisis of their national life. It would be well if England followed them and refused to allow women to occupy seats as spectators during the great Test games. There is, in my opinion, a definite limit to female intelligence. As tennis-players, Cabinet Ministers, journalists, golfers, doctors, mah-jongg players and lawyers women have proved their worth, but not as spectators of cricket. Few can keep a bowling analysis. Many have the most perfunctory notion of inspecting the pitch during the interval. Amongst the chorus of congratulation which rises at a supposed catch when the ball has been hit hard upon the ground, it is the feminine voice which predominates. Scarcely any woman that I know can distinguish between two Yorkshire professionals at the wickets, unless one has a cap on and the other has not. I look forward with confidence to the exclusion of women from cricket-grounds during the representative matches in 1926.

I find that I have forgotten to make any prediction with regard to our

NATIONAL HEALTH AND MORALS.

As to the former, I have very little to say. I take it that the range of diseases will be largely extended during 1926, as in previous years, by the discovery of new germs for those who desire to possess them, though this will not prevent the more old-fashioned amongst us from contracting or retaining the old time-honoured complaints.

Whether there is likely to be a crime wave it is difficult to determine in advance. The sudden death of a satellite of H.M. Income-Tax Commission in an outlying suburb of the Metropolis will certainly cause a few weeks' sensation at the end of this month, but I have not the slightest doubt that a jury of my fellow-countrymen will acquit me triumphantly on the grounds of justifiable homicide.

I have no

RUBBER SHARES.

I only wish I had.

EVOE.

BROKEN-HEARTED.

. . . No, thank you, Cook;
I think I'd sooner stay
Under the sofa. No, don't want to play.
I couldn't, really. Never mind my ball.
A run? No, thank you. Dreffful sad—that 's all.
They 've both gone off and didn't say good-bye!
I *won't* be comforted, so please don't try.
Rotten, I call it . . . simply . . . rotten.

* * * *

Oo!
I must have been asleep; I'm hungry too.
Why, hullo, Cook! All right, I 'll come and see.
Wait till I 've stretched. You 've something nice for me
Out in the kitchen? Yes, I 'll run and look
Under the table. . . . *What* a bone!
Oh, Cook!

In Ireland Now.

"At a meeting held at Tullamore to demand the release of the political prisoners in Northern Ireland the following resolution was passed:—'That we view with regret and disappointment, and strongly protest against, the continued improvement of our fellow-countrymen by the Government of the Six Counties.'"
Irish Paper.

"A highly successful dinner was held last night at the —— Club in honour of St. Andrew's Day. Mr. A. —— presided and gave the toast of 'The Land o' Caskes.'"
Indian Paper.

We fancy we can guess the source of his inspiration.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

THE LOVE-SONG OF J. ERNEST ODOL.

(*After Mr. T. S. ELIOT.*)

COME with me, then; let us go
Where the sunset is spread out upon the snow
Like a crab articulated upon a table;
Come with me through certain unfrequented ways
Where no band plays
To slack-legged visitors at cheap hotels
Where day goes out with dinner-bells,
And all things wait for summer
And that gay new-comer
Who will infest with multitudinous feet
The *Plage* of this now somnolent retreat.

In the room the women eat their jelly
Prating of BOTTICELLI.

And for us there is still time,
For the snow lies on the hills in swathes
Like bandages in an operating-theatre.
There is still time, there is still time
To see that straddling lobster, the high sun,
Split on the plate of evening;
Time for me and time for you,
And time yet for a thousand new sensations
And for a hundred yellow exultations
Before we sip again that deadening brew.

In the room the women eat their jelly
Prating of BOTTICELLI.

Ah! I have known them in my smallest bones.
They will come up to you with dace-like eyes
And murmur phrases of assumed surprise
And patter on in elegant undertones,
Pouring the golden moments into seas
Of dull vacuities.

I should have been the fangs of a grey beast
Fleshing and unfleshing in green glooms.
I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
They are wearing their ties made up, I am told.

No, I am not great CÆSAR, or MICHELANGELO,
Or that sick pierrot, ranting *Romeo*;
Though I have seen side-whiskers grow on squires;
And in the midnight a tomcat's desires
Flourish in song unlovely.

But would it have been reasonable, after all,
To let a silence fall
Terribly in the chatter and not stoop?
After the cocktails and the vigorous soup,
The roast saddle-of-mutton and the jelly
(Don't you think he 's lovely, BOTTICELLI?)
Would it have been reasonable, do you think,
To have lifted to the mocking spirit a wink
And smiled and said,
"I am the ghost of Mr. W. T. STEAD,
But I have been used badly
By Mr. DENNIS BRADLEY"?

Shall I wear my pants or skirts? Is it safe to eat a
plum?
I shall wear a cotton waistcoat and beat a penny
drum.
I have seen the mermaids scrambling in the scum.
I have seen them drifting and lifting in their pride,
Lovely in their glamorous play upon the running tide,
And the south wind saw them and the south wind
sighed.

But the evening, the evening is so quiet,
And out there are no coffee-spoons and chatter,
But the serene snow and the down-drifting sun.
Let us go out, then; it is no matter
To murmur words; the meal is nearly done. W. K. S.

NON-ALCOHOLIC INTOXICATION.

(*By our Medico-Political Correspondent.*)

THE British Medical Association has appointed a Committee of medical practitioners, police surgeons and stipendiary magistrates to establish a satisfactory test for drunkenness.

The task of these experts would be easier if there were any exact definition of inebriation. The Committee will no doubt take a large view and design a test with a broad mesh that will let through those who cannot walk but are capable of playing chess, and those who cannot recall their home address but are capable of walking to anybody else's.

A point which will probably be brought forward by the stipendiary magistrates is the extraordinary prevalence of drunkenness which does not arise from the excessive consumption of alcohol. Summarising the defence in thousands of cases tried by them, they will be able to testify that invariably when individuals are convicted of behaving as if they were blotto they have never partaken of anything more than three or four small glasses of beer over a long period. A classic example of this was the man whom a constable found on a wet night lying in the gutter under the impression that he was a slug—a delusion which had followed a little light wine (diluted) at dinner and one liqueur.

That alcohol plays a small part in intoxication is borne out by the result of a discreet questionnaire which I put to a number of banqueteers, ninety-three per cent. of whom replied that on the occasions on which they had come to grief it was always attributable to the ice-pudding. Clearly then the Council's test should have a certain intelligent elasticity, otherwise gentlemen may find themselves charged with being drunk and disorderly whenever they are upset by a Pêche Melba. Indigestion is not yet a social offence in this country.

If the Committee take their task seriously they will have enormous difficulty in fixing a test which will differentiate between allowable and disallowable intoxication. For instance, if you tempt Jones to tell you how he beat bogey at the twelfth, his eyes dilate, his speech grows loud and incoherent, he becomes foolishly gay, for all the world as if alcohol were playing havoc with his central nervous system. When he is in this condition a test would probably bowl him out, and, though I think he ought to be fined, nevertheless it should be done on purpose and not through a misapprehension.

Again, the only way to account for Bulge (one of our club bores who "never touches anything") is that he is by nature inebriated. It is all Major White-Seeley can do in a prolonged and industrious session to drink himself into a condition the equivalent of Bulge's disgusting state of sobriety. There are thousands of Bulges walking about, and, if talking nonsense and acting foolishly are criteria, would fail to pass any test. For example, the Volstead Prohibition Law in the U.S.A. was passed by gentlemen who, serene in the knowledge that no alcohol with its toxic action was blunting their higher faculties, imagined that they were sober.



Mistress. "TELL ME, GREY—YOU 'VE BEEN IN SERVICE A LONG WHILE—WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THIS DIFFICULT SERVANT PROBLEM?"

Grey. "WELL, MADAM, SINCE YOU ASK ME, IT 'S LIKE THIS: YOU 'RE GOING DOWN, AND WE 'RE COMING UP."

Further, there is a Pirandelloesque aspect of the question. Take a free-lance journalist whose article has been accepted. Immediately he feels himself to be more important. No longer is he a hack, but a potential publicist, the writer of powerful weekly articles, with photograph. The illusion grows and becomes real, and a couple of tots is sufficient to set him talking through his hat in italics.

On the other hand, a rejected article sends him out in the *rôle* of a thwarted genius, and in this illusory condition—no less unreal than the former—he becomes obstreperous over a lingering tankard. What test is there that will discriminate between the genuine debauchee and him—that is, the real "him"—whose dereliction is solely due to his having received a proof (or a rejection slip) on an empty stomach?

These and others are points for the British Medical Association's nominees to ponder over. Let us hope that they will discover a humane formula and not too readily put a harsh construction on eccentric behaviour nor condemn a man too hastily for absentmindedness and confused association of ideas such as may make him endeavour to light his pipe at the bathroom tap.

Sport on the Floods.

"The Prince of Wales and Prince Henry were out punting with the Quorn pack to-day."—*Evening Paper.*

"Some of the drawbacks to having a name well known to the general public were given to-day by Mr. George Bernard Shaw."
On whose authority? *Liverpool Paper.*



Bohemian (to patron). "DON'T SIT ON THAT CHAIR, SIR; IT'S BROKEN."

HOW TO WRITE FOR A LIVING.

II.

IN an earlier article on this subject I showed, it will be remembered (or not), that the best way to write for a living was with the pencil. Flushed with the success of this article and encouraged particularly by the congratulations of a firm of pencil-makers, I take up my pencil (one of the half-dozen so kindly presented to me by this firm as a mark of their appreciation) to discuss the question from another important angle, viz. how to go about the daily job of writing for a living.

The young man who is about to enter this profession must be careful not to be misled by studying the habits of the already very successful authors, because these do not indicate the way they got on so much as the way they keep on going on after they have got on, if you know what I mean. For instance, you might think that the secret of inspiration was a pair of gorgeous pyjamas and a dazzling dressing-gown; but there is no truth in this. You might think that the short-cut to success was to spend your days and nights at social functions and the more expensive night clubs; but you will soon know that this is the short-cut to failure and obscurity, if not to a life of half-commission on the Stock Exchange. A photograph of yourself looking ever so learned and intent is useless in your early stages, a waste of money, unless of course you have committed some crime or public indiscretion which entitles you to plunge straight into the profession without study or training. (Excuse my mentioning this; I know quite well you 're not that sort of person.)

Nor are you advised to go and live by yourself on an island of your own; you would probably go mad and write volumes of verses which, you can take it from me, wouldn't bring in enough to keep you in a bed-sitting-room at Baron's Court. And as to those stories you hear about alcoholic stimulants — pay no attention to them. It does not follow just because an old hand at the game can turn out good work on Van-der-hum that a bottle of Van-der-hum is the key to prosperity. It is much more likely, if it doesn't send you to sleep, to lure you into doing a lot of work which you will have to do all over again in the morning.

There are obviously no hard-and-fast rules as to how an author should do his work, because no two authors are alike in their habits and each must learn from his own experience the ways and means which suit him best. But one cannot help feeling that a useful purpose may be served by examining a typical day's work of a typical author, and I propose therefore to base my advice upon the normal daily experiences of a normal and humble, though not entirely unsuccessful, member of the craft, without prejudice, E. & O.E. and all that.

BEFORE BREAKFAST.

Here in the stillness of early morning, before the world is astir, is probably the most fertile hour in the day of the author. Brilliant thoughts will surge into his mind, not violently and tempestuously, as they will when he returns home from a dinner-party, but softly and soberly; plots will unfold themselves before him, characters will sketch themselves vividly, dialogue will flow freely and smoothly through his brain. It is of the utmost importance therefore that full advantage be taken of this hour. On no account must the author be disturbed. (Except perhaps for his morning tea.) He must lie peacefully on in his bed, regardless of the hour of day, until the spirit (or his wife) moves him to be up and doing. This may be at

eight o'clock, or, on the other hand, it may be at ten—particularly if the morning be raw and foggy.

MORNING.

Bathed and dressed (but not shaved) he will proceed to breakfast. The reason why he will not be shaved is that the operation of shaving encourages activity of the creative faculties, and after the exertions already spent it will be wise to postpone any further brain stimulus until later in the morning, when it will be badly needed again.

After a good breakfast—bacon and eggs are as sound as anything, with toast and marmalade and two or three cups of coffee—the author will settle into a comfortable armchair with *The Times*. Too much care cannot be paid to the matter of digestion if you are to write for a living instead of merely writing dyspeptic letters to editors. Moreover it is essential that the writing man keep himself in touch with the news of the day and the writings of others, because it is from these sources (especially, perhaps, the latter) that he will most easily derive his inspirations.

Exercise too is important. A brisk walk to the golf club after shaving, a few practice shots or a hole or two, a round on the putting course, and he will return home to lunch, his mind refreshed, his appetite resharpened.

AFTERNOON.

Lunch for the author is not the meal it is for the happy-go-lucky people who earn their living in the City. None of your steak-and-kidney puddings and marmalade-rolls and Stilton cheeses and glasses of port. It is a scanty hurried meal, with pad and pencil beside him in order that he may scribble down those thoughts which came to him on his walk back from the links. For it is a characteristic of the author that he is always at work, even when he appears to be doing something else—even indeed when his eyes are shut and he is stretched full length on the sofa after lunch. This is the time when his mind is most perfectly composed and his thoughts are at liberty to flow unchecked; this is the time when the seeds are sown for the great harvest which he hopes to reap later on.

TEA-TIME AND AFTER.

For tea, crumpets or buttered toast, brought to him in his study so that he may carry straight on with his work without any more interruption than is involved by stooping down and picking up his pad and pencil from the floor. A short walk between tea and dinner, preferably to the house of some friend, where he may relax for a time, discussing the lighter topics of the day and perhaps having a cocktail, and now he is ready for dinner and the work of the evening.



AFTER-DINNER TOASTS.

Maid. "THE GUESTS—CURSE 'EM!"

NIGHT.

It is night as I write these words. The fire has burnt out and the room is very cold; the soda-water syphon has ceased to function and I have run out of cigarettes; the first train of the morning has rumbled out of the station and the point of my pencil is three-quarters stymied by the wood. I had no idea it was so late. I was going to tell you of the delight that an author feels when he settles down to his desk after dinner and sees the thoughts of his day taking shape in written words; I was going to tell you what a comfort it is to be able to go on earning your living while others are compelled to play bridge or listen-in because their offices are closed; I was going to tell you of that glorious moment of exhilaration at about eleven o'clock when the author throws down his pencil with a sigh of satisfaction and surveys his completed task. But it is too late, and I think you had better listen to me no longer. I am conscious that I am not setting a good example; indeed that, looking through my own day, I have not been setting a good example all through. As an instance of a normal day and as a model for the student, to-day can only be reckoned as a failure.

Perhaps after all you would be wise, if you are going to write for a living, to pay no heed to the working ways of the author; perhaps you would be wiser to invent some quite new ones for yourself; perhaps you would be wiser still not to attempt (though it is really rather fun) to write for your living at all.

L. B. G.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXIII.—A DIRTY SWEEP.

IN Australia they reckon they know every form of wager and gamble yet conceived by the mind of man. The babies in arms, I fancy, exchange secret bets across their mothers' shoulders. The very birds whisper the odds from tree to tree.

Yet we have shown them a new thing. It is very disgraceful.

But *The Squatter's Daughter* is a melodrama of bush life, and a man must get through a melodrama somehow. And we did not invent this outrage, but a well-known public man in England, who ought to have known better. This great man discovered the truth that a sweepstake need not be about horses. A party of you may draw, for example, instead of horses, the characters in a melodrama. George, shall we say, draws *Hector* the hero, and I draw *Claribel* the heroine, and you draw *Jasper* the villain, and so forth. And then you have what prizes you will, according to the nature of the piece.

There is always a prize for the first character who kisses another character, and another for the first character to kiss an inanimate object (and it is surprising how often this is done—on the stage). At the Lyceum you generally have a prize for the first character to commit suicide in evening dress. But a melodrama in the Strand is worth two in the bush, and knowing the nature of this play, we had a prize instead for the character who should fire the greatest number of revolver shots without drawing blood. There were bushrangers in it, and I drew *Ben Hall*, their leader, and he won this prize. Never have I seen such shooting. No mere single exchanges or difficult shots at disappearing targets—they stood in two bands on either side of the stage and blazed away at each other, shot for shot, for minutes at a time. And not a man fell. I have not seen so much ammunition expended with so little result since I saw the Senegalese practise rapid fire upon the Turks.

The Kissing Prizes generally lead to a little argument in the stalls (well, so do they all). When *Hector* falls wounded by the footlights in the First Act (before it is quite clear who is what) and *Claribel* kneels at his side it is difficult to see whether she actually kisses the man or not; and if an unscrupulous fellow like George, owning *Claribel*, excitedly claims both prizes on the ground that *Hector* is now an inanimate object this is sure to be resented by the owner of *Hector*, who swears that *Hector* is not merely alive, but has himself registered a kiss, dying or not. And, while this argument is still proceeding in whispers less and less hushed, as like as not some fool of a character belonging to someone else will go and kiss a handkerchief or a ring or an umbrella—and then the fat is properly in the fire.

You may imagine that a knot of disputants discussing problems so difficult (money too being involved) becomes less and less popular in an audience which is tensely interested in the drama, as this was. How they clapped whenever the clean-limbed manager of the "station" strode in to the rescue! How they hissed the despicable son (as he pretended) of the *Squatter* (there was a prize for the first hiss)! And when the young heroine in bitter tones remarked, "At any rate I know enough to tell which of these two men before me is the gen-tle-man and which is the blackguard," how they yelled and waved and wiped their eyes! Great stuff! This play should certainly be seen in London. I do not know that it is like Australia, but it is very like the Lyceum.

There were other prizes—one for the noblest line (the blackguard remark won that), and another for the first character to say that he had never known the secret of his birth (two characters did this), and another for the perpetration of the simplest joke. This last was equally divided, after a bitter dispute, between the respective holders of (1) a Scotsman, who continually persuaded ladies to sit down on ant-hills, and (2) an aboriginal, who gave another aboriginal a tin of mustard and told him it was brown sugar.

I had bad luck, for throughout the play *Hector*, whom I drew, was continually working up to kiss the lady, but could never bring it off. A thousand times he was within an ace of the coveted prize—and so was I. There he stood hovering, backing and filling: and then *Ben Hall* would come in and shoot at him with a revolver, and there was no kiss. Finally, to my intense mortification, the villain seized the girl and passionately kissed the back of her neck. So George won the prize. Curse him!



Interviewer from "The Dufflecombe Express." "WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE HYMN?"

The Baron. "WELL, I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THIS TOWN BEFORE. WHAT HYMN WOULD THEY LIKE TO BE MY FAVOURITE?"

But you see the idea. Throughout the play, however dull, the interest never flags; indeed, as a rule, in a sweepstake party the excitement grows and grows and grows until the party is thrown out.

For this foul game, anti-social, a discouragement to art, a nuisance to the public, I accept no responsibility. But I do confess that it was I who extended it to after-dinner speeches. One evening at dinner our Mission heard eleven speeches, and that evening in another place we had seven speeches, and at lunch the next day ten speeches more. We had had speeches for breakfast, speeches after breakfast, speeches even before breakfast; we had had speeches at butter-factories, speeches over waterfalls, speeches in wine-cellars, speeches on mountain-sides, and speeches in boats; speeches on an empty stomach and speeches on tea. And human nature must have some relief.

So we began with the Mayoral banquet at Wog-Wog. I drew Honeybubble—so I regarded the prize for the Longest Speech as a good thing. George drew the Mayor, and from one of the women he bought a half-share in Sir Thomas, who was fancied for the Shortest Speech. There were several special prizes for *clichés*, platitudes and old stories. Any of the good old phrases which we had heard in three out of five orations daily for two months, any reference to the sun not setting on the British Empire, or the pen being



Old Gentleman (with great presence of mind). "IT 'S ALL RIGHT; THEY 'VE GONE FOR HELP. MEANWHILE I 'LL ROLL OUT A COUGH-LOZENGE.

mightier than the sword, anything about a speech having to be as long as a lady's dress, any version of "What do they know of England?" however erroneous — these things won five shillings straight off. And Mr. Honeybubble was good for three or four of them.

But I might have known that George would do the dirty. The whole Mission had taken shares, with the exception of the speakers, who were not supposed to know about it. George however, as I discovered afterwards, for base reasons of his own went off and secretly told Mr. Honeybubble and Sir Thomas the whole story.

One result of this was that, besides being deeply incensed, both these speakers, realising how much money was at stake and for what reasons, became bundles of nerves. The Mayor, who knew nothing about the sweep, did the normal mayoral act of about twenty minutes; but Sir Thomas was clearly in a panic of self-consciousness, stumbled through a few sentences and sat down. Two minutes and a half. George had won half the Shortest Speech—I think unfairly.

No one else had come near the Mayor for length when my horse, Honeybubble, took the field. He was nervous, though not so nervous as to be brief. On, on he rambled as usual, but now for the first time with an audience rapt and even excited, for every man of us had one ear on Honeybubble and one eye on his watch. Honeybubble is accustomed to make his speeches in a swelling babel of conversation, with men crying for wine and waiters drawing corks, old women yawning and young ones doing their hair, while single interlocutors will fade quietly away in the middle of a talk with him; and it clearly disconcerted him to be addressing a whole crowd of people who were listening to what he said. I could see him struggling too, with fair success, to choke back the *clichés* which bubbled to his lips. Once I made sure that "the pen and the sword" were about to score, when George (the dog!) suddenly hammered on the table and started a round of applause which drowned both pen and sword. Honeybubble took heart and ploughed ahead more confidently. On, on he went—fifteen minutes—sixteen—seventeen—only three more minutes to equal the Mayor. The excitement was intense. Then I saw George beckon to a waiter and scribble something on the back of a menu. Half-a-minute later that menu was in Honeybubble's hand. He faltered, turned pale, finished a sentence without a verb and sat down hastily. Nineteen minutes only.

"What did you write?" I asked George curiously afterwards.

"'Your trousers are coming down,'" he answered simply.

So George won the Longest Speech too—I think unfairly. A. P. H.

YARROW REVISITED.

(*A Postscript to* WORDSWORTH.)

[Sir ALFRED YARROW, the famous shipbuilder, has celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday by suggesting that a Pullman car fitted as a dancing-saloon should be put on the London-to-Brighton trains.]

LET cranky vegetarians buy
Bananas from a barrow,
Make soup of turnip-tops, or fry
The vegetable marrow;
Let educationists throw stones
At Eton or at Harrow;
Let shipwrights mourn in gloomy tones
The empty docks of Jarrow;
Let Hackney boast the only JONES
Who bears the prefix GARRO—
We do not heed them, we disdain
Their outlook dull and narrow,
As we go dancing in the train
And bless the name of YARROW.

"Two genuinely old grandfathers, in going order, £7 and £3."—*Advt. in Irish Paper.* This is a bargain. Most grandfathers are so absurdly young.



"VALSE FANTASTIQUE" AS WE HAVE SEEN IT PERFORMED BY PERFECT STRANGERS ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

THE ORPHANS.

I FOUND William in tears.

"Look at that," he said.

"That" was a photograph, slightly blurred, as these photographs in the daily papers so frequently are. It appeared to represent a number of large rounded stones set in a circular formation. Underneath it was written:—

The contents of the nest of dinosaur eggs, ten million years old, found by the United States expedition in Mongolia.

"I've looked. What do you want me to do about it?" I said.

"Can't you see," murmured William huskily, "that some of them have been broken? Can't you visualise the scene? Can't you picture what occurred?"

I told him no. William is a poet, warm, temperamental, full of quick sympathies, liable in my opinion to be too hasty in his impulses to sorrow and rage. It was so now. He had been deeply stirred by this ridiculous photograph, it seemed.

"I have written a few lines," he said, "about it already. If you like, I will read them aloud to you."

"Go on," I sighed.

William has a sad crooning voice. He began to read:—

"Mute in the woodland chorus
Of that far distant spring,
The female dinosaurus
Alone has ceased to sing;
Cold on the plain there glistens
The infant brood she nursed;
Time shall not break these prisons,
The eggs shall never burst."

"But, William, William," I remonstrated, "wait a minute! I feel certain you're wrong in your facts somewhere. For instance I don't believe the dinosaur was a bird at all; it was a kind of lizard."

"Well?" said William coldly.

"Well," I said, "lizards don't sing."

"How do you know what prehistoric lizards may have done?" answered William in fiercely contemptuous tones. "They had wings. I know they had. I've seen pictures of them."

I conceded the possibility that dinosaurs sang.

"All the same," I went on, "they were big, savage, dangerous sort of animals. You can't possibly get up any sorrow about the death of a lot of little dinosaur cubs that weren't born."

"That's just the sort of thing you prosaic-minded people would say," retorted William. "Just because a poor song-bird——"

"Reptile," I insisted.

"Have it your own way," said William. "Just because a poor singing creature happens to be rather large, and happens to have died rather a long time ago, you imagine one can't feel any sympathy with its grief at being robbed of its young. Where would the great tragic poets have been if they had taken so narrow a line? Why shouldn't I feel as keenly about this dinosaur as other poets have felt about an albatross or a nightingale? After all, the nightingale never did really lose its young. It's only a legend. This thing is true."

"All right, William," I said. "Go on." He went on—

"Old tragedy of nesting!
The trembling matron flew,
Hovered around unresting
And wailed the long night through;
The lone Mongolian mountains
Echoed her heart-felt cry,
The woods, the glades, the fountains
Retold her agony."

"Were there any glades about there



MORE CANDLE-POWER TO HIS ELBOW!

MYNHEER BALDWIN. "'BEATUS ILLE'—THAT IS TO SAY, BLESSED IS THE MAN WHO MAKES TWO BULBS TO GROW WHERE ONE BULB GREW BEFORE."





ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE BATH CLUB.

in those days, do you think?" I inquired faintly.

"Rather," said William. "Tons of them."

He seemed to be cheering up now that he had worked up the second stanza. It was almost as if he had forgotten momentarily the dinosaur's grief. I find it is often thus with poets.

"Let me tell you how it finishes," he said.

He concluded the poem.

"Little enough it mattered
To him that did the deed
When his rough footsteps shattered
Part of that unborn brede;
Poor embryos left to moulder
Whilst years uncounted ran!
Surely one thing is colder—
The ruthless heart of man."

I was silent for some time after this. "Why on earth do you assume," I said at last, "that the song-dinosaur's nest was disturbed by a human being? It might have been a—well, one of those other things, whatever they are, that one sees in a museum. Much more likely, in fact. A man would probably have run for all he was worth at the mere sight of a dinosaur."

"No, no," said William, "don't attempt to gloze over it. Anything but a man, the cruellest creature on earth, would, I feel certain, have spared another animal's nest. No, you can depend upon it, it was a man, or maybe a boy. Blew them carelessly and broke them, I expect, and left them there to decay. If you are going to laugh any more I think you had better leave me alone with my sorrow."

Nevertheless I stayed.

"Just tell me one thing William," I objected after another pause. "Mustn't there have been lots of tragedies in Mongolia during the last ten million years rated more worthy of song than this one? Think of all the wars and earthquakes and floods. Think of the present war in China. You have never been stirred to any indignation about that. It seems to me that the edge of one's grief about this dinosaur is a little blunted by time and lack of knowledge about the exact circumstances of the case. Supposing this rotten old hen-lizard simply crawled off and laid another clutch of eggs somewhere else?"

"You will never be able to understand the spirit of poetry," replied William magnificently.

I suppose he is right. EVOE.

"RECONSTRUCTION OF BIG INDUSTRY.
VICARS SET GOOD EXAMPLE."
South African Paper.

This does not surprise us. They have always been noted for the excellence of their maxims.

FIELD CRICKET.

COME, out with you, my Blackamoor,
Be venturesome, fling wide the door;
Too long you 've fiddled with the latch
And backed affrighted. Do you catch
The quiet cadence of my breath
While I am lying still as death?
'Tis time you ceased your preluding;
Come, Sambo, let me hear you sing.

He 's gone. He backed away and fell
Straight to the bottom of his well.
Now creaks the elfin winch and chain
That winds him slowly up again.
He gains the rim, he peers about
Round-eyed, but still he won't come out.
How long am I supposed to stick it,
Aggravating little cricket?

He sleeps? Ah, no, he comes, he comes!
The grasshoppers bend to their kettle-drums.
He bows and smiles, he stands four-square,
His wavy feelers fan the air;
He takes the centre of his stage,
Moistens his fingers, finds the page,
Turns right-about, uprears his wings,
Ducks down his bullet head and sings.

Vive la Politesse Anglaise!

"SYDNEY, December 15.
The British Bowing team beat New South Wales by 154 to 116."—*Indian Paper.*

MARS AT THE MOVIES.

A CONTEMPORARY has initiated the practice of sending its musical, dramatic and even fashion critics to the more important Pictures. Hitherto we have seen no opinion recorded by a Military Critic, although his presence at a film of the blood-and-thunder variety would seem to be appropriate. The report printed below is the result of our first experiment in this direction:—

In accordance with your instructions dated 31/12/25 I attended the evening performance on the 2nd inst. at the Parthenon Palace (Square, W. 1) and witnessed the following pictures:—

NUMBER.	NAME.	DESIGNATION.	REMARKS.
1.	*Current Topics.*	Topical.	See below.
2.	*One-shot Seth, the sure-thing Sleuth.*	Shoot-up.	See below.

I was issued by the orderly with one unnumbered copy of the day's orders, price 3*d*. Zero hour was fixed for 8 P.M. The orchestra reached their assembly positions by Z plus 8 minutes; the conductor took post at Z plus 11 and Lights-Out went at Z plus 15. By this time the audience had closed up considerably and there was some bad bunching in the communication trenches. Irregular conduct among the occupants of the "Standing Room Only" called for immediate action, and the offenders were ordered to take up positions in the rear rank, from which the field of fire and visibility were poor.

Only two of the *Current Topics* were of military interest. The first of these was a demonstration of the new tango by numbers. The completed movement was then reproduced in slow time, showing that when once the following details are mastered the recruit has little to fear:—

(*a*) Right foot, one long pace forward—MARCH.
(*b*) Left foot, one long pace forward—MARCH.
(*c*) Right, left, right, left—HALT.
(*d*) Left turn, right turn, about turn, as you were, now where are you?

The partner is grasped lightly between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, and at the same time the right arm is allowed to assume a natural position round the body just above the point of balance. Other factors affecting the situation are:—

(1) the time,
(2) the nature of the floor,
(3) the proximity of the couples on either flank.

A splendid example of steadiness on parade was afforded by the next episode, which depicted *General Fuentes D'Onoro* presenting the Order of the Cordon Rouge (with goblets) to the intrepid *Colonel Ladonna del Mobile* for services rendered. Overcome with emotion the *General* pinned the coveted decoration to the gallant *Colonel's* cheek and kissed him tenderly on the left breast, in line with the top tunic button. The *Colonel* never winced.

After a short stand-easy the second film, which constituted the strong point of the evening, was announced as having been passed by the Censor.

Little *Seth* was first shown at home, learning to use a pop-gun. This explained how he came to be such a useful shot in later years. Even in those days he wore some kind of uniform, but it is doubtful if the authorities would reckon the time so spent as counting towards his pension.

His instructor was an old negro ex-soldier, who did not believe in fire-discipline training, the rules of aiming or in any of the safety precautions. *Seth* however became adept at firing from the hip or the holster, without aim and without loading.

A few episodes were included to show how good he really was. Weather conditions, moving targets, and the usual strong wind which blows at film-actors had no appreciable effect upon his shooting. At judging distance and recognition of targets he soon reached a high degree of proficiency. On one occasion, when a broncho-buster had tossed him for drinks, *Seth* shot the "heads" off the nickel while it was still in the air.

Naturally he very soon became some sort of officer and rode a spirited mustard-coloured mustang. To assist him in maintaining good order and military discipline he had a squad of mounted stalwarts who saluted him on the slightest provocation and who followed him in single file across all the more conspicuous skylines. He was a dashing horseman, never moved except at the gallop, and held his reins in the alert position.

His *flair* for rapid appreciation of the situation was most remarkable. He divined the enemy's next move before the enemy himself had decided to make one at all. No indication was given of his having undergone a Staff Course, so I think he must have done so while the photographer was on leave.

During the siege of the farmer's corral by enemy Gauchos *Seth* was the life and soul of the defence. His study of Plevna, Sidney Street and Port Arthur stood him in good stead. The only explanation I can offer of his charmed life is that he was not only of iron nerve but of splinter-proof construction; otherwise he would have been badly shaken when a Gaucho shell—(did our Intelligence know that Gauchos have shells?)—burst on the cantle of his saddle. Another demolished the table at which he was busy fighting, and several essential documents were destroyed, among them the War Diary, the Ration Indent, the Glass Renewals Statement, the Prevalence of Rats Return and the Nominal Roll of Lance-Corporals with Strawberry Birthmarks. Often he sighed for the quiet easy-going efficiency of civilised armies.

I almost forgot to mention that he found time to fall in love with the farmer's lovely daughter, who had won the admiration of all ranks by her devotion to duty, although it meant taking temperatures under heavy fire and waking up the wounded and dying at 4.30 A.M. daily so as to be ready for the doctor's visit at 11.15.

The final close-up showed the gallant *Seth* in a position of anticipation, from which there would appear to be no escape.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

IX.—THE LECTURE.

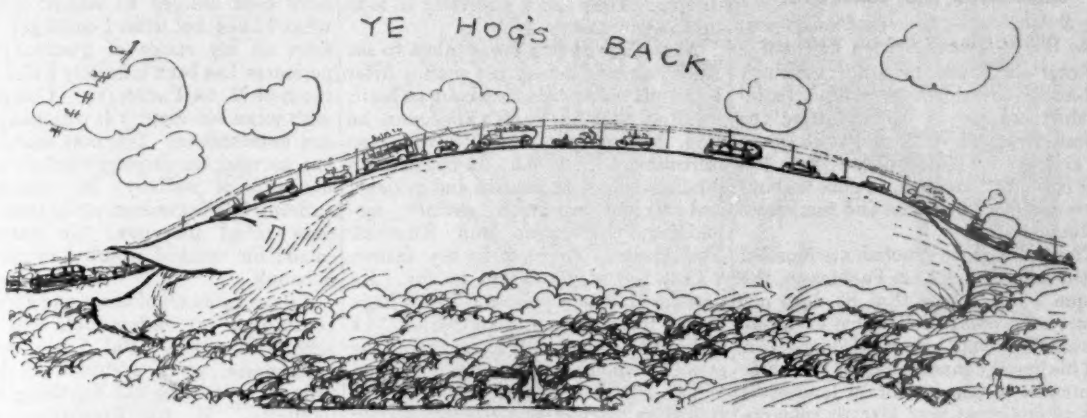
DESCARTES laid it down that a person may doubt
The existence of everything under the sun
Except of oneself: there 's no doubting about
The contrivance through which all the doubting is done.
This subtle, suggestive but puzzling remark
In so many directions the lecturer twisted
That he ended by leaving us all in the dark,
For he caused us to doubt whether DESCARTES existed.

G. B.

From an article on the manufacture of "Toscano" cigars:—

"During the process of fermentation the leaves undergo an organic transformation to give them the characteristic flavour varying from 3,000 to 4,500 kilograms each."—*Italian Paper.*

Our recollection of the "Toscano" is that it sheds a distinctly heavy aroma, but we did not know before that it was measured by the ton.





COUNTY SONGS.

III.—SURREY.

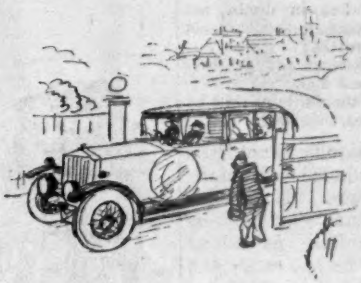
THE millionaires of Surrey,
They dwell in vast estates,
With little model cottages
In clusters at the gates.

From Godalming to Bagshot,
From Churt to Kingston Hill,
The millionaires of Surrey
Exert their splendid will.

They shoot the fatted pheasant,
They hunt the carted deer,
They eat the best asparagus
Throughout the changing year.

And when the time hangs heavy,
However great their store,
They motor up to London
And make a little more.

E. V. L.







UNIQUENESS AND LONGEVITY.

By Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the World-famous British Violinist.

LOTH as I am to enter into any self-assertive controversy with a distinguished *confrère*, I cannot allow the claims advanced by M. DE PACHMANN in his article on "How to Live Long," in *The Evening Standard*, to pass without a few words of dignified and temperate protest.

These claims, be it noted, are founded on the assertion, "I am Pachmann, the unique." It is true that he does not exhort everyone to follow his example. It is also true that, being little more than half his age, I cannot compete with him at present in the matter of longevity. But, as our great poet BAILEY remarks in his *Festus*:—

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs . . ."

Uniquity is not to be confounded with length of years. It depends on what a man has done and suffered as well as what he has eaten and drunk. I would therefore respectfully ask M. DE PACHMANN:—

Has he ever been partially eaten by cannibals?

Has he ever been kidnapped by the Ku-Klux-Klan?

Has he ever given recitals at Bohotle, Bootle, Ballybunnion, Jemimaville, Chowbent, Lompalanka, Timgad, Wcolloomoolloo or Zagazig?

Was he ever decorated by KING CHULALONGKORN of Siam, or received in audience by PRENK-BIB-DODA, the Albanian chieftain?

Has he ever played a duet with a boxing kangaroo, or taught a gorilla to sing in tune in the forests of the Aruwimi, or serenaded the Queen of the Amazons in Dahomey?

Can he perform on (1) the contrazoedone, (2) the Peruvian nose-flute, (3) the war-conch of the Solomon Islanders, (4) the Javanese jamboon, (5) the Papuan piffel-horn?

It may perhaps be unfair to challenge comparisons in spheres of activity of which M. DE PACHMANN has obviously had no practical experience. His claims to uniqueness in the article in question are chiefly based on his magnificent and unparalleled digestion, his freedom from illness, his contempt for doctors and dieting. Here too I am ready to take up the gauntlet.

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A FISH CURE.

[According to Dr. DONALD TRESSLER, of Pittsburg, a cantankerous disposition can be cured by a regular and varied fish diet.]

INFLAMED by the juices of beast and bird,
That querulous queasy chap,
Aloysius Gribe, was quickly stirred
To wrath by the least mishap;
He harried an inoffensive spouse;
If he missed his usual train
At the stationmaster he roundly swore,
And, emitting a loud resentful roar,
He stamped his foot and his hair he tore
Whenever it looked like rain.

But a change came over the scene when Gribe
Contracted a curious craze
For feeding on Ocean's finny tribe
That was lacking in earlier days,
And broke his fast with a bloater or two
And lustily lunched on crabs,
Had winkles and shrimps and prawns for tea,
And dined with a gusto good to see
On halibut, hake and kedgeree,
And supped on a dish of dabs.

To-day his numerous friends unite
In extolling the sterling worth
Of one they had formerly viewed as quite
The surliest bear on earth,
Who goes his way with a snatch of song
And the artless smile of a GISH,
And is mildly amused (and *never* swears)
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UNIQUENESS AND LONGEVITY.

By Bamborough (formerly Bamberger), the World-famous British Violinist.

LOTH as I am to enter into any self-assertive controversy with a distinguished *confrère*, I cannot allow the claims advanced by M. DE PACHMANN in his article on "How to Live Long," in *The Evening Standard*, to pass without a few words of dignified and temperate protest.

These claims, be it noted, are founded on the assertion, "I am Pachmann, the unique." It is true that he does not exhort everyone to follow his example. It is also true that, being little more than half his age, I cannot compete with him at present in the matter of longevity. But, as our great poet BAILEY remarks in his *Festus*:—

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs . . ."

Uniquity is not to be confounded with length of years. It depends on what a man has done and suffered as well as what he has eaten and drunk. I would therefore respectfully ask M. DE PACHMANN:—

Has he ever been partially eaten by cannibals?

Has he ever been kidnapped by the Ku-Klux-Klan?

Has he ever given recitals at Bohotle, Bootle, Ballybunnion, Jemimaville, Chowbent, Lompalanka, Timgad, Woolloomoolloo or Zagazig?

Was he ever decorated by KING CHULALONGKORN of Siam, or received in audience by PRENK-BIB-DODA, the Albanian chieftain?

Has he ever played a duet with a boxing kangaroo, or taught a gorilla to sing in tune in the forests of the Aruwimi, or serenaded the Queen of the Amazons in Dahomey?

Can he perform on (1) the contrazoedone, (2) the Peruvian nose-flute, (3) the war-conch of the Solomon Islanders, (4) the Javanese jamboon, (5) the Papuan piffel-horn?

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THE SMOKY LUM.[1]

"YE should aye, lassie, get a smoky lum soopit,"[2] said Tib's auntie tae Tib this long time ago. "There wis aince," said she, "an auld wife that bided by her lee lane in a wee house at the brae-fit o' Balwhinney; but aiblins she wis no sae lee lane as a' that, for she 'd a great muckle black cat that bided wi' her that she ca'd Nick'em. Folk said that she wis no a canny auld wife ava, an' that Nick'em wis no a canny cattie, for, gin the auld wife strokit him—'Cheety puss, cheety puss,' 'Yow, yow,' wad say Nick'em, an' the sparks o' muckle hell wad loup amang his jacket like fleachers.[3]

"An' when the auld wife went oot bye to cut a bit kale tae her denner, the bairns o' Balwhinney 'ud keek oor the wa' an' sing—

'Auld wife, auld witch,
Auld wife, auld witch,
Fa' i' the fire
An' burn yir mutch!'[4]

An' whiles the auld wife wadna notice, but whiles she 'd glower at them, an' syne they 'd awa hame wi' sair kites[5] an' hae tae get the pheesic.

"Aweel, the auld wife had a gey smoky lum; ye 'd say, whiles, that the hale clachan wad be smoor'd wi' the reek o't—the reek, folks said, that cam' o' the quare-like kindlin' she used for her bit fire an' the quare-like things she biled in her black pottie.

"But the auld wife's lum smokit aye.

"Sae the meenister cam' tae the auld wife's hoosie an' he chappit at the door an' gaed ben; an', when the auld wife saw the meenister, the sup tea she wis takin' went the wrang way wi' her, an' Nick'em said 'Yow, yow,' an' ran in below the dresser.

"An' the meenister said, 'A fair gudeday tae ye, gude wife. Yon lum o' yours is gey an' smoky; wull ye no hae it soopit, for the reek o't blaws intill the manse an' a'?'

"An' the auld wife said, 'Dinna fash yirsel' for my lum, meenister, an' I 'll hae it soopit in my ain time.'

"An' the meenister gaed awa' up the brae an' he coupit an' cam' heels oor heid an' scart his neb an', whit wis waur, he fyled[6] the warth o' siller—his braw black claes.

"An' the auld wife's lum smokit aye.



"THE BAIRNS O' BALWHINNEY 'UD KEEK OOR THE WA' AN SING . . ."

"An' the laird's doer,[7] decent man, cam' doon the road tae the auld wife's hoosie an' he chappit an' gaed ben, an' said he, 'Ye 'll need tae hae yir lum soopit, gude wife, or the laird 'll no be best pleased.'

"An' the auld wife said, 'Dinna fash yirsel' for my lum, Maister Duthie, an' I 'll hae it soopit in my ain time.'



"'YOW, YOW,' SAID NICK'EM, 'IT 'S THE SWEEP, SURE ENEUCH!'"

"An' the doer gaed awa' up the brae, an' his ae dochter flitted wi' a tinkler[8] loon that verra nicht, which wis a sair affront tae pit on a body.

"An' the auld wife's lum smokit aye.

"An' syne the polisman cam' tae the auld wife's doorie an' he chappit an' gaed ben, an' said he, 'Ye *maun* hae yir lum soopit, gude wife, or I 'll hae ye afore the Shirra.'

"An' the auld wife said, 'Dinna fash yirsel' for my lum, polisman, an' I 'll hae it soopit in my ain time.'

"An' the polisman gaed awa' tae the Shirra, gey grumphy-like, an' he fell in wi' twa lads on the way that he 'd ta'en for the poachin', an' the yin bit him an unco' ding o'er the bonnet an' the ither flang him intill the burn, whit way he wis bedded for a month.

"But the auld wife's lum smokit aye.

"But ae nicht—an' siccan a nicht o' rain and mirk never ye saw—there cam' a *clamp, clamp, clamp* up the causey—folk said 'twas like the hoofs o' a stot—an' syne there cam' a terrible loud chappin' at the auld wife's door.

"'Be here,' said the auld wife in a gey feart voice, 'wha 'll that be?'

"'Yon 'll be the sweep,' said Nick'em, speakin' in gude Scots (I tell 't ye he wis no a canny cattie), an' he gaed tae the door an' unsneckit it (ye 'll mind 'at he wis no a canny cattie ava), an' there wis a muckle black man oot bye an' he cam' ben, an' '*Yow, yow*,' said Nick'em, 'it 's the sweep, sure eneuch!'

"'It 's no in *my* time ye 've come, Maister Sweep,' said the auld wife in a wee feart voice.

"'I ken that brawly,' says the black man, awfu' nesty-like.

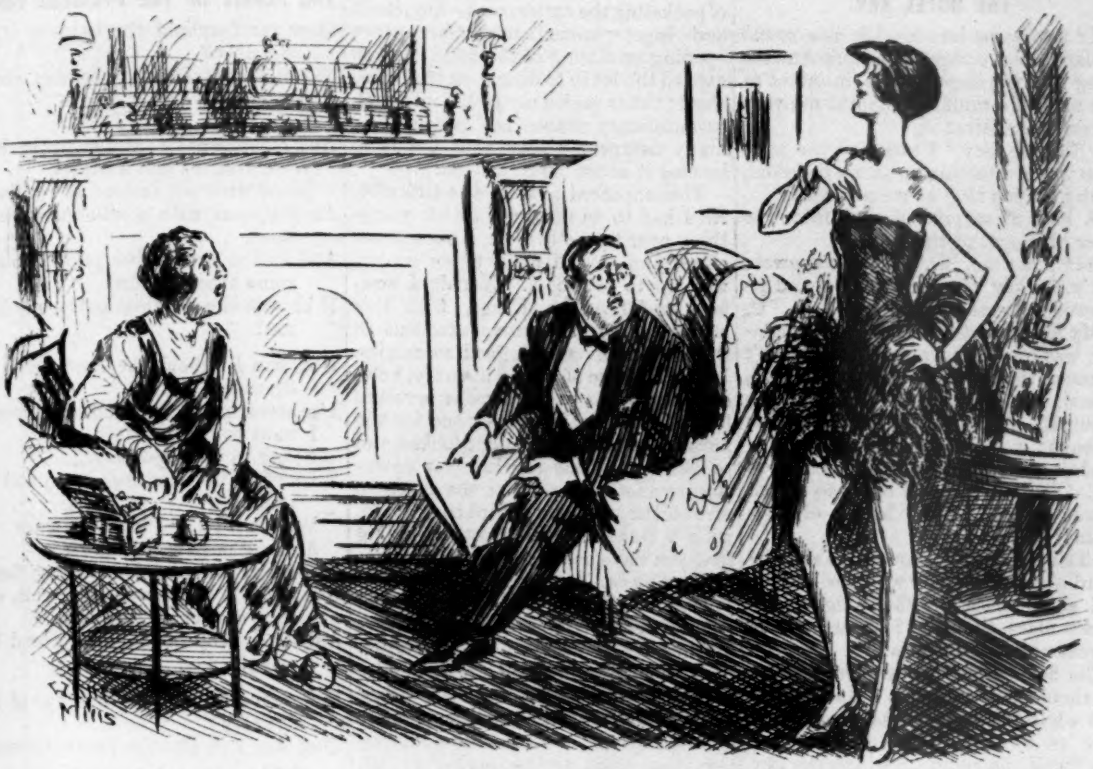
"'But,' said the auld wife in a wee, *wee* feart voice, 'ye canna soop a lum wi' naething tae pit up it?' for verily the muckle black hands o' him were toom[9].

"'*I 'll pit an auld besom up it!*' said the black mannie, roarin' like thun'er, an' wi' that he grippit the auld wife an' louped up the lum wi' her an' awa.

"'*Fuff, fuff!*' said Nick-'em, '*Fuff, fuff!*' an' he louped up the lum himsel' an' awa efter them, an' a'body kens that the nane o' them 's come back.

"Sae ye see," said Tib's auntie tae Tib, "that if y' dinna get a smoky lum sorted ye 'll maybe get sorted yirsel'."

(1) Lum = chimney.
(2) Soopit = swept.
(3) Fleachers = fleas.
(4) Mutch = cap.
(5) Kites = stomachs.
(6) Fyled = soiled.
(7) Doer = agent.
(8) Tinkler = tinker.
(9) Toom = empty.



Horror-stricken Parents. "GOOD GRACIOUS! YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY GO TO THE FANCY-DRESS DANCE LIKE THAT."
Daughter. "OF COURSE NOT, YOU OLD STUPIDS! I SHALL WEAR MY CLOAK IN THE CAR."

SHE-SHANTIES.

WHAT DO THE LADIES TALK ABOUT . . .?

WHEN butlers bring the rich liqueur
And, stealing from their chairs
With modest eye, discreet and pure,
The ladies pass upstairs,
Then while we sling decanters round
And nurse the frail digestion
I often to myself propound
This most improper question—
What do the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table?
The talk, of course, is more refined
Than that which they have left behind;
Not there the humour which regales
The bibulous disgusting males,
But hose and hat and scarf and sleeve,
The price of silk and sable—
This type of thing engrosses Eve.
No doubt. But still, do YOU *believe*
That's ALL *the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table?*

That fairy with the marble brow
Who simpered through the meal,
What topic interests her now?
Not politics, I feel.
Those lips that, captivating Earls,
Would melt no earthly butter,
Who knows, when she is with the girls,
What awful things they utter?
What DO *the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table?*
While Thompson o'er the purple cup
Is tearing reputations up,
His wife, more delicate, no doubt,
Is flinging compliments about;
Not naughty yarns, but socks and darns
Are exercising Mabel,
And Trade and Education—yes,
And Art, of course; but I can't guess
What ELSE *the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table.*

For oft when we go up the stair
I note the rising blush,
And o'er the animated fair
Descends a stealthy hush;
Ah, why should maidens fall so mute
If previous conversation
Had been concerned with flowers and fruit
Or Proportional Representation?
What DO *the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table?*
Though ribald laughter rings below,
The drawing-room is nice, we know.
While Mrs. Thompson, sucking sweets,
Is quoting little bits from KEATS,
Her husband tells, with vinous yells,
The stories of the stable.
And what I say is, What a shame!
And, What a sex! But all the same,
What DO *the ladies talk about when the ladies leave the table?*

A. P. H.

THE HOTEL KEY.

IT first came into my life as a sound—clangorous, compelling, vibrant as the gong of a Burmese temple, insistent as the note of a muffin-bell, until my very gorge rose against it.

"Tell me, boy," I exhorted the page who was conducting me to my bedroom, "why do you ring as we proceed?"

A look of surprise flashed from the clear blue eyes of the infant.

"It 's not me, Sir," he made answer; "it 's the key of your room;" and he showed it to me.

My feeling at that moment, I remember, was one of sheer amaze. It wasn't so much the key. As bedroom keys go, indeed, there was little extraordinary about it. A trifle long in the shank perhaps; a little on the stout side; a shade too pronounced at the business end. But the ingot of brass to which it was attached by a length of dog-chain!

"Tell me, boy," I shouted, so as to be heard above the din, "wherein lies the real significance of the weight, the brazen mass, the ingot? In what does its real usefulness consist?"

The boy surged on, explaining over his shoulder as he went. He told me that while the briquet was used ostensibly as a medium for carrying the number of the room to which the key belonged the primary object was to guard against loss and inconvenience.

"You 'd never drop *that* key without noticing it, Sir," said the boy. "You 'd never *forget* and leave it in the door. You wouldn't carry it away home with you in your pocket. You wouldn't leave it lying about the hotel. Saves no end of trouble, Sir."

He was a bright, confident, tip-earning child, and as he ushered me into Room 63 and then handed me the key in case I should like to lock myself in he told me lots of other things that it was impossible to do with it. And I easily believed every word.

Having unpacked, washed and changed I passed out into the corridor again, carefully noting the number of my room and slamming the door behind me. Then I hunted for a chambermaid to consult her in the matter of my key.

"Don't mention it, Sir," said the girl, when eventually I ran her to earth; "we are all liable to forget. Any number of gents leave their keys on the wrong side of the door for the first time."

That was on the Monday morning. The girl was splendid. She positively ran the whole length of the corridor and returned at the double, master-key in hand. By the Wednesday afternoon, however, her manner had deteriorated to such an extent that I made a point of pocketing the entire mass—key, chain and ingot—immediately after every opening or closing of the door. I even carried the lot in to dinner on two occasions; but it pulled my jacket into such extraordinary shapes and produced so many unexpected peals that I took to leaving it at the office instead.

This appeared to solve the difficulty. All I had to do now was to lift everything over to the lady as I passed her office, and to call for it again on my way up to my room. Nor do I hesitate to affirm even now that this arrangement must prove excellent in the case of men with good memories. In the absence of such a memory, however, few visits to one's room involved less than three journeys: one for the purpose of finding the door locked and remembering that the key was downstairs; another as far as the office to recover the key; and a third back again, with a reasonable prospect of finding that you have asked for the right number and so can get inside.

Towards the end of the week, when I had reverted to the practice of carrying my key about with me, I devised the scheme of unloading it occasionally while I recuperated. Nor shall I ever forget the mental and moral support afforded by one of the waiters during this the most trying period of all. What I should have done without him I tremble to think. He proved himself a tower of strength. Whenever and wherever I chanced to leave my key this man would ferret it out with unerring instinct. Nor would he hesitate to pursue me up three flights of stairs in his eagerness to meet me on my way down. Him I tipped liberally.

By Saturday morning however, despite the innumerable kindnesses showered upon me, I began to realise that my *moral* was going. The constant round of humiliation and degradation was beginning to tell. And when I left that morning my one thought was to get away quietly without attracting notice.

It was ingenious of the Management to think of engraving their address on the ingot to which the key was attached. All you had to do, in the event of your inadvertently taking the key home with you, was to affix the necessary postage above the address and heave the lot into the nearest pillar-box.

I have just returned from doing it.

Testimonial quoted in the prospectus of a saucepan manufacturer:—

"I hasten to express my thanks for this despatch of pans which are the object of my dreams and I am delighted to possess them."

The only Pan that ever made us dream is the Peter kind.

THE PLAINT OF THE PEKINESE PUPPY.

How can I uphold the hauteur of the dynasty?
The dynasty—I can't remember which;
But I know I should be in
Some old palace in Pekin,
And I ought to be extravagantly rich,
With dragons and a casket
Lined with silk instead of basket,
An Empress with a silk-embroidered knee,
And an Emperor whose pride would be more than satisfied
If he won the slightest patronage from me!

How can I uphold the hauteur of the dynasty?
I 'm seven inches long and seven round;
I want to be so stately,
I long to walk sedately,
With space between my tummy and the ground,
With a high and haughty stare
And my nose up in the air,
Instead of being buttoned to my face;
But my legs won't walk in rhyme, and they scatter all the time,
And so I keep on flopping round the place!

How can I uphold the hauteur of the dynasty?
They say I 'm like the LEWIS CARROLL pup,
Though I tell them with a wheeze
That I 'm purest Pekinese
(My tail is really sprouting round and up!);
I know that I should dine *à*
La carte off eggshell-china,
Or sup at least from willow-pattern ware,
With a mandarin to wait while I polish up the plate,
And *that* is why my brow is rucked with care.

How can I uphold the hauteur of the dynasty?
It 's only in my dreams that I can hie
To the land where tiny jade-
Carven Buddhas make a shade—
A shade, perhaps, more dignified than I;
Where I speak with wuffs and wows
To my cousins, who are Chows,
And strut about the empire with a Cham
Who can really understand that I 'm very, *very* grand,
And treats me as the personage I am.

The Growth of Imperial Goodwill.

"Activities of Communists in the West are being closely watched from Ottawa, and that the Government's activity is not confined to watching may be judged from the fact that a whole family from Winnipeg recently was deported to England as a result of seditious speeches made by a mere child."

Canadian Paper.



SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON BART.

Some surgeons cut you up like mutton,
But that is not the way with SUTTON;
Bland as his name, though stern of eye,
He couldn't bear to hurt a fly.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—VIII.



Prospective Mistress. "ONE OF YOUR DUTIES WILL BE TO TAKE THE DOG FOR A RUN EVERY DAY."
Applicant (nervously). "I'M AFRAID I COULDN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH, MA'AM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A LIVING system of jurisprudence, says Lord BIRKENHEAD, is like a coral reef. "No man can justly claim the credit for a work which is the achievement of all." This perhaps accounts for the educated Englishman's interest in and complacency over the corpus of English law, and his comparative ignorance about and unconcern for those legal polyps who (along with the criminals and litigants of the realm) are the industrious occasion of its increase. Every now and then the existence of the judicial animalcule, usually in its least edificatory aspect, makes itself notable. A BACON gets himself indicted for corruption; a JEFFREYS acquires unpopularity over a Bloody Assize; a MANSFIELD is burnt out of his residence by No-Popery rioters; an ELDON refuses an adulterous poet the custody of his children. These, I think, are the salient memories with which the general reader will approach *Fourteen English Judges* (CASSELL); but it is to be hoped that he *will* approach this masterly and absorbing book and not leave it to the lawyers, historical students and sociological experts for whom it is primarily written. The method by which the EX-LORD CHANCELLOR presents and appraises his learned brethren on and off the Woolsack is straightforward and lucid. A brief account of each man's life is followed by a critical analysis of his personality and a technical estimate of his work as "an artificer in the Law;" the whole being reinforced by short summaries of cases, illustrative rather than curious, in which the subject was engaged. There are three spheres, the author maintains, in which a lawyer can earn a reputation: as an advocate, a writer or a judge. As excelling in one or more of these departments he discusses COKE, HALE, HOLT, SOMERS, HARDWICKE, BLACKSTONE, WESTBURY, CAIRNS, FITZJAMES STEPHEN and HALSBURY besides the four luminaries already mentioned. His book undoubtedly places its writer among the ornaments of his second division, and I am glad to note that he proposes, if all goes well, to serve a second term there.

There are some, I suppose, who can never quite persuade themselves to take China seriously, so long have they heard it treated in a vein of comedy. The very names of the War Lords now battling for the mastery in that huge and distracted country seem to lend themselves too easily to ridicule. But it is just as well that we should make an effort to gain some understanding of the Chinese Problem, for it is assuredly becoming more insistent day by day; and for this purpose I may recommend *The Truth about the Chinese Republic* (HURST AND BLACKETT), into which Mr. H. G. W. WOODHEAD, C.B.E., has packed neatly enough a mass of solid information on this very vexed question. Mr. WOODHEAD has had some twenty-odd years of journalistic work in China, in the course of which he has edited *The Pekin and Tientsin Times* and helped to found and edit *The China Year Book*, so that we may feel a comfortable faith in his statistics, whatever we may think of his deductions. To a mere layman like myself, who knows no more of China than can be gleaned from one short visit, his opinions seem in general sufficiently sound. He regards the Republic as a myth, and the position of the Foreign Legations at Peking as merely pathetic, seeing that the authority of the Central Government has completely collapsed since the passing of YUAN-SHIH-KAI. Nor does he hold at all with those amiable

sentimentalists who imagine that all would be well with China if the "unequal Treaties" were abolished. More than twenty years ago we, with Japan and America, stated the conditions under which we would be prepared to abandon extra-territoriality and agree to a modification of the customs *régime*. Those conditions have never yet shown the least promise of fulfilment. The fact is, it is impossible to help a nation that will not help itself and, furthermore, has the strongest possible objection to foreign aid. Still, Mr. WOODHEAD points out that a mere fourteen years of chaos is not of much account in the history of a nation that goes back for so many centuries. China has survived in the past many periods of equally serious internal disorder. His book is not easy to read (though there is a human touch about the chapter on communications), but it should be useful to the student of Eastern affairs.

To appreciate the unique bouquet of Mr. GEOFFREY FABER'S *Elnovia* (FABER AND GWYER) you must be or have been a novel-reader. To enjoy the vintage to perfection, a discerning but not perfervid novel-reader. Elnovia, as discovered by *Mr. Henry Coleopter, F.R.S., Captain Antony Flutter, D.F.C.* and *George Stood*, mechanic, is the archetype of the old realm of fiction, "on the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round," so to speak. Here the men are all heroes and villains, the women heroines and adventuresses; only a few ordinary people being left to set them off. The country is two-dimensional, the quality of depth being unknown. At least this is the orthodox view, though the learned *Coleopter* discovered heretical dissidents. In fact it was the strange luck of the three explorers, hurled on to Elnovia by a Wellsian catastrophe, to find themselves entertained by two of the country's least popular heroes, men suspected of intrigue with the dark state of New Elnovia, to which *Coleopter*, *Flutter* and *Stood* find themselves shortly accredited on a secret mission. New Elnovia is a revolted colony, a land where all the basic principles of the mother state are subverted and defied. Probably the three emissaries would never have escaped from Nopotl, its sinister capital, had it not been for the great detective, *Prosper le Sparrow*, whose professional skill, unavailing, alas! to save his own life, brings about their final liberation. This, let me tell you, is but the bare bones of a capital fantasy whose nuances of allegorical innuendo kept me smiling long past bedtime. Nor is it wholly comical in effect, for *Mr. Coleopter's* account of Nisfi, the ultimate port of Elnovia, is singularly graceful and touching. As for Mr. GEORGE MORROW'S illustrations it is impossible to pick and choose for praise where all are so good. His "Potl" is the quintessence of romance, but even "Potl" is beaten by the Piranesi ruins on p. 89. As for the crocodile being levered off the Elnovian railway-line, I have seldom seen an epic moment more epically rendered.



Daughter of Hostess. "GOOD-BYE, GILBERT; YOU WON'T FORGET TO THANK MOTHER VERY MUCH FOR HAVING YOU?"

Hostile criticism of *We Twa*, the reminiscences of Lord and Lady ABERDEEN (COLLINS), is largely disarmed—so far as *Punch* is concerned—by the reference to JOHN LEECH as the man "who could make us laugh or fall in love for threepence," and to the charming recollections of GEORGE DU MAURIER, a welcome visitor to Haddo House in 1885 and a contributor to the visitors' book, two of his sketches being reproduced in these pages. But quite apart from this personal claim there is much in this ingenuous joint chronicle to divert as well as to instruct the reader, especially in its sidelights on the rigours and amenities of Victorian social life, on the petty Decalogue of Mode as then observed, on governesses and private schools, on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S methods of evading chastisement at Cheam, on Mr. GLADSTONE'S fondness for strawberries and his deviations into *vers de société*, on Lord ABERDEEN'S "talent for imitating railway whistles indicating the difference between different lines, an exhibition always reserved for children and very special friends, Lord ROSEBERY and Mr. GLADSTONE being particularly fond of calling

for a repetition of this performance." Practical philanthropy was inherited from his father. He was early associated with the good Lord SHAFTESBURY in this endeavour, and the bare list of societies, charitable, educational and hygienic, in which "We Twa" have been actively engaged in the last fifty years would exhaust my space. Lord ABERDEEN has been twice Viceroy of Ireland, and the rose-coloured spectacles through which he and his wife have looked at the distressful country have never been dimmed by doubt. The story of his Canadian Viceroyalty is well told and abounds in interesting portraits of Premiers and railway pioneers, mission priests and Indians, who conferred on Lord ABERDEEN the impressive title of the "Sitting-down White Buffalo Calf." *We Twa* often evokes an unintended smile, but only a very hardened cynic could fail to acknowledge the sincerity of this single-souled recital.

I have at last discovered why our fellow-countrymen in India spend so much of their time gazing at pale hands beside the Shalimar. It is not really the pink tips that fascinate them; they are searching for the "blue moons at the base of the finger-nails," the dreadful stigmata of the Eurasian. This I have learned (but at some cost, as you shall hear) by reading *Blue Moons* (SELWYN AND BLOUNT), whose author is probably Mrs., possibly Miss, but is surely not Mr., G. B. NEWCOMEN. The theme of this Indian romance is the love of a young man for a girl whom he has always believed to be his sister. It was innocent love, no doubt, but it was certainly mawkish and in its manifestations decidedly unpleasant. Ultimately our hero discovers that his *Esmé*, his "lady-child" (it is a form of brotherly greeting that has gone out in England), is in fact a changeling, so that he is free to "crush her to his breast" more fervently, if not more frequently, than ever. Now, if you have grasped the significance of blue moons, you would think that *Esmé*, being, as one may say, "stiff" with them—for she proves to be the illegitimate daughter of an Afghan prince and a governess—would at once be cut by the county or whatever may be its Anglo-Indian equivalent. Not she. Why, old *Sir Patrick O Farrell*, Governor of a Province and "well on the road to the Viceroy's chair," decides that she is just the woman he wants as hostess of his official residence. Of such stuff are Indian romances made. Incidentally the author's punctuation is the worst I have ever broken my shins against. It has not even the slender merit of consistency, and I cannot think how her publishers can have made themselves responsible for it. Unless, having read the book, they decided that it didn't really matter.

I retain pleasant memories of Mr. E. A. WYKE SMITH's *Because of Josephine*; and *Fortune My Foe* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) establishes my belief that he is a novelist worth commending. Without any frills or fuss he can tell an engaging story, and his style, though not distinguished, is always easy and graceful. Here, after a prologue which will give cues to the observant reader, he introduces us to *Mr. Weddon*, a rather prematurely faded man of middle-age and a clerk in the "Home Counties and World Securities Association, Limited." No one ever lived a more drab life than *Weddon* until he inherited a beautiful property in the country and began to expand. It is to Mr. WYKE SMITH's credit that he never begins to make *Weddon* a figure of fun. An innate gentleness and a real sense of values carried the ex-clerk safely through the social difficulties created by his change of fortune. He had not only won his place in the county but had also gained the love of a charming girl when the alleged heir to the property, who ought (see prologue) to have been dead for years, appeared. The question whether this new arrival was an impostor is treated with subtlety and humour. I am not convinced that the ending of the story is flawless, but at any rate it is happy; and as by this time I was an out-and-out Weddonite my captiousness has no real zest behind it.

I confess that when I embarked upon *The High Jacker* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I had no idea what the title meant. Perhaps these words of Mr. H. E. O. WHITMAN's may help to explain matters to those as ignorant of the American language as I am: "he was no ordinary high jacker, but a genuine buccaneer, who made it a business, not an occasional graft." The gentleman referred to was *William Marmaduke York*, who, with a yacht capable of being converted into a dangerous fighting-ship, patrolled the seas and stole spirits from those who were intent upon smuggling them into the U.S.A. But he did not stop at that. In succession he purloined (1) his personal enemy's daughter, who was drugged and seized; (2) a young man who happened to visit the yacht just as she was going to sail and saw too much to be safe, and, last but by no means least, stacks of gold from a small liner. I award *York* his high jackership without a moment's hesitation. I am not prepared to say that the story of him is entirely credible, but on the strength of its originality and richness of incident I place it in Class I.



Domesticated Person. "I WANT A PAIR OF NICE WARM WOOL-LINED GLOVES, PLEASE."
Salesman. "CERTAINLY, SIR. MOTORING?"
Domesticated Person. "ER—NO. ER—PRAM-PUSHING."

A Strange Metamorphosis.

From the report of a burglary:—

"When the offices were opened it was found that a safe weighing over a ton had been the dye-chemist yesterday at the Royal Institution, when he continued his series of lectures on old trades and new knowledge."—*Evening Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE College of Pestology is anxious to ascertain if any mosquito larvæ have survived the cold weather. Tender-hearted people who have given these little creatures food and shelter should communicate with the college.

* * *

It is said that Scots lassies are taking kindly to the Russian boot. Meanwhile inquiries are coming from the North as to whether the knees of stockings can be supplied separately.

* * *

An English music-hall artiste who claims to have rubber joints has sailed for New York. We can only hope that he escapes the notice of Mr. HOOVER.

* * *

Dr. WOLFGANG KOHLER of the Psychological Institute of Berlin has succeeded in establishing telephonic communication between two ants. He is believed to be now experimenting with two sluggards.

* * *

Plumbers are said to be resenting the jokes that are published about them, and indeed one of them fully intended to write to the papers about it, only he'd mislaid his fountain-pen.

* * *

In consequence of the ban on the wives of the Australian team there is grave anxiety in Sussex as to the future of stool-ball husbands.

* * *

Sir JAGADIS CHANDRA BOSE, the Indian scientist, believes that plants can fall in love. We shall engage a chaperon for our aspidistra.

* * *

Since the same authority described how a carrot got drunk on water, conscientious Americans go out and hold an umbrella over the vegetable garden whenever it rains.

* * *

A British artist has painted a miniature of Signor MUSSOLINI. We shouldn't have thought a miniature of him was possible.

* * *

Petting parties are said to be the latest form of entertainment. Considerate hostesses of course will arrange bridge or some other diversion for those who don't pet.

The census in Persia has revealed the age of the alleged oldest woman in the world to be one hundred and forty-six. But we always understood that women's ages given for census purposes were regarded as confidential.

* * *

The London and North-Eastern Railway, we note, is running a special train for the North of the Thames Cross-Country Championship. We should fancy its chance more on the flat.

* * *

A Wealdstone man has been fined for hitting his uncle on the head with a golf-club. He shouldn't have used a golf-club.



Lady of the House. "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE BE CAREFUL OF THAT VASE. I WOULDN'T HAVE IT BROKEN FOR WORLDS."

Foreman of Removers. "DON'T YOU WORRY, MA'AM. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A FANCY BIT, SO I'M LOOKING AFTER IT SPECIAL MESELF."

Dr. PFUFFER, of Vienna, observes that the human ear is growing larger, owing to the increased and more complicated demands made upon it. Wireless has much to answer for.

* * *

An Eastbourne bus-driver has written a musical play about smuggling. Another theme that should appeal to bus-men librettists is piracy.

* * *

We read of a Welsh miner who is a spiritualistic medium. He realises that the middleman is more indispensable to spiritualism than he is to the coal-trade.

* * *

These Rugby footballers who resort to fisticuffs set a very bad example. Just fancy if it were followed in the boxing-ring!

During a street collection by Glasgow students coins were showered from windows. The banging of the saxpences is described by residents as deafening.

* * *

Each army in the Chinese civil war has executioners whose duty it is to behead deserters. We sympathise with one unfortunate fellow who at the crucial moment couldn't remember which side he was on.

* * *

Electrical undertakings have been booming on the Stock Exchange. The cry is: Support Ohm Industries.

* * *

When the fifty French policemen arrived at Victoria they kissed their London colleagues effusively. But although the latter felt uncomfortable they did not sing "Tarantara."

* * *

Two hundredweight of mercury recently disappeared at King's Cross station. We've looked, but it isn't in our thermometer.

* * *

Thirty-two goals were scored in a football match which lasted only an hour. By that time the spectators were too hoarse to continue.

* * *

With reference to Mr. Justice EVE's question in the courts the other day, we might explain that the saxophone is something which started as an instrument and grew up into a weapon.

* * *

A naturalist reports that during the severe weather pink-footed geese were abundant in the Solway Firth. It did not need a naturalist to notice the still greater number of them in the streets of London at that time.

* * *

The fact that £280,000,000 has been deposited in the Post Office Savings Bank only shows you how determined some people are to get the girls behind the counter to attend to them.

* * *

"Do women waste time at the telephone?" asks *The Daily Mail*. They certainly do at the other end.

* * *

A writer says that women with short necks usually have the most brains. The others, of course, being able to wear more furs, haven't so much need to be intellectual.

IN PRAISE OF A BETTING-TAX.

[Lines modestly commended to the notice of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, with the hope that there is speculation in his eyes.]

WHENE'ER I put my hard-earned shirt
Upon a horse engaged to run
(Whose chance is said to be a cert),
Then of the Many I am one;
My democratic nature hugs
The thought of those three million other mugs.

Whether the course that I pursue
Is deemed a pastime or a sin,
I love to know that what I do
Makes every son of toil my kin;
That, as a backer, I embrace
The Universal Brotherhood of the Race.

And closer might that bond be made
If we could have a betting-tax;
Too few the common burdens laid
Upon our Equal Manhood's backs;
It would confirm these ties, I feel,
If bets were mulcted for the general weal.

This need, which cries on every side,
The Income-tax can never fill,
Nor Wealth's prerogative and pride,
The Super-tax (more snobbish still);
But touch the punter and we pass
The final gulf that severs class from class.*

As for the morals of the sport,
Some say it suits their conscience well,
While others, of the graver sort,
Hold that it emanates from Hell;
All gambling they would strictly bar
(Save only raffles at a church bazaar).

My view is: If it kills the soul,
Then stop the damned thing; choke its breath;
If not, then let it pay its toll,
Like dogs and motors, beer and death;
Meanwhile our blinkered country takes
A lot of beating in the Hypocrite Stakes. O. S.

* It must not be thought that the bookie's equal right to be taxed has been overlooked. But he would of course recover from the betting public the cost of his licence by shortening the odds.

THE INVALID.

Two doctors came to see Clare when she was ill. This was more or less an accident, but Clare considered it to be very suitable. She was supposed to possess many talents in the making, but one at least she had developed already—she knew how to be ill. None of your cross curling up with the face turned away for Clare. Propped up on her pillows, she smiled wanly at you, or as wanly as one can when it happens to be measles. You yourself might have suffered, perhaps, with some illness in the past, but never as Clare was suffering now. Sometimes she was almost too ill to notice that anyone had come into the room at all. Then after a moment she would turn her head languidly with a faint resigned smile.

Most patients have their whims. Clare had the positions of all the pictures in the room altered, rhyme-sheets and prints, and the tear-off calendar which had not only a picture of a kitten on it but a moral reflection from some great author for *every* day in the year—very different from Charles's calendar, which was all about golf. Charles shouted out the golf maxims in the morning so that the whole house rang. *His* trouble was that, having had measles before, he would not be prevented from going back to school. This was both rot-ten and pretty thick.

Clare had a table beside her bed on which were placed a box of chalks, strips of toast to take after medicine, writing materials, a cup of orangeade and a bottle of lavender water. Only the more favoured and thoroughly soiled of the stuffed animals were allowed to contract measles and share her bed. They were warned, of course, that they would have to be disinfected afterwards.

On the first day Clare was well enough to draw, and composed a picture of "The Bad Eggs at School," all exceedingly lively eggs with comic noses and eyes, in a room with educational diagrams on the wall and a neat red-and-blue check duster for the black-board, exactly the same pattern as the neat red-and-blue check window-curtains. There was a whole row of books on a shelf in the school-room, entitled *Studies for Young Eggs from Six to Fourteen*, Parts I. to X. Outside the window was a green tree and a view of a distant mill. Altogether a very accomplished study.

On the second day Clare became much too ill for art. She referred to "The Bad Eggs at School" as one might refer to a life-work of which one feels, What an artist I was when I did that! I shall never be able to do anything so beautiful again, "I shall pinken the walls and the books a little," she said in a feeble voice, "but I shan't draw any more."

When it was fully ascertained that it was measles Clare took the shock nobly.

"Do people often die with the measles?" she asked.

"Good gracious, no!" she was told.

"I think I am going to," she said firmly.

Fortunately this mood did not prevail long. She became content with having measles rather more severely than Charles had had them at school and having maintained a slightly higher "tempacher."

On the second day of the pestilence only one of the doctors came. He was much younger than his partner and Clare was aggrieved at the affront.

"Why did *that* doctor come?" she said. "I scarcely trust him. He's only learning, isn't he? I'm used to the old doctor, and I like him better."

For some time she refused to drink the young doctor's medicine. When this reluctance was at last overcome she was agreeably surprised.

"It's gone down just exactly where the cough is," she announced. "I feel better already. He does send clever medicines, doesn't he?"

Confidence in her medical adviser being established, she began to take the upward turn. Occasionally she would cry at the thought of the medicine to come, and how terribly nasty, in spite of its cleverness, it was going to be. But for the most part she lay looking interesting, and often with her eyes shut, inhaling steam from the steam-kettle with friar's balsam in it, and looking really pale now, the symptoms of the malady having travelled rapidly downwards.

On the fifth morning she was caught in an unguarded moment after washing was over and the first medicine of the day had been overcome.

"What would you like for breakfast?" she was asked.

"Anchovy eggs, muffins, crumpets and champagne," she said, gurgling with joy over the inspiration and entirely forgetful of her *rôle*.

"Why, I do believe you must be ever so much better!" she was told.

A shadow of pain passed over her face.

"Oh, no, not better," was her correction. "I can't *really* eat *anything*. I only made the joke to cheer you up;" and she composed her features again to an interesting languor.

EVOE.



THE VERY EARLY CUCKOO.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "TIME WILL SHOW WHICH IS THE BETTER NEST FOR THE RECEPTION OF MY EGG."

[Addressing his constituents, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE regarded it as probable that at the next General Election no party would secure an absolute majority, and he recommended that the Liberal Party should "co-operate with any body of men who would undertake to carry through the programme it approved."]



EXTENDING THE SALES IDEA.

RESTAURANTS COULD SO EASILY GET RID OF SURPLUS STOCKS BY ADVERTISING A REMNANT DAY ONCE A WEEK.

INSULARS ABROAD.

VII.—LES HALLES.

IT was Percival's fault. We were talking about the price of food to M. René, the proprietor of our favourite little restaurant, and he suggested in a kindly way that we should come to Les Halles with him early next morning and help buy provisions. Percival apparently agreed, and made a rendezvous at a low café in the neighbourhood for 6 A.M. I didn't protest, because I never heard the arrangements; there was an American lady next me enthusing about "Notter Dam" in a voice which had everything else left at the post.

I will pass over the discussion I had with Percival when in pitch blackness he woke me up in what I maintained was still to-day, though he called it to-morrow morning. It ended by his saying heartily that I'd enjoy it later on, and the early morning was splendid.

Half-an-hour later we were walking along deserted streets in the splendid early morning. The only thing splendid about it was its perfect imitation of a cold wet night. I didn't wonder that none of the inhabitants of Paris was in sight. Subsequently I discovered the real reason why. They had all gone to Les Halles.

Les Halles is a blend of Covent Garden, Smithfield and Billingsgate markets, all held in Waterloo station, with a Cup Final audience. It also reminded me of the Bourse, though with this difference: the people in the Bourse say "*Pardon!*" first and hit you afterwards; at Les Halles they hit you first and say "*Attention!*" afterwards in an aggrieved voice.

We found our M. René and started at once buying eggs. We bought 100 "moyens." Then a man next to me pushed past and bought 5,000 "gros moyens." At once I felt frightfully mean about it, especially as everyone could see that Percival was English, with his umbrella and bowler hat. However, he soon lost his umbrella and had his hat violently reduced to the conformation of a Trilby, and so assumed a very passable incognito.

Then we bought some cheese at a cheese-stall. They were selling pieces about the size of the Hotel Cecil, but we only bought about half an Admiralty Arch. Percival said he used to think all the jokes about the powerful smell of cheese were overdone, but was now changing his mind. By way of changing it completely for him, I slipped unobserved a little bit of ripe Roquefort into his breast-pocket.

We next circulated round the Vegetable Pavilion three times, trying to buy leeks at less than sixty sous. Percival had two misunderstandings with people during this trip, one through getting in the way of two fruit porters at once, and the other through stepping on a lettuce. We bought our leeks, and some beetroot and endive as well, and Percival remarked how funny it was that we could still smell that cheese-stall.

We then fought our way to a corner of Les Halles and dumped our purchases in one of a row of baskets hired out for the purpose by an old woman in sabots and a bright purple pull-over.

We buttoned ourselves up, threw out our chests and started into the maelstrom once more. This time we hit the trail for some nice cheap fish.

The Pavillon des Poissons is not a pleasant place. It is full of the most extraordinary-looking creatures from under the sea I have ever seen. I suppose one eats them, but I feel I know now why most fish courses are served with a thick white sauce. I think the

only things I recognised were a tin of shrimps and of course the lobsters. The wholesale purchase part of it too takes a lot of getting used to. A little man behind, who had twice hit me in the back, at last reached past, picked up a small inoffensive fish, punched it in the ribs and yelled "How much?" On getting a satisfactory reply he called up a porter with a truck and had five enormous cases of it loaded up immediately. It was probably either M. Ritz or M. Crillon doing a bit of bargain-hunting.

We ourselves bought a certain amount of a long white substance without a head, which I don't remember ever having seen at the seaside. M. René got it at a good price too, helped by the crowd. He shouted "*Combien le colin?*" and a shirt-sleeved gentleman, who was bargaining with another customer and serenely doing sums on a bit of paper at the same time, yelled "Ten francs." M. René shrugged his shoulders and plunged into the crowd. M. Poissonnier yelled "Nine-seventy-five" at him as he went. M. René, already some distance away, shrieked "Nine francs" back. This time M. Poissonnier shrugged his shoulders and, still writing, started yet another simultaneous conversation. We had, however, gone about fifteen yards in the clamouring surge when his voice again reached us faintly—"Nine fifty." M. René accepted this with his left eyebrow and battled back again. I shall try that the next time I go to the Stores.

As M. René had already got a dozen rabbits and some four or five metres of sausage, I found myself carrying the fish. Percival was inclined to be funny about this, so I went and bought, all on my own, a large and naked slice of an enormous pumpkin, called a *courge*, which I made him take. It was bright orange, very wet and had several thousand pips hanging out of the middle by sticky threads. When he tried to complain I said sternly that I had very nearly bought a wild boar for him as well, but M. Café-de-la-Paix just snapped it up first.

Percival thereupon meekly said that the only thing he objected to was that the slice of *courge* seemed to smell so strongly of Roquefort cheese.

At about 9 A.M. we left M. René expostulating about his luggage with a taxi-driver, and went off to have some breakfast. We were so hungry that we had an omelette. The effect of all this wholesale buying was that I first asked the price of the omelette and then only just refrained from ordering half a gross. When it came, Percival sniffed and said he wished they hadn't put cheese into it. A. A.



MANNERS AND MODES.

WHAT OUR LIFE-GUARDS MAY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

HOW DO THEY GET THERE?

By keen inquiry I have found
Tube trains are built *above* the ground;
I am most curious to know
How they are carted down *below*.
I asked a man who worked a lift
How it was done; he merely sniffed;
When I suggested "down the shaft"
The vulgar fellow simply laughed.
I asked a constable one day;
He glared at me and moved away.
I asked a clerk; he shook his head.
I asked a little girl; she fled.
I asked two airmen, all in blue—
I asked them both, but neither knew.
I asked an eminent K.C.,
A bishop and an old M.P.;
The politician and the priest
Had no idea, not the least,
Nor had the eminent K.C.
(Perhaps the ablest of the three).
London's Lord Mayor—*he* would know
For sure, I thought. He didn't, though.
All round I meet the same expanse
Of blank and utter ignorance.
It seems I am not meant to know
How they get Tube trains down below.

Curious Phenomenon in Switzerland.

"WHEN THE FÖHN BLOWS.

(From our Special Correspondent in Switzerland.)

When there is a flood in the plains the mountains are usually at the bottom of it."
Daily Paper.

DOWN A STEEP PLACE.

THE great thing about tobogganing is to be perfectly convinced the whole time that you really are enjoying yourself most tremendously. (I know it is absurd to be reading about tobogganing and snow and all that sort of thing just now, but we really were doing it quite a short time ago, if you remember hard enough, and there was any amount of snow about the place—honestly.)

"Would you like to come tobogganing with us?" asked Joan over the telephone.

"No," I replied without hesitation. "Us" meant not only Joan, but her exceedingly large husband and her practically outsize brother. Tobogganing with Joan and her appendages would, I knew, be a quite painfully energetic form of so-called sport.

"Nonsense," said Joan briskly. "We'll collect you in the car in half-an-hour."

I think I should make a very good hypnotic subject. In half-an-hour I was duly collected, stowed away in the car with the thermos flasks and conveyed at incredible speed and by means of a series of hair-raising skids over the glassy roads to a distance of some fifteen miles.

"We'll go to Ashinghoe Beacon," I heard Joan saying in the course of the journey.

"It's not a bad run," Charles admitted (Charles is Joan's husband), "but it's frightfully bumpy."

"All the better," said Joan briefly. That is the sort of person Joan is.

We arrived at the foot of a mountain about a mile high. Half-a-dozen small black figures could be discerned in the snow at the top. "Here we are," said William brightly (William is Joan's brother).

I got out of the car and looked thoughtfully up the mountain. "Are we going to toboggan down that?" I asked carefully.

"We are," said Charles, callously unstrapping the two toboggans from the back of the car.

I got back into the car again.

"Here, what are you doing?" said Joan.

"I've just remembered that my doctor doesn't allow me to toboggan on Mondays," I replied with dignity; "besides I haven't made my will. Run along and enjoy yourselves, children; I'll freeze for you here."

"William!" observed Joan shortly. "Come here a minute."

William did certain things to me which made me sympathise very deeply with winkles. We began to walk up the mountain.

I had been wrong in estimating that mountain at a mile. By the time we reached the top I realised that it must be at least two. Down its surface ran a narrow track, not more than four feet wide, of hard snow. As we climbed, two or three toboggans whizzed past us at impossible speeds. I also noticed that there were at least three large bumps involving a drop of from two to four feet, while at the bottom was a bank which fell six feet sheer into the road. If you could manage to clear that, plunge through a thorn hedge the other side and penetrate to a field beyond, I gathered that you would have done pretty well.



Lady. "IT MUST BE VERY DEMORALISING, GOING ABOUT THE COUNTRY BEGGING. DON'T YOU EVER WISH FOR SOMETHING BETTER?"

Tramp. "YES, MUM. I'D LIKE TO DO IT IN A MOTOR."

It was at this point that I made up my mind that the art of tobogganing lies in the firm conviction that you really are enjoying yourself after all.

"Now, then," said Joan, "how shall we go?"

"Come on, Charles," said William with indecent enthusiasm, and flung himself at full length on one of the frail toboggans. Without hesitation Charles flung himself on top of William. The toboggan quivered for a moment and then plunged forward.

"Good start," said Joan, and looked at me.

I looked at Joan.

"You can go down alone first if you like, Joan," I said unselfishly. "Don't bother about me."

"Hurry up," said Joan. "I'm waiting."

I stopped looking at Joan and looked at the toboggan. "Do I—er—lie down on this, then?"

"Oh, do hurry up!" said Joan.

I hurried up.

"Here, wait for me!" Joan cried.

"I can't, Joan," I said unhappily.

"Put your hands out!"

I put my hands out. To my surprise the toboggan stopped. I was just going to get up and inquire into the matter when I felt a weight descend on my back.

"Now, then," said Joan in my ear, "let her rip!"

I let her rip. As a matter of fact I couldn't stop her. We ripped briskly over a large bump, swerved abruptly to the right and there performed some very curious evolutions indeed.

"What did you want to do that for?" asked Joan, scrambling out from beneath me.

I blew the snow out of my mouth. "I didn't, Joan," I gasped, scrambling out from beneath the toboggan. Then I remembered that I was enjoying myself. "Isn't this ripping?" I panted determinedly. "This is the—the nicest snow I ever tasted."

"Come on," said Joan curtly. "We've got to do better this time."

And, surprisingly enough, we did. We whizzed down that four-foot track like a streak of lightning, turning, for some miraculous reason (Joan's feet, I now surmise), neither to right nor to left, shot over the bumps and plunged ahead to the bottom at about a hundred miles an hour. It was then that the full horror of the situation seized me. By no possible chance, it seemed, could we avoid being hurled over that six-foot drop into the road and, if we were lucky, through the thorn hedge the other side.

But I was wrong. On the very brink of disaster we swerved abruptly to the right, as if plucked aside by the very hand of Providence, and ended up peacefully in the deep snow.

"Jolly good," said Joan, scrambling up.

I looked back at our track and light dawned upon me. On the right-hand side of it was a deep furrow which could only have been made by one of Joan's serviceable boots. "Whatever made us turn aside like that?" I demanded with some large show of disappointment.



"I SAY, D' YOU THINK I CAN GO?"
"GO? WHY NOT? THERE'S NO ONE IN THE BUNKER."

"We ought to have been able to get over the road and half-way across that field. That's what I was making for."

"Come on," said Joan irrelevantly. "We want to get up to the top again."

We embarked upon the three-miles' climb.

And after that, to my intense surprise, I really did begin to enjoy myself. I bumped down that slope a number of times, both *à deux* and, greatly daring, alone, and, though I seldom reached the bottom again, it was all very snowy and pleasant. In fact nothing of any importance happened (except that, by a curious phenomenon, the mountain grew exactly one mile higher each time I had to climb it) until Charles challenged me to a race.

"You can have the small toboggan," said Charles kindly. "It's much faster. And we'll have ten bob on the result."

"Thank you, Charles," I said. "May I go first too, please?"

"Are you ready?" Joan exclaimed suddenly.

"No," I said hastily; "I haven't decided whether——"

"One, two—three!"

It was most unfair. Charles shot away on his stomach, and I did not get off till a dozen yards later. We sped down the slope in single file. But by this time my blood was thoroughly up. My toboggan certainly was the faster, and to my joy I saw that I was overhauling Charles rapidly.

"Fore, Charles!" I howled.

Charles did not fore. He continued to whizz down the centre of the track. So did I, only more quickly.

"*Fore*, Charles!" I screamed desperately, avoiding his boots in my face only by the utmost adroitness.

Charles, who is evidently one of the boys of the bulldog breed, kept steadily on. So did I—for a few yards. Then there was a sickening crash as the front of my toboggan met the back of his, and I shot forward with considerable abruptness. So did Charles. Fortunately, however, Charles did not take his toboggan with him. I, on the contrary, took mine. The last I saw of Charles, he was standing on his head on the side of the track, up to the shoulders in snow.

I had a most successful run, and Charles subsequently paid me ten shillings for it. I came to the conclusion that, properly handled, a toboggan can be a source not only of pleasure but of profit. I'm almost sorry that it's raining now.

A. B. C.

TO JANUARY OF THE HERALDS.

"Churl son of Janus" you've been called,*
And still your name stays uninstalled
Amid the song-months; bards, enthralled
By graceful themes and girlish,
Hymn only the accomplished hours
Of fluting birds and golden flowers
And frolic lambs; nay, by the Powers,
'Tis we that are the churlish,

Who grudge you that your thrush to-day
Singing is worth a score in May,
And that those lambs—well, are not they,
Your first-born silly-billies,
Worth all on April's hills and plains?
And that, in waiting woods and lanes,
A frail sheathed snowdrop still remains
Worth leagues of daffodillies.

"Housekeeper wants Post to business man or respectable man."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

We await the City's comments.

"'We Twd' is the fascinating title of the reminiscences of the Marquis and the Marchioness of Aberdeen, brought out recently in two volumes at 36*s.* net."

Monthly Magazine.

How *do* people think of these catchy titles?

* By AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE CONJURER.

[Suggested by the experience of Captain MASKELYNE, who has admitted that he was unable to discover the means used for producing certain mysterious effects at a spiritualistic séance to which he was recently invited.]

THE conjurer puts in his bag
A magical die,
Two guinea-pigs, eight silk handkerchiefs, a hollow brass tube,
A portrait of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
Some red paper roses
And a flag.
The conjurer has a sad air;
His forehead is lined with care.
Incidentally, I often wondered
(But Heaven forfend
That it ever should happen to me),
If a man went away for a week-end
By mistake with a conjurer's bag
From Waterloo,
What the upshot might be.
Would the error be regarded as venial
By his hostess, and the obsequious menial
Inevitably spread
The guinea-pigs out and the handkerchiefs upon his bed,
Without smile, without frown?
Would he have to come down
To dine
Attired in the simple majesty of his country's flag,
And one or two showers
Of paper flowers
And a wand with a magical joint?
But all this is quite beside the point.
I said to the conjurer,
"Sir,
Has it ever struck you that you are now a back number,
And all this lumber
Is a relic of the bygone Victorian age,
Of DARWIN and HUXLEY and that lot;
An age
When everything that the world contained
Was easily explained,
And magic was nothing but spoof
Only fit to deceive little children
Under a hospitable roof?
But now,
In Bayswater, Hammersmith and Knightsbridge,
Surbiton, Brixton, Notting Hill,
There are hundreds who thrill
Behind fast-locked doors
To an older and more wonderful magic than yours.
Red lights and a trumpet there, the medium entranced,
The darkness, the contact, the taps,
And lo!
From the table legs
Come eggs;
And out of the air,
Unpalmed, the watches have passed to the maiden's hair.
Nay, I do not doubt
In that strange gloom,
Those darkened flats,
Formed from no terrene rice,
Puddings which taste exceedingly nice
Are cooked by none knows whom
In tall silk hats.
But I,
In memory of the days gone by
When in front of the eager-eyed children assembled
I trembled,
Half in hope, half in fear lest I too should be summoned
Up to the terrible platform
On which you were king,
To hold something—
I, knowing nothing of séances,
Yet nowise rejecting the powers
Of wizards to-day in this wonderful world of ours,
And wholly unable to tell
If the future of magic
Is comic or tragic,
O conjurer, wish you exceedingly well!
And I grieve
At your sad and your woebegone air
And your forehead so furrowed with care
As you place in your bag
A magical die,
Two guinea-pigs, eight silk handkerchiefs, a hollow brass tube,
A portrait of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
Some red paper roses
And a flag."

EVOE.

THE OLFACTOTUM.

"I SHAN'T keep you a moment," said the travelling agent winningly as he set his bag down on the floor. "I just want to draw your attention to this new invention we are putting on the market, the Olfactotum. I have the feather-weight portable model here to demonstrate it to you. No, there is no obligation whatever. I am not asking you to buy. I am only asking to be allowed to demonstrate it to you.

"You have no doubt a wireless set. You cultivate your ear for music through headphones or a loud speaker for an hour or so most evenings, and you go to the cinema now and then and feast your eyes on the stars of Hollywood. But what recreation do you provide for your most prominent feature? The answer is—none that is not fortuitous, nothing organised. You let your nose lie, so to speak, fallow.

"We will put it another way, if you like. Your nose—forgive me if I seem too personal; shall we say the average nose?—the average nose does not pull its weight. It has been allowed, if not actually encouraged, to slack while the ears and eyes work overtime. This should not be, and the Olfactotum is designed to correct this tendency.

"Of course there is no getting over the fact that centuries of neglect have had their effect in blunting this organ's natural abilities. It is not used to being noticed. It gets blown by both sexes and powdered by one; but what is that? It has remained until now the Cinderella of the facial family. But it has found a fairy godmother in us. Our slogan is Get an Olfactotum and Give your Nose a Chance to Make Good.

"And it is so simple. All you have to do is to take your handy little portable model with you to the cinema. An attendant for a small extra charge will supply you with an Olfactotum disk corresponding with the film about to be shown, and when you have taken your seat you will adjust the mechanism and operate the switches and levers as indicated in the book of instructions supplied with every model sold.

"We will assume that the film in question is a picturisation of *David Copperfield*. You will get, as the story proceeds, all the scents naturally associated with it: the sweet-briar hedge at the bottom of the garden at Blunderstone



Wife of Church Dignitary (meeting friend at the Zoo). "OH, HOW DO YOU DO? I'M LOOKING FOR THE PREBENDARY. YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM, HAVE YOU?"

Friend. "NO, I HAVEN'T."

Helpful Stranger. "PARDON ME, MADAM; I EXPECT THEY 'LL BE NEXT TO THE OSTRICHES—OVER THERE."

Rookery, where *David's* mother walked with the black-whiskered *Mr. Murdstone*; the smell of fish in *Peggotty's* boat-house; the aroma of the loin of mutton on which *David* dined with *Micawber* in the debtors' prison, and so forth.

"The Olfactotum can serve as an agreeable adjunct to your wireless set also. We are arranging to supply disks that will harmonise with some of the programmes of the B.B.C. Whiffs of haggis and whisky for BURNS' nights; joss-sticks when *Madame Butterfly* is broadcast, and a mixture of frying oil, garlic, naphtha and sawdust for *I Pagliacci*. We believe that in a year or so, when the Olfactotum is in every home and noses have come into their own and are as well cultivated and as quick in the uptake as ears and eyes are at present, many will rely on them alone for an evening's entertainment, and you will hear people saying, 'I smelt-in last night. A pastoral programme. Delicious! Earth after rain, clover, hay and turnips, the breath of the cows in the byre,' etc.

"Now what about this model? You 'll think it over? Oh, you have no sense of smell. Never had. Quite. Thank you. Good morning."

Distressing Accident to a Football-player.

"Cray's forwards shot hard and often but never straight till at last Hill decided to try his head. It came off first time."—*Kent Paper.*

Cause and Effect?

"Snakes are making their appearance, and several have been killed near the town.—The police seized a quantity of wine here on November 28."—*Australian Paper.*

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXIV.—THE RED SAUSAGE-ROLL.

"George," I shouted as the train rushed out of a tunnel, "in my opinion the Government of Queensland is a Bolshie, Socialist and utterly reprehensible Government, George, but, by George, George, their sausage-rolls are bonzer!"

"Good-o!" shouted George, waving his glass and clinging to the rocking table. "Haddock, old man," shouted George, "the principles of this Government are detestable—I say, their principles are unsym—are unsympathetic"—George here for a long while gazed vaguely through the window at the flying night—"but, by Haddock, Haddock," he continued at last, "their hospitality is dinkum!"

It was long after midnight. The reason the table was rocking, the reason the night was flying, the reason we were all shouting was simply this: that we were in a train, an admirable special train provided by the Labour Government of Queensland, but roaring terribly through the night along the terrible permanent-way of the Queensland Railway, which is three feet six inches wide. For my part I was too frightened to go to bed; for it seemed impossible that that bouncing, banging, rolling, roaring, volatile train could live through the night. And the rest of the Mission were too busy cementing the Empire and exchanging lies. So there we sat in the long saloon—Canadians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Australians, Welshmen, Englishmen, and one brave gentleman from Malta—shouting across the little tables and bit by bit putting the Empire straight. Canadians told the Australians what they thought about their politics; Welshmen in a few brief words re-organised their industries; and Englishmen with a sweep of the hand settled, populated and developed the entire Commonwealth. While the Australians, when they could insinuate a word, indicated in a terse phrase or two the way in which Great Britain's manufactories, finance and commerce would be best conducted. And not a head broken, not a cross look!

And all the time in unbroken Imperial unity we ate deep, deep, the Socialist sausage-roll and drank the health of Australia in the generous cups provided by the vile Government of Queensland. There were in that saloon direct representatives of that Government, a Government, Sir, which has destroyed the Second Chamber and established State fish-shops; there were in that saloon minions of that Government in the service of the Railway Department, a Department, Sir, which notoriously runs these foully-nationalised railways at a loss for the benefit of the railway-workers. Yet, as George, proud Tory, raised to his lips his seventh glass of Socialist champagne, he never blenched. On the contrary, I distinctly saw him drink the health of a Railway Commissioner in the pay of men who had abolished a Second Chamber—*pop!*



Prison Governor. "BUT HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE A HOLE LIKE THAT THROUGH A THREE-FOOT WALL WITH A DINNER-KNIFE?"

Prisoner. "IT SEEM TO COME EASY TO ME, SIR. YOU SEE, MY WIFE 'S NOT MUCH OF A COOK."

But Honeybubble was of finer clay. Honeybubble had just been hearing the full and horrible tale of a recent Queensland railway strike, and he was all worked up.

"Mr. Honeybubble—a sausage-roll?" cried George, hospitably waving a plateful at him.

"No, boy," said Honeybubble, and with a grand gesture he waved the tainted food away. But, the train just then giving a violent lurch to starboard, two rolls fell flying from the plate, and Honeybubble in the course of his grand gesture struck one of them with his hand so that it flew like a tennis-ball across the train into the lap of a Canadian editor, who eagerly devoured it. Such is night-life in our great Dominion.

"In my opinion, boy," continued Honeybubble, undaunted, and leaning forward and speaking very clearly and earnestly, "all this—this *refreshment* is no more than a *bribe*."

"A *what*, Mr. Honeybubble?" shouted George, speaking not quite so clearly.

"A *bribe*, boy—a BRIBE!" shrieked Honeybubble against the maddening clatter of the train. "They are afraid," he went on intensely, "*that we shall go back to England and tell the truth!* A bribe, boy."

"Mr. Honeybubble," said George gravely but indistinctly, "I have no doubt that what you say is correct, and for my part," he said, brandishing the unconsumed portion of a sausage-roll, "I propose to accept the bribe in the spirit in which it is offered. Steward," he said, to a passing Socialist, "bring these gentlemen two large bribes-and-sodas!"

The intelligent Australian instantly took his meaning and withdrew.

"Do you know," went on Honeybubble, more and more intense, "that in the recent railway strike *they picketed the roads?*"

"Revolting," said George.

"Do you know that for eight days not a wheel moved, not a letter was delivered, and the Government lifted not a finger to protect the community?"

"Intolerable," said George.

"Do you know," said Honeybubble, warming up, "that at the end of it the Government surrendered everything—with the exception of the thirty-six and three-quarter hour week for clerical workers?"

"Hideous," said George.

"Do you know that the employees of this very railway assert their right to hold 'stop-work' meetings during working-hours and that this 'right' has been practically conceded?"

"Frightful," said George.

"By a Labour Government drawing large salaries and afraid of their own supporters?"

"*Too* awful," said George.

"And yet you sit there eating and drinking at their expense," concluded Honeybubble powerfully.

"Disgusting," said George with his eyes closed.

"Do you realise, boy, that at any moment they might stop this train to hold a political meeting?"

"They mustn't take the sausage-



Aunt (to small niece from the country). "WHY, JILL, YOU 'RE VERY QUIET. DON'T YOU LIKE BEING IN LONDON?"
Jill. "NOT VERY MUCH. ALL THE WINDOWS ARE DIRTY, AND THERE AREN'T *ANY* BUNNIES."

rolls," said George good-humouredly, "and they mustn't close the bar. But if that is understood the sooner this rackety train stops the better. Steward," he said to the genial attendant, "in case you feel like a stop-work meeting during the night we 'd better have some more tongue sandwiches, and if you don't bring some more champagne I shall tell everybody about the Queensland Government."

"Good-o," said the steward, beaming.

"Good-o, as you say," said George, rising and swaying slightly: perhaps it was the train. "And now, Mr. Honeybubble, having sold my soul for the flesh-pots, I shall follow the thing to its logical conclusion and I shall sing a Bolshie song. For in my opinion the Socialists of Queensland are not merely dinkum, Mr. Honeybubble, but bonzer, Mr. Honeybubble, and I shall therefore sing 'Parasites in this Fair Country.' I should be glad, gentlemen," said George, leaning against the table, "if the Canadian delegates would stop singing 'O Canada!' if only for a minute, and join with me in singing 'Parasites in this Fair Country.' Page forty-four. Gentlemen, the forty-fourth page in the Scarlet Song-Book of the Industrial Workers of the World (Third Australian Edition)."

George had drawn from his pocket the horrible red book referred to (purchased illicitly on a Sunday afternoon on the "Domain" at Sydney), and, swaying still but no longer slightly, he sang the following remarkable words to the fair and ancient tune of "Annie Laurie," as indicated in the book:—

THE PARASITES.

By JOHN E. NORDQUIST.

(*Tune*: "*Annie Laurie.*")

Parasites in this fair country live on honest labour's sweat;
There are some who never labour, yet labour's product get;
They never starve or freeze, nor face the wintry breeze,
They are well fed, clothed and sheltered,
And they do whate'er they please.

These parasites would vanish and leave this grand old world
If the workers fought together and the workers' flag unfurled;
When in One Union grand the working-class shall stand
The parasites will vanish,
And the workers rule the land.

Any reader who is familiar with that grand old air I recommend to sing to it here and now these grand new words, and then picture to himself that midnight scene, where, against the clatter and roar of the train, the sons of Empire, called together from the four corners of the world, bellowed into the bush that noble twentieth-century hymn. After it we sang (to the tune of "Redwing"):

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?
It is outrageous,
Has been for ages . . .

And after that (to "John Brown's Body") the soul-stirring chorus—

Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever!
Solidarity for ever
In the One Big U-ni-on!

After that we took another bribe or two and reorganised the Empire for the last time. Then we went to bed. And, though we had travelled in a mob for many months, many thousands of miles, and argued incessantly; though there was not one single subject upon which more than two of us agreed; yet we reeled along the rolling, shattering corridor, one heart, one mind, one voice,



Sergeant. "WHEN I FIRST OBSERVED THE DEFENDANT 'E WAS SINGIN' 'FOR 'E'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW' AN' OTHER ANTI-TEMPERANCE SONGS."

singing "Solidarity for ever!" and sometimes arm-in-arm. And what I say is that an Empire in which such things can happen has just a little life in it yet.

Meanwhile Honeybubble had furtively consumed the last sausage-roll.

A. P. H.

Things that Might have been Expressed More Happily.

"Another member of the parish has left us for a warmer clime since last month."
Parish Magazine.

"Mr. Valentino accompanied his wife to New York and hissed her good-bye."
Daily Paper.

The villain!

"It is stated that Britain has asked for at least £9,000,000 a year for 62 years, but that Italy is prepared to offer not more than £,000,000."—*Scots Paper.*

It doesn't seem enough.

"Of course, the publication of his book was followed by a great row, like the row which Bret Harte's 'Truthful Sammy' described."
Monthly Magazine.

The poem referred to is of course that which begins with the well-known lines:—

"I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful Sammy;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sin; no, *jamais.*"

TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(*Suggested by a recent correspondence in "The Times."*)

O WILLIAM, though frankly admitting
You stand free of question* and law,
Serenely unmoved by the twitting
And taunts of ST. BERNARD LE SHAW;
I note that some experts in fussing
About the illustrious dead
Have again been minutely discussing
Your "second-best bed."

Some playwrights with politic blindness
Dismiss all dull folk from their ken;
You viewed with peculiar kindness
All stupid, slow women or men;
That's why I respectfully wonder
(The words have long rung in my head)
At that insult—or was it a blunder?—
"My second-best bed."

Were you sadly or happily mated?
Was ANN an impossible spouse?
Was your family life agitated
By turbulent ructions and rows?
No modern magician or wizard
I wish to enthrone in your stead,
But I own that it sticks in my gizzard,
That second-best bed.

Were you plastic and pliant as putty,
As clay to the maker of pots?
Were you hard as the primitive gutty
And tough as the oak and its knots?
Have we adequate grounds for maintaining
That Dr. MACKAIL is misled?
Is ADDY astray in explaining
That second-best bed?

Still I hailed the ingenious pleading
Of good Mr. ADDY, who came
Very near, so I thought, to succeeding
In proof of your innocent aim;
For he held, without any distortion
Of what your last testament said,
It was only a *part* of ANN'S portion—
That second-best bed.

Still genii, there 's no denying,
Don't always behave as they write,
Though ANN may have been very trying
Or even a permanent blight;
And the legalists, grimly pursuing
Their course with implacable tread,
Refrain from indulgently viewing
The second-best bed.

Well, well, in the end it will save us
Much outlay of profitless skill
If we only recall what you gave us,
And turn a deaf ear to your Will;
If, refusing to burden and cumber
Our brains with the things that are sped,
We dump in the limbo of lumber
Your second-best bed.

* "Others abide our question. Thou art free."
MATTHEW ARNOLD'S *Sonnet on* SHAKESPEARE.

DUCKS IN DANGER.

(An Appeal from the Parks.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We, the undersigned permanent residents in the ornamental waters, trees and shrubberies of St. James's Park desire to enlist your powerful influence in rescuing us from our present precarious position.

We need not remind your omniscience of the antiquity of our tenure, but we may recall to your readers the fact that it dates back two hundred and sixty-five years, to the beautifying of the Park and the stocking of its waters by CHARLES II., who built a decoy for ducks on Duck Island, and installed the pelicans which had been presented to him by the Czar of MUSCOVY. CHARLES II. had his weaknesses, but it is recorded that he was as fond of his ducks as of his dogs, and COLLEY CIBBER says that his habit of feeding them "made the common people adore him, and consequently overlook in him what in a prince of a different temper they might have been out of humour at."

What was once a royal amusement has long become a popular pastime. Since the Royal Parks were thrown open to the public we have enjoyed the favour and protection of the populace. The feeding of the pelicans has long been one of the most successful of the gratuitous exhibitions of London. The wood-pigeons of St. James's Park are miracles of obesity. Yet the same public which made this pleasance a Paradise of Plenty for its authorised residents have by their thoughtlessness and indiscriminate almsgiving been responsible for our present misery. Our friends have become our worst enemies, for they and they alone encouraged the invasion of our homes by those audacious and voracious sea-robbers, the gulls.

At first the gulls confined their operations to the river; but when people began to feed them from the bridges they soon moved in to the Park waters. Formerly they seldom appeared till the early winter. Now they haunt us from August till April. An expert observer predicts that the day is not far distant when they will nest in the Parks. But already, as any frequenter of St. James's Park during the last month will testify, they practically monopolise our food supply and have driven us away from our feeding-grounds. We have given up the attempt to compete with these air-raiders, who catch every morsel before it reaches the water.

Terrible stories come to hand of their attacks on the fishermen of Deal; and the same thing may happen in London to-morrow. It is not only for our eggs and our innocent broods that we are filled with dread, but for our human protectors. Pray be careful of yourself, Mr. Punch, for these gulls are capable of anything. And we entreat you to bring pressure to bear on Parliament to introduce legislation providing for the expulsion from the Parks in general and St. James's Park in particular of these most dangerous and undesirable aerial aliens, who threaten to make a solitude of our peace.

We are, dear Mr. Punch, your most faithful servants and petitioners,

(Signed) PETER PELICAN,
SAMUEL SHELDRAKE,
THOMAS THRUSH,
DELYSIA DOVE,
DICKY DABCHICK,
SIMON SPARROW.

Birdcage Walk, Jan. 20, 1926.



Polly Peacham (indignantly). "HOW AWFULLY LATE YOU ARE!"
Rip van Winkle. "YES. I'M FRIGHTFULLY SORRY. IT WAS VERY STUPID OF ME, BUT I WENT TO SLEEP AFTER DINNER."

Our Betters.

"Distinguished Nurse would accompany person South of France."—*Daily Paper.*

A Paradise for the Deaf.

From a hotel prospectus:—

"With a residential Orchestra of six Musicians who provide music at meal times, and for dancing every afternoon and evening, the Visitor is assured of the maximum of rest."

"Chauffeur-Handyman, aged 40; wife Vienna cook; occasionally one child."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

The idea of intermittent parenthood rather appeals to us.

"'Knowledge,' an American poet has reminded us, 'comes, but wisdom lingers.'"
Glasgow Paper.

Have they mixed up TENNYSON with Tennessee?

"Lady (smart, tall, young), with good stock size figure, to try on coats and other clerical duties; knowledge of tailoring not essential."
Scots Paper.

We judge from the reference to "clerical duties" that some acquaintance with "the cloth" would not be amiss.



Doctor (to small invalid). "YOU KNOW, I'VE GOT A LITTLE GIRL AT HOME JUST ABOUT YOUR SIZE."
Small Girl (after some thought). "DID SOMEONE SEND HER BACK, THEN?"

ANCIENT PASTIMES.

I.—PAUME, 1536.

WHAT doth the KING his Grace this merry April day?
Is he in the greenwood and twenty leagues away?
Is he in his council-room or in some lady's bower,
Or doth he toss a pike upon the green beside the Tower?
He is not abroad
And he is not at home,
But in his great hall by the Abbey
He plays the game of Paume.

Why do his lieges thus throng into the hall?
They love to see him swing his arm and smite the spinning ball.
Wherefore do those balls leap so lightly in the air?
They are stuffed with airy stuff—with locks of women's hair.
Some have brown and grey,
And some have gold within,
And a few are stuffed with that fierce colour
That shags his Grace's chin.

Come two grave Ambassadors with Churchmen in their train;
Grave is he of France and graver yet is he of Spain.
They come to hint at treaties, to talk of divers lands,
They come to seek KING HARRY with parchments in their hands.
And they find him thus,
And they must stand and yawn
While he sports before his lieges
In a smock of lawn.

There goes a carven gallery about the sanded court,
And there the gentlewomen sit that watch KING HARRY'S sport;
There they lean on Persian woof and cushions fringed with green;
The fair one, she is Lady JANE, the dark one, ANNE the Queen.
Whispers he of France
To him of Spain all low,
"Lady JANE, the Admiral's sister,
Is seventh in the row."

What ails the KING his Grace and whereon doth he muse?
Though the sand be hollowed with his mighty velvet shoes,
Though his gaze be often fixed upon the ball that flies,
Sometimes he will halt and peer about with troubled eyes.
They fall like heads lopped off,
The balls he then will miss;
And each grave envoy mutters softly,
"My king must hear of this." D. M. S.

Christmas Saturnalia in the East.

From a notice handed to visitors at a Ceylon hotel on Christmas Eve:—

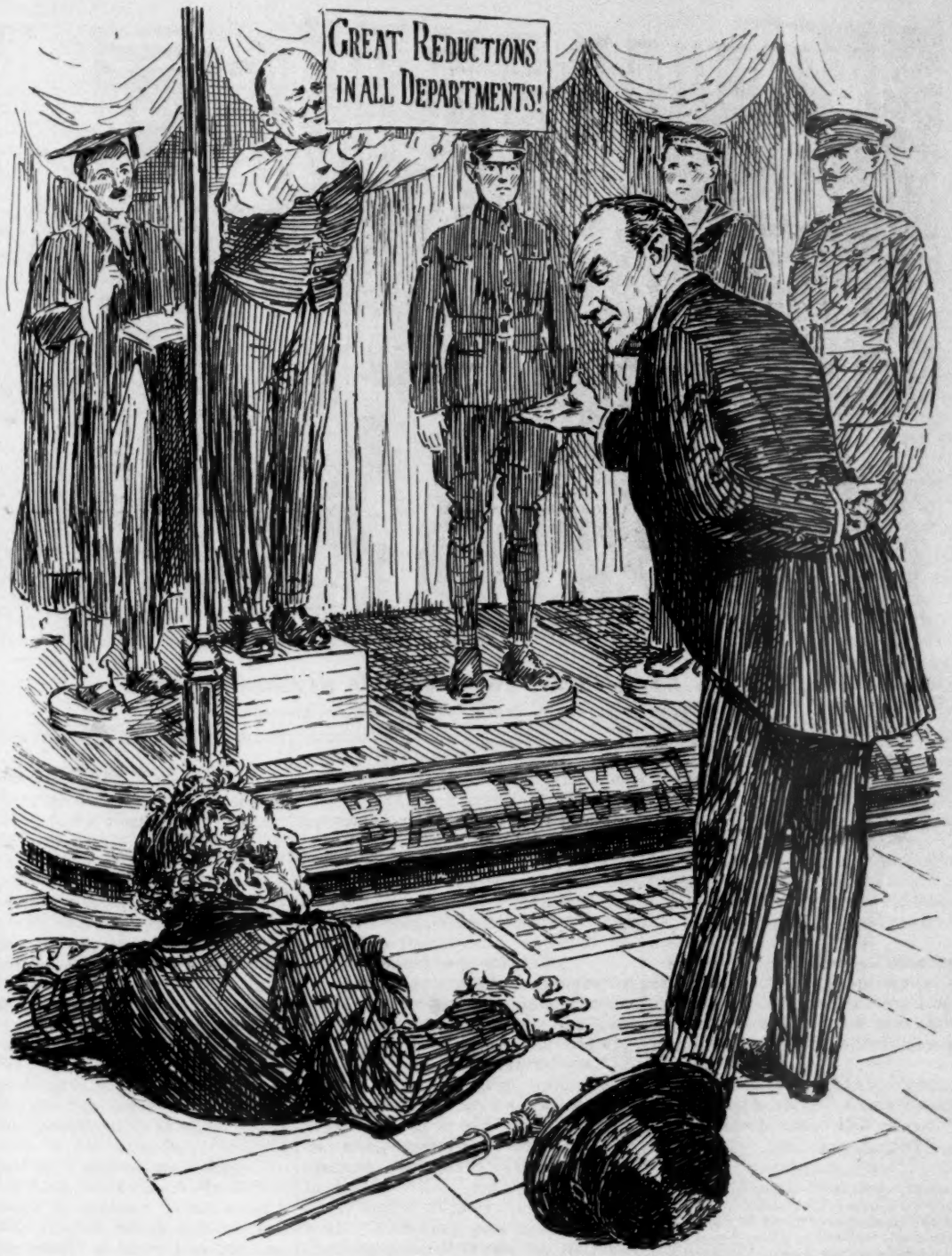
"Visitors are kindly asked to extend their patience if the service is not quite as prompt in the Dining Room—as the Staff are not working under moral conditions."

From a Church service notice:—

"Printed copies of the words of the Carols will be provided and the congregation is asked to 'Stop Flirting' (Gershwin)."—*Burma Paper.*

"Charles Reade's Lydia Gwilt in 'Armadale' is, I fancy, the most precocious forger that ever existed either in fiction or in fact."
Sunday Paper.

Quite capable, we imagine, of defrauding WILKIE COLLINS of his "Hard Cash."



IN THE COAL-HOLE.

MR. BALDWIN. "RATHER AN ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY OF OURS, SIR."

JOHN BULL. "I SHALL BE IN A BETTER POSITION TO APPRECIATE IT WHEN YOU 'VE GOT ME OUT OF THIS MESS."





ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

EARLY ARRIVALS FOR MÜNCHHAUSEN NIGHT AT THE TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

THE NEW SLANG.

IT happened the other night that I went to a party after reading in an evening paper that "no one under thirty dreams of using slang to-day." The party was given for the intelligentsia by one of their tribe. When I arrived I found pale young men dancing with pale young women in the centre of the room, or sitting with pale young women on divans along the wall, or sitting with them on the floor. All, I judged, were under thirty, and all were ostentatiously loving beauty. I braced myself for conversation in pure, precise, copious English, a choice of words as fastidious as ADDISON'S.

"Too marvellous!" It was a pretty girl next to me who was speaking. "Wasn't it *too* marvellous, Adrian?"

What could Adrian say? He did not hesitate. "Ravishing," he said simply.

A little eddy of talk drifted past me. "Devastating," I heard someone say, and a young woman on my left murmured, "That will be splendid," without any enthusiasm, but she was evidently referring to something else.

At length somebody took pity on my loneliness and I was drawn into a little group which seemed to be discussing architecture. "My dear," a dark young man was saying as I sat down, "it's too marvellously baroque for words. I was devastated when I saw it. But there's a ravishing house——" He went on to describe at great length the house, which was also "wonderful" and "divine" and "incredibly eighteenth-century." But only "too marvellous" would, it appeared, do justice to the ceilings.

Then we proceeded to discuss our friends, freely but not altogether unkindly. One was "so virginal," another's repressions were "devastating," but most were just "marvellous." A vivacious young woman, with whom for some minutes my lot was cast, deplored the way in which that adjective was being worked to death. "It's my aversion," she told me; she was "vastly" tired of it. "Yes," she said in response to my look of surprise at hearing a new word, "I've been plundering the Restoration dramatists and the Regency. Isn't WYCHERLEY too——" she hesitated—"marvellous," she concluded limply.

At one o'clock I was still waiting for a phrase or an epithet of distinction. I heard no word that you wouldn't have found in Dr. JOHNSON'S dictionary, and they would all have fitted comfortably into one page. At two o'clock I rose to go and sought out my host.

"I've had a ripping time," I said to him, and he visibly blanched. "It's been a topping party. You ought to feel awfully bucked about it——"

I broke off, seeing incredulous horror on the faces of the guests who had overheard me.

"Cheerio," I said, and little gasps came from all round the room. As I opened the door to let myself out a single word floated after me. It was "devastating," and it came from a score of throats.

"'No one under thirty dreams of using slang to-day,'" I said to myself as I walked home. "But what do they call the stuff that they *do* use?"

"Some doctors are dissatisfied with the term used for an ordinary cold and ask for a substitute that will be more expressive. Ordinary mortals will await in trepidity the coinage of the new medico-terminological equivalent. We already have 'Forunculosis' for a boil, 'Spastic Paraplegia' for tiredness, 'Ampecia' for baldness, etc."—*North-Country Paper.*

We don't know about ordinary mortals, but the new terminology seems already to have had a discomposing effect upon our contemporary's printer.

THE STEEPLE THATCHBY GAME.

AT some schools they play Soccer, at others, Rugger. We of Steeple Thatchby village play a game of our own invention. We *call* it Rugger; but I doubt if Mr. ADRIAN STOOP would recognize the game if he saw us play it. Not that we should care what Mr. STOOP thought. The word Harlequin means nothing to us.

Our Vicar began it. Our Vicar, you must know, played full-back at Oxford once. I said "*at* Oxford." In his study hangs a yellowish photograph, which at first sight appears to portray a group of Albanian brigands. The *banditti* wear striped jerseys, cavalry moustaches and an air of extreme truculence. The rugged chieftain, who sits in front, displays boots shod with hobnails which call for suppression by the Hague Convention. The legend beneath:—

KEBLE THIRD XV, 1886-7,

speaks for itself. Such was the Spartan cradle in which our skipper was nurtured.

A ground was our next consideration. At first we found it difficult to discover a field of which the contours would not have necessitated the taking of place-kicks with an artillery range-finder. Finally we decided to woo Farmer Pimstrim, the owner of the one level field in Steeple Thatchby. It was only after he had given us his gracious permission, dang us! that we realised in full a fact of which, in our eagerness to obtain the meadow at any cost, we had hitherto taken little account. The meadow was diagonally bisected by a ditch; for Farmer Pimstrim had never intended that the laws of Rugby football should interfere with his drainage system.

This matter of the diagonal drain had to be faced. We faced it manfully, in the only way possible, by incorporating it into our game. (This, you will remember, was DISRAELI'S invariable method in face of political ditches.) We did not consult the English Rugby Union on the subject, knowing the almost fantastic conservatism of that body. The E.R.U., we felt, would have disapproved on principle, for

"A pioneer men always abuse,
Like NEBUCHADNEZZAR the King of the Jews."

Logically, what was the objection to our ditch? The inventor of the pepper-box in fives is not now regarded as a dangerous anarchist. The game of Rugger itself sprang from a much more drastic innovation. "The boy Ellis," we read, "caught the ball and ran with it." No doubt this was regarded as an act of naked Bolshevism, but now ELLIS is an honoured name. To bar all innovations is to kill progress. Why should we not have our ditch? Were the pioneers, the mute inglorious Ellises of Steeple Thatchby, to be trampled on by the deaf adders and doddering diehards of the E.R.U.? Never.



"IT WAS A TITANIC GAME, IN WHICH WE DID NOT WEAR KID GLOVES."

As a matter of fact the ditch was a dazzling success from the start. To its presence we owed our brilliant victory over Dinnington Parva in our first match. It was a Titanic game, in which we did not wear kid gloves. Corduroy trousers and braces, perhaps, but kid gloves, no.

The issue of the fight was decided, as in so many pitched battles of old, by the intervention of darkness. For eighty-five minutes remorseless conflict had raged without definite advantage to either side. The shades of eve were falling fast. Five minutes before time the Dinnington Parva doctor, swiftly diagnosing the situation, tucked the ball under his arm. Circumventing our three-quarters' line, he discourteously pushed aside our full-back (an older man and a clergyman) and made for our goal. There seemed nothing but a few yards of unpopulated country between him and an easily convertible try. Then quite suddenly he disappeared. Literally disappeared. The ground seemed to have swallowed him, as indeed it had. Through the gloom our forwards tracked him to the edge of the ditch, and there, as in the historic instance of *Lucy Gray*, the foot-prints stopped.

A search began. We were not interested in the fate of the man himself. After all, he was a doctor. He must attend to his own wounds. But we were greatly concerned about the ball. Where was it?

Our search-party continued its work, sadly hampered by the lack of lanterns. Their efforts were eventually rewarded. The ball lay just behind the Dinnington Parva goal-posts. Upon it sat Ephraim Pepperwort, our small scrum-half. No one had seen him in transit. He had crawled along the ditch like a Pathan, robbed the dazed doctor of the ball, and returned by underground to score the winning try.



"THEN QUITE SUDDENLY HE DISAPPEARED."

Can the success, then, of our innovation be doubted? Come the four corners of the Rugby world in arms, and we will shock them. I do not say that we shall beat them, but we shall undoubtedly shock them. Especially Mr. ADRIAN STOOP.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

THE MODERN GIRL IS INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND. SO ONE OF MR. PUNCH'S EXPERTS GIVES A FEW HINTS ON HOW TO READ THE SIGNS.



IF SHE LOOKS AT YOU LIKE THIS SHE IS ASKING YOU TO APPROVE HER LIPSTICK.



IF SHE TAKES YOUR HAND SHE IS SEEING IF YOUR NAILS ARE PROPERLY MANICURED.



IF SHE PICKS A HAIR OFF YOUR COAT OF A COLOUR DIFFERENT FROM HER OWN, SHE IS REPROBATING YOUR UNTIDINESS.



IF SHE'S GENTLE AND MODEST SHE'S A CAVE-WOMAN.



IF SHE TAKES THIS ATTITUDE YOU ARE GETTING ON IN HER AFFECTIONS.



IF SHE YAWNS IN YOUR FACE, BETTER AND BETTER.



IF SHE BEHAVES LIKE THIS—



OR THIS—



OR THIS, IT'S SERIOUS, AND SHE IS DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH YOU.

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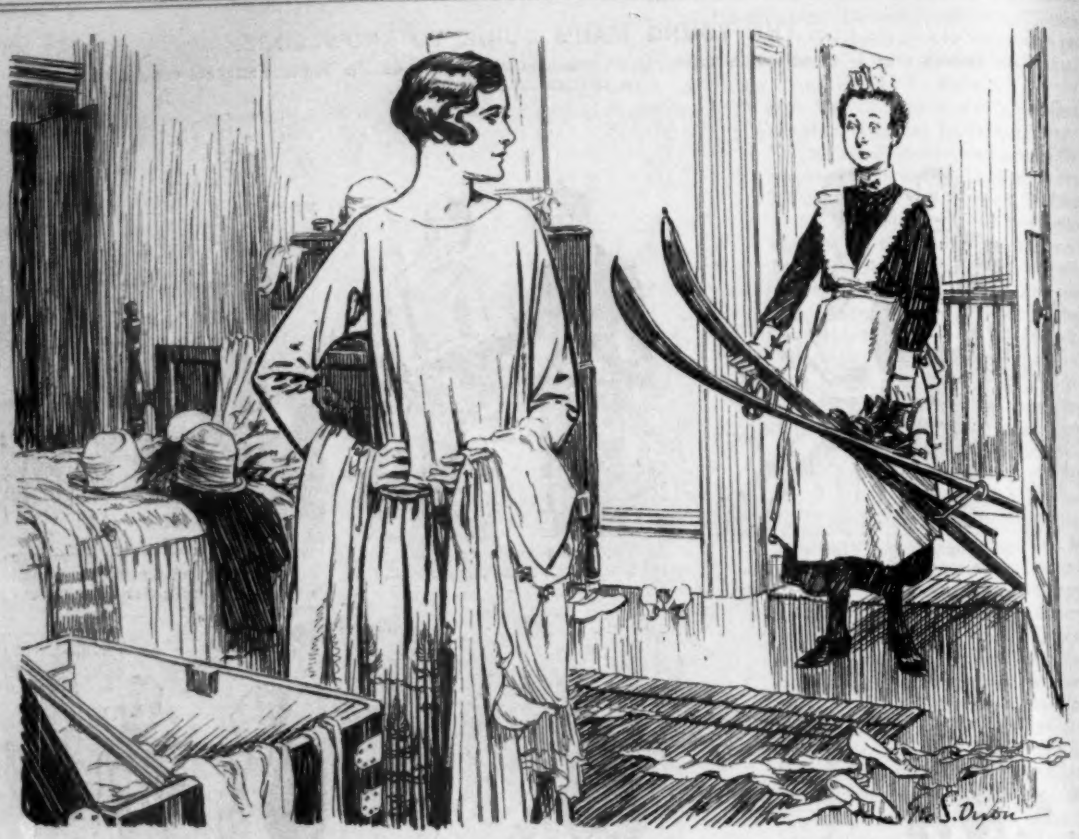
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OR THIS—



OR THIS, IT'S SERIOUS, AND SHE IS DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH YOU.



"HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO MANAGE, MUM, ABOUT PACKING THESE HERE CLOGS?"

THE FIVE-POUND BABY.

I HAVE been having fun with the income-tax forms.

It is difficult to extract any new entertainment from these works, but I have never yet seen a philosophical treatment of the system of "allowances" (for wives, children, housekeepers, other female persons and what-not). There seems to have been in the minds of those gentlemen in Whitehall who framed the Income-tax Acts, not to mention the gentlemen in Parliament who made them law (and may they all rot together!), a lurking idea that the maintenance of a wife and child was more costly to the husband than the maintenance of a bachelor by a bachelor for a bachelor. And there are traces unmistakable of a further notion that the maintenance of wife and child is a laudable activity, to be encouraged by the State. For are there not elaborate provisions to the end that the husband and the father shall pay a smaller tax than the bachelor of equal income?

This then appears at first sight to be a working principle—that the married person, in the eyes of the State, is more worthy than the single person. And he approaches his Form with the comforting impression that the Commissioners of Income-tax think well of him, that the State loves him and is straining every nerve to put things level as between himself and the loathly celibate.

But he soon changes his tone. He soon discovers that the State, so far from loving him, is laughing at him, cackling, coughing, shaking its vile sides over him. Contempt so terrible as the contempt of the State for the father and the spouse revealed in these Acts and Forms is seldom seen upon the kindly earth, for it is of that most demoniac and ghastly order of scorn which clothes itself in pretended solicitude and leers soapily at its enemy in the guise of a benefactor.

Are these words too hard? They are not. For look. Here are two Englishmen—one married (poor fool!) and one a bachelor (sink him!). Both have an earned income of, say, £1,000.

Now the "personal allowance," or that sum which may be deducted from the income before the leeches get at it, is to a single man £135, and to a married £225. A difference of £90.

£90. "Not so bad," thinks the artless married gull, still fondly trusting in a State which loves him; and perhaps not more than one in a million go so far as to reckon up the precise extent of this beneficence. The others sign the cheque and go to bed with the vague idea that they have made £90.

But what does it mean? It means £18. Four shillings in the pound on £90 is *£18!* **£18!** **£18!** £18, in the opinion of the State, is what it costs per annum to maintain a wife. £18.

Then there are the children; for those dear old codgers at Westminster and Whitehall have not forgotten the children. *Oh*, no! Come what may, the little ones shall be provided for. Those Income-tax Commissioners have the hearts of a BARRIE, and one can see them chuckling and capering about the office, their white whiskers wagging, as they strike off from the revenue one fat sum after another for the dear kiddies of Old England.

For the first child—the one that causes all the bother, all the clothes, all the prams, the nanny, the extra

room and a few small inexpensive trifles of that kind—what is he worth?

He is worth £7 4*s*. That is the sum that a grateful State presents to the father of a firstborn. True, it appears in the Forms as "an allowance of £36," and in that shape looks better. But what it *is* is £7 4*s*. And out of that you are free to engage a governess and send the boy to Winchester.

But this is the first-born, and a privileged person. The second baby can use the same pram, and it is well known costs practically nothing. All *he* is worth is "an allowance of £25"—which works out in cold cash at £5. A great big fiver, Bertie!

Well, now this married boob is being let off £18 for Winifred, £7 4*s*. for Thomas and £5 for Bertie—£30 4*s*. for the lot. The man should buy a car.

But the chances are that by this time the happy couple are so worked up about their financial successes that they will go and have *another* baby. There is the risk of disillusion here, for, though one might suppose that as the family grows the excited State would become more and more generous, the facts are quite otherwise. Where babies are concerned there is no reduction for a quantity. For the third child brings in only the same relief as number two, and the fourth likewise. Many a man can remember how his wife bounced out of bed with number seven, quite hysterical with the mere finance of the thing. "Isn't he a darling?" she coos. "And another five pounds off the income-tax. We'll take that trip to Spain, John."

However, let us rather glance at the man of half-measures, the deserving father of four. There he sits in the evening, this darling of the Crown, and there are the whole family, raising hell in his study in the evening, but all bringing in money by the handful:—

	£	*s*.	*d*.
Winifred . . .	18	0	0
Thomas	7	4	0
Bertie	5	0	0
Prudence . . .	5	0	0
Mercy	5	0	0
	£40	4	0

So that the entire family works out at about £8 a head.

And as he fondly gazes round the yelling circle he has this further comforting assurance, that for all their childish lives their annual value is fixed immutably. The toddling Bertie, today a five-pound child, will still be a five-pound child in ten years' time, when he is lording it at Eton (perhaps). Thomas is already demanding some £150 a year for his education. There will come a time when each of the four (or so their mother fondly supposes) will be costing £150 a year for education—£600 in all. But so far as the Income-tax Commissioners are concerned they will still be the same sweet five-pound babies of the old days. The income-tax child is the only genuine Peter Pan, for he never grows up.



"A GUINEA TO TAK' IT OOT! AND HOO MUCH WAD IT BE JUIST TO LOOSEN IT?"

Am I not right when I say that a person in the Inland Revenue must shake himself with unholy laughter whenever he looks upon a married man?

Eight pounds a head. Eight pounds a head for the relief of a man upon whom five souls are dependent—for their beds, their food, their clothes, their doctors, for schools and music-lessons and dentists, for prams and cots and parties and the pictures, for tonsils and adenoids and seaside holidays! Five pounds a child.

The foul bachelor sometimes replies to me, "Ha! but I have my dependants too." He lies. Or, if he does not lie, he gets his pickings from them as well. For a relative incapacitated by old age or infirmity, for a widowed mother, whether incapacitated or not, he pouches £5, as much as paterfamilias is allowed for Bertie; but he does not have to educate her or have her tonsils out; neither does she grow out of her clothes every six months; neither does she eat more every year, but less. And if she "or some other female relative" lives with him at his expense he pouches £12. A mother is worth two-thirds of a wife, and I suppose she costs the brute about one-sixth as much.

Well, well, it is very hard. Meanwhile I see that the marriage rate is falling, and I do not wonder. This is no doubt the unconfessed purpose of these arrangements. But why not come out in the open? Why not put a swingeing super-tax on wives and children and have done with it?

I see it said that the Treasury are

opposed to a Betting-Tax because of its "practical difficulties." Myself, I am opposed to the Income-Tax, and for the same reason. Indeed I am forming in my suburb a Fathers' Anti-Income-Tax League; and unless something is done in this Budget to ensure that bets cost more or babies cost less there is going to be some wretched ill-feeling between the Treasury and Us before the next financial year is out.

A. P. H.

True Courtesy on the High Road.

"The driver, to avert a collision with a motor bus, brought the engine to a sudden stop, which caused the deferential gearing to give way."—*Scots Paper.*

"A special meeting of the Liberal Federation has been summoned to consider this scheme for revival of English literature, which Lloyd George is sponsoring."
American Paper.

No doubt we shall hear more about it when he has finished with agriculture.

From a golfing article:

"That special regulation for match-play tournaments which says that 'competitors shall not agree to exclude the operation of any rule' prohibits them, for instance, from arranging to exclude shyness."—*Provincial Paper.*

First competitor: "I say, you're blushing! I thought we arranged not to blush."

Second competitor: "Did we? In that case *(blushing a deeper blush)* we were infringing the special regulation."

From a catalogue of gramophone records:—

"The Water Music, Why? (Warm?)"

A nice accompaniment for those who sing in the bath these chilly mornings.

"You now ask, 'How is perfect pitch obtained?' Assuming you to mean a sense of absolute pitch, we answer that it isn't; even if it could be, we should advise you not to worry about it. The absolute pitcher is born, not made; and the faculty is, as often as not, a nuisance rather than a help."
Musical Magazine.

In other words the "absolute pitcher" may sometimes be the equivalent of a "nasty jar."

England *v.* Australia.

Ill-luck has dogged you in the past;
You 've had some heavy crashes;
But, England, you 've a chance at last
Of rescuing the Ashes.
No longer with misgiving grieve
O'er Fortune's late unkind hit—
This time the foe is forced to leave
Its better half behind it.

AT THE MUSIC-HALL.

(COLISEUM.)

I CREPT, feeling, as one does, horribly out of scale, into the vast auditorium of the Coliseum in the pleasant expectation of hearing Miss CECILIA LOFTUS—how much we prefer the more familiar "CISSIE"!—but, alas, that most accomplished mimic, having heroically struggled through an afternoon performance with half a vocal chord functioning, had to give up the unequal contest in the evening.

Sir OSWALD STOLL, however, always contrives for you an entertainment with well-diversified items to suit all gauges of brow. Occasionally you get a jolly fellow like ROBB WILTON, with one of those seemingly vast indiarubber faces of the born comedian, who can extort laughter from cat, king and savant, and even from young men and women of the Bloomsbury school; or a young comédienne like *Rénée*, "precocious child," of the firm of HOUSTON Sisters, who have the authentic touch. Both first-rate turns.

Miss ISABEL JEANS, in a new playlet by AARON HOFFMAN, *The Honeymoon*, is a modern *Katherine*, and Mr. LAWRENCE ANDERSON a new *Petruchio*. Clever Miss JEANS, with her "intimate" technique, should never allow herself to be tempted into this mammoth playhouse. It simply enveloped and extinguished her; nor could you hear her lines, though she conscientiously strained her voice. Mr. ANDERSON'S admirably easy elocution mastered the difficulty of scale, and a more promising part gave him better chances, which he took with zest.

Professor POPJIE, "the great Dutch Savant," presented a Sphinxlike dummy which took the right card from a pack, made and cooked a cake, lathered and shaved a man. It was of course a variant of the very old trick of the disappearing figure and the cabinet (always a perfect mystery to me!), but too long drawn out, as all these affairs are apt to be, and with an elaborately ingenious but entirely unconvincing hocus-pocus of wheels, sparks, radio noises and what not. Whereupon CHEIRO showed on the screen how easy it is to prophesy character from the handwriting after the event, instancing Lord KITCHENER. Of course in fairness one must say he claimed that it was all done before, and I have no evidence to doubt it, but much obstinate scepticism.

I stood as much as I could, which was little, of PALLENBERG'S Merry-making Bears. Why degrade three perfectly good bears to the level of —— However, that 's another matter. Did not our BLAKE nearly write—

"Biking Bruins on a stage
Put all Heaven in a rage—
The sort of thing one
should not stand
In England' s green and
pleasant land"?

I thought, perhaps in prejudice, that the applause which I heard from the outer corridor seemed fairly unenthusiastic.

T.



A CLOUDED HONEYMOON.

The Wife . . . . . MISS ISABEL JEANS.
The Husband . . . . . MR. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.
The Hotel Manager . . . . . MR. FREDERICK J. VIGAY.

AT THE PLAY.

"MARY ROSE."

(HAYMARKET.)

PERHAPS it was hardly to be expected that *Mary Rose* should quite bring off its shock-tactics a second time against us elderlings now that the factor of surprise is gone. This time I saw it through with a dry or, at any rate, a no more than overmoist eye, whereas six years ago the tears positively splashed upon my shirt-front, even though all the while I knew that the incorrigible Sir JAMES was doping me with sentiment and that the tears did not so much prove a nice tender nature in me as adroit sleight-of-hand in him. And then, of course, there were (and are fortunately still) Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL'S engagingly sensuous-spiritual harmonies to complete one's disintegration. The new batch of playgoers that the intervening six years have developed have something exciting to look forward to (if indeed they are not all too sophisticated—I 'd forgotten that). The old stagers will not be bored.

It is no good, you will find, to pretend to be superior about *Mary Rose*. She is a darling, a sweet invention; and there are other sound likeable characters, particularly that of the crofter-student, *Cameron*.

It was inevitably an occasion for comparisons. Kindly HOLMAN CLARKE, to whose skilful production the play owed so much, has gone; gone too is genial accomplished ARTHUR WHITBY, who played so plausibly *Mr. Amy*, the collector-padre. Mr. ROBERT LORAINE has perhaps grown out of young *Simon Blake*—now played by Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE. I thought Mr. QUARTERMAINE more successful as the young sailor—quite admirable indeed as boy-lover and young husband, but less effective as the older *Blake*—the touch of hardness for one thing was not there—and as the ne'er-do-well *Harry, Simon's* son. To say that Mr. REGINALD BACH'S *Cameron* is almost as good as Mr. THESIGER'S is to offer high praise, and perhaps one only means that Mr. THESIGER, getting in first, gave this attractive part its direction, and his successor's different treatment is handicapped thereby. Mr. NORMAN FORBES was again *Mary Rose's* father, a lovable old fellow, skilfully handled. Mr. CELLIER'S clergyman—a dourer man than Mr. WHITBY'S—was a dexterous and attractive portrait. Miss HILDA TREVELYAN'S *Mrs. Morland, Mary Rose's* mother, had, I thought, more colour than Miss MARY JERROLD'S rather too placidly sweet rendering. And she had become a really old and faded woman during the twenty-five sad years of *Mary Rose's* second disappearance. That Miss JEAN CADELL should this time have failed to give us from her first entrance the same sense of eeriness and expectation of disaster merely means that you can't work that trick off twice on the same people.

And *Mary Rose*? Was Miss FAY COMPTON'S performance just a little less sensitive and exquisitely simple? Or is that impression also merely an effect of repetition? Possibly, for, if you examine the detail, there is nothing to put your critical finger upon. She just *is Mary Rose*—adorably shy, tender, wistful, uncannily fey—and I feel sure that no other hand will ever fit this delicate glove so well. You don't, perhaps, go from a BARRIE play feeling, "But this is a great enduring work of art;" but you can't deny that here is a piece of stage magic worked by a master hand, and what more need anyone want? T.

At Princes' Galleries, Piccadilly, at 9 P.M. to-night (Wednesday, Jan. 27th), there will be a Dance (with Cabaret and Bridge Drive) in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children and the Russian Red Cross Society, which provides for the needs of children, invalids and disabled and necessitous persons among those who have escaped to England from the Bolshevist Terror.

M. ANTON DOLIN will dance; the Cossacks are coming; and there is to be a Tango Competition for prizes. Tickets (one guinea and two for £1 15*s.*, including Buffet Supper) may be obtained from Mrs. LESLIE-MOIR, 138, Piccadilly (Telephone, Grosvenor 1960), to whom cheques should be made payable.



Mr. Amy (*Mr. FRANK CELLIER*) *to Mr. Morland* (*Mr. NORMAN FORBES*). "WELL, ANYHOW, WHETHER THE TURNER WAS GENUINE OR NOT, YOU 'RE A GENUINE MORLAND."



VISITING DAY ON THE ISLAND.

Simon Blake . . . . . MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.
Mary Rose . . . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.
Cameron . . . . . MR. REGINALD BACH.

MY WORD!

FOR some weeks my neighbour Jones and I have been running a private Crossword puzzle competition. Every Saturday we have handed to each other a puzzle far exceeding in difficulty any of those which appear in the daily papers; and every Monday we have with equal regularity produced the correct solutions and exchanged the modest prizes which we offer. But last Monday Jones confessed that he was defeated.

"I refuse to believe that there 's any such word," he said. "Your clue is 'Found on the keyboard.' That must have something to do with a piano. There are ten letters; the first is *q* and the last *p*; the third, sixth, seventh and eighth are *e*, *y*, *u* and *i*. The rest are not indicated, but if they were I should still deny that they go to form a word."

When I told him the solution he would not have it at all. "Utterly preposterous!" he exclaimed. "A word must have a meaning, otherwise it 's no word."

"But this *has* a meaning," I argued. "It means the top row of letters on a typewriter. I think it 's a very good word."

I still think QWERTYUIOP is quite a good word—for a Crossword puzzle.

Our Pampered Pets.

"To Let, Garden (about an acre). Pigstyes to suitable tenant."
Provincial Paper.

It looks as if the pig was expected to take the whole suite.

"The —— Branch of the Northern Diarymen's Association held their annual dinner last night and it was chiefly remarkable for the few speeches that were indulged in."—*Provincial Paper.*

Most of the Diarymen would naturally save their best things for their reminiscences.

MAP OF MY HEARTHRUG.

THE sea fills all the square with dingy green,
Save where the black and rugged island shows—
A stranger outline than MERCATOR knows
Or voyager has seen.

Eastward a rising headland may be traced,
Rounded and bold; while from the southern beach
Four long and narrow promontories reach,
Irregularly spaced;

With straits of such malign complexity
As might bring many a noble ship to grief;
While to the west a low and jaggéd reef
Runs curving out to sea.

Sail round this coast as wind or water helps,
But set your foot upon it—and it yelps!

ANNE.

I.—*Letter from Mrs. Allington to her Sister.*

July, 1925.

This is a most delightful house, about three miles from Hurstbourne Priors, where we do our shopping. Anne, who adores animals more and more every day, could not have a better time. What both she and I like best are the swallows, who have nests all along the eaves and dart about across the sky from dawn to dusk, except for a mysterious hour of siesta in the afternoon. Anne listens to their twitterings with more pleasure than to the birds' songs. One pair have a nest just over our window, which is always open, and they frequently come right in, the pets, and I find them settled on the valance-board over the curtains. At first they were frightened and banged themselves against the panes trying to find the open ones, but now they remain quiet and confident that our intentions are friendly.

I call them swallows, and shall continue to do so; but Fred, who comes down for week-ends and fancies himself an ornithologist and is very precise, continually reminds me that they are house-martins. When I say it's the same thing he puts on that pained look that we all know so well. . .

II.—*Letter from the Same to the Same.*

"Schoongezicht," Uitenhage,
January, 1926.

We are having a very interesting visit here. Why I was so unwilling to come is now a mystery to be explained only by ignorance. We are not told enough about our Colonies or Dominions, or whatever they are, and in our centralised island contentment and superiority think of them as too new to be either civilised or beautiful. The Continent gives us what art and romance we need, England gives us comfort, and the rest of the world is negligible. That's how we come to think.

Well, it is all wrong, and I am now a complete convert to the Cape. Whether I should fall also to New Zealand and Australia I can't say; but South Africa has conquered.

It is all very different from home, but one thing is the same, and you would probably not guess it. The swallows. I mean the house-martins. This beautiful white abode of peace is surrounded by them, and the other day I found one in my bedroom, just as at Hurstbourne Priors last summer. I think I told you about them. This one flew about from picture to picture, settling on them for a long while, and seemed very unwilling to leave. He has been in again several times since, fluttering about with a curious inquisitive sort of look on him. I wish Anne was here; but Fred was against her coming so far. I do so hope she is happy with her cousins.

III.—*A Conversation.*

"I've had," said the house-martin to his friends, "a most extraordinary experience."

"You're always having them," said one of his listeners with a short laugh.

"Never mind," retorted the house-martin. "This was another. And I'd rather be too enthusiastic about trifles than never be surprised, like you."

"Proceed," said the other.

"Well," said the house-martin, "some of you, of course, remember that house in England we always go to for the summer, which this last year had new people in it; but you others may not have come to it from your places, even on a flying visit."

"Ha, ha! Joke!" said the captious one.

"Of course," the narrator continued, "human beings as a rule don't interest us very much; their principal use is to erect a house, and see that it has eaves, and not object to tenants under those eaves. But the new people that we found in this old haunt were really nice, and in particular there was a little girl called Anne. Some of you will recall her. Well, I never had much to do with Anne—house-martins can't, you know. We're not like that. We're not canaries or bullfinches: you can't cage us; but I liked her tremendously from afar. She used to watch me by the hour when I was building, and she even brought a pail of mud and set it on the ground, just under my nest, so that I shouldn't have to go so far for materials. I knew that was her idea, and I was grateful, even though it was impossible to make use of it.

"Later she would stand fascinated while I fed the family, waiting for the kids to put their heads over the edge of the nest and shouting to her mother to come and see too; and then, later still, she sang a little song to them, which of course I couldn't understand until the parrot translated it. Something about 'Birdie wait a little longer till your little wings are stronger'—'Not great poetry,' the parrot said, 'but showing a very nice feeling.' Altogether she won my heart, and I may say my dear wife's, completely."

"The extraordinary experience," remarked the martin who had first interrupted—"mayn't we have that?"

"I was just coming to it," said the house-martin. "You know there are strangers at 'Schoongezicht.' Well, whom should I see there but Anne's mother! Isn't that amazing? All this way from England! Flying past an open window I caught sight of her at the dressing-table. But no sign of Anne. Later I found her husband, a dull fellow, but no sign of Anne. Now what I want to know is, Is Anne all right? I'm so afraid she's ill. I have been in her mother's room several times, but there's no way of finding out. Isn't this language bar a bore? I never felt it so much as now. Dear little Anne!"

E. V. L.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

X.—GREEK.

SING, if it please you, the praise of HERODOTUS, HOMER and SOPHOCLES,
PLATO, THUCYDIDES, SAPPHO and ÆSCHYLUS, PINDAR, EURIPIDES;
But I know what I'd do if you left it to me: I would raise a memorial stone
To JOWETT and JEBB and GILBERT MURRAY and BUTCHER and LANG and BOHN.

G. B.

From a recent pamphlet on the Indian Church Measure:—

"The English layman in India . . . knows little about the inherent tights of an Ecclesiastical Province."

Would these be the bishop's leg-wear?

A PROBLEM.



SUPPOSE SOME FELLOW SAYS TO YOU THAT YOU MUST LOOK HIM UP SOMETIME, AND YOU SAY THAT OF COURSE THERE 'S NOTHING YOU 'D LIKE BETTER—



AND HE SAYS THAT IT WOULD BE AWFULLY JOLLY TO FIX UP SOMETHING TOGETHER, AND YOU SAY THAT, BY JOVE, YES, WOULDN'T IT?—



AND HE TELLS YOU THAT HIS TELEPHONE NUMBER IS PARK 5869432 OR SOMETHING AND HIS OFFICE IS CITY 9234865 OR WHATEVER IT IS, AND YOU SAY THAT YOU 'LL MAKE A SPECIAL NOTE OF IT—



AND HE SAYS THAT HE 'S USUALLY AT HOME UP TO TEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND AFTER SIX AT NIGHT AND IN BETWEEN HIS OFFICE WILL USUALLY FIND HIM, AND YOU SAY THAT YOU 'LL REMEMBER FOR CERTAIN—



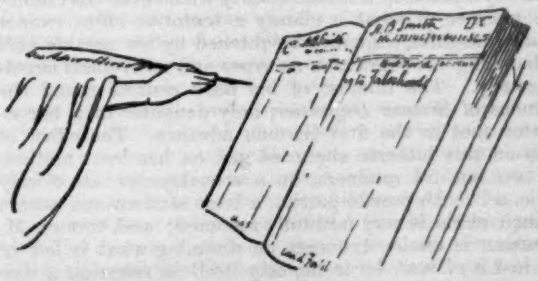
AND HE SAYS THAT HE GENERALLY LEAVES TOWN FOR THE WEEK-END, SO RING HIM UP DURING THE WEEK, AND YOU SAY THAT YES, RATHER, YOU WILL—



AND HE SAYS THAT IN ANY CASE, IF HE 'S NOT THERE WHEN YOU RING UP, WILL YOU LEAVE A MESSAGE WHERE YOU 'RE TO BE FOUND, AND YOU SAY THAT 'S EXACTLY WHAT YOU WILL DO—



AND HE SAYS THAT YOU WON'T FORGET, WILL YOU? AND YOU SAY THAT HONEST TO GOODNESS YOU JOLLY-WELL WON'T—



WELL, WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS—DO YOU GET SEVEN LIES ENTERED UP AGAINST YOU OR ONLY ONE?



She. "I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT MAKE OF CAR WOULD GO ANYWHERE?"
He. "WELL, HASN'T IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

VERY few aspects of the War have been left outside the novelist's purview, but, as far as I know, the lot of the Belgian refugee in England, as seen by a fellow-Belgian, has been allowed to lie fallow. Now, however, M. HENRI-JACQUES PROUMEN has written *Les Transplantés en Albion*, and Mr. E. G. ALLINGHAM has prepared a slightly unequal but on the whole very readable translation. So, if you want to know what our reluctant guests thought of English institutions, from the National Gallery to the pudding course, you will find a certain amount of evidence scattered up and down the pages of *In a Strange Country* (FABER AND GWYER). Only a certain amount, for M. PROUMEN is more concerned with his Belgians than with their *milieu*, and more preoccupied with moral issues common to all wars than with the side-issues of this one. Here I think he shows symptoms of a classic quality which even the crudity and violence of what is plainly a tentative effort cannot entirely disguise, a quality heightened by his notable skill in handling his characters as types and individuals simultaneously. The interest of his book centres round the fortunes of *Simone Dupontier*, only daughter of a burgo-master shot in the first German advance. The effect of exile on this hitherto sheltered girl, on her inert mother, on two faithful retainers, on a schoolmaster, an elderly cynic, a French pseudo-patriot, a lame student and others of their circle is very faithfully rendered; and, though M. PROUMEN is obviously intent on dimming what is left of the lustre of war, he is honesty itself in referring a due amount of his coterie's deterioration to inherent or remoter causes. He manages, with the help of an air-raid and some rather vaguely indicated legal proceedings, to ensure the final felicity of his heroine and her only honourable admirer; and I admit I found both young people attractive enough to render the artifice acceptable.

It is characteristic of Lord ULLSWATER'S never-failing humour that when seeking a title for his reminiscences he should have parodied a well-known theological work. But *A Speaker's Commentaries* (EDWARD ARNOLD), though his two volumes are full of excellent stories, are by no means confined to the lighter side of life. Mr. J. W. LOWTHER had already a wide experience of men and things before he became an M.P. at the age of twenty-eight. Educated at Eton and King's College, London, he went circuit as Judge's marshal when barely more than a school-boy. Then came Cambridge and the A.D.C., of which (and afterwards of the Old Stagers) Mr. "Lowther R. Cade" was not the least accomplished member; and in the vacations there were visits to country-houses, varied with travel to foreign countries. Once in the House he set himself to learn the rules of procedure. He spoke little, but sufficiently to gain a reputation for steadiness and commonsense; and was, in 1895, made Chairman of Committees. For the next twenty-six years his life was inseparably bound up with the history of the House of Commons. Only a man of exceptional adaptability as well as ability could have presided with equal success over the Parliament of thirty years ago, when the Irish Nationalist was practically the only thorn in the Chair, and that of 1906, when half the cranks in the country had found their way into the House; or that again of 1918, when Labour was beginning to realise its strength and was determined to make itself felt. Mr. LOWTHER owed much to his gift of humour—the present

reviewer has often heard him quell an incipient riot by a kindly jest; much to his intimate knowledge of the rules of procedure, acquired by patient study and long experience; but most to his sense of justice, inherited perhaps from his maternal grandfather, Lord WENSLEYDALE, which gave every Member confidence that he would get fair-play from the Chair. To the debt that the nation already owed him he has added by these entertaining volumes.

No novel that I 've read of late
  Embodies, in my estimation,
At once a less elaborate
  And more dramatic situation
Than that which R. GORE-BROWNE presents
  (*Per* Messrs. COLLINS) in *The Crater*,
Staged on the Darkest Continent's
  Most lonely part of the Equator.

He makes a dour but splendid Scot,
  Returning to his farm, discover,
Miles from the nearest human spot,
  His wife eloping with her lover;
And more than this, he shows the pair,
  Stranded and on their final ration,
Compelled to speak the husband fair
  And throw themselves on his compassion.

Such is his plot, or part of it;
  But just to strip it bare and probe it
Is to neglect the striking kit
  In which his touch contrives to robe it:
I 'll add, then, that in cut and style
  It 's full of subtle charms and graces,
Mixed with the glamour and the guile
  Of Africa's uncharted spaces.

I notice that the vogue for concentrated or peptonised food is passing and that you are now expected to use your teeth and exert your gastric juices over fairly rough and primitive substances. I am sure it would add to the interest of life if the movement were extended to other departments; and particularly if amusement, most elusive of vitamins, had to be extracted with more effort and in smaller quantities from harder and huskier materials. This at any rate is one of the secrets of the gloriously successful holidays engineered by *Mrs. Sinclair* for *The Sinclair Family* (HEATH CRANTON). "Engineered" of course is hardly the word, for *Mrs. Sinclair's* method simply consisted of engaging quarters on hearsay and by letter in some unapproachable part of the Continent, getting there by hook or by crook and settling down to make the best of things. In pursuance of this idea *Betty, Ann, Herbert, Brian, Orlando, Algernon* and *Desmond*, their cousin *John Barington*, his friend *Peter Fellowes* (in love with *Ann*), the nurse *Jane*, a middle-aged composer, *Miss Alice Adelaide Black*, and the *Sinclairs'* affectionate and entirely self-sufficing *Mummer*, embark at Newcastle for a Swedish farmstead, where it is vaguely believed that shooting and fishing exist and that a decayed Baron will act as purveyor and courier. On the boat a romantic Swedish liberator of the oppressed Lapps ingratiates himself with the party and becomes responsible for their closer acquaintance with his *protégés* and for an ominous set-back to *Peter's* wooing of *Ann*. Kindred matters of fact and sentiment, together with the natural bickerings of a very human family, are slight stuff in themselves; but given the Hon. Mrs. ALFRED LYTTELTON'S wit and understanding, and a style that fits these qualities like a glove, the result is not only a delightful but a quite uncommonly delightful book.



Lady (to eminent R.A.). "THIS IS MY DAUGHTER ENID. NO DOUBT YOU ARE QUITE FAMILIAR WITH THE COSTUME—AN ARTIST."

MR. CHARLES B. COCHRAN tells us that he wrote his *Secrets of a Showman* (HEINEMANN) as the first step in the process of retrieving his shattered fortunes. It was a sound step, for it is an interesting book, proving its writer to be much more than the gambler we all knew him to be. He is an *entrepreneur* with imagination—*The Miracle* in particular, *The League of Notions, Cyrano*, even his circus with five hundred uncaged Barbary apes, are witness—and he has just that touch of the artist, the desire to do a thing as finely as possible regardless of mere considerations of profit,

which is a serious handicap to a man of business, but sets a gay feather in his cap as a mere man. He takes us behind the scenes, in the wings and the dressing-rooms; introduces us to a most varied collection of artists and backers (and backers-out); gives us spacious details of profit and loss; takes for granted, and rightly, that we all like seeing the inner wheels go round, particularly the wheels of a sportsman who begins with the proverbial half-crown, runs his swift course and, through a streak of bad luck, is left for the moment, as he takes almost a pride in explaining, with something equivalent to his original capital, but with an eager lifetime of experience and a stock of courage which will soon put that right. You can't read this cheery human book without wishing him well, and remembering that, if he hadn't risked his money like a sportsman, the town would have been distinctly the duller. There are one or two people, by the way, who, when they read this candid record, will wish they hadn't said what they did say, for the Showman has guyed a few friendly enemies among his exhibits.

Until I came to *A Man Under Authority* (CASSELL) I had read nothing of the works of Miss ETHEL M. DELL, and I sat down to it in the hope that the secret of "best-selling" would now be revealed to me. The secret, however, remains with Miss DELL. This book is the love-story of a country vicar, *Bill Quentin*. The cleric in fiction is either sanctimonious, in which case his parents will have christened him James, or big and breezy, when he is always Bill. This one, you observe, is *Bill*. The lady comes to the parish as a mysterious and beautiful widow, *Mrs. Rivers*, with a grown-up son (whom I hope never to meet again) and a past that sets all the old cats talking at once. However it all comes right in the end, and *Bill*, who has preserved his "bigness" throughout, reaps his reward. If I may judge by this book Miss DELL belongs to the school of milk-and-water-with-a-dash, the "dash" being the occasional expletive which she permits herself in order to show you that she is not so narrow-minded as you might think. But at any rate it is good wholesome stuff, and if you carry nothing away from a book of this kind it is equally certain that you need bring nothing to it. A fair bargain. I notice, by the way, that the book was in its forty-fifth thousand before publication. It is a rather solemn thought. Who are these readers and whence come they? Who are the "hicks" of our Middle-West?



"No, I won't go to bed just yet. I have something to say to you, my father and mother, first. I warn you to use your influence to check the printing in the papers of the clever sayings of children. If it goes on it will make the kids uppish, and you will have the same trouble with them which we are having to-day with the grown-ups. And now—good night."

I wish that Mr. H. MORTIMER BATTEN, who, like his *McEwen*, is a "poet at heart," had chosen a less ordinary name for his far from ordinary new book. Don't you think that *Nature from the Highways* (HERBERT JENKINS) sounds ordinary? This is a pity, for I should like all who love "the quiet places" to read this book. It is a collection of forty-two short stories or essays about birds and animals; and I don't think that I've enjoyed a "nature" book so much for ages. Most of these little gems are moreover Scotch pearls, and what are bonnier? Indeed I've no complaints; but *is* the golden eagle the strong silent person that Mr. BATTEN makes out? Perhaps, though, I'm remembering the yelping of the immature birds about the eyrie, and it may be that the bark of the adult *is* "the rarest sound in nature," after all. And again, does a peregrine *hunt* for the love of *hunting*? That she kills for the love of killing I know, but isn't it usually the weakest grouse of the covey that cops it, and not the old cock, who would be able to give her ladyship the equivalent of forty minutes of the best with maybe a beating thrown in?

Between the *Quests* and the *Guests* a family feud existed, and when I learned, in the early pages of *Ghost Hall* (STANLEY PAUL), that *Brigadier-General Quest's* life was saved by some unknown man in the War I made a shrewd guess as to how the feud would end. And I was right. The unknown turned out to be a *Guest*; and *Val Quest*, who inherited the property after her father's death, was a sensible young woman who hated feuds and ended this one by changing a Q. for a G. Miss E. EVERETT-GREEN tells a simple tale with ease and kindliness. She is even lenient towards the naughty *Major* who pretended that he was the hero for whom the *Quests* were looking. I never clearly understood the psychology of this *Major*, nor could I muster a keen interest in the hidden treasure, which remained duly concealed until the closing pages of the tale. But it is a happy and unambitious yarn, and as such may be recommended to those in search of a mild form of relaxation.

In *Various Verses* (METHUEN) Canon ANTHONY DEANE, a frequent contributor to *Punch* in his less strenuous days at Cambridge and after, has made a definitive selection of his parodies and poems in lighter vein. And a most fastidious selection it is, for Canon DEANE in his judgment of his own work has shown a severity which might well be commended to his less accomplished fellow-craftsmen. And he has admitted very few verses containing topical references too remote for the new generation. He would have had a much larger body of verse to select from if he had not sacrificed his Muse to the claims of his duty as a priest. No doubt his nice conscience would anyhow have dictated this course even if he had not been encouraged to follow it by a criticism passed in the Press upon a serious article of his in *The Nineteenth Century*, dealing with some Church question. The critic ended by saying, "But then Mr. Deane is a contributor to *Punch*, so that we need not take him seriously." This and other pleasant touches of self-revelation may be found in the delightful apologia which introduces this very attractive little volume.

"—— AMATEUR OPERATIC SOCIETY.
Booing Office opens on Monday."—*Provincial Paper.*

Is this another case of intelligent anticipation?

CHARIVARIA.

MR. MASTERMAN recently wrote an article on "Where are Liberals going?" Well, we know where one of them has gone.

* * *

Sir ALFRED MOND joined the Conservative Party on BURNS' Night. A MOND's a MOND for a' that.

* * *

It is rumoured that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has threatened to retaliate by joining the Liberal Party.

* * *

It is now thought that the moving mountain at Troedrhiw (Wales), which has again been causing uneasiness, objects to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Land Policy and is trying to join Sir ALFRED MOND.

* * *

With reference to the paper entitled "Rats" which was sent out last week, we are asked to say it was issued by the Board of Agriculture and was not Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S reply to the letter of resignation sent by Sir ALFRED MOND.

* * *

It is said that the Bolshevists are adopting up-to-date fashions, but we attach little credence to the rumour that the Russian boot craze has spread to Moscow.

* * *

Boxes into which used tram tickets may be thrown are to be placed in the streets of Lewisham. Motorists throwing worn-out pedestrians into these receptacles will be severely dealt with.

* * *

The Irish name for the Belfast Broadcasting Station is Staisiun Craoibhscaoileachain Ath Cliath. If you cannot pronounce it at first get somebody to run over it on the piano for you.

* * *

The suggestion that Irishmen cannot keep their heads in a crisis is disproved by the report that when the lights failed the other day in a Dublin shop several articles were stolen by customers.

* * *

There must be something in the latest theory that plants and vegetables not only have feelings but can be frightened. We have often seen a banana jump out of its skin.

The campaign for International peace is proceeding apace. We now read of a Birmingham man who is collecting the world's worst gramophone records.

* * *

According to Mr. FRANK ROSCOE, if a boy steals sweets it is merely his natural desire for sugar, and he should be given more sweets. We understand that several boys have asked the B.B.C. to broadcast this in a quiet confidential chat to parents.

* * *

"The perishing theatre exists only in the minds of playwrights who cannot get their works produced," says Mr. J. M. GLOVER. "Perishing" is a rude epithet, yet we have seen plays that justify it.

* * *

A Comic History of the Co-optimists has lately appeared. We understand that Mr. H. G. WELLS was not entrusted with the task of writing an "Outline of DAVY BURNABY."

* * *

A car recently hit the bottom of a ladder, shot the man off on to its hood and bounced him up and down twice. It certainly seems that people ought to be careful which films they take their cars to see.

* * *

A Mrs. PAGE was recently fined three pounds for carrying a policeman fifteen yards on the bonnet of her car. If it had been an earlier lady of the same name he would have had a softer seat in a basket of washing.

Strange that nobody yet has thought of deducting, under the heading "Business expenses," the amount of the tax which he is asked to pay on his earned income.

* * *

A coroner suggests that methylated spirit should be so treated as to make it absolutely undrinkable. But they did this with whisky, and it still sells.

* * *

Many footballers, we read, have great faith in mascots. A lock of a referee's hair is supposed to ward off the evil eye.

* * *

In future, French *wagons-lits* attendants are to salute Italian porters by stretching out the hand with the palm downwards. They will also salute passengers in the same way, but with the palm up.

* * *

Burglars who broke into a bank failed to get any money for their pains. They know now how it feels to ask the manager for an overdraft.

* * *

According to Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE there is no truth in the supposition that ROBERT BURNS died of drink. Scotsmen in general resent these attempts to dispel the romantic legends surrounding their national heroes.

* * *

A lady writer in an evening paper confesses that people who are "superficial to the core" refresh her. We can well believe it; too often superficiality is only skin-deep.

* * *

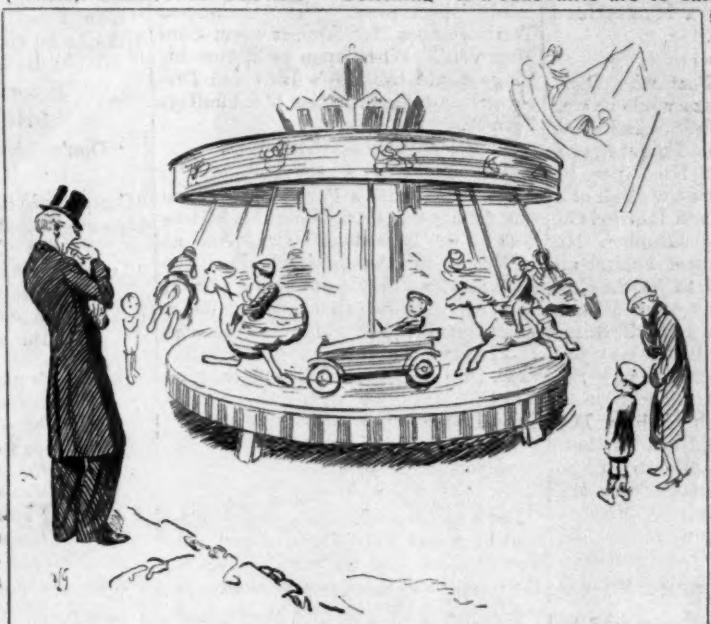
Sir LANDON RONALD is in favour of allowing smoking at concerts. We heartily agree with him. It is most unfair to be forbidden to smoke in a place where other people are allowed to play and sing as much as they like.

* * *

In a recent boxing contest one of the boxers turned out not to be the man he was supposed to be. Lots of boxers when they get into the ring turn out not to be the men they had supposed themselves to be.

* * *

At the Beauty Shop Owners' Convention in New York it was stated that women are developing the tobacco face. This goes very well with the fag finger.



GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL ENGAGED IN FORMING AN OPINION AS TO THE EFFICACY OF A GYRATORY TRAFFIC SYSTEM.

FABLES FOR THE FOOLISH.

THERE was once a Policeman who Saw Half a Burglar Outside a Window. So he Made his Way into the House to Look for the Other Half. But it Wasn't There.

Moral: Take What you can Get.

* * *

There was once a Surgeon who Offered to Operate for Nothing because it was Such an Interesting Case. But the Case Replied that he was Afraid that the Surgeon would Enjoy himself Too Much, and he would Rather Have One who Merely Wanted to Earn his Money and be Done with the Job.

Moral: The Way to a Man's Heart is Through his Pocket.

* * *

There was once a Poet who Composed a Beautiful Stanza while he was Enjoying a Holiday Walk. And as he was Afraid that he would Forget it, and as he had a Pencil but No Paper, he Wrote it Temporarily on the Wall of a Whitewashed Cottage and Hurried Off to Fetch Paper and India-Rubber. He Emerged from his Hostel behind an Editor who Happened to be Staying there Too, and who Now seemed Bent on Taking the Walk past the Cottage. So the Poet Walked a Little Way behind, in Case the Editor, Finding the Stanza, should Show a Disposition to Order by Sample. The Editor Did Find the Stanza and Did Read it, but, having Found Also a Youth of the District Spelling it Through with the Help of his Forefinger, he Mistook him for the Author, and Rated him Roundly, not only for his Vandalism in a Beauty-Spot, but for his Execrable Verse.

Moral: All Contributions should be Typewritten and on One Side of the Paper Only.

* * *

There was once a Baker who Obliged the Neighbourhood by Admitting to his Oven a Limited Number of Yorkshire Puddings under Joints. A Vegetarian Customer, Hearing of this, Gave Up Hope of Bakers, and Baked his Own Bread, and Died of Indigestion.

Moral: Minorities Must Suffer.

* * *

There was once a Commercial Traveller who went All Round a Town without Getting a Single Order, which So Embittered him that he Shook his Fist out of the Train Window and Solemnly Cursed that Town and Everything in it. This Included his Own Umbrella, which he had Left in the "Blue Lion." And when he Found Out, he Dared not Go Back for it.

Moral: The Angry Man is a Danger to Himself.

There was once a Poultry-Farmer who Took his Son to the Phrenologist who had Successfully Advised him in his Infancy What to Be. But on Entering the Consulting-Room and Glancing Round at the Diagrams and Busts, he had an Uncomfortable Conviction that he had Landed himself in a Locality that Might be a Little Behind the Times. In Particular was he Depressed by the Main Cranial Chart, wherein All the Virtues were Neatly Bedded Out in their Several Polygons. "Excuse me, Mr. Professor," said he, "but is This Here Picture the Same as you Used Before the War?" The Phrenologist was Highly Amused. "Certainly," he replied. "The Conquered Territory does Not Appear upon *That* Map yet." Whereupon he Thrust his Fingers into the Boy's Hair and Discovered the Conformation of a Poultry-Farmer.

Moral: Science is Above War.

* * *

There was once a Portly Person who was Anxious to Look Smart, as he was Making an Important Visit. And as he Neared his Destination he Began to Wonder about his Boots. Being Portly, he Could Not See them, but he had a Vague Suspicion that they had Become Too Dusty for a Drawing-Room Interview. So he Asked a Shoeblack, who said they would be All the Better for a Good Polish.

Moral: When your Affairs are Beyond you, Trust your Lawyer.

* * *

There was once a Swimmer who Vowed that he would Swim the Channel. He Vowed Also that he would have No Publicity until the Job was Done. So he Told No One, not even his Wife. And when he Arrived within a Stone's-Throw of the French Pier, and Found himself Hopelessly Foiled by all the Usual Hindrances, he Turned Back with the Comfortable Thought that his Failure would Never be Known. But he Changed his Mind on This Point when he was about Half-way Home again. For he Picked Up an Evening Paper in the Wake of the Calais Boat; and There, Very Nicely Printed but Rather Spoilt by the Sea-Water, was a Photograph of his Clothes on the Beach and, Inset, a Portrait of the Widow.

Moral: Don't Holloa till you are Out of the Wood.

* * *

There was once a Railway Porter who Gave Chase to an Old Lady who had Tipped him in the Dark. "Excuse me, Ma'am," said he, "but Did you Give me Half-a-Crown Intentionally or in Mistake for a Lesser Coin?" "Oh dear, Oh dear," said the Old Lady, "Whatever shall I Do Next?" And she Held Out a Trembling Hand, into which he Counted Two-and-Threepence. "Thank you So Much," she said. "I am Sure it is Very Honest of you. But——" And she was on the Very Point of Saying that she had Only Meant to Give him a Penny, when she Thought Better of it.

Moral: Honesty is its Own Reward.

* * *

There was once a Precisian who Heard a Stranger say "Different to..." So he Tapped the Culprit on the Arm and, Smiling Blandly, Put his Usual Poser: "Tell me, my Good Fellow, How can you Differ *To* a Man?" "Like This," said the Stranger, and Hit him on the Nose.

Moral: Be Kind to Animals.

SHE-SHANTIES.

"DON'T LET'S GO TO THE DOGS TO-NIGHT."

"COME," said he—"a night for dancing,
Lips alight and bright eyes glancing.
Come!" the young man cried;
"Youth should never pause from pleasure,
Fill the cup and trip the measure!"
But the girl replied—

"Don't let's go to the dogs to-night,
For mother will be there.
Auntie chooses all the tunes,
Uncle bags the best balloons,
And all the roundest men in town
Are dancing mother's figure down—
Puffing, panting,
Barging, banting,
Bless their snowy hair!
Night-clubs now are simply spas
For our young Methuselahs,
So don't let's go to the dogs to-night
In case my granny's there.

"When I see my oldest aunties
Kicking heels and singing shanties
Then I have to stop;
All the uncles dance like ladders,
All the aunts are built like bladders
Just about to pop.

"Don't let's go to the dogs to-night,
For mother will be there.
When I see the ball-room bulging
With my ancestors indulging
Then I've done with Mirth and Mammon;
Let's go home and play backgammon.
Pushing, shoving,
Lurching, loving,
Bless their silvery hair!
Let the old ones have their fun,
Some day we'll be seventy-one;
But don't let's go to the dogs to-night,
In case my granny's there."

A. P. H.



AN ITALIAN FEATHER IN HIS CAP.

THE BIRD OF FRANCE (*seeing Mr.* CHURCHILL *adorned with the plumes of the Bersaglieri*). "LET'S HOPE HE WON'T WANT ANY MORE COCK-FEATHERS FOR A BIT."



Girl (admiringly, to minor concert artiste). "FANCY! HACKNEY LAST WEEK—SHEPHERD'S BUSH TO-NIGHT. YOU *ARE* GETTING COSMOPOLITAN, AREN'T YOU?"

HOW TO GIVE ADVICE TO A WOMAN.

SHE had the air, or so it almost seemed to me, of being really pleased to see me.

"I want you," she explained at once, "to give me some advice."

"And there is nothing," I assured her earnestly, "I give more willingly, more cheerfully, more freely; why, there are times when it is practically impossible to stop me giving it."

"Only," she warned me with a certain severity, "I don't want just any kind of advice."

"Mine," I said proudly, "is always the very best; it never fails."

She looked perhaps just the merest trifle doubtful.

"Tom," she remarked, "says you advised him to sell rubber shares just as the boom began and to buy just as it ended."

"That may be," I admitted with dignity, "but, as I pointed out to Tom himself, it wasn't my advice that went wrong; it was the boom."

"And Major Wilkins," she went on, "says you advised him to try out the speed of his new car down a road where the police had just established a new trap."

"Was that my fault?" I urged. "And anyhow I gave him the very best advice what to say to the magistrates. It was entirely owing to me that he got off as well as he did. He admits himself he has no imagination."

"He says——"

"Hush!" I rebuked her. "What he says is not fit either for you to repeat or for me to hear—especially not for me to hear. I had to tell him so when he was saying it to me the day after."

"Did that make him stop?"

"Not stop exactly," I admitted; "but soon after he began to repeat himself. I think that's always a sign that the end is approaching—don't you?"

"Does the Major repeat himself?" she asked with astonishment. "I was told he never did—not for hours and hours."

"What you were told," I said moodily, "is perfectly correct—even an understatement perhaps."

"It must," she mused, "have been a bit like Tom when I remind him of a garden party or an At Home he 's promised to go to."

"But," I asked with some suspicion, "does Tom promise to go to At Homes or garden parties?"

"Why, of course," she answered. "Of course he does—through me," she added. "And then it 's only a plain duty for him to try to keep my promises, isn't it?"

"Does he always succeed?"

"At any rate he always struggles—game to the end. The end is when I remind him that I must have either a husband or a new frock. One must have some support," she said pathetically.

"That of course goes without saying," I agreed; "and, business being what it is and the income-tax what it is, naturally he chooses the husband."

"And I," she said brightly—"I choose the new frock. That pleases us both."

"Both?" I said searchingly. "Are you sure?"

"I try to be," she answered. "I think it 's a duty to look on the bright side of things, don't you?"

"Only," I asked, "what is the bright side of things? Who can be sure?"

"One can always be sure at least," she answered firmly, "that a new frock is the bright side of any husband."

"Next time I see Tom," I declared, "I shall give him some advice."

"Do," she urged. "When he remembers your rubber-boom advice—and he does quite often—well, he's not really like Major Wilkins because he does repeat himself, but he's exactly like the Never-Stop Railway at Wembley."

"Very well," I said, growing stern, "I will give you some advice instead."

"Which," she reminded me, "is what I've been asking you for ever since we met, as well as everyone else I've seen all day nearly—from Tom and cook at home this morning down to the policeman at the corner."

"Oh, what did Tom say?"

"He said he had only one five-pound note in his pocket, but I could have that, and he would try to borrow half-a-crown from someone to pay for his lunch."

"What did cook say?"

"She said we could have dinner at the usual time or take a week's notice. Probably we shan't have any dinner at all and the week's notice instead."

"It doesn't seem encouraging," I admitted. "What did the policeman say?"

"He said if I left my car there one minute longer he would have to summons me. I don't think," she mused, "that for a policeman he was quite a nice policeman."

"Never judge a policeman by his summonses," I told her. "There may be unknown reasons; possibly there had recently been in his inner life some question of a new frock, or even he may have been wondering from whom to borrow the price of his lunch."

"Of course if it was like that," she said generously, "I forgive him, poor fellow. But all this time I've been waiting and waiting, and you've never given me your advice yet, have you?"

"Because," I ventured to hint, "I don't think you have yet told me the difficulty—the problem."

"Haven't I?" she cried, amused at herself. "How silly!" Then she looked at me intently. "But are you quite, quite sure," she demanded, "that it will be really truly good advice? Because," she went on with a touch of indignation in her manner, "so far everyone to-day has just simply given me the very worst advice possible."

"What a shame!" I exclaimed, indignant also. "Now mine—that will be different; that will be good."

She thanked me almost with tears in her eyes.



The Vicar (to unsatisfactory parishioner). "HOW IS IT I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN CHURCH LATELY, GUBBINS?"

Unsatisfactory Parishioner (shortly). "I AIN'T BEEN."

"If only I had come to you at first," she sighed.

"It was a mistake," I conceded, "but we all make mistakes. Another time you will know better."

"You will hardly believe it," she continued, "but until I came to you every single person kept advising me to do what I simply won't do and never will."

"Everyone?" I asked a little uneasily.

"Everyone but you," she said; "so you can guess how glad I am you are different. I shall never forget it," she said earnestly as she held out her hand. "Good-bye; I must be going now."

"But," I exclaimed in alarm, "you haven't heard my advice yet."

"There's no need, is there?" she smiled. "If it's as good as you say, then it must be to advise me to do what I want, and intend to, anyhow. Good-bye, and I'm ever so grateful; so comforting to know I have your support;" and, waving her hand, she disappeared.

If only I knew what it was I had advised her to do I should feel a little easier in my mind. Not of course that it matters much, because she would have done what she wanted anyhow.

E. R. P.

"WHY NOT RECLAIM THE WASH?"
Headline in Daily Paper.

We did, but we are still a collar short.

"The industrial depression at ——, near Swansea, has been such that the local Rugby club has broken up for want of support. The Nursing Association has decided that it cannot continue."—*Welsh Paper.*

For lack of casualties?

HOW TO WRITE FOR A LIVING.

III.

We will now assume that you have definitely made up your mind to write for a living and that nothing will stop you. You have thrown up your job, quarrelled with your relations, gone home, turned your sitting-room into a study, sharpened your pencil and settled down at your desk. Naturally you are going to write a successful novel or, better still, a play, and naturally the first problem that will arise will be how to earn your living while you are writing it. It takes weeks, months and even years to write a novel or a play (successful or unsuccessful), and in the meantime, apart from the fact that you will be haunted by the feeling that it may be a failure and that therefore you may as well provide yourself with something to fall back upon when it has failed, you will, unless you write something else as well, starve to death. The question then is what to write about.

At first sight this may not seem to present much difficulty. The dictionary contains every word in the language, and each word is a subject; the encyclopædia tells you what to say about it. But there is more in it than that. There are three separate factors to be taken into consideration when choosing your subject, and you will be well advised to study them from the start. They are yourself, the public and the editor. Of these by far the least important is yourself; so we will take you first and dismiss you as rapidly as possible.

YOURSELF.

It is essential at the outset that you put yourself into your proper place in relation to your writings, and you cannot do better than make up your mind that you hardly count at all. Everyone else matters more than you do. You are not the man (or woman) to choose your subject. Your subject is not likely to be other people's subject; your views on it, if not positively offensive, are at least boring to others. You will find this out sooner or later, and obviously the sooner you find it out the better. Begin at once then. Forget yourself. Put yourself aside and think of

THE PUBLIC.

The public is an extraordinary body. Honestly, I hardly know how to describe it to you. I am in difficulties at the start because I know that you have fallen into the trick, if you will excuse my saying so, of thinking that you know the public, and it is always rather hard work upsetting other people's settled convictions.

Among the many mistakes you make is the belief that you yourself are one of the public; another is that your friends are part of the public; another, as I have pointed out above, that what interests you interests the public; another, that the public is keen on reading; another, that the public understands what you mean when you write down what you mean. And so on. All these mistakes must be corrected.

You are not the public; you are not of, by, with or from the public. Nor are most of the people you know. Things that interest you leave the public cold; and, as for reading, the public has no use for it, except in certain cases which I will refer to later under the heading of The Editor. And your own particular style of writing is practically unintelligible to the public.

How then can you get to know the public? There is only one way; it is through

THE EDITOR.

The editor is the only person in the world who really knows the public. How he got like this I cannot say. I cannot even tell you whether he came to be an editor through knowing the public or whether he came to know the public through being an editor. The whole thing is a mystery. But the fact remains that the editor knows the public, and that if you are to get to know the public you will have to do so through the editor.

The trouble is, though, that the editor is a negative person. His method of showing you what the public wants you to write about is to show you what it doesn't want you to write about. It isn't the slightest use writing to the editor saying, "Dear Sir,—As one who writes for a living and would like to contribute to your paper, I should be obliged if you would kindly inform me what to write about." He won't answer. Worse than that, he will be annoyed. He will toss your letter over to the sub-editor and say, "Look at that. Did you ever see such cheek?" or words to that effect. For the editor's knowledge on this point is his most jealously guarded secret. He will not reveal it to anyone who writes for a living.

With those who don't write for a living it is different. To them he will write as follows (say a famous clergyman, the proprietor of a big store or an owner of racehorses):—

"Dear Sir,—I shall esteem it a great honour if you will write an article for my paper on the subject of "What I think about Religion" (or "The Secret of Long Life" or "The Failure of Modern Marriages" or what not). For this I shall be pleased to offer you the sum of fifty pounds [or a hundred pounds or two-hundred-and-fifty pounds, according to the bigness of the man]. If it will be any convenience to you I will gladly send a representative to call on you and, if you wish it, he will write the article for you, submitting a proof for your approval or not, as desired.

I am, Sir [My Lord, Your Grace or whatever it is],

Your obedient servant,

———, Editor."

By these means the editor gives the public the reading matter it desires. By these means does he overcome the public's objection to reading. By these



Doting Mistress. "CLEVER LITTLE FIDO! I HIDE BEHIND A TREE AND HE FINDS ME AT ONCE."



Young Wife. "BUT YOU *CAN* MANAGE A MAN WITHOUT HIS BEING AWARE OF IT."
Firm Lady. "SO DULL! WHERE'S THE SATISFACTION IN MANAGING THE BRUTE IF HE DOESN'T KNOW IT?"

means does he persuade the public to read his paper and make it possible for his paper to be kept going, so that you may earn your living by the pen.

Therefore think kindly of the editor. He is much more on your side than you would think from his attitude towards you. He is keeping the business warm for you. It is through his efforts that there is room to squeeze your article in between the advertisements and the work of famous men. He cannot do more. If he had his way he would be more your friend and less a servant of the public; but he cannot help himself.

In the meantime his silent message to you is clear and unmistakable, and it provides the answer to the question which is the object of this article: Stick to your job (your other job, that is, not writing for the Press). Plug away at it. Keep on plugging away at it in the hope that eventually you may be so big at it that he may be able to write to you and say, "Dear Sir,—I shall esteem it a great honour, etc., etc."

And then you will write easily for a living.

L. B. G.

TO MY GODSON.

["A child born in 1926 has twelve years' greater expectation of life than one born thirty-five years ago."—*Professor* THOMPSON *at Birmingham University.*]

It 's nice to be a baby,
To suck and sleep and crow
And hear one's parents, maybe,
Say, "Isn't little Joe
Just like his Uncle Roger?"
(A venerable codger
Of seventy-five or so).

Still sweeter, as one romps on
The nursery floor, to hear
Professor ARTHUR THOMPSON
Assuring us that we're
Due to outlive by lustres
Even those grand old busters
When we are in the sere;

That those whose mortal capers
Are only just begun
Will (*vide* all the papers)
Have twelve more years to run,
In spite of croups and colics,
Than those who joined the frolics
In 1891.

But, pause, O blithe bambino
A-puling on my knee;
Let 's ask the Prof. does he know
Will Science furnish free
With beef and beer and mutton
The centenarian glutton
You clearly mean to be?

For oh, what boots it, Bunting,
To pluck one extra day
If, when you go a-hunting,
You find, as well you may,
This warren we inhabit
Is stocked with ne'er a rabbit,
But only beasts of prey?

ALGOL.

Of a Women's Institute entertainment:—

"Members were allowed to bring a friend, and in a few cases the friends were husbands."
Parish Magazine.

A little cynical, perhaps, for a Parish Magazine.

"Do You Want a Pair of Gloves Made From Your Own Skin?"—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

To be quite frank, the answer to this question is in the negative.

FILLING IT IN.

ALL unaccustomed as he was to the strain of hard intellectual labour, it is not to be wondered at perhaps if Marmaduke Flowerdew the novelist broke down before his pen had carried him safely through the whole of those mazy intricacies which make up Schedule D of the Income-tax Return. He grappled with, he conquered "STATEMENT OF UNTAXED INCOME UNDER THE HEADS SET OUT BELOW." He overcame by dogged perseverance "ALLOWANCES AND RELIEFS [Section C]." On page 6 he succumbed. His brain, you must remember, was seething with the plot of *Pomegranate Seeds* (35,000) at the time. He was in the habit of inscribing the rough draft of his romances on any convenient scrap of paper that might come to hand. One can easily see, I repeat, how it happened that page 6 of Schedule D, regarded as information to H.M. Income-Tax Commissioners, went a trifle wide of the mark. When finally completed it read:—

Section D RELIEF TO A MARRIED MAN in respect of his wife. [See Notes 13 and 14.

Full Christian names of my wife who is living with me, or is wholly maintained by me. } *Mildred. Mildred Evangeline. Mildred. He looked up almost as if he expected to see her light presence hovering on the threshold, or darting with glad cries across the room to plunge its face into a bowl of newly-cut flowers. Mildred. Mildred Evangeline. How fond they had been of each other! Those first three rapturous summers! What was she doing now, he wondered, in the grey of this February afternoon? Shivering a little, he heaped more coal on the blazing fire. Well, after all, what did it matter? They had grown tired of each other. Such things were bound to occur. Anyhow, he supported her still, whatever she was doing. . . . He seemed to see her again as he had seen her in the little grey church at Buntercombe Parva, when the sunlight streamed through the stained-glass window and lit up her childlike face.*

She was living in those days with her uncle and aunt. He con-

Section E RELIEF TO A WIDOWER OR WIDOW in respect of female relative resident with him or her, or in respect of other female person employed, for the purpose stated below. [See Note 15.

Name of female relative resident with me for the purpose of having the charge and care of any child or adopted child of mine in respect of whom a deduction for children is granted, or, if no such relative is available, name of other female person employed by me for that purpose.		Whether she is "married," "widow," or "spinster." (If she is married, but living apart from her husband, state so.)	Relationship (if any) to me or to my deceased wife (or husband). If no relative is available it should be so stated.
Surname.	Full Christian Names.		
jured up	*Miss Pettigrew's*	*frail yet dignified*	*figure. Auntie Hephzibah. . . . She was not really Mildred's aunt, of course, but the spinster cousin (living apart from her husband, state so) of Mr. Pettigrew, who had adopted the orphan child of his brother's deceased wife, the Reverend Bartholomew Pettigrew. How his sonorous platitudes had rolled out of the oaken pulpit and filled the tiny church! Memories came back to Jasper Carstairs of walks through the long June dusk, when the hedges were starred with dog-roses and the scent of meadow-sweet made Buntercombe Parva an earthly Paradise. Especially he remembered the day when, standing near the old lych-gate, he had told her of the hard life he had lived in early years, and how, partly as a hired bully for the Income-Tax Commissioners and partly by writing Society paragraphs for the daily papers, he had supported his whole family. His*

Section F RELIEF TO AN UNMARRIED PERSON in respect of his or her mother or other female relative maintained by and living with him or her for the purpose stated below. [See Note 16.

Name of mother, or other female relative, living with and maintained by me, for the purpose of having the charge and care of any brother or sister of mine in respect of whom the deduction for children or adopted children is granted.		Whether she is "married," "widow," or "spinster." (If she is married, but living apart from her husband, state so.)	Relationship to me.	Whether any other relative contributes to her maintenance.
Surname.	Full Christian Names.			
mother, h	*is sisters, his brot*	*hers. His female*	*relatives. He could not remember their names. For what purpose had they lived with him? He did not know. But of this he was sure. No other relative had contributed to their maintenance anything whatsoever.*

"Is that really true, Jasper?" Mildred had murmured, and her eyes were like two deep grey pools in the bat-ridden summer dusk.

"It is indeed," he had replied. "And what a privilege I should esteem it, my dearest, if, now that I have made my name and won a taxable income, I might be allowed to support you!"

And oh! the wonderful smile with which Mildred had given her consent.

Came the wedding. Came the honeymoon at Venice. Came the little house on Muswell Hill. Came last of all the twins.

Section G RELIEF in respect of CHILDREN including step-children. [If any child is a step-child, state so. As to adopted children, including any brother or sister maintained by an unmarried person, see directions in Note 17.] [See Note 17.

Name of each child or step-child under the age of 16 years on 6th April, 1924, or over that age and receiving full-time instruction at an educational establishment.		Date of Birth.			Has the child any income in own right? If so, state annual amount, excluding scholarship income.	Name and address of the educational establishment in the case of children over the age of 16 years on 6th April, 1924.
Surname.	Full Christian Names.	Day.	Month.	Year.		
Bartho	*lomew Edward.*	. .	.			
Caract	*acus James.* . .	.				
How t	*hey had both ad*	*ored*	*them*	*l N*	*either w*	*as adopted, neither w*
as step, or they		*wou*	*ld ha*	*ve st*	*ated so i*	*mmediately. They had no concealments from each other in those days. . . . Ah, well; that was all seventeen long years ago. The boys were at Harchester now, receiving full-time instruction, and both doing remarkably well. Caractacus James had a scholarship. Bartholomew Edward was in the Football Fifteen. Half mechanically Jasper began to exclude the income of Caractacus James's scholarship from the annual proceeds of the little legacy which had been left him by his great-aunt Hephzibah.*

A coal fell in the grate. He started brushing the cobwebs of memory aside. Mildred. Mildred Evangeline. There was no relief in respect of Mildred Evangeline Carstairs.

EVOE.

Another Sinecure.

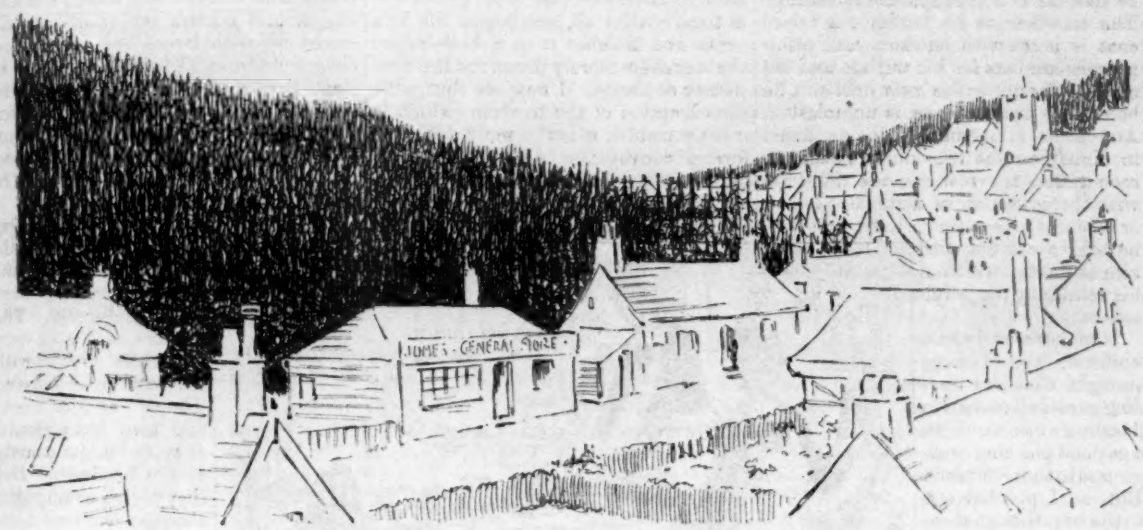
"Respectable Young Girl Wanted, four mornings a week; nothing to do."—*Local Paper.*

"Although I am not one of the great musicians now living in this country, I nevertheless cannot refrain from expressing my humble opinion that Mendelssohn's 'Messiah' is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Schumann's 'Erlking.' Need one say more?"

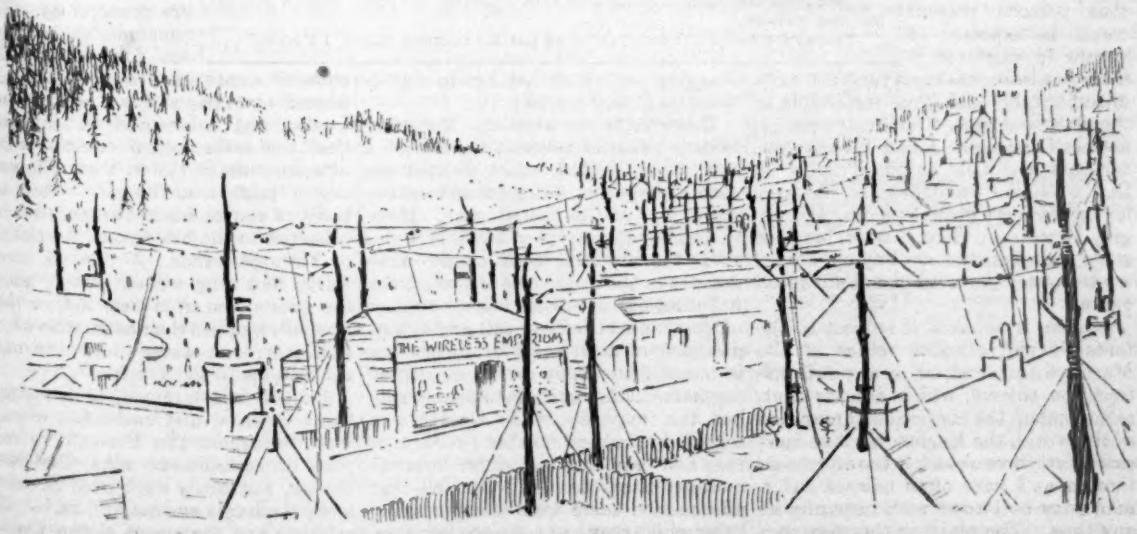
Letter in American Paper.

One need not; but HANDEL and SCHUBERT might say quite a lot.

THE FIR-WOODS IN OUR VILLAGE.



THE FIR-WOODS USED TO COME RIGHT DOWN TO OUR VILLAGE.



NOW, OF COURSE, THEY 'VE COME RIGHT DOWN INTO IT.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXV.—A TROPICAL WEDDING.

George nearly refused his invitation to the wedding because of the uncertainty about clothes. No one seemed to know the proper wear for a fashionable wedding in Colombo. For every day the ruling race wears spotless white or spotless coffee or spotless cinnamon. The traveller as he lands in a tweed coat is beset with hawkers and other persons anxious for his welfare and his cash; but once in his new drill suit he becomes a resident and is unmolested. And even Honeybubble, being fitted in cinnamon (at the fourth attempt), rode round the town in his rickshaw with the casual air of a rubber-planter or Colonial Secretary, until one day he took a camera with him and was torn from his vehicle by the jewel-sellers.

It makes a cool clean uniform, and George thought that the wedding guests all massed in dazzling white would be a gay and pleasing background to the ceremony. But, as I pointed out to the boy, though close to the Equator, we were still in the British Empire. Further, it was a wedding to which we were bidden and not a divorce; an occasion of joy and the happiest hour in the lives of two young people. It was therefore safe to say that persons present would be expected to appear in whatever in their wardrobe was most funereal, most uncomfortable and most unsuitable to the place and time. Carelessly enough, neither George nor I had brought our top-hats and tails to the Tropics, so that, so far as I was concerned, the issue lay between my green tweeding and my grey tweeding. George wore his blue serge, but insisted on buying a new white topee, like a fungus of advanced years.

Ceylon, it appears, is subject to the fantastic and obsolete follies of the Marriage Act, 1882, or, at any rate, the tradition thereof, which ordains that, alone among the civilised communities of the world, the English must be married before three o'clock in the afternoon, though, as I have often pointed out, a man may be buried with impunity at any time. The wedding therefore was "solemnised" at two o'clock in the afternoon, the hottest time of the day, at which on any other day in the year the entire population is preparing to go to sleep. The streets of Colombo simmered and blazed, and it seemed to me that the bare feet of my rickshaw "boy" sizzled as they touched the ground. Just at first I did not care for the rickshaw, having an absurd feeling against being dragged about by a human being. However, one soon grows out of that. After all, one begins life in a pram and finishes it in a bath-chair; the rickshaw merely preserves the continuity of things. I now see that, with the exception of the hansom (which is more sociable), it is the most desirable form of conveyance by land. And it is, by the way, an amusing round game in the evenings to think of all the people you know whom you would like to have dragging you about London in a rickshaw on a very hot day.



Cook (returning excitedly with news from upstairs). "YOUNG MASTER 'S JUST GOT HIS DEGREE!"

Tweeny (dismally). "SOMETHIN' ELSE FOR ME TO KEEP CLEAN, I S'POSE."

However, to the wedding. Tottering from my chariot towards the church I saw at once (and, what pleased me more, George saw) how profound was my knowledge of the British race. There in Colombo, only two hundred miles from the Equator, with eighty-seven degrees in the shade and at two o'clock in the afternoon—there I saw a number of good black British tail-coats, surmounted in most cases by topees, but in many, I swear, by real black British top-hats. A few men were in uniform, but the majority, with George and myself, in the most sombre tweeds that they had been able to disinter from the recesses of old trunks. One felt that all the men there were wearing something which they had not worn for years. The scent of camphor seemed to mingle with the orange-blossom.

However the top-hat and tweed were not the only "notes" of the proceedings. In pleasing contrast were the dresses of a number of Sinhalese guests and their wives—dignitaries all, headmen of the highest kind and, for all I know, princes. Gorgeous and stately they sailed down the great steps to the reception, golden hats and jewelled jackets, bright-coloured sashes and scarves and robes, silk and dagger and I know not what—and all mixed up with tweed and topper and George and me. These shining ones at least had realised the nature of the occasion, and I thought they looked about them with a certain bewilderment, as if they wondered whether by accident they had not strayed into a cremation or a shareholders' meeting.

For the rest, there was nothing omitted which could possibly support the illusion that we were all in Belgravia. The waiters, it is true, were Sinhalese *peons*, with combs in their hair and "buns" at the back; and they were almost as splendid and courtly as the headmen. But they carted champagne about in the best London style, as if it were the most natural drink in the world at three o'clock on a sweltering afternoon. The usual platoon of men-of-the-world crept out to the whisky-bar as soon as was decent, and thenceforward ignored the entire proceedings. The remainder shifted from one foot to another, chewed sandwiches and small-talk, poured champagne down each other's frocks, and murmured at intervals that the bride looked sweet—which of course she did; but then who ever saw a bride who did not? And nobody, of course, made the most distant reference to the bridegroom, his clothes or his appearance. A *punkah* about thirty foot long waved bravely above the guests, and from time to time they furtively mopped their necks with handkerchiefs; but these were the only concessions to the Tropics.

I did think, however, to see something Oriental and outlandish when I went to inspect The Presents. Great piles of embroidered silks, Cashmere shawls, and brass work from Benares, ivory elephants and magic jars, lacquer cabinets and the spices of the East—these or their like I expected. But what I saw were fish-knives and more fish-



Hunt Secretary (known to fancy himself as a shot). "KILLED THE OLD MANGY ONE I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SHOOT ALL THE SEASON."
Young Diana (innocently). "I SUPPOSE THEY 'RE VERY DIFFICULT TO HIT."

knives, dessert-sets and more dessert-sets, and coffee-cups and more coffee-cups. There cannot in Ceylon, there cannot in the whole world, be so much fish and so much dessert and so much coffee as these two persons are collectively expected to consume in matrimony. In vain I looked for something strange and out-of-the-way. And then I found it. It was a beautiful photograph of Miss GLADYS COOPER in a beautiful silver frame. Here was a new note, to me at least. For much as I admire Miss GLADYS COOPER and long as I have pondered the subject of wedding-presents for my friends, it has never yet occurred to me to speed any of them towards married bliss with a picture of Miss GLADYS COOPER.

But this was not the strangest thing. At the next table there was *another* photograph of Miss GLADYS COOPER. And further on there was a *third* photograph of Miss GLADYS COOPER! She looked very cool and fresh and beautiful and English on that hot afternoon, but when I saw ahead of me the backs of three more silver frames I scarcely dared to turn the corner for fear that I should see yet three more photographs of Miss GLADYS COOPER. They were not Miss GLADYS COOPER, however, but they were three representations of another English actress.

I took George aside and we thought the thing out. What were they to do, this wretched couple but newly-launched upon life, with *three* framed photographs (and each the same photograph) of Miss GLADYS COOPER, all carrying with them the love and best wishes of a relative or dear friend?

"One in the bedroom," mused George, working it out; "one in the drawing-room, old boy, and one in the bath-room."

"But that means GLADYS all day," I objected. "And you haven't provided for the other lady."

"True," said George. "Of course they might buy one or two more and have a frieze of GLADYS. Or, if it would help them, we might slip a couple in our pockets and carry them off as a sort of souvenir of the Tropics."

"I don't think we 'll do that," I said hastily, knowing George as I do. "After all, she 's very beautiful and very English, and she 'll remind them of England; and the English are a marvellous race."

"They are, old boy."

We strolled towards the front-door, where the English were engaged in tying a tin can to the bridal car, chalking on the back of it offensive legends, arming themselves with missiles, and generally preparing to despatch the happy pair upon the new life before them with all conceivable ignominy and insult. And beyond the car I seemed to see the dripping taxis lining up in Cadogan Gardens or in Belgrave Square.

"So this is the Equator!" murmured George.

A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"The ministry of the Rev. A. ——, M.A., left many flagrant memories."—*Scots Paper.*

"Colonel —— says that the fire is a terrible disaster to him for he had spent a large sum of money on it and had extensions and improvements in view."—*Local Paper.*

If that fussy old fire-brigade hadn't come and interfered.

"St. Moritz, Friday.

The skeleton handicap for the Macklin Cup was won to-day by Lord Northesk, the Conte del Torso being second and Lord Grimthorpe third."—*Scots Paper.*

We regret that the aristocracy should be reduced to this, especially the Conte del Torso, the founder of whose family must have had a good figure.

MANNEQUINITIS.

THERE 's a shop (I know it well;
It has often wrought a spell
On my being) where they sell
Ladies' things,
And the objects they display,
Though they take the breath away,
Can uplift the poet's lay
As on springs.

There inquirers may detect
All that 's costly and correct
To adorn and to protect
Human frames,
As to which I can express
All I need when I confess
That one sometimes has to guess
At their names.

But it wasn't these that drew
One to hang about and glue
One's attention to the view,
Not a bit;
'Twas the forms that stood or sat
In that window—oh, my hat!
(And I can't say more than that)
They were It.

Oh, the dignity and grace
Both of figure and of face;
Oh, that added touch of race
In the nose!
Not the least but would eclipse
Venus' self about the lips;
They were flawless from their tips
To their toes.

And what hair! I understand
Once the broad effect was planned
It was all stuck in by hand;
And their eyes
And the perfect pink-and-white
Would have stricken with delight
E'en the veriest anchorite,
I surmise.

Then their smile, an easy grin,
With the dimples dibbled in
Every cheek and every chin
With such tact;
I would sing about them yet
In a way you 'd not forget,
But I 'm far too much upset,
For a fact.

For to-day, as oft as yore,
I was guided to adore
At that shrine, but I no more
Stood enrapt;
All that set the heart aglow,
All the faces which to know
Was to worship, all the show
Had been scrapped.

In the place thereof one viewed
Wooden noddles, rough and crude,
Very sightless, very rude
And obscene;
And, most awful to behold,
Some were silver, some were gold,
Some were purple and a cold
Horrid green.

Shall I tell you how I wept,
Of the driven tears that crept
O'er my furrowed cheeks and kept
Brimming down?
Of the taxi in whose shade
I was brokenly conveyed
To my home, for which I paid
Half-a-crown?

No; 'twere nobler to remark
If they did it for a lark
They have made things very dark
In my breast;
If it 's Art, the latest fad
Of the moderns, I might add
That if they 're not going mad
Then I 'm blest.

DUM-DUM.

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS.

Tulip is a well-behaved and kindly-disposed dog. She would not willingly annoy or harm a mouse, unprovoked. But she has her pride; she resents an affront.

All this I told the constable who brought her home, mud-stained but in the best of spirits, between the hours of one and two A.M. He was sympathetic, but he must, he said, make a case of it. Public opinion, in the guise of a streetful of enraged householders disturbed from their slumbers in the small hours, made it impossible for him to overlook her offence.

"Very well, officer," I had replied, fumbling at the sideboard; "you must, of course, do what you conceive to be your duty, but I warn you I shall contest the charge with the utmost vigour."

"It don't pay to argue too much, Sir," he returned complacently. "'Ere 's your good 'ealth, Sir."

Candidly I was not ill-pleased when the summons was served. I have often felt that I ought to have been called to the Bar. I fancy I possess those keen analytical faculties that I have always regarded (optimistically perhaps) as the prime characteristic of the legal mind. I bought a second-hand copy of a volume entitled *The Law of Torts*, which, though I found it at times a trifle pedantic and obscure, provided me with a number of extremely telling legal phrases. On the appointed day I entered the court well-primed and full of confidence.

Two things at once struck my eye. One was the benign and homely appearance presented by police-officers without their helmets; the other was the presiding magistrate. He was a commanding figure, with a bald head that bulged forward and upward in a singularly impressive fashion. He looked essentially the sort of man who would appreciate a nice point, and I was relieved to observe that he sat alone upon the Bench. He subjected me to a searching glance as I took my place and pleaded "Not Guilty" in a firm voice.

"Hey?" said the magistrate, preparing to make a note.

"Not guilty," I repeated even more firmly.

The constable, sworn, stated that shortly after midnight he was patrolling his beat when he heard a confused uproar proceeding from the direction of Chestnut Avenue. Hastening to the spot he discovered a large black dog barking loudly and apparently attempting to climb a tree, which subsequent investigations proved to harbour a cat. A number of windows in the adjoining houses were open, and the remarks delivered therefrom added considerably to the prevailing pandemonium. On being approached, the dog bounded straight at his chest, though he afterwards gathered that its intention was merely to lick his face. It then persuaded him to a game of hide-and-seek in a neighbouring garden before finally allowing itself to be convoyed to the address found on its collar.

Cross-examined (by me) he admitted that Tulip went quite quietly as soon as the game was over, and he was prepared to say that she was probably of a docile and playful disposition. No, as far as he could ascertain, the cat was not answering her back.

I opened my defence on a quiet note, with an excerpt from *The Law of Torts*.

"Speak up," whispered a policeman behind me; "'is worship is a bit 'ard of 'earing."

I continued more loudly, addressing the Mayor (such apparently being his office) as one reasonable man speaking to another. The circumstances of the case, I insisted, had been entirely misrepresented. What actually happened was that on the night in question my dog Tulip, feeling the need for a little brisk exercise, quitted her kennel and went for a sharp walk. While proceeding along Chestnut Avenue in a perfectly law-abiding manner she met and was grossly insulted by a cat, which, I added tellingly, the prosecution had not dared to bring into court; the said cat, taking up a post of vantage in a tree, had assailed her with vulgar abuse. Scandalised, she was endeavouring to appease it when the constable appeared on the scene, whereupon Tulip had immediately rushed to him to report the matter.

"What 's the fellow say?" demanded the Mayor.

The clerk to the Court repeated my last remark, and the Mayor nodded portentously, making a note.

I proceeded to urge that there was not a shred of evidence to show that Tulip had strayed in the legal sense of



Dignified Lady (to impatient customer who has shouted, "'Arf o' marge"). "I THINK I WAS HERE BEFORE YOU."
Impatient Customer. "WHY DON'T YOU 'OLLER, THEN?"

the term. To walk is not necessarily to stray. In conclusion I declared that the charge was one which ought never to have been brought, and confidently demanded that it be dismissed.

A murmur of applause, instantly suppressed, rose at the back of the court.

I regarded the magistrate anxiously. Had the incisive logic of my argument prevailed? Everything, I knew, depended upon the amount and quality of the intelligence residing behind that imposing dome of a forehead.

He made another note. Then he leaned over to the Clerk to the Court.

"Does the fellow admit," he asked in a loud whisper, "that he was carrying absolutely no rear-light of any sort?"

* * * * *

Twelve-and-six, with costs.

Latin and Labour.

The Labour members of the Willesden Council (so we read in *The Star* of January 28th) have requested that Latin phrases, such as *locum tenens, locus in quo, primâ facie, ultra vires* and *nem. con.* should be discontinued in the agenda papers of the Council. It appears that one of the Labour councillors, an M.A., gave as their chief objection the fact that these phrases were often misapplied or misspelt. We trust that this solicitude for the preservation of pure Latinity will not escape the notice of the Classical Association. At the same time it is to be hoped that the Willesden purists will not include in their embargo such phrases as *Labor omnia vincit, res angusta domi* (which the best authorities translate as "the shortage of houses"), *vox populi vox Dei* (lately used with such tremendous effect by the Rev. B. G. BOURCHIER, a recent recruit of the Labour Party), *Popularis aura* (the atmosphere of Poplar) and *tertium quid* (the minimum wage).



Lady. "AH, SO YOU 'RE IN THE AIR FORCE? HOW INT'RESTIN'! BUT DON'T YOU FIND THE SEDENTARY LIFE RATHER TRYIN'?"

DIET FOR AN INVALID.

WHEN I am ill my wife, who is the best woman in the world, nurses me with unremitting enthusiasm. She believes that nothing in illness is more salutary than cleanliness. I confess that after a time I weary of washing. In the night watches, however, I am let off soap and water, and my wife's whole energy is concentrated on nourishment for her patient.

I have fallen into a feverish sleep when I am roused by a gentle jog in the back.

"Are you asleep?"

"Not now."

"Did I wake you?"

"No, not to speak of."

"Don't you think you ought to have some milk?"

"I don't think so, thanks."

"I 've got it here."

"No, thanks."

"Or soda-and-milk?"

"No, thanks."

"Or soda alone?"

"Oh, I 'll have some milk."

"Will you have it warm?"

"No, cold."

"I can warm it in a minute."

"No, cold."

"Isn't it better for you warm?"

"All right, warm."

"Or will you have jelly?"

"No, I 'll have some milk."

"It 's meat jelly."

"No, I 'll have milk."

"Or there 's sweet jelly."

"No, milk."

"You know you like jelly."

"All right; I 'll have jelly."

"Meat jelly?"

"No, sweet jelly."

"It was the meat jelly you liked."

"Very well, meat jelly."

"Have sweet jelly if you like."

"No, I 'll have meat jelly."

"The sweet jelly would go nicely with the milk."

"All right, sweet jelly."

"With milk?"

"No."

"It goes with milk."

"All right."

"Sweet jelly and milk, then?"

"Yes."

"Have milk alone if you prefer it."

"Good heavens!" I shout, "you 've got back to the beginning. I can't stand it all over again. I 'll have milk alone, cold milk or hot milk, or soda-and-milk, or soda alone, or sweet jelly, or sweet jelly and milk, or sweet jelly and meat jelly, or meat jelly neat, but I *will* go to sleep."

"Hush, dear! don't talk so loud or you 'll wake Baby. Wait a minute and I 'll make you some gruel."

My wife is quite the best woman in the world.

Commercial Candour.

"All our season's goods will be offered at most treasonable prices."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

"Women pioneers made a good thing out of eating houses rudely made of timber supporting a corrugated-iron roof."—*Daily Paper.*

This beats sword-swallowing.

"BELLOC
EVERY WEEK IN THE UNIVERSE."
Newspaper Placard.

So are we, but we don't make a poster about it.

"Sir Richard rose, and in his turn began to pace the chamber, whilst his cousin now let himself sink into a chair, and sat, knees on elbows."—*Recent Novel.*

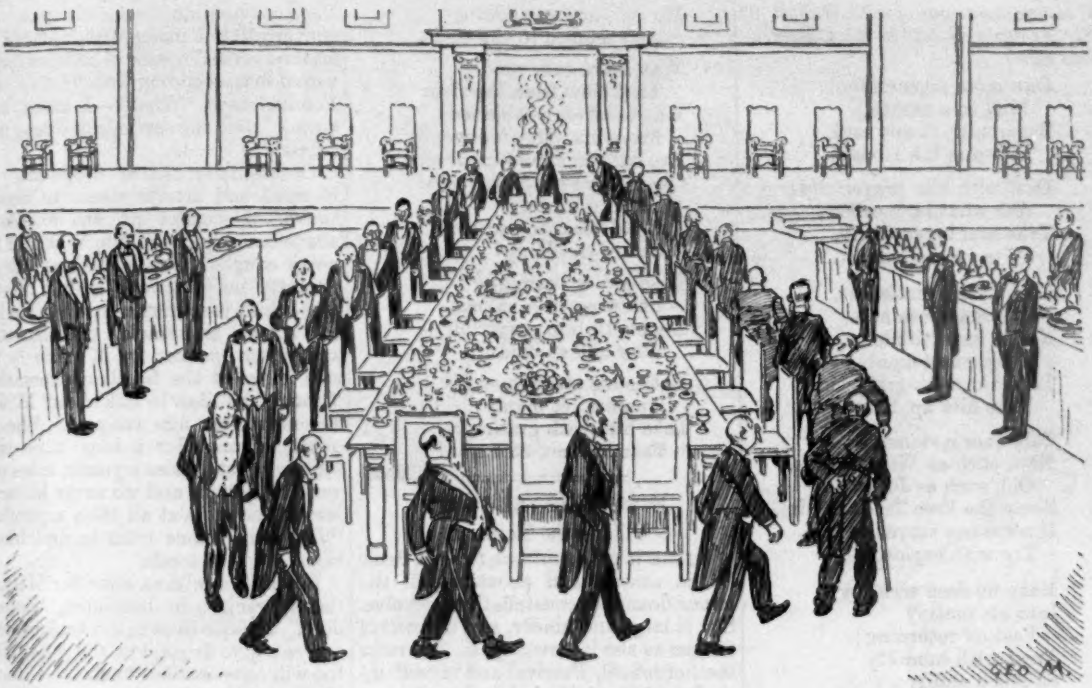
We fear there was something crooked about that cousin.

"The nursing home is the building where the Duke of Wellington gave his famous ball in June, 1815, on the eve of the crushing overthrow of Napoleon."—*Daily Paper.*

The reference is of course to the famous battle of Waterloo, won by the Duchess of RICHMOND.



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB GETTING UP AN APPETITE.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XI.—THE PROFESSOR.

To be a Professor a person is bound
To be very well read and extremely profound;
He must read such a lot and must ponder so deep
That he 's no time for exercise, eating or sleep.

His hair may be ragged and long as his gown,
Or meagre and white, but it must not be brown;
There should never be any suggestion of youth
In one who has really arrived at the truth.

To all practical evils in life he is blind
Because of his calm philosophical mind;
If the bath-water 's cold when it ought to be hot,
He will plunge in at once and pretend it is not.

He 's so absent-minded he muddles all dates,
Carves beef for his children without any plates,
And if he should catch a catarrh he is seen
Drinking hair-wash and rubbing his head with quinine.

To enforce the opinions he happens to hold
He cites illustrations from authors of old;
As they wrote in strange tongues and for long have been dead,
They can't be confuted whatever they said.

He takes gloomy views that are based on the past,
Pointing out to the cheerful that nothing can last;
He 's convinced that our Empire is certain to cease,
Like the grandeur of Rome and the glory of Greece.

But whenever I meet a Professor I smile
As he lays down the law in the orthodox style;
The title he bears lays it open to doubt
As to whether he knows what he 's talking about.

Because, when Professors say something is so,
After all they are only professing to know. G. B.

ON SALUTING THE MACE.

WHEN the Mayor of OXFORD demands that the mace be saluted, does he realise that the subject bristles with difficulties?

How is one to do it? Ought one to stand to attention with composed features? Often there is something about the mace-bearer which would render this hard to accomplish. To decree that hats should be raised would mean the exclusion of women-citizens, for hat-raising is one of the few things in which women refuse to imitate men. Moreover, when fashion demands that the undergraduate should go hatless, there would be no opportunity for a gesture of reverence from the very quarter from which it is most to be desired. Would the Fascisti form of salute be appropriate, or should the onlooker cry "Cheerio!" or smile and nod, or wave a handkerchief?

In one's anxiety to do one's duty by the mace there would be some danger of missing the Mayor, in spite of his hat. Londoners have the advantage of being able to identify him by his coach; but if we in Fleet Street are to salute the mace when we observe it poking its head through the coach window how are we to find time to welcome the coachman with those cheers to which the LORD MAYOR responds so gracefully?

THE BRIDGE OF VIEWS.

(In commemoration of the transit of Sir ALFRED MOND to the Conservative side.)

ONE more regenerate
Mild as a mouse,
Tame now, at any rate,
Crossing the House!

Deal with him prayerfully;
Ask what he's called;
Take him up carefully,
Wise and so bald.

Look at his gentleness,
Nay, ornamentalness,
Notice his attitude—
Simple and manly;
Take him with gratitude,
Take him up, STANLEY.

Talk over instances,
New, such as WINSTON'S is,
Old, such as JOSEPH'S;
Scrap the Free Trade in him,
If some has stayed in him,
Try with explosives.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into his mutiny
Past all returning;
Treat with humility
So much ability
Plucked from the burning.

Tell all your tips to him
(One of your progeny);
Send out your Whips to him,
Don't let him dodge any.

Mark all his yeses,
Observe all his noes;
Be sure that his Press is
The same one that blesses
Yourself with its prose.

Why came he haggard?
Why lean like a lizard?
Who was it that daggered
Poor ALF in the gizzard?
'Twas no less a near one,
'Twas no less a dear one
Than DAVID the Wizard.

Alas for the jealousy
Of Liberal policy
Under a cloud!
Two must go smash on it,
Both of them passionate,
Both of them proud.

Savage and Ate-like,
No longer matey-like,
Angry they got;
Neither had diffidence,
Each upon evidence
Stated with vehemence
'Tother talked rot.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river
One passed in a night;
From his friends in the trenches,
Regardless of wrenches,
He cut the cross benches
And roamed to the right.

Was it the east wind
That blew from the river
He felt when he shinned
From his party for ever?
No, but the straddling there!
Oh, but the paddling there!
Safer to tramp
Any old blooming where
Out of the damp!

Take him up carefully;
Ask what he's called;
Deal with him prayerfully,
Wise and so bald.

Notice his attitude—
Humble yet manly;
Take him with gratitude,
Take him on, STANLEY!

EVOE.

INSULARS ABROAD.

VIII.—EN FAMILLE.

THERE is no doubt but that M'dame is the central sun about which the minor domestic constellations revolve. She is large and kindly, and as swift of tongue as she is slow of gait. She rules the household, Percival and myself included, with a rod of chilled steel.

She talks like several machine-guns in action—all of them with spare crews too—and Percival's halting French sentences go down before her like bottles at a shooting-gallery. She completely won his heart, however, in the first week by declaring that he had "an accent the most distinguished such that one made oneself a pleasure of hearing it." This caused Percival to talk for a long while about how discerning these French people are. But then he has not looked up "*distingué*" in the dictionary, and I have. It means, among other things, "out of the common."

M'dame wishes us to "make the good amusement" and is always asking us or telling us what we'd like to do or eat or see. When one has at last expressed a preference, M'dame, whose attitude has been one of hardly restrained expectancy, suddenly says, "*Bon!*" Not as you or I would say it, or even as other French people would say it. She has a way of delivery of her own. "*Bon*," as M'dame says it, is a full-blooded word which, after quietly gathering a head of steam behind M'dame's black silk expanse of bosom, suddenly bursts past her lips in one concentrated explosion of joyful acquiescence. It is short and sharp and final; and it still takes us by surprise. Percival, as a matter of fact, can't get out of the habit of coming to attention when he hears it.

While we are recovering, M'dame follows it up with a gentle "*Et alors?*" The conversation then continues. By conversation I mean that M'dame unleashes several yards of indeterminate verbal matter ending with "*hein?*" and Percival says "What?—I mean, *comment?*" and she rewinds and lets it go once more.

Occasionally M'sieu' drops in. He is small and always seems to need a shave. I suspect he was unable to shave one day during the War and has never caught up with it since, for apparently he is always taking off the day-before-yesterday's growth. He just sits around and smokes vile cigarettes and never speaks; for M'dame is the sole lessee of the family conversation. Though she likes to talk about M'sieu' she never lets him trespass. She regaled us once for a long time with stories about M'sieu's youth, tales of a very lurid type, and we never knew he was in the room at all till a sepulchral "*Pas vrai*" came from behind like a voice from the tomb.

But if M'sieu' does not offer M'dame much practice in back-chat, 'Zabelle does. 'Zabelle lives in the back regions and can give as good as she gets. She too will have a silent husband, I know. She is a sort of factotum and is always ready to do any job or take up any verbal challenge.

When M'dame waddles into her little room with a sort of brisk vagueness and a general air of "What have I *oublié* now?" 'Zabelle instantly engages and boards her. They then talk at one another till the pictures rattle on the walls. Neither can hear what the other is saying and both are supremely happy. I think M'dame uses 'Zabelle as a sort of strop for her powers of repartee before dulling their edge on M'sieu's practised silence.

In the morning 'Zabelle and M'dame help one another work about the house, dropping fragments of opprobrium on M'sieu' whenever he bobs up. Next they tell Percival and me where we'd like to go, and see that we do. "*Bon! Et alors?*" M'dame probably breaks off to have another go at M'sieu' and beat him verbally about the head and neck if he shows any signs of coming to the surface; then ends up by shrieking advice and encouragement after Percival and me as we retire. French family life we find very exhausting, and we thankfully reach a *café* and order two *apéritifs*.

"*Bon!*" we say to ourselves. "*Et alors?* Two more, please." A. A.

"POCKET LIGHTER! POCKET LIGHTER!"
Advt. in Daily Paper.
Ours couldn't be.







COUNTY SONGS.

IV.—DEVON.

SOME hold that its moors are its glory,
The cradles of Exe and of Dart;
While others maintain that a Devonshire lane
Is the triumph of Nature and Art.

Some call it the Garden where EDEN
Created the proud *Petronel*;
While others there be who of *Amyas Leigh*
And *Lorna*, sweet *Lorna*, would tell.

Fine blooms of the fancy's devising!
But now let 's to Plymouth be gone.
Who, so devil-may-care, is at bowls over there?
And where are the boasts of the Don?

E. V. L.



IN THE NETHER REGIONS.

THE whole affair of the Roosevelt Hotel Mystery came to light because Hopkins thought he had a nose.

Hopkins told me he had a nose that could do anything it liked with Times Square. This meant that he had succeeded in leaving a subway train at Fortieth Street, which is part of the square, and coming up to the top one block to the east and three to the north, burrowing through a maze of tiled tunnels and secret corridors and drug stores and shoe-shine parlours to get there. He was pretty well pleased with himself; he could hardly put on his hat, his bump of locality had grown so big. The only cure I could think of was to send him to Grand Central.

Grand Central is a different proposition. It is as much harder than Times Square as London is than New York. If you have a nose you can do all sorts of things with Grand Central; you can wander round there judiciously for a time and come to the surface of New York at just about any place you like within a radius of half-a-mile. You can emerge modestly through a Liggett's Drug Store, or you can emerge gloriously through the front door of the Biltmore Hotel. If you have an exceptionally fine nose you may be able to emerge in the Roosevelt Hotel.

Now I made a bet with Hopkins, to take some of the conceit out of the youth, that he could not get off at Grand Central at four o'clock and meet me in the Roosevelt at five.

"An hour!" cried Hopkins.

"An hour," said I.

"Easy as rolling off a log," he said.

I waited in the Roosevelt until five-thirty. No Hopkins. I became quite worried about the boy. To do what I had done was almost like sending a man into a lion's cage empty-handed on a bet that he couldn't strangle the beast. I waited until a few minutes before six, then returned to the club, very much perturbed. If anything had happened to him the Lord only knew how I should explain the business to his wife.

When he showed up a little before seven I almost kissed him.

This is his story.

He took an up-town train and got off at Grand Central at four o'clock, according to schedule. It was on the platform by this train, he says, that he first saw the man in evening clothes—a thin pale-faced man, walking along aimlessly, looking at the ground. The man attracted his notice not only because of the incongruity of his dress and the time of day, but because of the slightly eccentric combination of garments—his claw-hammer coat and black waistcoat and turned-over collar with a white tie, and also because of the pitiful state of repair all these pieces were in. Hopkins noted him with a little more than casual interest, but hurried on.

He ran up some steps and found himself in a long white tunnel, inclining up and curving round to the right. It was crowded with people, all in a great hurry. Hopkins hurried too.

After about a quarter of a mile the wall became pierced with little shops, news-stands, cigarette-counters, soft-drink booths. He turned a corner and came out on a train platform very much like the one he had left five minutes before. He wanted to ask his way from somebody, but everyone was moving by him so fast that trying to flag them was out of the question. He would have asked a platform-guard, but these men were so busy stuffing people into the trains that he couldn't get their attention. He approached one guard, who had his hands in the small of two people's backs and was pushing like mad, now and then kicking their feet along and shouting, "Don't let it get you down!" The guard made a grab at Hopkins to throw him in too, but Hopkins ran.

He finally saw an old woman on crutches dropping a penny into a chewing-gum machine. He rushed up to her.

"Follow the Green Line!" screamed the old woman before he had opened his lips.

"Thanks," said Hopkins, and followed the Green Line, which led back down the tunnel.

It seemed to be the same tunnel, but he followed it for ten minutes and did not come to any points that he recognised. He finally reached a junction of tunnels; here the Green Line ended. He saw a Black Line and decided to follow that for a while.

It took him down some steps, underneath three or four train-tracks, up again, then down another long white corridor; on every side were the white tiles and pink sheets of *The New York Journal*. The floor dropped away quite steeply, now and then broken by steps. The Black Line still beckoned him on.

After about a quarter of an hour he came to another train platform. Just in front of him he saw the man in evening clothes again, wandering round listlessly.

Hopkins says he took him for a sort of private detective, stationed there to look out for all the money in the chewing-gum machines. "A sort of evening-clothes man, you know," said Hopkins.

Seeing that there was no outlet down there (he was by this time farther below the surface than he had ever been), he reclimbed the sloping corridor, more slowly now, for he was getting tired. Since the Green Line and the Black Line got him nowhere he decided that he would take a tunnel that hadn't any line at all. By five o'clock he concluded that this method wasn't getting him anywhere either. He says that he had never been so perfectly nowhere in all his life.

He stopped in one of the subterranean drug stores and got a chocolate malted milk-shake with preserved strawberries; his nerves were getting on edge. He decided to give up trying to find the passage to the Roosevelt and put all his efforts on finding a simple exit to the street. This was no more successful than the other quest, and after half an hour he stopped at a



Crusty Individual. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT, MY MAN, YOU WOULD BE BETTER EMPLOYED IN SWEEPING UP SOME OF THIS INFERNAL SNOW."

Indignant Musician. "HO! DO YER? AN' 'OW DO YER THINK I 'M A-GOING TO SWEEP SNOW WITH A THING LIKE THIS?"



THE HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

crossing of two White tunnels, quite bewildered and not a little alarmed.

Then suddenly his eyes fell on the man in evening clothes, still walking but apparently not trying to get anywhere. Hopkins felt that he was saved. This man rambled about there all day long; he could direct him to the Roosevelt tunnel. He cursed himself for not having commandeered the detective in the first place. He determined to make the man *lead* him to the tunnel.

Hopkins walked up to him.

"Excuse me," said Hopkins.

The man started back as though very much surprised that he should be addressed. Hopkins took hold of his arm, not to let him escape.

"Excuse me, but can you show me the way to the Roosevelt Hotel?"

As he named the hotel Hopkins says that the man seemed to melt in his fingers like snow. In a moment he was lying on the cement floor in a dead faint. Hopkins sent a newsboy to telephone for the ambulance.

"It came after a coon's age and they took him off to a hospital. Said he'd come round all right."

He leaned back as if he had finished. After a leisurely pause he took a card from his pocket.

"Does this mean anything to you?" he said and handed it round. "It fell out of the man's coat."

It was a small card with "Israel Weintraub" printed on it.

I was troubled for a moment about Hopkins's reason; the name meant nothing to me.

"Do you remember," said Hopkins softly, sitting up dramatically, "three or four months ago the newspaper story about the mysterious disappearance of one of the waiters at the Roosevelt Hotel?" A pause. "Well, there 's your man. He got down there on his way to work and couldn't get out. Do you wonder the fellow keeled over when I asked the way to the Roosevelt Hotel?"

Hopkins stood up, put out his cigarette and strolled into the library.

MANHATTAN.

DIRECTORS.

I *wish* I could be a Director
And have a free pass,
Saluted by ticket-inspector
And riding first-class;
Tho' the shareholders' prospects appear at their worst,
Directors go first.

I 'd love to become a Director,
Empowered to *strafe*
Or otherwise bully and hector
The Company's staff;
When the staff get the sack in rotation and fast,
Directors go last.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALL THE KING'S HORSES" (GLOBE).

THE great thing, of course, was to have Miss IRENE VANBRUGH back again after all these years. It mattered little what play she chose for her reappearance, so long as it gave her a decent chance. And this play did, which was the best of its few virtues. For it seemed to be a medley of most of the plays I have ever seen in this kind. Always they start with an egoist absorbed in himself and his business, to the neglect of wife and family. Always there is a daughter, or at least a niece, whose engagement to a nice clean ineligible youth he regards with disfavour (see *Mr. Pim*, *The Camel's Back* and *passim*). Invariably the mother sides with the young people. Without exception the father is reduced to reason and gives them his ultimate blessing.

Along these well-worn tracks the main plot proceeded. For the particular process by which pride was brought to its fall the author selected the revelation of an amorous episode in the prig's remote past. We knew it was coming as soon as a female stranger was announced. Then—for a touch of modernity was needed to relieve these antique formulas—we had a picture of the heroine a little the worse for drink; and even for this a precedent could be found in *Fallen Angels* and elsewhere.

Much, however, may be pardoned in a play which gave Miss VANBRUGH a chance of delighting us in a great variety of moods. We enjoyed her most, I think, in her hour of exultation over the discovery of her husband's early peccadillo. Having learned of it in an interview with his old mistress, she makes an appointment for her to call upon him after dinner. For twenty-seven years she has been the timorous victim of her husband's domination and now she has him in the hollow of her hand. The interval must be spent in solitary rapture. She will affect a headache and have her meal sent up to her room with a pint of champagne. This sparkling beverage serves not only to celebrate a joyful event but inspires her with Dutch courage, so that when, after the fatal interview, our "fallen angel"—or should we not say our elevated angel?—reappears to deal with her husband, one is reminded of the story of the intoxicated mouse defiantly shouting, "Where 's that —— cat?"

Later, Miss VANBRUGH had her opportunity for a quick change to sentiment. After arranging to leave him she is touched by a sense of compassion for his impending loneliness. In the reconciliation scene she assures her husband that his voice remains the voice of the lover of her youth. The sentiment has a note of falsity, as we see immediately afterwards when she is petrified by his promise to give her more of his company in the future (which will mean a great deal of that old voice); but Miss VANBRUGH made it seem true for the moment.

Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH played the husband with complete fidelity and a very perfect technique. Blow after blow fell upon him in as swift succession as they fell upon JOB, but without comforters. His boy's refusal to go into his father's business; his daughter's announcement of her engagement to his private secretary; the necessity for



AN ELEVATED ANGEL.
Wilfred Everitt . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.
Alice (his wife) . . MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

dismissing this young man—all these blows he took lightly, without turning a hair. Up to this point the author had so heavily insisted on our grasping the idea that *Wilfred Everitt* was a pompous bore, and Mr. AYNESWORTH had so faithfully executed his design, that by half-time (and this is meant for a compliment to the actor) we ourselves were beginning to be a little bored and could appreciate his wife's occasional assumption of prophylactic deafness. Then came the exposure of his past—a knock-out blow; and there was a touch of real pitifulness in his meek acceptance of the situation when one after another excused themselves from sharing his lonely dinner. No doubt this spectacle of a man, not wholly bad, fighting against adversity appealed to the Hellenic sympathies of an audience some of whom may have assisted at the performance of *Œdipus* (in an English version).

Of the others Mr. WARMINGTON gave a very good performance as *Alice Everitt's* brother *Dick*. He had just the right lack of polish for a man returning to civilisation after a long absence in some of the ruder tropics. He was of course overshadowed by the two chief characters, but he also contributed to this effect by his admirable self-repression.

As *Everitt's* former mistress Miss MAYFREN also showed commendable reserve. There was obvious scope for fun in this part, and she might easily have made more than she did; but she wisely chose to underplay it. Perhaps she was conscious, as we were, that her position was not too logical. For the best part of thirty years she had kept her promise, after receiving an adequate honorarium, not to molest the man; and there seemed no good reason (outside the mechanical requirement of the plot) why she should blackmail him now on behalf of their grown-up daughter, who, as we saw later when she returned the cheque which her mother had just extorted, was well able to look after herself. Anyhow, Miss JANET ECCLES, who played the girl's part, was very cool and self-possessed.

Of the young people, Mr. EDWARD SCOTT-GATTY (*Everitt's* son) did not give me the impression of a promising artist who has just won a fifty-pound prize. But he was pleasantly vivacious, and dashed about to his various objectives on the stage as if he were engaged in a point-to-point race. Miss JILL ESMOND-MOORE (the daughter) was natural enough in her suggestion of the hard unsympathetic brightness of the Georgian flapper; and Mr. ARTHUR PUSEY carried himself with the decorum which one expects in the private secretary of a man who is on the verge of being knighted for "services to his party."

As for the title, I saw no effort on the part of any "King's horses" (or men) to put *Humpty Dumpty* together again after his great fall. Nor would any such effort have been consistent with the description of the play as a "light comedy." For the failure of "all the King's horses" (and men) to reconstruct him in the original version must be regarded as a tragedy. Possibly the author thought it would be the happiest thing for *Humpty Dumpty's* family if he remained in a state of disintegration.

In response to enormous applause Miss IRENE VANBRUGH thanked everybody she could think of for their share in the evening's success, including Mr. OPENSHAW, the author. But it was noticeable that he received no pressing

invitation to make his bow. This, I think, was unfair to him, for there was much pleasant wit in his dialogue, and, after all, as I hinted above, his play had received the compliment of being chosen as the medium for Miss VANBRUGH'S restoration to our outstretched arms.

O. S.

"BLIND ALLEY" (PLAYHOUSE).

"Blind Alley" is a mournful ingenuous play for people of soft hearts and heads. *Corsellis*, a beefy and abrupt Canon, has married a poor pretty orphan, *Gloria*, almost, we are given to understand, snatching the child from her cradle. *Gloria* is playing in a pageant to raise funds for the restoration of the Cathedral, and, naturally, falling in love with the pageant-master, a likeable fellow, who seems also to have been caught young, made into a solicitor (when he would fain be an act-or) and married, apparently against his will and much against his heart, to his father's partner's daughter. He has now taken to the stage, abandoned his wife and, as *Corsellis*, who is a very explicit person, points out, become an adulterer. The two mismated pageanteers, having been dissuaded from going off together (a course which, in view of *Corsellis's* impossible nature, was obviously indicated) by the Bishop, a nice old man, are taking a fond farewell in the Cathedral Close, when *Corsellis*, espying them, naturally believes the very worst and, after gnawing off a finger and raving about impending bastards in his candid way, bangs and bolts the doors of the canonage against *Gloria*. (We are beginning to see that *Corsellis* is not a really nice clergyman.) The poor girl, having sorrowfully and nobly parted from her friend, returns to beat upon the pitiless doors with frenzied hands and to scream repeatedly—oh, yes, alas, repeatedly—"What shall I do?" This happens to be an easy one. Why not go for the night to the *Bishop's* nice wife, who lives nearby. However, in the supposed interests of the audience, she elects to go to the rooms of *Lennox Holme* the pageant-master.

Between Acts I. and II. there has been a war (the Crimean, I fancy), in which *Lennox* has distinguished himself. He and *Gloria* are now touring in *Splendour*. *Corsellis* has refused for ten years to grant his erring wife a divorce, has indeed, we later come to know, been recently elected President of the League to Uphold the Sanctity of Marriage. *Gloria* calls to make a final appeal to him (after trying over a song in his drawing-room to while away the time till he comes in—a charming touch), of course in vain. However, little *Millie Fry*, who had been *Gloria's* sewing-maid, emotional to the point of half-wittedness, is destined to find a way out of the blind alley. It is a simple and a welcome, if unlikely, release. She sticks a knife into a vital part of the unpleasant *Corsellis* (a thing we had long been expecting with some impatience) and staggers out gurgling into the Close through the symbolically opened doors. Wonderful!



THE BULL AND THE YOUNG MATADOR.

Canon Corsellis . MR. SAM LIVESEY.
Millie Fry . . . . MISS ELIZABETH ARKELL.



THE BLIND ALLEY LOOK.

Gloria Corsellis . . . . . MISS ELISSA LANDI.
Donald Lennox . . . . . MR. EDWARD WOODINGS.
Lennox Holme . . . . . MR. ION SWINLEY.

It is a play of which parts were better than the whole: that was frankly absurd beyond redemption. There were some good lines, the lighter ones much more satisfactory than the serious. There was, in particular the pleasantly-written part of the old stage-door keeper, excellently played by Mr. JOHN LE HAY. The *Marquis of Olde* said some shrewdly amusing things, not on the side of the angels, and Mr. ERNEST MAINWARING made him say them very well. The author could have found better arguments for and better arguments against divorce than she presented through her impossible people. *Corsellis* was an inhuman monster almost made credible by Mr. SAM LIVESEY'S never-failing skill. I could work up no interest or belief in either *Gloria* or *Lennox*, so cannot fairly offer an opinion on the playing of those parts by Miss ELISSA LANDI and Mr. ION SWINLEY. Miss DRUSILLA WILLS and Miss ANNIE ESMOND were excellent as two exaggerated spinsters, and Mr. EDWARD WOODINGS had some good moments as the actor's son. Miss ELIZABETH ARKELL did well with the part of the half-wit *Millie*, though she overdid the adenoids, which made her difficult to follow.

Except that its morality isn't up to local standard this piece should be at the Elephant—if anywhere. No other *genre* can create in the sophisticated quite so acute, so devasting a boredom.

T.

Our Pampered Pets Again.

"BEEKEEPING IN BEDS."
Headline in Local Paper.

Our Tactless Paragraphists.

"Mr. —— has returned from Canada and is again in charge of the Life Class, which has grown enormously during his absence."—*Art Periodical.*

From a cinema advertisement:

"A Beautiful Human Story, showing Thrilling Battles between real Champion Boxers and Superb Women in Most Wonderful Gowns."
Daily Paper.

If the superb women acquired their wonderful gowns at the recent bargain-sales the champion boxers in our opinion haven't an earthly.

THE UNJOLLY ROGER.

THE sapient Mr. ROGER FRY,
Beloved of all whose brows are high
Or who inhale the precious airs
Of Bloomsbury's secluded squares,
Devotes three columns in *The Nation*
To smashing SARGENT's reputation,
Pronouncing him no true creator,
An "undistinguished illustrator,"
Industrious, in aim consistent,
But "as an artist non-existent."

Yet, while good ROGER finds the whole
Six hundred pictures void of soul
And psychologically null,
SARGENT, he owns, was never dull;
He worked according to a plan
And was an admirable man.

O generous antagonist!
For you're an "artist"; you exist.
At least you say so in *Who's Who*,
Where everything's correct and true,
And for the rest can well disdain,
Upon your transcendental plane,
The ribald jests of Philistines,
Such as the author of these lines,
Who smile to see, when giants die,
The antics of the lesser fry.

THE SINS OF THE SUN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It may be futile, or at least inexpedient, to speak disrespectfully of the Equator, but we have now the best authority for refusing to exempt the Aurora Borealis from hostile criticism.

Wireless listeners have throughout the winter experienced great difficulty in "getting" American stations. Sir RICHARD GREGORY, editor of *Nature* since 1919, distinguished for his work in the domain of Solar Physics and author of *The Vault of Heaven*, has now, in an interview with *The Daily News*, conclusively established the culpability, not to say criminality, of the Aurora Borealis. There is no weak point in his argument. The A.B. is due to electrical disturbances in the upper air, and any such disturbance naturally affects the transmission of the electrical waves in broadcasting. The situation is bad enough at present, and it is not likely to improve. The number of appearances of A.B. varies directly with the number of sunspots year by year, and, as we shall not reach the maximum of the present sunspot period until three or four years have elapsed the outlook is black indeed. Recreation and education are alike imperilled by the continuance of this nuisance.

Personally I am inclined to marvel at the moderation of Sir RICHARD GREGORY's remarks. He might have added many counts to his indictment. The behaviour of the A.B. is notoriously irregular. Amongst other *aliases* by which it is familiarly known is that of "The Merry Dancers." The stimulus which it gives to the present craze for tarantulation cannot be overlooked. A writer in *The Manchester Guardian* sees in the continuance of this craze the possible disintegration of domestic life. Dancing partnerships, as he points out, seldom lead to matrimony, and when they do are no guarantee for conjugal felicity.

Secondly, the A.B. produces, according to the article in *The Ency. Brit.*, a fan or a series of fans, a product which already threatens to undermine the stability of the English temperament.

Thirdly, the A.B. is clearly and admittedly responsible for the increasing prevalence of a habit deleterious to the physique of the nation. "A fully developed Corona"—I quote from the same article—"is perhaps the finest form of aurora," and the accompanying picture of an auroral Corona exhibits one of the most formidable and explosive objects I have ever seen.

Fourthly, the A.B. by its irregular and unfair distribution violates the basic principles of modern economics. It is seldom observed in low latitudes. In the extreme south of Spain we find an average of only one aurora in ten years. In the north of France the average rises to five a year; in the north of Ireland to thirty a year; a little north of the Shetlands to one hundred a year. And auroras are much more numerous in the southern parts of Canada and the United States than in the same latitudes of Europe.

Fifthly, and perhaps most significant of all, there is evidence that auroral displays are accompanied by a characteristic and painfully demoralising sound. Captain DAWSON, in charge of the British Polar Station at Fort Rae in the N.W. Territory of Canada in 1882-8, describes the sound as "like the swishing of a whip," and as the aurora brightened and faded so did the accompanying sound increase and diminish. Apart entirely from the grave inconvenience caused to broadcasting, the continuance of swishing is a disgrace to civilisation and cannot be tolerated.

The author of *The Ency. Brit.* article holds that the diurnal variations in frequency and intensity of A.B. are "certainly favourable to theories which postulate ionisation of the atmosphere by some cause or other emanating from the sun." Sir RICHARD GREGORY speaks more confidently of sun-spots as the cause of our trouble. The problem that remains is clearly that of eliminating sun-spots and clearing the complexion of "Old Solus." The need of a Society of Cosmic Cosmetics is clamant, and I entreat you, Mr. Punch, to use your powerful influence in advocating its immediate foundation and liberal endowment. Yours respectfully,

BRIAN O'LOONEY.

The Observatory, Dottyville.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

(*After Mr. W. H. DAVIES.*)

I SAW a smut come drifting down,
A black flake from the sky,
And thought, "Some sable carrion-bird
Has shed a plume on high;"
It fell upon my upturned nose,
And, though I knew it then,
It seemed as if Death's pinions swooped
And wafted me from men.

But when I saw the huddled sheep
Like white pearls in the fold
My mind shook off that mortal fear,
I was no longer old;
I said, "I 'll make a song of pearls
With ten gems in each line
And hang it round young Dinah's throat
To seal her beauty mine."

And so I made a song of pearls,
And a black, mournful song;
I sold them for a silver heap
To an unhearing throng;
But the clear vision of my eyes
Not kings nor queens can buy,
Who see but soot and scuffling sheep,
Not Death and gems, as I. W. K. S.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"One of our highbrow Sunday critics has complained of 'Mr. Lyall Swete's Oxford accent' in *Henry VIII*. Personally, I didn't notice it, but if any actor has a right to an Oxford accent it is surely when playing Cardinal Wolsey—who founded that much-criticised University."—*Weekly Paper.*

Poor old Oxford—or rather poor young Oxford—home of yet another lost cause, namely, her claim to an antiquity superior to that of Cambridge. For here is Clare—not the oldest college at Cambridge—celebrating this year the sixth centenary of the date of its foundation which occurred some two hundred years before WOLSEY got his Cardinal's hat.

"During the month the total number of mother omnibuses, etc., imported into this country was 537."—*Indian Paper.*

Adventurous old dears, complete with bonnets, no doubt.

"Rabbit —— has never lacked courage. In and out of the synagogue he has raised his voice on many occasions to express views that were not those of the majority."

Canadian Paper.

He seems to be a bit of a sportsman; why call him a rabbit?



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

IX.—THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

"THE Gloomy Dean" they call our INGE,
But he is really no such thing;
For, though I never heard him preach,
I've known him make a funny speech.
And, when his holy zeal abates,
How wisely he conciliates
With sparkling essays in the Press
The Mammon of Unrighteousness;
So that, in case, some rainy day,
The pillars of St. Paul's give way,
His occupation being gone,
The Morning Post may take him on.



Earnest Student of the Films (to superior couple who are inclined to scoff). "IF YOU AIN'T EDDICATED ENOUGH TO ENJOY A GOOD PICTURE, LET THEM AS IS DOES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS writes "Longy" for Longhi and "fawn" for faun, either he is pulling your leg in the recondite Oxford manner or else he is unaware of ordinary usages. These two disabilities govern the greater part of the autobiographical volume entitled *25* (CAPE), where it is not concerned with reverent first-hand impressions of Mr. NOEL COWARD'S dressing-room, Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN'S Rolls-Royce and Mrs. ELINOR GLYN'S sofa-cushions. Still I think Mr. NICHOLS has got the worst of his youth behind him and there is every indication of his settling down into a capable and, what is far more interesting, a conscientious reporter. Although he apparently disagrees with Mr. HUGH WALPOLE'S pronouncement that reporting is less "soul-destroying" than reviewing, his contact with ordinary people, from KING TINO and QUEEN SOPHIE to the father and brother of a suburban murderess, shows him in a far better light than his handling of works of art. He learns as he goes when he deals with human beings of a kind he has not encountered at Oxford, but a matter of art or literature finds his stock of undergraduate labels still unexhausted. The theatre, being the most sociable of all the arts, is the easiest for him to understand; and I found a well-balanced conversation with SEYMOUR HICKS, chiefly on the importance of being theatrical, one of the most attractive of his reminiscences. Every interview chronicled would gain artistically if its descriptive links were not written in the same jaunty colloquialisms as most of the speeches. It is impossible to go on producing good journalism with a dwindling vocabulary; and, as you are extremely unlikely to get vigorous English in the text of an interview, you must insinuate it as best you may in your own comments and glosses.

The joint authorship of *The Big House of Inver* (HEINEMANN), proclaimed on the title-page, is justified by the letter, printed by way of epilogue, which was written by "MARTIN ROSS" (the late Miss VIOLET MARTIN) to her cousin, Miss EDITH SOMERVILLE, in 1912. There, in twenty lines, you have a complete scenario of the story now brilliantly carried out by the surviving partner. Long before the War the authors of the *R.M.* had proved the futility of those who labelled and still continue to label them sporting humourists. *The Real Charlotte*, their greatest romance, is a tragi-comedy in the manner of BALZAC, with a tragic end; and *The Big House of Inver* is in the same vein. It is a story of pre-War times, but inevitably coloured by what has happened in the last ten years, though free from politics or from that "stampede to national cynicism" which, in the words of a member of the Free State Government, has recently succeeded national vanity, as the result of the discovery that the Irish are not better than other races. The decline and fall of the House of Prendeville is brought about by hereditary extravagance and excess and by the fatal proximity of its legal and illegitimate descendants. Yet the heroine is the natural daughter of the head of the house, already an elderly woman, the housekeeper and purse-bearer of her senile father. Heroically slaving and saving to restore the fallen fortunes of the family and engineer a safe and prosperous marriage for her young half-brother, the heir and victim of his inherited temperament, she wages a losing fight with dauntless courage against "the bitter playfulness of Fate." It is not an exhilarating

story, and it could not be. Yet there are many gleams of the old humour—as in the account of a race-meeting—and unfailing evidence of the old gift of coining phrases that stick, and that peculiar capacity for penetrating the workings of the male mind in which these two Irish cousins have excelled all modern female novelists.

This the inexorable law
Of "Nature red in tooth and claw":
Not to the swift nor yet the strong
Falls the best chance of living long,
But to the one that, scorning flight
When enemies appear in sight,
Stays indistinguishably blent
With its designed environment.

Wouldst learn, dear reader, how the art
Of simulating all or part
Of something that it really isn't
Is practised by the Argus Pheasant,
The Snipe, the Sea-horse or the Cuscus,
The twig-like Inchworm, the subfuscous
Tapir and many another creature?
Then purchase *Camouflage in Nature*
(HUTCHINSON); author, Mr. PYCRAFT,
Master-observer of the sly craft
Of Nature's children great and small;
And there you 'll read about it all.

You remember Mr. DALE COLLINS, no doubt, as the creator of that remarkable and terrifying steward in *Ordeal*, produced as a play at the Strand Theatre after it had earned a certain success as a novel. He is a writer of originality, and in *The Haven* (HEINEMANN) he has again shown a distinct talent for doing something out of the common run. He has, in fact, built up a serious psychological study from material that most of us would have thought more suitable for a farce. His story opens with the handsome hero of the cinema theatre, one *Mark Antoine*, threatened with a nervous breakdown from overmuch adulation, alone with *Ah-lee*, his Chinese servant, on a tropical island. The break had come suddenly in Australia, and he had fled to New Guinea in a last effort to preserve his sanity. At Samarai he found a certain *Captain Smyth*, who smuggled him away to his desert island in a schooner. Once a month *Captain Smyth* was to call, bringing such means of existence as might be needed, until the cure was pronounced complete. But the ingenious captain tarries; instead of carrying out his part of the contract he has discovered a more profitable scheme, bringing one by one ladies who thirst after adventure (with *Mark Antoine* as rescuer) and dumping them secretly on the island in the guise of ship-wrecked travellers. First comes *Lady Moira Tremearne*, with maid; then *Anita Shaw*, of Pittsburg; then *Mrs. Quinlan*, the writer, who makes a specialty of understanding masculine human nature; and finally *Ruth Dendy*, a young girl from Coogee, Australia. Slightly overdoing it, you may think, even from the farcical point of view. But Mr. COLLINS has framed out of this curious and rather unpromising material a real fantastic romance, with a touch of tragedy in it. He has the art of making his characters alive and credible, even when the strangest things happen to them. In fine, he has written a book that is worth reading—perhaps more than once.



"WONDER WHY 'E ALWAYS LIFTS ONE LEG."
"IF 'E LIFTED 'EM BOTH 'E COULDN'T STAND, SILLY."

Mr. Bottleby knew everything which could be got within the covers of an encyclopædia, and of the world nothing whatever. But he was not a mere repository of facts. He was full of ideas, and he had a philosophy of his own, born of much study and thought, which could pass every test but that of application. He was moreover the sort of man who must expound or die. He could not pass the salt without a speech. In *Mr. Bottleby Does Something* (CASSELL),

Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON tells the history of this man from his appointment as curator of a provincial museum to the birth of his first child (the achievement, as I gather, to which the title of the book pays tribute). A story of "humour and sympathy and understanding," say the publishers, and it is all of that. In less skilful hands *Mr. Bottleby* might have been a first-rate bore, but Mr. THURSTON has made him both human and lovable. I would gladly spend an evening with him at any time, for I could be sure that Mr. THURSTON would tap him on the shoulder and lead him away when I had had enough. Perhaps the best chapters in the book are those describing *Mr. Bottleby's* journey down the Thames on a barge, in charge of an Egyptian mummy, and his contacts with the bargee and his wife, perfectly-observed characters both of them. It is an episode merely, but it shows Mr. THURSTON at his most shrewd and subtle. He has "done something," and he has done it very well.

"Character," says Miss CICELY HAMILTON on the first page of *The "Old Vic"* (CAPE), "is the only excuse for biography," and the chronicle in question contains two biographies, each possessing the required vindication supremely. The first is the story of the theatre itself, "a prodigal playhouse come back to repentance and grace"—this is written by Miss HAMILTON. The second is the story of EMMA CONS, the good angel not only of the Old Vic, but of a dozen pioneer movements—this is by her niece, Miss BAYLIS. Both records could hardly be bettered. You will of course wish Miss BAYLIS's single chapter expanded, but not at the expense of an iota of Miss HAMILTON's history. The latter traces the Old Vic from its hopeful initiation as The Royal Coburg (patronised by PRINCESS CHARLOTTE and subsidised by Waterloo Bridge in the interest of its tolls), through its old rivalry with the Surrey (to whom it lost DOUGLAS JERROLD), through its fifty years as "a licensed pit of darkness," kept alive by its deadheads' beer-money, through its plucky and dignified defiance of the War's encouragement of dramatic drivel, up to the present day. Its annals involve extremely interesting disquisitions on bygone actors and their acting, bygone managers and their managing, bygone audiences and their modes of hearing—or, as frequently happened in the case of the Old Vic, their modes of refusing to hear. Miss HAMILTON has unearthed so much pleasant old theatre lore that I wish she had included HOOD's charming valediction to GRIMALDI as well as H. S. LEIGH's robust verses on Surrey-side melodrama. I am glad to note that she is a staunch disbeliever in the State-endowed theatre.



Unfortunate Litigant. "DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THE WHOLE PROPERTY IN DISPUTE HAS BEEN WASTED IN COSTS?"
His Lawyer. "I SAID IT HAD BEEN *ABSORBED*, NOT '*WASTED*.'"

Mr. PHILIP W. SERGEANT, in *Liars and Fakers* (HUTCHINSON), has concentrated upon four men who may be said to represent thoroughly the class to which they belong. Search the world over and I doubt if you could find a greater liar than TITUS OATES, except perhaps DUKE DANGERFIELD; and PSALMANAZAR, the alleged Formosan, and WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND can at least claim very high place among the fakers of any age or nation. Of this notorious quartette Mr. SERGEANT pays the most attention to OATES. It is a careful and a penetrating study of villainy. It is also a little depressing, for I agree cordially with its last sentence, "That such a stupendous monster of mendacity should have been able to flourish for years at the public expense and high in the public esteem, trading upon the lowest instincts of bigotry and dealing out death to innocent people without a grain of compunction, is a humiliating thought to those who would think well of their ancestors." To my mind the most interesting of Mr. SERGEANT'S studies is that of "Young Ireland: an Unappreciated Jester," and this because IRELAND is the only one of the four for whom I can feel the least sympathy. Unquestionably he possessed the saving grace of humour, and his earliest work of art, his forgeries of SHAKESPEARE, was done for a joke. I am not holding him up as an example to be followed, but I do think that the peculiar venom with which he was treated may be ascribed to the fact that he bamboozled several pundits, making them look exceedingly foolish; and a bamboozled pundit does not easily forgive. A valuable volume for earnest students of the shady side of history.

In *Sword Songs* (METHUEN) Miss DOROTHY MARGARET STUART has published the series of poems which won for her the Silver Medal for Poetry in the international literary contests of the Eighth Olympic Games held at Paris in 1924. The competition was confined to subjects covered by the actual games. Miss STUART has pictured four representative combats with the gladius, the two-hand sword, the one-hand sword and the small sword, omitting the rapier as having been employed chiefly for personal aggression or defence and seldom in any formal test of skill corresponding to the Olympic Games. Readers of the work of "D. M. S." in *Punch* are familiar with her wide erudition, her gift for realising the atmosphere of the past, her technical accomplishment and the dignity of her style. Here she has had more space and fuller scope for the play of these qualities. Mr. SPENCER PRYSE'S drawings, marked by the same reserve of imagination, give a further note of distinction to this graceful volume.

Mr. G. B. BURGIN remains unabashed by his own record as the most prolific of book-makers, and *The Hate that Lasts* (HUTCHINSON) is ample testimony that his zest for a rousing story and his skill in telling it are unabated. Its scene opens in the "comparatively Anglicised portion of Constantinople." There, in a music-hall of little repute, a Russian officer (of still less) insults an English girl and is promptly floored by a young giant from Smyrna, called *Oscar Van Heidstein*, who is the happy possessor of immense physical strength and of an invincibly adventurous spirit. Through the web of complications which ensue Mr. BURGIN conducts his readers with great dexterity. This story may be on the melodramatic side, but it combines excitement with a fair amount of probability and I shall not refuse it my benison.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that sunburn powder for people who can't afford to go to the Riviera is to be followed by artificial chilblains for those who can't afford to go to Switzerland.

* * *

A famous golfer is reported to have broken down recently whilst broadcasting a talk on "What to Wear." Plus-fours should be seen and not heard.

* * *

Among American lady golfers, we read, plus-fours are catching on. It would of course be very awkward if they didn't.

* * *

Only one person was killed in a railway accident in this country during last year; but then it must be remembered that trains are handicapped by having to stay on the rails.

* * *

An American entomologist has discovered a winged insect that lives on tin. It is rumoured that several Fords have been badly stung by it.

* * *

Mr. JOHN WELLS is described as an artist who studies the Old Masters. How unlike those other artists who study the Young Messrs!

* * *

At a meeting of the London Savings Bank it was reported that people in Great Britain have become more thrifty. They are all saving up for a fine day, and the longer they wait the more they save.

* * *

A set of teeth has been unearthed on a Rugby ground in the North. We really think that this practice of littering football grounds with odd bits of opponents should be discouraged.

* * *

It appears from a weekly paper that one of the secrets of beauty is never to sit down. So that's why Tube travellers always look so handsome.

* * *

Two women boxers who had arranged to meet in the ring have cancelled the contest. This is following out the best traditions of the professional boxing world.

* * *

A bullock which had swallowed two golf-balls has been killed at Blackburn. It is a pity it had to be killed, but golf-balls are so expensive.

A daily paper asks, "Can a business man tell the difference between right and wrong?" Certainly, if he is allowed two guesses.

* * *

"If you don't want whisky to get the best of you you must get the best of whisky," declares a temperance journal. Yes, but where can you get it?

* * *

Three hundred millionaires in one party are to visit England this year. It is said that their idea is to club together and buy a bottle of champagne at a certain night-club.

* * *

Great wits jump, but greater ones stay on the kerb.

* * *

Lectures at the British Museum are so popular that two thousand people were turned away on a recent occasion, and it is rumoured that in self-defence one prominent cabaret is going to stage an exhibition of Neolithic arrow-heads.



"THE PRICE THEY ASK FOR THEIR CRAPE-DE-SHEEN IN THERE—IT MAKES MY GORGETTE RISE."

* * *

It is stated that the medical profession is so overcrowded nowadays that there is talk of running an influenza week for starving doctors.

* * *

A Skegness churchwarden has been re-elected for the thirty-ninth year. Skegness is so bracing.

* * *

A daily paper reports that mysterious little elfin creatures of human appearance have been seen in a Forest of Dean colliery. Shareholders, probably.

* * *

A burglar in a house near London consumed a tin of sardines before leaving. The up-to-date cracksman has tools that will open anything.

* * *

It is pointed out that photographs of a star-cluster exhibited by an American astronomer show it not as it is now, but as it was when primeval man lived on the earth. We thought these American astronomers were more up-to-date.

* * *

The distance of this star-cluster from the earth is stated to be 66,609,872,000 million miles. We distrust these round figures.

* * *

A hunted fox which had been given up as lost was captured by a motorist in a wash-house and taken back to the hounds to be killed. It is now up to fox-hunters to do the same with any escaped pedestrians they may come across.

* * *

A correspondent of a daily paper complains that the name-boards of suburban stations are placed where it is hard to find them. We attribute this concealment to a certain sensitiveness.

* * *

The writer of an article on "Individuality" remarks that there is individuality in the way in which Lord BIRKENHEAD smokes his long cigars. We understand that he prefers to smoke them from the lighted end.

* * *

An experiment has shown that an eagle is compelled to run a distance of twenty yards before it has sufficient impetus to take the air. As far as the American variety is concerned, we understand that Mr. FORD is endeavouring to fit the National Fowl with a standardised self-starter.

* * *

A Glasgow paper says that some haggis made in Glasgow does not taste like haggis at all. This seems to be a step in the right direction.

* * *

Remains discovered in the City are believed to be those of a Roman forum. Can it be that they have unearthed a chariot traffic block?

* * *

The Food Council has heard so much evidence of dishonest tradesmen giving short weight that the National Sporting Club have offered to arrange a few bouts in order to find the Light-Weight Champion of England.

* * *

Last week we gave the name of the Dublin Broadcasting Station in Erse (a language that we don't speak), and assigned it by error to the Belfast Station. Will Belfast please forgive us?

ECONOMIES AT WHITEHALL.

MINUTE 1.

From Head of Department to Officer i/c "A" Branch.

Please let me know the exact number of rooms occupied by "A" Branch.

From O. i/c "A" Branch to Deputy O. i/c "A" Branch.

Please supply me with the information required.

From Deputy O. i/c "A" Branch to Establishment Clerk.

For draft reply, please.

From Estabt. Clerk to Asst. Estabt. Clerk.

For attention.

From Asst. Estabt. Clerk to Messenger T. Brown.

Figures, please.

MINUTE 2.

To Asst. Estabt. Clerk.

Information herewith—

Rooms (smoking)	3.
do. (tea)	1.
do. (dormitory)	1.
Lobby (anything)	1.

Respectfully,
T. BROWN,
Messenger.

I agree. D. WILLIPOOL,
Asst. Estabt. Clerk.

Submitted. J. GAFFER,
Estabt. Clerk.

I concur. T. HUMMING,
Deputy O. i/c "A" Branch.

Information herewith.
I. POTTERSBY,
O. i/c "A" Branch.

MINUTE 3.

From Head of Department to O. i/c "A" Branch.

It appears to me that time might be saved if my inquiries were addressed directly to Messenger T. Brown. Please let me have your observations.

From O. i/c "A" Branch to Deputy O. i/c "A" Branch.

Please give me your views on this.

From Deputy O. i/c "A" Branch to Estabt. Clerk.

For draft reply, please.

From Estabt. Clerk to Asst. Estabt. Clerk.

For attention.

From Asst. Estabt. Clerk to Messenger T. Brown.

Reply, please.

MINUTE 4.

To Asst. Estabt. Clerk.

That 's how it strikes me.
Respectfully, T. BROWN,
Messenger.

I agree. D. W.
Submitted. J. G.
I concur. T. H.

Reply herewith.
I. POTTERSBY,
O. i/c "A" Branch.

MINUTE 5.

From Head of Department to Messenger T. Brown.

Please let me know how many officers in "A" Branch may be considered redundant to establishment.

Reply.

Four (4).
Respectfully, T. BROWN,
Messenger.

SHE-SHANTIES.

CLINGING NANCY.

They call me Clinging Nancy,
Which I can not explain,
Except, of course, that when I'm kissed
I seldom wrestle or resist,
I do not roar and run for life,
I do not wail, "I am a wife!"
But if he takes my fancy
I kiss the brute again.

What puzzles me is this—
Why husbands make a fuss
About a tiny kiss;
It is preposterous.
What if the booby misses
A hundred thousand kisses?
I can at once restore
A hundred thousand more.

They call me Clinging Nancy—
Oh, is it not a shame?
For why, if someone needs a kiss,
Should someone else begrudge him this
When I can make a million more
Exactly like the one before?
I never, never can see
Why I should be to blame.

When gentlemen take my hand
And shake it hard and long,
In all this pious land
No creature calls it wrong.
Then why should they make faces
At much more brief embraces?
For what 's a kiss or two
But a nice quick "How d' ye do?"

They call me Clinging Nancy,
Which I can not explain,
Though when I'm kissed I seldom yell
Or rush about and ring the bell;
I cannot raise a tiny shriek,
I do not slap the villain's cheek,
But if he takes my fancy
I cry, "Kiss me again." A. P. H.

MOTOR NOTES.

BY OUR OWN AUTOMOBILE CORRESPONDENT.

(*With acknowledgments to our contemporaries.*)

I RECENTLY tried out the Someday "Seven" at the request of the manufacturers. The car I tested was a distinct improvement on the old stage-coach, faster and more compact, though I must admit it consumes more petrol. It was inclined to stop on hills, but I attribute this to the model I tested being rather new and stiff. The acceleration is excellent; at least so I am informed by the makers. On the car I tried, which was rather new and stiff, it might have been better; but I think this is accounted for by the fact that the car was rather stiff and new.

I would not call the Someday "Seven" a fast car; yet it would not be fair to class it as particularly slow. I have been prevented from giving some interesting data concerning the speed on various gears only by the fact that the speedometer cable broke soon after I left the works.

The engine is orthodox, except that the serial number is stamped on upside down. I did not find, however, that this influenced the running of the car.

The levers are worked by hand and the pedals by foot, in accordance with the most modern practice. A desirable feature is that the off-side head-lamp is the same distance from the centre of the radiator as the near-side head-lamp. The self-starter is of the Nerfail type; I found the fitting of a starting-handle a wise provision. Separate fillers are provided for water and petrol—a good point.

Without expressing a rash opinion I would classify the springing as passable. The roll on corners is not noticeable on a straight road.

To sum up, I have little criticism to offer of the general design, except to say that the car lacks certain features it might possess if the general design were improved.

Considering value for money I am inclined to overlook minor faults. However the hum in the back axle, the noisiness of the gears and the rattle in the coachwork might perhaps be eliminated with advantage.

If I may give the manufacturers a hint it is that they should introduce more speed and power into the engine whilst reducing petrol consumption. The equipment might be made more complete, the body space increased and the price reduced. If this were done—and we motoring journalists have been advocating these modifications for years—the effect on the Someday Company's sales would in my opinion certainly be beneficial.



OFF WITH THE DANCE.

(L'APRÈS-MINUIT D'UN FAUNE.)

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI (*to the "Dancing Faun"*). "I'LL LEARN YOU TO CAPER IN PUBLIC PLACES!"

[The PRIME MINISTER of Italy is reported to have forbidden all dancing except in private houses.]



Man of the World (to his Sister). "I 'D STEER CLEAR OF YOUNG WILLIAMS IF I WERE YOU." *Sister.* "WHY?"
Man of the World. "WELL, I DON'T WANT TO TALK SCANDAL; BUT, DASH IT ALL! A CHAP THAT *CHEATS AT CRACKERS!*"

BAD LUCK.

[The Reichstag Committee, after digesting a large mass of naval evidence, has reached the conclusion that only the German seamen's mutiny prevented the German Fleet from gaining a great victory over the British Navy.]

Oh! here 's to the navy of XERXES,
Redoubtable men to a man,
Who encountered the Greeks on the murk seas,
And without any doubt would have put them to rout
If only the end of the day had turned out
Precisely according to plan.

Oh! here 's to the PERSIAN EMPEROR!
And here 's to the fleet that he led!
For they never, never, never would have failed in their endeavour,
Which we all must admit was remarkably clever,
If the gods hadn't been in a temper, or
The Greeks hadn't triumphed instead.

And here 's to the General POMPEY
Whom CÆSAR would never have beat
But the ground was so terribly swampy
And an ill-omened star hovered over the war
And the General himself had a touch of catarrh
And a chilblain on one of his feet.

And here 's to our gracious KING HAROLD,
Who might have been ruling to-day
If WILLIAM in armour apparelled
Had dropped from his horse with a good deal of force,
As he well might have done, being strange to the course,
When the Saxons were standing at bay.

And here 's to the great Duke of PARMA
Who did what he could and no less,
But he suffered from Destiny (Karma)
And the state of the wind, which undoubtedly sinned,
And the fact that the eyes of Lord HOWARD were skinned,
Which was lucky indeed for QUEEN BESS.

Oh, if history 'd only been written
As history ought to have rolled,
The Dutch would be lords of Great Britain
If Admiral BLAKE hadn't happened to shake
A whip from his masthead, for, make no mistake,
VAN TROMP was an admiral bold.

If the sailors of NELSON had risen,
And COLLINGWOOD voted for "*Pax*,"
We should all have been pining in prison,
For I think that the French, though they found it a wrench,
Would have asked poor Britannia, unfortunate wench,
For a fearful indemnity tax.

If only the seas had been scrutinied
And a landing been made in the Wash,
And if only the men hadn't mutinied,
And if only the KAISER had been a bit wiser,
And Mr. VON TIRPITZ a better adviser,
This might have been printed in Boche.

Then here 's to the Nations' comity,
And here 's to the men of the Rhine;
For they never, never, never would have failed of their endeavour,
Which we all must admit was remarkably clever,
If the earth had been made out of frummety
And the seas out of red-currant wine. EVOE.

THAT LOCARNO SPIRIT.

["Reduced to simple mathematical terms, the agreement represents the cancellation of approximately six-sevenths of the Italian war debt to this country."—*The Times.*]

By his magnanimous settlement of Italy's War debt to this country the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has relieved my mind considerably. Is it to be doubted that the concessions which he is prepared to make to one of his own countrymen will be any less generous? Certainly not.

After allowing me exactly four days within which to overcome my Christmastide reaction, Mr. CHURCHILL sent me (through one of his subordinates, it is true) a disturbing communication.

I was told in effect that, after due allowance had been made for the expense to which I am put in providing for a large and rapacious family, I am indebted to the National Exchequer by way of income-tax to the tune of some hundred odd pounds. The whole of this sum, I was informed, I must pay by two thumping instalments, separated, if you please, by a meagre period of six months.

Unhappily my circumstances are such that it would be exceedingly inconvenient to comply with this demand; in fact I may go further and state that payment of this debt could not be effected without personal deprivation. Certainly I should have to visit fewer theatres and dine more frequently at home. I might even have to forfeit my usual Easter trip to Paris. Of course Mr. CHURCHILL did not know this; but I have now written to him explaining my position in detail. So far I have not received his reply; but I am confident that it will be roughly as follows:—

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 1st inst., and in reply allow me to assure you that it is the last of my wishes to put you to the necessity of making any personal sacrifice.

In order that you may be relieved so far as possible from further anxiety, I propose that your indebtedness to the Inland Revenue shall be settled upon the terms following:—Payment by you of £112 5*s.* 6*d.*, being six-sevenths of the amount of your debt, to be waived entirely. Payment of the balance of £18 14*s.* 3*d.* to be made by equal annual instalments spread over a period of sixty-two years.

Should it prove burdensome to you to meet any instalment you will, of course, be at liberty to postpone payment of it until a more convenient occasion.

Needless to say I shall be happy to consider any counter-proposal should the terms outlined above appear to you to be too onerous.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

Of course I may have done the CHANCELLOR an injustice by under-estimating the bounds of his generosity. But even if the terms which he offers me are no more liberal than I anticipate I shall accept them without demur.



Bookseller (to customer who has just ordered six hundred books for his country place). "I WILL MAKE OUT A LIST FOR YOUR APPROVAL, SIR."

Customer. "NO NEED TO BOTHER ME. YOU SURELY OUGHT TO KNOW BY THIS TIME WHAT A GENTLEMAN READS."

"Burglars during the night forced an entry into two neighbouring offices, pulled the backs off two sages, and unsuccessfully attempted to force open another."—*Evening Paper.*

We are happy to say that Mr. Punch was not one of these sages.

From a feuilleton:—

"Litta watched them with tea-filled eyes."
Daily Paper.

That 's what comes of trying to drink out of the saucer.

From the report of a Rugby match:—

"Followed a spell of scrumming at midnight."—*Scots Paper.*

Scotland for ever! The Land of the Midnight Scrum.

"A Recital of her own Poems by Mrs. —— will be given under the auspices of the Poultry Society of Canada."—*Canadian Paper.*

Not being acquainted with the lady's works we are unable to say whether or not the recital is likely to stimulate the egg-trade.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXVI.—"YES, MASTER."

SAY what you will about democracy, it is very pleasant to be addressed as "Master," as the humblest Briton is entitled in Ceylon. And though it must come strange at first to the Australian visitor I fancy that even he succumbs at length to the unusual compliment. George of course enjoyed it thoroughly at once, but Honeybubble began his days in the island with humane views about coloured labour, and addressed most of the older Sinhalese waiters as "Sir," awed by their dignity, the crescent combs upon their heads and their "buns" of hair at the back.

"I never can tell," he complained pompously at lunch one day, "whether I am speaking to an old man or a woman. And on either hypothesis I find it difficult to summon them with the word 'Boy!'" But within a week he was shouting "Boy!" with the best, however venerable the boy's white head might be.

Honeybubble thought that the residents spoke too roughly to the "natives;" but within a fortnight he was roaring like a lion if his will was crossed in the tiniest way; and after three weeks I have even seen an Australian go so far as to rebuke a servant for inefficiency without fear of the consequences.

When the tourist is about, the resident does speak pretty fierce; but this, I fancy, is to impress the tourist and not the Sinhalese. For it is an understood thing that "the tourist spoils the native." The lavish tips he gives, the absurd prices he pays, his frightful habit of treating the native as if he were a human being! Whatever the tourist pays it is always four hundred per cent. too much. Where the resident would give twenty-five cents and a black look for a rickshaw-ride the lunatic tourist squanders a rupee and smiles as he does it. That at least is the legend. And that is why the resident is respected by the native and the tourist is contemptible to him. No resident has ever been known to "spoil" a native. He keeps him in a decent frame of mind with blows and bad language, and gradually reduces his wages till he works contentedly for nothing at all.

Well, it may be so. But I never met a resident who did not speak of his servants with affection and respect, while if he thought no tourist was about he positively beamed at the "boy."

George, at any rate, believed the legend, and was for ever at Honeybubble and myself for our disgusting gentleness of manner. "I will have some thick soup, please," Honeybubble would say genially, after a glance at the menu. "Good Lord!" sighed George, "you mustn't speak to them like that. They don't respect you if you do. In the East," said George, who had never before been further to the East than Paris, "you must treat 'em like dirt or you don't get anything done."

"Anyhow, I have got my soup," said Honeybubble kindly—for George had not. But when he had finished his soup he duly composed his features to a scowl and said, "Fish!" very curtly. Just "Fish." Immediately afterwards, however, he would cast a side-long degenerating glance at the long-haired rajah who was waiting on us, to show that he meant no offence. And George would sigh despairfully and continue to shout for his soup.

But even George has his weaknesses. At a certain hotel we shared a room. And one evening as we dressed for dinner (George at the moment was taking me to task for saying "Thank you" to the lift-boy—who was "on the make," like the rest of them, and would only expect a tip) there was a knock at the door and in came a soft-eyed Sinhalese youth with the smiling teeth of a chorus-girl, and in his hand a white rose.

"Master," he said shyly, approaching George, "here is a good flower for Master."



Small Boy (to Shopwalker). "PLEASE, I WANT TO BUY A PRESENT FOR AN AUNT THAT I DON'T LIKE VERY MUCH."

"Where from?" said George brusquely, though swollen, I could see, with gratification.

"From garden, Master," smiled the benefactor vaguely.

"Other master's garden?" snapped George.

"Yes, Master," beamed the boy.

"Stolen, in fact?"

"Yes, Master."

The beam was brighter than ever, but I expected the Imperial George of the Sterner School to clout the lad on the head and summon the military. Instead, however, he beamed himself, rewarded the florist with a rupee, and positively said, "Thank you." I gasped.

"Really, George," I protested afterwards. "A *rupee!* Haven't you often told me that a rupee is a normal week's wages to these fellows? *How* you do spoil them, George! You ought to have more thought, George. Do you realise, George——"

"It was a nice idea," said George, pinning with odious self-satisfaction the good flower in his button-hole.

"You know perfectly well, George," I continued, quoting him as closely as I could, "that they're all on the make. To-morrow there'll be ten of them with good flowers——"

"I don't believe he wanted money," said George, and added simply but insufferably, "I think he likes me."

"If he didn't want money you shouldn't have given him money. Not with your principles."

George wriggled a little, but "It was a nice idea," he said, again. "He deserved it."

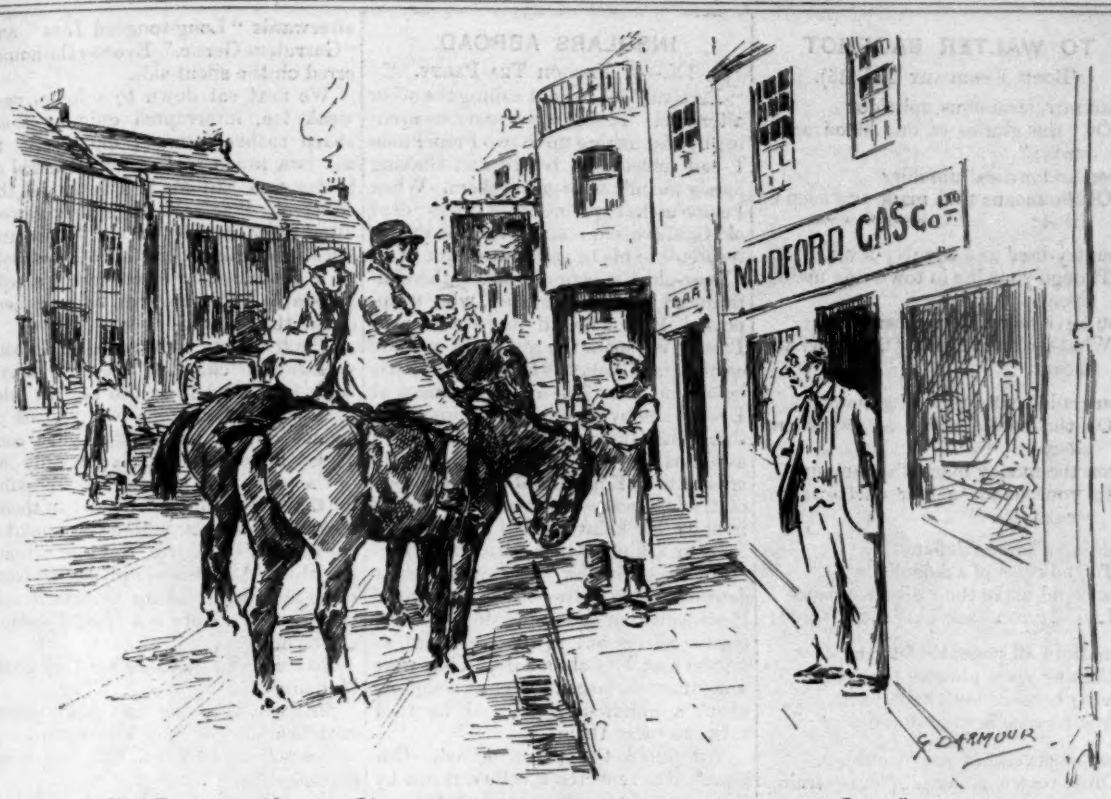
"And such is the logic of the Sterner School," I murmured sadly.

"I notice," said George loftily, as he went out, "that nobody brought *you* a good flower."

"Have no fear," I shouted after him; "to-morrow we shall all have plenty."

And it was so. The next day *two* beaming lads appeared with a good flower for each of us, and George squandered another rupee (a mere one-and-six). I gave my boy—well, never mind. And the evening after our room was like a florist's shop. What was the condition of the other master's garden I feared to think, while George was too much swollen with vanity to try.

Still, one must be fair. I am not going to say that the lads despised the money; but I do believe that the governing thought in the first place was that George and I looked the kind



Keen Temperance Advocate. "I 'M AFRAID YOU 'RE TAKING TOO MUCH ALCOHOL AGAIN, JAMES."
James (a well-known toper). "HOW D'YE KNOW THAT?"
Temperance Advocate. "I CAN TELL BY YOUR NOSE, IF NOTHING ELSE."
James. "I RECKON MY NOSE BE LOIKE THEM GAS-METERS O' YOURS—REGISTERS MORE 'N IS CONSUMED."

of soft-heads who would be glad to be presented with a button-hole before dinner. As George insisted, they do have nice ideas. The pity of it is that thoughtless people——

The day we left I happened to pass Honeybubble's room, and heard a loud voice raised in lamentation and denunciation. The door was open and I went in.

Honeybubble's luggage was piled up, ready packed. Beside it stood a baggage-master and two baggage-coolies. Their hands were on the baggage, but they did not move. Beside Honeybubble stood his room-"boy," and Honeybubble was railing at him in unhealthy English prose. Packing in the hot weather and the calculation of money in rupees had seared his soul, and he had become more peppery than the wildest Anglo-Indian. Exactly what it was all about I could not be certain, but there was Honeybubble's washing in it, and the baggage-coolies wanting to be paid before they took the baggage, and the Hotel wanting the bill paid before the baggage went, and he had packed his Letter of Credit, and where was his daughter? and anyhow he was just going down to COOK'S for money—a frightful muddle. At the end of each sentence the room-"boy" bowed and said obsequiously, "Yes, Master," though it was clear that he had understood not a word.

Meanwhile the coolies stood impassive and drank in Honeybubble's ravings as though they were the utterances of some god. I think they thought he was abusing them and were delighted.

"Do you understand NOW?" shouted Honeybubble at last.

"Yes, Master," said the "boy."

"But you DON'T understand!" yelled the Master, tearing his hair.

"No, Master," said the "boy."

And at that moment there sidled into the room five silent figures and stood against the wall, with dumb soft eyes fixed humbly on the Master so unhappily gone mad. They were Honeybubble's room-coolie, who swept the floors, and a bath-coolie, and a lift-coolie, and a dhobee, and some other coolie whom I could not place. He would presently go downstairs and see the head-waiter, two junior waiters, three or four porters and a chauffeur waiting for him; meanwhile these others desired the remnant of his small change.

He looked at those silent shapes, as RICHARD III. must have regarded the sixth and seventh ghosts, with bulging eyes; and then he went really mad.

"What are those?" he moaned, pointing fearfully. "Am I to understand they too want money?"

"Yes, Master," said the "boy," grinning.

"Then let them take it!" cried Honeybubble wildly. "Take all that I have!" Fumbling, he tore from his pockets a confused mass of money of all denominations and countries, and down the long line of suppliants he went, distributing it—to one a rupee, to another an Australian shilling, to this five Ceylon cents, to that an American dollar, till all was gone. Then he rushed from the room, pausing only at the door to say these words: "But understand this clearly, my men. On no consideration whatever—I say WHATEVER—will I go round the world again!"

"Yes, Master," they all said, grinning.

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"CHEAP WINTER TRAVEL.
WALKING TOURS."
Railway Company's Poster.

TO WALTER BAGEHOT

(BORN FEBRUARY 3, 1826).

BAGEHOT, strenuous upholder
Of "the glories of our blood and state;"
Keen and critical unfolder
Of the means that made and keep us great;

Country-bred and country-lover,
Though your life in town was mainly spent,
You have helped us to discover
What the human side of SHAKESPEARE meant.

You could cast a robe of glamour
On the sordid world of stocks and shares;
Even the money market's clamour
In your hands a new enchantment wears.

Bidding a serene defiance
To the rules of academic style,
You could make the "dismal science"
Like a green oasis bloom and smile;

Free from all pedantic fetters,
Coining vivid phrases that persist,
Paying homage both to letters
And finance in your *Economist*;

Clear as crystal in your thinking,
Often reaching the prophetic strain,
In your eager outlook linking
Modern science with the arts humane;

Never of your service thrifty,
Heeding not the lure of place or wealth,
Dying young—you were but fifty—
Dowered with every gift save that of health.

In an age of hectic hustle
Enterprising journalists forget
That the lessons taught by RUSSEL,
And DELANE, and you, are needed yet.

Now "young lions" roar no longer
In the tones that moved the mirth of MATT.;
Now their meat is coarser, stronger,
And their voices modelled on the cat.

Still, amid their caterwauling
And their blatant booming in the void,
Saner notes arise, recalling
Times that knew not ROTHERMERE or FREUD;

And the elder folk, deriving
Inspiration from an earlier day,
Joy to see your influence reviving—
Witty, wise and luminous and gay.

Wireless Candour.

"8.5, Rad Music by living British composers by the Wireless Military Band."
Provincial Paper.

INSULARS ABROAD.

IX.—A FRENCH TEA-PARTY.

Percival took me out calling the other afternoon. It began the previous evening by his rushing up to two Frenchmen I had never seen before and shaking hands warmly with one of them. When I came up he explained that it was "dear old Gustave, old man," who was the interpreter to his brigade during the War. "Dear-old-Gustave-old-man" then introduced us to his brother, who, it appeared, kept a small lingerie shop at Passy. We spent the rest of the evening celebrating Gustave's last night in Paris before he went off to his business at Lyons; and by the end of it we were very thick with Gustave's brother and he had asked us out to tea the next day. He spoke a little English and was very proud of it, which was why he was determined to show his knowledge of English customs by asking us to *le five o'clock*. Percival, on the other hand, was just as determined to show his knowledge of French custom and so insisted on carrying his gloves out to tea with him, as all the best Frenchmen do. They were unfortunately large furry ones, weighing about a hundredweight, and we took turns to carry them.

We found the place at last. Our search was rendered a little difficult by the French habit of having only the one street-number for at least five different shops, while each shop had in addition hung at least five different articles over the number. We eventually discovered our particular No. 52 under a festoon of stockings and went in by the front door, not having strength to look further for the back. Inside, the dimly-lit premises looked like a small cave in which stalagmites of piled boxes and hosiery soared up to meet stalactites of lace and ribbon depending from above. In the middle was a red-haired lady-assistant of about eleven or twelve, who instantly rushed up and asked what we wanted. It seemed too callous to say straight off that we wanted tea, especially as our host was not in sight, so Percival, nervously handling his gloves, meekly bought a metre of lace.

Having thus established our credentials, we asked the lady-assistant, whom Percival insisted on calling "Copper-Top" (*Sommet de cuivre*), to tell M. le Patron that we'd come to tea. She appeared surprised. Customers, it seemed, didn't often stop on to tea.

We found ourselves at last in a smaller inner room, into which a lot of the lingerie had overflowed. We were introduced to Madame. I bowed at her, and Percival put his gloves down to shake hands. Then we were introduced to two gaunt aunts. Percival called them afterwards "Long-tongued Liza" and "Garrulous Gertie." Even so the names erred on the silent side.

We next sat down to a lot of very weak tea, interrupted only by short sharp rushes from "Copper-Top" to ask how much garters were marked at to-day and had M. le Patron got the scissors. Percival's large furry gloves, after twice getting in the butter and once nearly being carried off and sold to a customer, were put on a sturdy side-table by themselves, to keep them out of the way.

The tea-party was divided into conversational "chukkas," each "chukka" being separated from the rest by brief periods of silence. These periods of silence do not occur in English conversation because there is generally one of the party who has not been speaking for the last minute or so and can therefore tide them over with a few remarks. In France, of course, there is no one like this. A silence simply occurs from sheer universal failure of breath and lung power. Here is a typical section of our meal:—

Percival. These cakes are very good, Madame . . .

Madame. Ah, one has made them with the jam the most attractive . . .

Long-Tongued Liza. But jam is so expensive now . . .

Garrulous Gertie. Everything is expensive now . . .

Percival and I. Yes, that must be . . .

Madame and Monsieur. It is because of the pound and/or dollar . . .

G.G. and L.-T. L. And our finances, here with us, need rendering more healthy . . .

The conversation at this point becomes general. By this I mean that everyone gives his opinion at the top of his voice about DOUMER and BRIAND, with a few nasty asides for BLUM or the industrials of the North.

A silence follows, broken only by people getting their second wind. Then:

Percival (determined to circumvent politics). The weather is bad.

M'sieu. It has been worse . . .

Madame. When the Seine deborded its banks . . .

G. G. One ought to arrange for it . . .

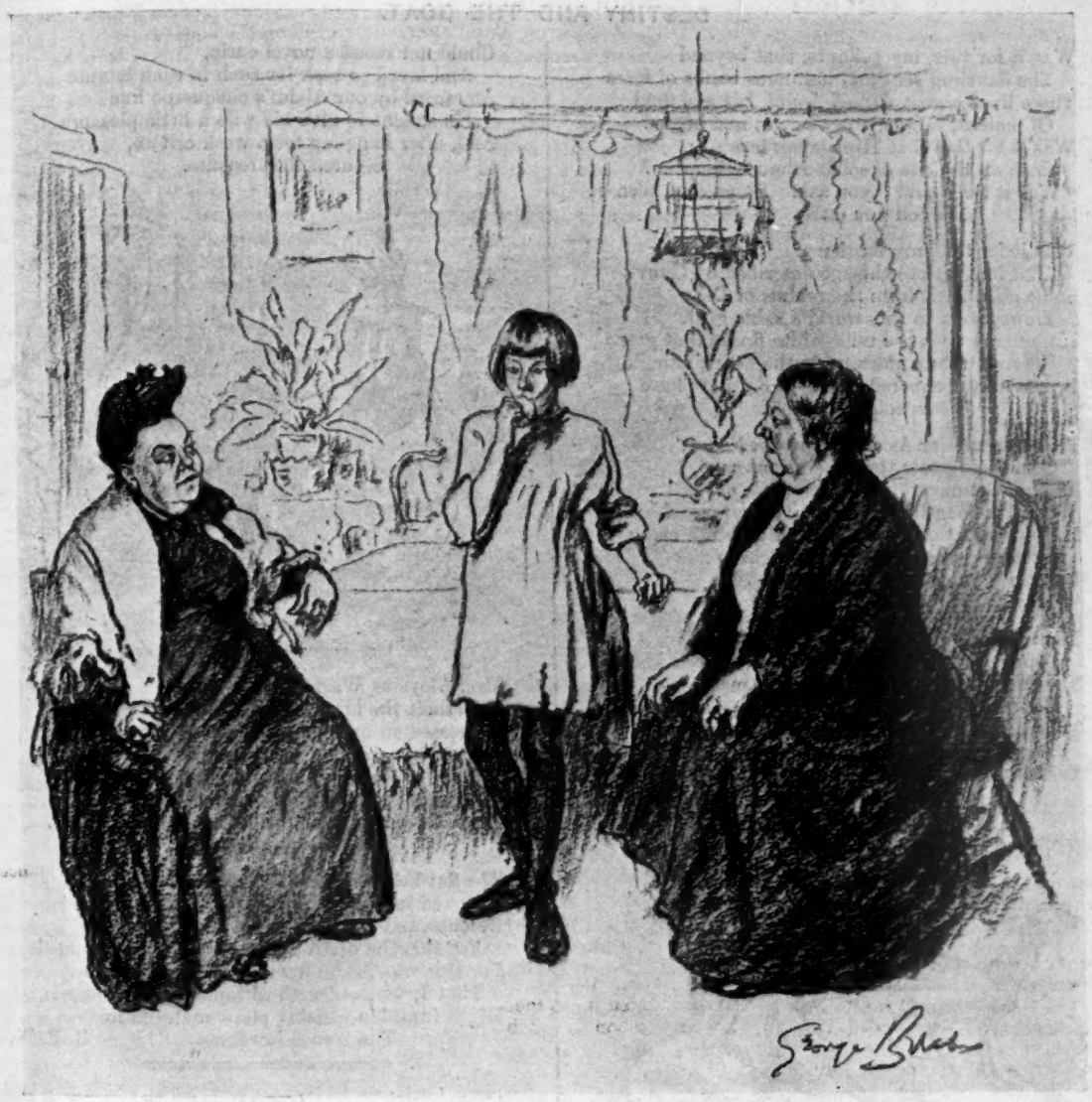
L.-T. L. Legislation would have . . .

Madame. But what will you? We have no money . . .

M'sieu, Madame, G. G. and *L.-T. L.* Our depreciated currency . . . our devastated regions . . . those who avoid income-tax . . . rich foreigners . . .

The conversation becomes general. A silence.

We played about fifty "chukkas" and then said we must go. Our hosts seemed surprised. The idea was that, now tea was over, we could settle down to a



"YOUR LITTLE GIRL DO SQUINT, DON'T SHE, MRS. SMALL?"
"YES—BUT ONLY WHEN SHE LOOKS AT ANYTHING."

nice cosy chat about French politics, or else French art and drama (as influenced by French politics), or else the price of lingerie (as affected by French politics).

But we were firm. We bowed over Madame's hand. We clicked our heels at Gertie and Liza. We pumphandled M'sieu's arm *à l'anglaise*. We patted "Copper-Top" on the copper—she was busy with a customer who was buying stockings by the metre, as if they were gas or electricity—and we fled.

M'sieu shouted to us to mind the step, as it was dark. One could not afford much light, he explained, in these days when the Government . . . We heard the conversation inside the shop becoming general as we escaped.

Then Percival had to go back for his gloves. He did not rejoin me till quite late that night. He seemed disinclined to talk.

A. A.

"Lost, Large Black Cat . . . answers Phelix."—*Advt. in Evening Paper.*

But suppose the finder forgets the fancy spelling?

"A decent divorce case well illustrated the folly and danger of love-making by deputy."
Burma Paper.

Still, to have produced a decent divorce case is something in its favour.

"The Second Annual Stage Guild and Costume Ball will be held at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Shove Tuesday."
Dancing Paper.

A felicitous choice of day.

"Sir,—From Calverley's 'Ode to Tobacco':

Cats may have had their goose
Cooked in tobacco juice.

What goose?"—*Sunday Paper.*

Need he inquire?

From an article on economy:—

"The great public cow which is milked so assiduously only bleats out of a million Lilliput voices."—*Irish Paper.*

Having regard to its origin we strongly suspect that this bleating cow is a bull.

DESTINY AND THE GOAT.

Was it for this, my gallants, that beyond
The dazzling seas and luminous banks of foam
There lived a goat named Abdul, fair and fond
Of melons, cactus, strawberries and home?
Was it for this that Himalayan leas
Rose on the site of some exhausted crater?
"Was it for what?" you ask. Be patient, please;
I'll tell you later.

Was it for this, my brothers? Yea, for this
That long before the age described by GROTE
Some ebon Afrit from the realms of Dis
Transported to this world a sable goat.
He, mixing with the milk-white flocks that graze
Where Brahmaputra parts the heavy shingle,
Produced a chequered stock—the usual phase
When colours mingle.

Time passed o'er Asia in its wonted way;
Of piebald goats the generations sped,
Making the most of this their little day,
Until at length they joined the happier dead.
High pranks they played; yet I dare not begin
Narrating that superb extravaganza;
I seek again the creature mentioned in
My opening stanza.

Young Abdul felt his adolescent feet;
Young Abdul wandered from his father's knees;
Nature's advertisement of savoury meat,
His rank effluvia, wandered down the breeze;
A lean *shikari*, ere the wind could change,
Saw him approach, the easiest of cinches,
And shot him at the very sporting range
Of sixteen inches.



THE DEATH OF ABDUL.

The local headman bought the damaged pelt
And sold it to a travelling merchant who
Was adding to his caravan of felt
Some side-lines, as commercial persons do.
Thus Abdul crossed the desolate Pamir
And rode on camel-back (but pray don't ask us
How he enjoyed it) till one morning clear
He hit Damascus.

Major Aloysius Warren, D.S.O.
(You know what military people are)
Could not resist a novel curio,
And loved to seek for such in each bazaar.
Attracted by our Abdul's chequered hue
He sought to give his wife a little pleasure
And, after haggling for a week or two,
Secured the treasure.



THE BUYING OF ABDUL'S PELT.

Mrs. Aloysius Warren, *née* Dobell,
Besides the bliss a doting husband brings,
Possessed an over-delicate sense of smell,
Reacting strongly to malodorous things;
And so, in Town, on close or sultry days,
When disinfectants all proved unavailing,
Abdul adorned, made fast with ropes and stays,
Her balcon railing.

The flat below is mine. A piebald hair
Found in my soup its fixed predestined goal.
Demons and gods conspired to put it there;
For this the earth was racked from pole to pole,
For this was Abdul doomed to bite the floor—
That I, whose dearth of topics such a curse is,
Might from his whisker pluck material for
These cosmic verses. E. P. W.

"Wanted, Quotations for laying approx. 280 sq. yds. of good Turf."

"Lay on, Macduff," might do for one. *Manchester Paper.*

"—— Trokeys (*sic*) protest your throat against the Sceptic Dust flying about the streets."—*Advt. in Japanese Paper.*

Church defenders ought to import some of these "trokeys" as an antidote to Hyde Park oratory.

"Wanted, a Tall Comedian. Must be a Good Feeder."

"Wanted, Girl Dancers. Live in; good table."

"Wanted at once, Useful People, all lines. Change nightly. Stock. Joints and Turns pref."—*Advts. in Theatrical Paper.*

We have of course long been aware that there is nothing "the profession" likes better than "a bit of fat."

A propos of the new elastic glass:—

"We demand that the new invention should be followed by another—*china* that won't break; so that we may be able, in future, to drink twice out of the same teapot, spout and all."—*Daily Paper.*

Tastes differ, of course, but personally we never drink out of the teapot.



Rugby Enthusiast (to unfortunate pedestrian who has just scrambled into safety). "TOUCH IT DOWN, SIR—TOUCH IT DOWN. YOU 'RE OVER."

ANGLES *v.* CURVES.

FASHION, which in the mid-Victorian age pursued a course of lateral expansion culminating in the crinoline, and of late years has gone to the opposite extreme of vertical extension, is once more reverting to the earlier type. The signs of the change are incontrovertible, though as yet but imperfectly recognised by unthinking observers. The figures of our women are still modelled on the parallelogram and the lamp-post, but the two outstanding announcements of last week proclaim the impending doom of angularity and the return of rotundity.

The altered contours involved in the adoption of the Russian boot need not be unduly insisted on. Here the change may possibly be only seasonal and dictated by climatic considerations. But the introduction of the balloon cape is a different matter altogether. Hitherto the cape—I quote from a remarkable article in *The Daily Chronicle*—had "a skimpy timid look." But to-day it is more ample. It is allowed to flutter in the breeze. Fashion ordains that capes "shall be allowed to balloon at large." Some of them have even a flounce at the hem which enables them "to balloon and flutter at the same time." The effect on the congestion of passenger traffic can only be dimly surmised, but cannot be other than formidable.

Equally important and significant is the emergence of a similar tendency in male attire. *The Times* consecrates a whole article in the issue of February 5th to the adoption by the golfing community of the leather jacket, which is described as resembling a "brown balloon." The eminent writer of the article confesses to having succumbed to the new fashion. Initial prejudice in his case has yielded to a recognition of the romantic charm of feeling like a South American *gaucho*. But, as women are now far more numerous than men, the change in their costume must necessarily loom larger in the eye. The return to rotundity, to more opulent contours and curves, will no doubt appeal to some minds, but there are others who will echo the lament of a modern (and unpublished) poet, who ends his elegy on the passing mode in these words:—

No longer the sylph will enlighten our gloom,
As supple and slim as the willow,
For Woman, a'as! is about to resume
The Bulge and the Billow.

A COCKNEY VALENTINE.

WHERE Phyllis walks in Westminster
The freckled cowslip springs,
And all the little paper boys
Sprout little rosy wings,

And run across the tufted grass
On naked rosy feet
To cry Late Extra Valentines
Along Victoria Street.

Big Ben is wreathed with true love's knots
And stuck with orange flowers,
And someone 's hung a paper lamp
Between the Abbey Towers;

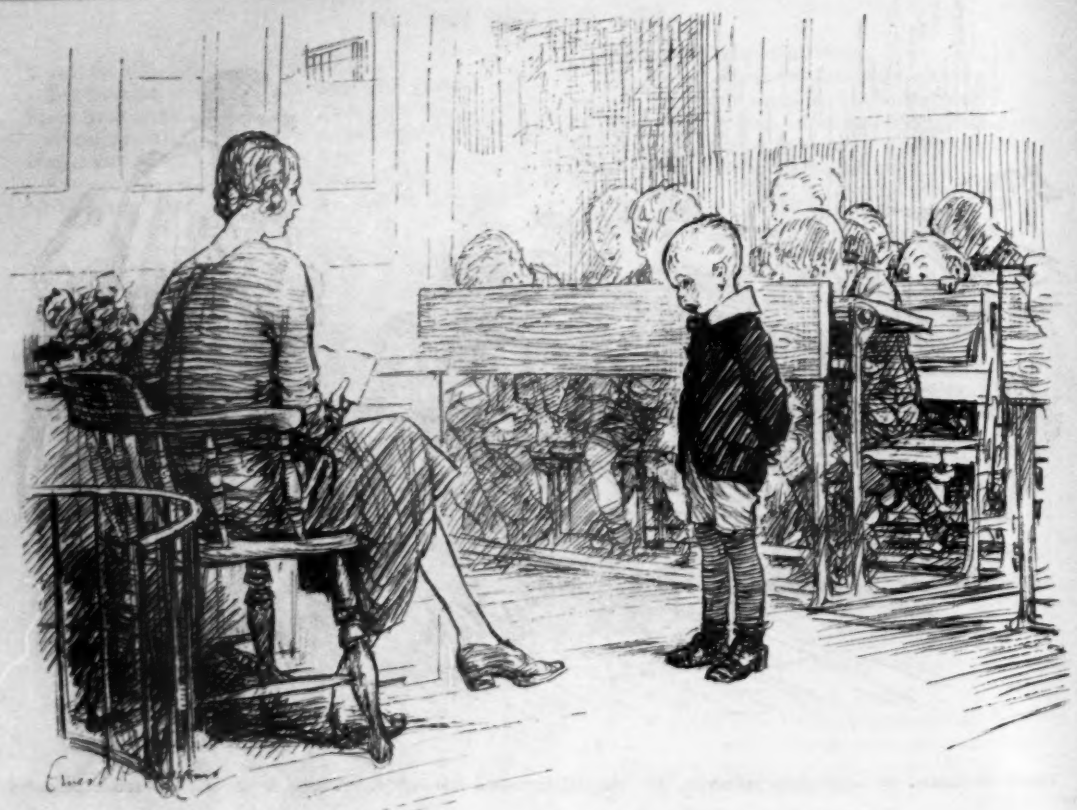
And half-a-hundred wedding bells
Are calling high and clear,
"Phyllis—Phyllis—Phyllis—Phyllis—
Phyllis is my dear!"

"Wanted, Village Stores (or country town)."
Provincial Paper.

A comparatively modest requirement. Not long ago we saw an advertisement of a housemaid who wanted London.

"Our children are the soundest investment into which we can put our money."
Liverpool Paper.

Yet we cry out when Baby swallows a ha'penny.



Teacher. "WHY WEREN'T YOU AT SCHOOL YESTERDAY, TOMMY?"
Tommy. "PLEASE, TEACHER, I HAD THE TOOTHACHE."
Teacher. "I SEE. AND IS THE TOOTH ACHING STILL?"
Tommy. "I DUNNO, TEACHER. DENTIST 'S GOT IT."

RED AND BLACK.

On the azure Riviera,
Where the light mimosa blows,
In the almost always sunny
Land that flows with silk and money,
And with folk who do not care a
Copper how the money goes—

Those who richly roll in Royces,
When they seek some gilded bar,
Have devised a new selection
For their casual refection,
And the dainty of their choice is
Cherries stuffed with caviare.

Who invented such a blending
Of the fishy and the fruit?
Made the crimson cherry burgeon
Round the roe of royal sturgeon,
Red in sudden blackness ending
With a charming change of suit?

Was it served on some veranda
To a lordly Komissar
Journeying in stolen sables
To the green Casino tables?
Do they stand for propaganda—
Cherries stuffed with caviare?

Did some monarch of the movies
Woo his transitory wife,
Not with pearl or diamond collars,
But with something more than dollars,
With a dainty that would prove his
Knowledge of luxurious life?

Or was it some modern NERO
Symbolising *rouge et noir*,
Red and black together mingling
In a savour subtly tingling,
Emblem of *refait* or zero—
Cherries stuffed with caviare?

* * * * *

Speculations dim and vasty,
Mystic as an unknown star!
EINSTEIN's self would search them vainly;
One thing only strikes me plainly,
That they must be very nasty,
Cherries stuffed with caviare.

At a church bazaar:—

"Mr. —— said that personally he believed that the whole of the money needed for all church purposes should be given by direct diving."—*Tasmanian Paper.*

We disapprove of these "lucky tubs."

THE MAXIM THAT MISSED FIRE.

IT was Armistice Day and its train of reflections that aroused in James an uncomfortable suspicion that he had been neglecting his duties as a godfather.

"Let me see, now," he meditated. "Alec must be thirteen—or twelve at least. A sound manly sort of youngster, if I'm not mistaken. Not much fear that *he* will develop into a youth of the modern type, with no ideas outside motors, jazz and Eton-cropped flappers. Sport and adventure will be more in his line, thank Heaven!

"That being so," continued James, "he'll doubtless be growing up with all sorts of tomfool notions of the glamour and romance of war. Now we don't want that. In fact we mustn't have it. He certainly ought to be made to realise the ugly truth. Most important that the rising generation should have right teaching on the subject of war. No romantic nonsense. Most important. He shall have the benefit of my experience. War is *ugly*, hatefully ugly.

That 's the maxim to be impressed upon him." And James nodded wisely.

He took an early opportunity of looking his godson up, fed him generously and proceeded according to plan to instil into his youthful brain a proper sense of the horror, the stark ugliness, the futility and the waste of war.

James had served in the East, and he spoke from his own experience when he told Alec something of the incredible hardships endured by the troops in those desolate parts—of heat, hunger, thirst, dust and sickness; of the intolerable torment of flies; of the long parched agonies of the wounded. James talked really eloquently when he warmed to his subject, and Alec's eyes grew bright as he listened.

"But, I say, Uncle," cried the boy presently, "you 're telling me about what the other fellows did and nothing about yourself. Now, do tell me, *please*, what was the really truly *thickest* time you ever had in the War?"

James surveyed his eager godson, pondered a little and took the plunge. He described vividly to Alec how once his battalion had to make a forced march across the desert in a dust-storm, with a bare inch of water in their bottles and strict orders that this was not to be touched on the march as it might be wanted more badly later on. He told how men struggled, panted and sweated through the choking dust till they dropped unconscious in their tracks. How their heads throbbed, their backs groaned under their burdens, their feet felt like hot lead, their lips cracked and blistered, their tongues swelled till speech was almost impossible, their eyes were stabbed as by red-hot needles. How some men became delirious and staggered forward like strange and uncouth animals rather than human beings. How James himself grew light-headed and with his bare fists fought thousands of phantom Turks leaping on him through swirls of dust and sand. And how they still went forward.

He told how at last they reached their destination and dropped down for a few hours of tortured sleep. How they went into action in the early dawn. How James was shot down, and, because they could not force their way through the enemy's strong defences, lay out all day on the sand in the blistering sun, moaning, helpless, waterless, racked by pain, driven mad by flies, till under cover of the merciful night they were able to bring him in.

It was at this point that Alec burst in.

"Coo, Uncle James," he cried, his eyes wide and shining—"how perfectly splendid! I *must* get Daddy to let me be a soldier if there 's a chance of another war."



"CAWN'T YER TIKE THE WORD OF A GENT WOT USED TO BE 'EAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE NIVY?"

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XII.—THE UNDERGRADUETTE.

Celia, my daughter, you 'll agree
I have not murmured yet
At all I 've paid that you might be
An undergraduette.

But then I did not apprehend
This devastating blow:
I did not think that at the end
You would disgrace me so.

I see I never should have dreamt
Of letting you read "Greats;"
I might have known that it would tempt
The academic Fates.

For now I hear there has occurred
What is indeed the worst:
Your father only got a Third,
And you have got a First. G. B.

"TO THE DEAF. I will gladly tell any sufferer how to easily cure Deafness and Head-noises."—*Daily Paper.*

The noise made by the splitting of this infinitive should be heard by the deafest of men.



Provincial Lady. "YOU DON'T THINK IT TOO LONG, DO YOU?"
London Dressmaker. "NOT FOR BIRMINGHAM, MADAM."

A BIRTHDAY INTERVIEW.

Joan is five to-day. At that age we should have found happiness in a cake with five wee candles, two shy little friends for tea and a present of dolls from father and mother.

But Joan has been born into a world in which men and women advertise themselves like patent medicines, and the mania for publicity has invaded her nursery. Joan considered her birthday of such national importance that she insisted on being interviewed by the Press.

As no representative of *The Children's Newspaper* or *Tiger Tim's Weekly* was immediately available, John was selected for the job. He had home-work to do, but he found no difficulty in postponing it, and hastened upstairs to rifle my wardrobe.

In a few minutes he descended, disguised as a journalist. His conception of the correct wear for Fleet Street was an old British warm, a soft collar, a red tie and a bowler hat precariously balanced at the back of the head lest it should submerge him. He did not remove it on entering the room. I suspect John of copying his journalist from the films.

"Miss Joan in?" he asked brusquely. "I want a word with her."

He brushed by the maid at the door. (Mary was a birthday gift from the year before last; her damaged nose and unshingled hair dated her.)

"Mornin'," he said.

"I 'm afraid you 've made a mistake," murmured Joan in her best drawing-room manner. "It 's afternoon. Perhaps you 've not lunched yet?" Joan's idea of time is the space between one meal and the next.

"Of course it 's morning," said John. "All interviews take place in the morning, so they can be printed in the late extra."

"But I 'm taking tea, and I shouldn't take tea in the morning, should I?"

"Stop taking tea, then."

"It 's my birthday, isn't it?"

"Oh, all right. Carry on."

"Won't you sit down?"

John squeezed himself into a diminutive chair.

"Have you had tea?"

"You don't think journalists drink tea?"

"But I 've only got tea, John, and you know it. So don't be awkward. One lump or two?"

"Two, please."

"Pig! You know you 're only allowed one."

"Well, one, then. Thanks."

"Let me introduce you to my son. Edward, say 'How do you do?' to the journalist."

"I didn't come here to talk to your silly old Teddy. Let 's get on with it."

"I 'm waiting," said Joan. "You 're interviewing me, aren't you? I was only breaking the ice."

"Er—er," began John. "Wait till I 've got my note-book out. It 's this chair—it 's too small."

"'What does it feel like to be five?'" suggested Joan.

"Now, look here," retorted John—"am I doing this or are you?"

"I was only helping."

"I 've got it down somewhere. I cribbed it out of a newspaper."

"Oh, isn't it your very own?"

"What about the rot you 've been jabbering? That wasn't your own."

"It 's what mother always says."

"And this is what journalists always say—when I can find it. Ah! here it is."

"Wait a bit," said Joan. "Let me take your cup. Another? Well, then, I 'm ready. Fire away. I 'll answer."

John cleared his throat importantly.

"To what," he read impressively, "do you attribute your long-ev-ity?"

"Cook (experienced, plain), disengaged; where kitchen kept."—*Scots Paper.*
This does not seem an unreasonable stipulation.



BILK-O!

THE COW. "I HAVE ENTERED THE WITNESS-BOX, MY LORD, TO PROTEST MY INNOCENCE. THERE IS NO SHORTAGE ON *MY* PART."

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH. "WHATEVER MAY BE THE ISSUE OF THIS PAINFUL INQUIRY, NO SUSPICION WILL REST UPON *YOU*, MADAM."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 2nd.—"Full dress with trousers" proclaimed the Order of Ceremonial for the State opening of Parliament, and both Houses rose bravely to the occasion. To parody "A. A. M." it was a case of—

Once on a time lived a lot of politicians;
They all had voices and they all had missions.
They lived together in two big Houses;
They all made speeches and they all wore trouses.

The Speech from the Throne was brief but businesslike and enabled the Movers and Seconders of the Address (Lords TEMPLEMORE and RAYLEIGH in the Lords and Mr. GERALD HURST and Major PRICE in the Commons) to urge with amiable earnestness the excellence of the legislative dish set before them by the KING.

The Parliamentary pie being thus opened the Opposition birds began to sing, but with no great vigour. It was the "early pipe of half-awakened birds" or rather legislators, and it did not seem likely to put out Mr. BALDWIN'S. Viscount HALDANE had looked in vain for some kind word upon the reform of the House of Lords, and Earl BEAUCHAMP regretted that there was apparently to be no Speaker's Conference on women's votes.

The premonitory twitterings of the Commons became clamorous on the appearance of that early bird of passage, Sir ALFRED MOND, who, after an unsuccessful attempt to oust from its nest a highly tenacious CRAIK, eventually found a precarious perch between two Knight-birds.

It early became evident that the Session will hear more cockatoos than nightingales on the Labour back-benches. Mr. CLYNES thought it his duty to emulate the strident philippics in which Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD (still taking holiday) indulges on these occasions, but evidently found the task uncongenial to his style; and his attempt to clap what is known in professional circles as a "wow finish" to a mild and earnest criticism of the Speech was only moderately successful even with his own partisans.

A much better effort was made by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The consciousness that less than half the Liberal Members had voted for his re-election as their Sessional Chairman, and the proximity of Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, the leader of the opposing faction, may have slightly cramped his style. But he rubbed in well the fact that we pay a shilling in the pound income-tax on account of money borrowed by us to lend to France and Italy, and that the amount to be repaid us by Italy in the settlement just concluded is between a farthing and a halfpenny in the pound.

Mr. BALDWIN in a businesslike speech answered all the criticisms, or at any rate dealt with them, and concluded by "wiping the eye" of the Labour back benches, which had made noises indicative of intense disgust over the terms of the Italian debt, by reading from a statement by Mr. SIDNEY WEBB in an Italian paper to the effect that the less Italy was required to pay the better pleased the British Labour Party would be.



A BIRD OF PASSAGE.
SIR ALFRED MOND PERCHES BETWEEN SIR CLEMENT KINLOCH-COOKE AND SIR ARTHUR HOLBROOK.



THE YOUNG MAN OF THE SEA.
CAPTAIN WEDGWOOD BENN ON MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SHOULDERS.

Wednesday, February 3rd.—In the New Year Honours Lord ORANMORE AND BROWNE was made a British peer, and to-day in virtue of his new dignity he took his seat as Lord MERRIWORTH. Immediately afterwards, remembering his old *rôle* as a representative peer for Ireland and shouting, "Who fears to speak of 1920?" or words to that effect, he demanded a Select Committee to examine pledges given to Irish land-owners by Ministers of the Crown; and, in the absence of Lord BIRKENHEAD (the Minister chiefly concerned), carried his motion against the Government by two votes. In Lord SALISBURY'S opinion the appropriateness of his new title is open to question.

In the Commons Mr. WHEATLEY led the day's assault on the Speech from the Throne, and roamed from China to Peru for further terms of abuse to heap on the head of the world's worst Government. For only one act of its recreant career had he a word of approval—the coal subsidy. So warmly did he eulogise the statesmanlike breadth of vision involved in that arrangement, which he incidentally attributed to the solidarity of Labour and not to the beneficence of the Government, that the Conservatives present began to look at each other with a wild surmise and wonder uneasily if stout CORTEZ had climbed the wrong peak, or the wrong planet had swum into Comrade WHEATLEY'S ken. He was particularly scornful of the Locarno spirit and described the PRIME MINISTER'S pleas for industrial peace as an invitation to Labour to "convert their fighting forces into Red Cross Societies" and—thrice poisonous suggestion—"to relegate to obscurity their chosen representatives."

Sir FREDERIC WISE then took up the cudgels on behalf of the Italian Settlement. The main point about these settlements, he argued, was not the debtor's capacity to pay but the creditor's capacity to receive. Members, few of whom have ever had their capacity to receive subjected to an intolerable strain, listened in respectful silence.

Many other Members deplored the presence in, or absence from, the Speech of references to an immense number of various matters, but strangely enough none of them dwelt upon Mr. BALDWIN'S revolutionary proposal that the international conference on the eight-hour day,

before tackling their main subject, should begin by arranging a system by which every word means the same thing every time and has an exactly corresponding word in every other language. Should this scheme for wiping out the ill effects of the Tower of Babel incident prove successful, unlimited vistas will open of a Parliamentary millennium in which no politician will be able to mean what he does not say or, having said what he does not mean, to explain that what he meant was something quite different from what he said. Perhaps it is not entirely an accident that Members are preserving a conspiracy of silence on this intriguing proposal.

Thursday, February 4th.—The purely party speech, in which the fatuity of the adversary's aims and the unqualified success that would attend the immediate adoption of the panaceas offered by the speaker's own party are dialectically expounded, threatens to become extinct in the House of Commons. Mr. SNOWDEN'S assault on the Speech from the Throne was however in the traditional manner. Where, he asked, was the Government's remedy for unemployment promised in a leaflet issued (but subsequently modified) by the Central Unionist Organization? Unionist Members indicated by dissentient noises the non-existence of this leaflet, and Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, replying later, said he had never seen it, nor had it been circulated in his constituency. Mr. SNOWDEN, however, neither read from, nor produced, the document in question, but proceeded to dwell on the beauties of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S land policy, which he said he much preferred to that of the Government.

This was not the only friendly gesture made during the debate. Major CADOGAN declared that if the Labour Party could stop thinking of the capitalist as anathema there was not much to divide them in their essential aims from the Conservatives. Could they not make a sort of working alliance? The Conservatives had abandoned the General Tariff; could not the Labour Party reciprocate by abandoning the General Upheaval?

Sir R. THOMAS blew a sort of complimentary Liberal kiss to Mr. SNOWDEN, but intimated that the Liberals had no use for nationalisation. Mr. DIXEY pleaded for a more comprehensive use of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and Mr. LLOYD, pursuing the same theme, told the Government that they had a magnificent opportunity of acquiring haloes if they were willing to run the risk of becoming martyrs. Having been partially roasted once on the Protectionist grid-iron the Ministerialists received with little enthusiasm this appeal that they should emulate ST. LAWRENCE and turn the other side to the fire.

Mr. JOHNSTON, the Labour Member for Dundee, propounded the novel idea of a non-party Committee of the House to consider possible ways of dealing with unemployment, a proposal that was blessed by Sir JOHN SIMON, who also had a kind word to say of Mr. SNOWDEN. Mr. KIDD, Unionist Member for Linlithgow, declared that what was wanted was less social fervour and more fostering of the spirit of adventure. The buccaneering spirit of these KIDDS dies hard. Major STANLEY saw no reason for having general nationalisation on Mr. SNOWDEN'S *ipse dixit*. Some Labour Members looked puzzled at this, but evidently came to the conclusion that *Ipse Dixit* is a pet name for Mr. SIDNEY WEBB.

Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND for the Government flouted the idea that it must necessarily be a good thing for the Government to run essential industries, but agreed that in the case of monopolies each should be considered on its merits.

At eleven o'clock an excellent debate, made the more interesting by the real or fancied advances of Mr. SNOWDEN to the LLOYD-GEORGIANS and Sir JOHN SIMON'S cleverly worded invitation to Mr. SNOWDEN to "get away closer," came to a temporary end.



PIANO AND FORTISSIMO.
MR. CLYNES AND MR. WHEATLEY.

ELLIOTS AND OTHERS.

I HAVE often wondered how what must have been one name came to be spelt in different ways, so that the parent tribe got split up into as many different families. How, for instance, did Browne—at the start a plain brown man—get his "e"? The obvious theory is that in earlier times people, especially those of the easy classes, spelt badly. So they did. Better to my mind, anyhow with regard to the Brownes, is the idea that they wrote badly, and that the original Browne, being a clumsy penman, acquired a trick of finishing off his signature with an awkward twiddle. This looked more like an "e" than anything else, and his correspondents, thinking he wanted it, stuck it on when they wrote to him. Browne approved the effect and adopted his "e," no doubt by degrees, as nowadays we see a tentative dot shyly but gradually elongating itself into the full hyphen. His docile and numerous offspring followed suit, and there you are with a brand-new family. There would be an added charm in its differentiating him from some Brown neighbour with whom he had had a row, and to this day the Brownes are nervously susceptible to any suggestion that they are merely Brown.

Anyhow, whatever the cause, the result is an infernal nuisance. My own name, for example—a very ancient and honourable one—is, to my burning indignation, frequently misspelt by ignorant persons who are too idle to look me up, and take a casual shot at it. Why, dash it! even—— But never mind. I have a stately friend whose father, the proud representative of an old lineage, was nobly stern on this point. If the boy spelt a friend wrongly he got one for himself, on the grounds that he should have turned up the name in the stud-book. It served him right and, as in riper years he owned, it larned him. If one exacts a fine punctilio on one's own account, one must play the game with others. And it is here that my troubles come in. Take the Elliots.

The Elliots—I spell the name phonetically to include the whole boiling of them—are an expansive race, and in a mild way I am a collector. There seem to be four variations of them, and among my friends I have the good luck to number three. I have an Elliot, an Eliot and a couple of Eliotts. They are all good fellows, except one, who is



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

MENDING NIGHT AT THE BACHELORS' CLUB.

a lady, and I hope ultimately to add to my collection a specimen of the missing sub-family, which contains the whole bag of tricks, Elliott. Indeed, I may have done so. I recently met a new and still unclassified Elliot whom I liked extremely, and on his own merit, apart from the zeal of the collector, I want to see more of him. But the fellow lives out of town, and I can't find out from the telephone-book, or any other for that matter, how he spells himself. The result is that not only am I defrauded of a congenial acquaintance, but he may be the very Elliott I was looking for to complete my set.

Still, in a general way they are a manageable lot. They are not easy to bring down, but once you have got them they can be memorised. My Eliot, for instance, lives near Folkestone (one "l" one "t"). But I am rich in intimacy with the Macdonalds and Macdonnells (again phonetically), and they are the devil. They are a touchy crowd too and will be after my blood for mixing them up, as I am doing here. But at the moment there is no way out of it. Besides, it illustrates my point. People always mutter introductions, and when you meet a new exhibit you never know at first go off whether he ends with an "ell" or an "ald." That starts the trouble.

It is in its way a dreadful thing to love and be beloved by a large stock of Macdonalds and Macdonnells. Their "Macs" and their "Mcs," their "D's" and "d's," their two "l's" and one "l," their two "n's" and one "n," combined with their invariably being called "Mac," make the going jolly delicate. I haven't a notion of the number of ways in which those names could be misspelt. Looking at the problem casually, I should say sixteen or sixty-four, possibly a hundred and twenty-eight. But I am no mathematician.

Now, as these clans are about ten times as starchy about their blessed name as anybody else, and as their variations are so numerous, the simple measures that do for the Elliots plainly won't do for them. What I do is to card my "Macs," keep them on a card index. Each new specimen enters that index, starkly, on his own, possibly at the start as a mere "Mac" (? "D." or "d.") As opportunity offers, I build him up as I gather details. In the end, if I see plenty of him, I get him complete; if I see nothing of him, it doesn't matter. It is a laborious business, but with the peculiar attraction I possess for these Macs I don't see anything else for it. And of course it is worth the trouble.

There is a large section of our rough island's te'ephone-book devoted to the Baileys, Bailys, Baylys, Bayleys and Baillies. So far I am not much concerned with them as mine are all Bailey, but I am reminded of them as I have just posted a letter accepting an invitation to a day's golf from a new Bayley. I can see that they might be worse than the Elliots, as not only are they five to four, but of course all answer to the love-name, Bill. Still, this trouble I can tackle if it comes. I merely mention their existence.

And, now I come to think of it, I 'm hanged if I haven't written to that fellow as Bailey. DUM-DUM.

"Lord Morley once remarked to me 'Neither you nor I am entirely ourselves.'"
Daily Paper.

Then who else am we?

"An ambulance station is to be established by the L.C.C. in the Old Kent Road."
Daily Paper.

To be used when they "knock 'em" in that historic thoroughfare.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

I.—THE CRUSH.

THE room was very full and very hot and very brilliantly lighted. It was full of indescribable noise.

" ," said my hostess.

" ," I replied very heartily.

Her fixed facial expression of extreme cordiality froze to utter indifference and I butted meekly into the deafening scrum. My life, I thought to myself, is "turning, turning in mazes of heat and sound."

Somebody else I perceived was making movements at me with the face. It was Mrs. Enderby. Portions of the mob divided us. I made counter grimaces. We seethed for some time, and found ourselves eventually next to each other.

" ," she said.

" ," I replied.

" ," she went on.

So far everything had gone swimmingly. It was a pity that the point of our amiable bellows should have been lost entirely, but it could not be helped. Then I found that she was introducing somebody to me. A man. We bowed, trying to avoid entangling our front hair. I looked down the front of his shirt collar. He looked down the front of mine. Our faces became more critical.

" ," he said.

" ," said I.

Then all of a sudden a pathway was smitten through the hubbub as through the waters of the Red Sea. I heard his moving lips pronounce the words:

". . . . written a book."

"I know. Perfectly horrible," I said, "wasn't it?"

A look of anguish crossed his brow and he melted through a crack in the throng. I realised that he must have been talking about a book of *his*, and not a book of *mine*. Mrs. Enderby had also vanished. The waters of hubbub re-arose. I was alone in London again. But I was glad.

In a street mob, in the rush-hour on the Underground, one can jostle familiarly without embarrassment, freeing the arms from time to time as opportunity occurs, or changing the stance from one foot to another. In a drawing-room after a time this becomes ridiculous. I noticed a main current in the mass towards one corner of the room. A-ha! There was a door there. Supper. The old primeval instinct of self-nourishment was aroused in my breast. I edged into the movement. Every now and then it heaved me back again, but I persevered. The jam in the doorway was terrific. There was a tendency to let the women be saved first. One came through silently, struggling sideways and gazing intently into a perfect stranger's eyes.

On the further side the uproar was cut off, as though with a knife. This is the real difference, I reflected, between a reception in the West End of London and, say, Bethnal Green. In the latter the volume of sound increases as one draws nearer the food supplies; in the former it dies away.

I seized a glass with some liquid in it, and somebody took it swiftly out of my hand and placed it in somebody else's. I put a cigarette into my mouth, lit it, and held on to it firmly with my teeth. I found myself standing in front of a man with an eyeglass, who was lapping something cold as if he liked it.

"Less noisy in here, isn't it?" I said pleasantly. "Wait a moment. Do you mind if I say that again? Less noisy in here, isn't it?"

"Why d' you want to say it twice?" he inquired quizzically.

"Oh, nothing," I said; "only it's the first time I've heard myself speak, that's all. I rather like listening to the way I do it."

"The action seems perfect," he agreed.

He put his half-empty glass down on a little table and turned to speak to a friend. I was now holding the end of my cigarette in my hand. There did not seem to be any place in which to throw it away, except into the thick of some woman's hair. I felt instinctively this would not do. If I dropped it on the floor and shouted "Fire!" it might create a diversion towards the telephone, during which I should be able to get a drink. But again I dared not. Yet, held in my mouth or my hand any longer, it would soon cause me intense pain. I might rub it out on a man's shirt-front, but I knew nobody well enough for that.

The situation had become desperate. The smell of my burning flesh was certain to arouse comment of an unfavourable kind however heroically I might endure it. I thought hard. Then I popped the cigarette-end neatly into the glass of the man with the monocle, where it fizzed a little and died. With a crafty expression I moved cautiously away.

Food? I would go without it. There was still an impenetrable phalanx, I noticed, round the supper table. Phalanx. Impenetrable. Phalanx is impenetrable. Impenetrable. Phalanx. Supper table. Supportable. On supper table. Insupportable. Phalanx. Come, come. This was babbling, this was no better than expressionism. I must not give way to that. What Englishmen had done before Englishmen could do again. Outside was the clear air of a London night. The stars. Very likely a cab. One had but to get through the doorway scrimmage again, penetrate the shout-barrage, make one or two more faces at one's hostess, and all would be well. "Galloper guns that burst the gate." I got through.

As I sidled round the door of the main room a curious accident occurred. Inadvertently I overset with my foot a standing pot containing some huge horticultural triumph. It sank into that babel of voices, making no more sound than cotton-wool. Just so a tree falls silently in the middle of a great bombardment. Water and earth gushed out over the floor amongst the broken potsherds and the greenery. The effect was remarkable. A rectangle of empty space was immediately formed about the *débris*, everyone crowding aghast from it for fear of being incriminated.

A moment of darkness came over me. Then I recovered. No one had noticed my work.

Suddenly by the margin of the lake I found Mrs. Enderby standing forlorn.

" ," I said.

" ," she replied.

Then once again for a brief moment the tumult abated.

"Did you do this?" I inquired sternly.

"Of course not," she said. "Don't be so silly."

"Well," I said, "I am going home this way. Let me lead you over the stepping-stones."

And I held out a hand; but she shrank back timidly, and the rising wings of clamour flapped about us again. I pulled my trousers up a little and waded through the flood. This brought me quite near to the place where my hostess was standing. She had her back turned to the floral morass. Mercifully no information had as yet come through.

" ," I said, with a grateful smile.

" ," she replied with excessive cordiality as we shook hands.

Coat, hat, muffler, gloves. All my own. Pursuit? There was none. I escaped into the tranquil night.

EVOE.

When the British troops evacuated Cologne—

"Over 3,000 police, foot and mouth, were in readiness to cope with any disorder."
North-Country Paper.

Happily no disorder occurred, in spite of this new outburst of "frightfulness."

"It is these little restaurants that make the daily lunch out of the London woman in business such a much more cheerful matter nowadays."—*Evening Paper.*

Surely the London business woman is far too businesslike to let anybody, however anxious to be cheerful, make a daily lunch out of her.

MIND AND MATTER.



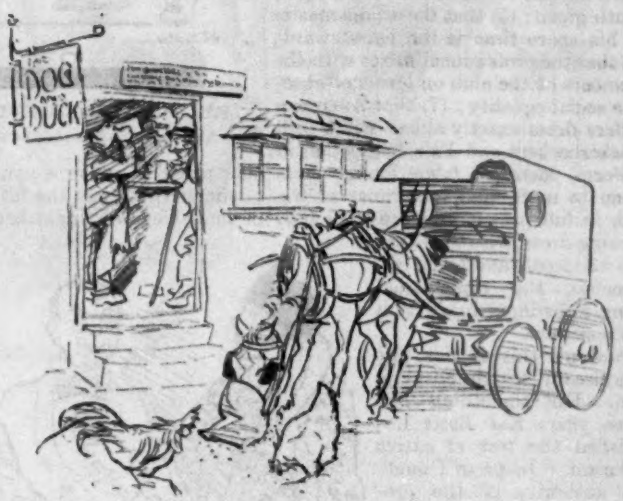
OLD SMILER WAS AN ACTIVE AND WILLING PARTNER IN THE FIRM.



HE KNEW JUST WHERE THE CUSTOMERS LIVED.



HOW TO IGNORE THE RIVAL BAKER—



THE EXACT TIME AND PLACE TO STOP FOR LUNCH—



AND THE SHORT CUT HOME.



WHEREAS THE NEW MOTOR—OH, YES, IT CAN MOVE; BUT IT'S GOT TO BE STARTED AND STOPPED, AND IT DON'T KNOW NOBODY NOR NOTHING.

AT THE PLAY.

"KID BOOTS" (WINTER GARDEN).

IT is a mistake to suppose that these musical comedies serve no educational purpose. Much valuable information was to be drawn from Messrs. WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE and OTTO HARBACH on the methods of American golf and the manners of American golfers. Thus I gathered (1) that there is no fairway on American courses (I got this from the scenery); (2) that, if you foozle a two-yard putt so badly that you run right off the green on to a bald patch, you may lift and place your ball on the edge of the green without penalty; (3) that if one of the finalists in an open tournament is injured and unable to play he may select a substitute from his own club; (4) that the professional gives lessons to beginners on the eighteenth green; (5) that the caddie-master in his spare time is the bar-steward; (6) that the professional mixes with the members of the club on terms of absolute social equality; (7) that American golfers dress exactly alike—white drill knickerbockers and Fair Isles when in uniform, identical fawn lounge-suits when in mufti, and for dinner at the club in full (or rather more than full) evening-dress, with white ties and waistcoats and black silk breeches, the professional being indistinguishable from the members.

And all this is not just America for British consumption. For something like three years *Kid Boots* has satisfied the test of native criticism. In proof I quote the authority of the programme: "As originally produced by FLORENZ ZIEGFELD with Eddie Cantor and Mary Eaton in the leading parts *and ran* [my italics] 1,003 performances in New York City."

There was novelty in the idea of a plot laid round a golf-club, and the authors seem to have been so pleased with it that they stuck to the unities and refused to transport us in the middle of it to Ruritania or the South Seas. But *plus ça change*, etc. True, there was no full-blooded villain in the piece, and no doping of a race-horse favourite; but the future happiness of two young people turned on a great contest, decided on the eighteenth green, in which the hero was defeated by a ball (previously inserted in his bag by the caddie-master, whose patent it was) containing a leaden bias that made it run in a parabola. And of course there was the fatuous chorus of ineffables—distinguished only from other fatuous choruses by the apparatus of their particular stunt—which gives to all musical comedies that devastating family likeness. It is only fair, however, to record an original note on the part of one of the female section, who putted with her left hand underneath.



THE BALL THAT WENT WRONG.
Tom Sterling . . MR. ARTHUR MARGETSON.

MR. LESLIE HENSON'S plastic features and adjustable eyes are alone enough to furnish an evening's entertainment; but he got fun out of every portion of his anatomy and almost every word of his talk. I cite an example of his social philosophy: "Women do such silly things," he told us. "Why, I knew a girl who was engaged to the hall-porter of the Kit-Cat Club, and she ran away with one of the members."

In a scene inside the ladies' locker-room, where a female doctor put him through some extremely violent physical exercises, including the ordeal of the electric chair, he was irresistible; though perhaps he insisted a little too much on the rather rudimentary humour arising from the shock he sustained in that part of his person which came into immediate contact with the seat of the chair.

As a caddie-master, *Kid Boots* took his duties lightly. His life-work was bootlegging, and he was more interested in the nineteenth hole than in any of the others. Under those trousers, baggy beyond the dreams of Oxford, were concealed bottles of spirituous liquor, strapped to his shin and calf. Happily the sinister attentions of a Federal Officer, which at one time threatened capture, turned out to be due to that functionary's desire to secure for himself a consignment of gin.



MIXED DRINKS AND MIXED SOCIETY.
Dr. Josephine Fitch . . . . . MISS DIANA WILSON.
Kid Boots . . . . . MR. LESLIE HENSON.
Peter Pillsbury . . . . . MR. W. H. RAWLINS.

Apart from his other feats Mr. HENSON interfered in the final of the tournament by smashing the wrist of one of the competitors, with the idea that somebody else, whom he preferred, should take his place (according to the curious American rule to which I have referred); and by introducing that loaded ball into one of the golf-bags—by inadvertence the wrong bag, so that his hero lost. Incidentally he delivered an elementary lecture on Sex Complex, and gave a very creditable performance as a Chinese conjurer. Indeed he was extraordinarily lavish of his versatile gifts.

Compared with him, Mr. CLAUDE HULBERT—that great



TIME-SAVING.

HOW THE STAFF OF THE DERNIER CRI TOILET EMPORIUM ARE ABLE TO MAINTAIN A TRIM APPEARANCE IN SPITE OF THE PRACTICALLY CEASELESS CLAIMS OF THEIR CLIENTÈLE.

artist—had little chance for his less obtrusive methods, and I should have liked a lot more of him. Miss VERA LENNOX, as a perky little *gamine*, was perhaps rather disappointing, though she did some pleasant gymnastics with Mr. HULBERT. Miss DIANA WILSON, as *Dr. Josephine Fitch*, vaguely described in the programme as "The Hostess," though I could not see that she entertained anybody except the audience, gave us some very robust humour in her treatment of *Kid Boots* in the ladies' locker-room. Her good looks defied the general stage rule which requires that women who want to be funny must first be plain.

The dancing of Miss PEGGY BEATY (who was really light of foot) and of Miss EDNA BELLONINI was well above the average in this kind of show; and the latter sang nicely. As for Mr. JOSEPH MCCARTHY'S lyrics, though I once seemed to catch a good rhyme, it was impossible to judge of their quality, because they were mostly inaudible, in particular when they were used to cover the activities of the scene-shifters while the audience chattered freely over the last sensation.

As in so many of these entertainments, the producers—to judge by the pace at which things were hustled—seemed to lack confidence either in the capacity of our intelligence or in their own ability to keep us amused if a single moment was left us for the assimilation of their fare. The only thing not done at top speed was the circulation of the audience in the congested narrows of the bar during the interval, and its progress through the corridors and vestibule during the exit; our physical no less than our mental development being grossly underrated. O. S.

IN aid of the Surgical Supply Depôt, for which Mr. Punch, who knows it well, has often appealed, a Bridge Tournament will be held to-day (Wednesday, February 10th), from 3.0 to 6.30, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Sir JOHN BROADBENT will speak of the work of the Depôt, and Lady ALEXANDER will distribute the numerous prizes. Competitors should bring their own cards. Tickets (7*s.* 6*d.*, including tea) may be obtained from the Hon. Secretaries, Surgical Supply Depôt, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W. 8. (Tel., Park 5422).

ELECTRIFICATION.

"You wait till the line* is electrified," chuckle
The porters and ticket-inspectors;
I 'm waiting and hoping some practical Puck 'll
Electrify Staff and Directors.

"The second annual dinner of the —— United Services Club was held last night, and will be reported next week."—*Local Paper.*

It would be kinder, we think, to suppress the report.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer is considering the cost of postponing the introduction of the system of black brants to local authorities for another year."—*Daily Paper.*

Nasty things, these black brants. We should postpone them *sine die*.

---

* Guess which.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

TEA-COSIES.

(*After Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER.*)

In praise of Cotswold teas I'll make
  Tea-cosies in my steadfast mind,
Patterned with cords for friendship's sake
  And from old crinolines designed,
Reviving in warm wools the glow
Of Mamble meals serene and slow.

Great CROMWELL's mother wrought with thread,
  And LINCOLN's mother darned his hose;
Yea, all the fair and fragrant dead
  Stitched buttons when the need arose,
And fashioned in their leisure hours
Samplers and cosies worked with flowers.

They do not err who sit and knit;
  I see the needles plied with grace
In rooms by homely candles lit,
  On laps of poplin and of lace,
And with what pride the dames inspect
Cosies with Cotswold dais'es decked.

I too will cosies make, in rhyme,
  Of blue and red and yellow wools,
To cherish in the pot of Time
  The honest brew that London cools,
Embroidering Gloucester sheep and men
And Dymock time and time again.

And so, when crazy circumstance
  Has laid my yeoman body by,
Still comforting in every chance
  My woolly verse will meet the eye,
And men will dream, while thoughts infuse,
Of Honest JOHN, his homely Muse.

W. K. S.

"Mr. ——, who said it was dreadful to have so young a fellow sneaking into a mission house and stealing property in this way, bound defendant over in his own recognisances and placed him on paborinto."—*Local Paper.*

It sounds severe, but we don't doubt that the young rascal deserved it.

"Mr. Shaw threw cold water on the idea of any arrangement or coalition being reached between the Labour Party and another party. Commenting on this idea, he said: 'Our principals are nailed to the mast.'"—*Local Paper.*

A very wise precaution to prevent them from deserting the sinking ship.

"In small proportions we just beauties see
And in short measure life may perfect be.
Ben Johnson (sic)."
Trade Organ.

Is this to be regarded as an admission that the recent strictures of the Food Council regarding short measure are deserved?

A BALD SUGGESTION.

"DADDY, dear," said the Kid, looking up from her books, "why was HENRY V. described as 'a bald leader of men'?"

Henry and I exchanged anxious glances. This helping of the Kid with her "prep." is becoming an oppressive burden. She is always springing some knotty problem of life or arithmetic upon us. Already she has discovered my weakness in Latin declensions, has questioned my pronunciation of such words as "*vidēre*" and "*femĭnæ*," which she scoffingly declares is "the old style." Henry too has quite recently made some grave mistakes over a little matter of algebra, and all this has slightly lowered us in the eyes of the Kid, I 'm afraid. We were at the moment struggling to recover our prestige. Not for worlds would we have admitted how puzzled we were by the latest poser.

"'A bald leader of men,'" repeated Henry reflectively. "Are you sure that you 've got the question down properly?"

"Positive, Daddy; I copied it down from the board. But it sounds strange to me."

It also sounded strange to us. But Henry, looking wise, leaned back in his chair, placing his finger-tips together.

"The question is whether HENRY V. was bald," he commented at last.

"It doesn't seem very likely," I said, "as he was only thirty-five when he died." (I had hastily hunted up the dates when the Kid wasn't looking.)

"But he must have been if Miss Webster said so," interposed the Kid.

"Very well, then, if he was admittedly bald, why argue about it?" inquired Henry a trifle testily. "A person can be a leader of men even if he has no hair, I suppose. However, I'll look it up." He rose and took down his *Shakespeare Concordance*.

"Bald—bald," he murmured—"ah, here it is, '. . . thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away.'"

"Are you sure that wasn't some other king?" I asked.

"That may be so," said Henry. "I admit that the quotation comes from *King Lear*. But wait a minute; here 's one from *Henry V.*: 'A curled pate will grow bald . . .'"

"That obviously refers to it," I said, greatly relieved.

"Then what shall I put, Mamma?"

"Well—er—say this: 'Henry V., warrior at the early age of thirteen, was undeniably a leader of men. It is a curious fact that he lost his thick curly hair in his youth, and when he died in 1422 he was completely bald.'"

"Thank you, Mamma," said the Kid, beginning to write. "I hope it 's all right," she added—a little distrustfully, I thought.

* * * * *

The Kid came in late to lunch to-day. She looked sulky.

"Been kept in?" I inquired.

"Yes, Mamma. You and Daddy were wrong about HENRY V. Miss Webster was awfully mingy. She says I never pay attention and——"

"W-wasn't he bald?" I faltered.

"I don't know. But the sentence she said she wrote on the board was 'a bold leader of men,' only she puts such a funny little curl to the letter 'o' it always looks like 'a.' It isn't fair, is it, Mamma?"

Certainly it isn't fair. It isn't fair to the child, and it 's still less fair to the child's parents.

THE FUTURE OF BERT.

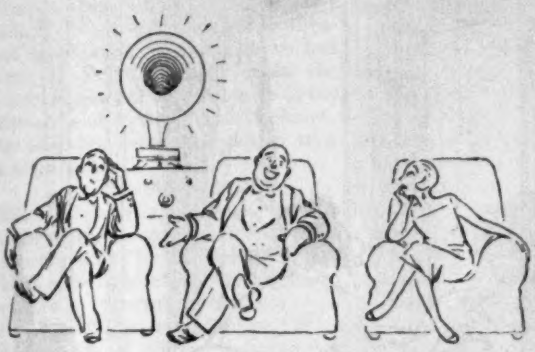
[*Schoolboy's Mother:* "His father wants him to be a printer. Bert wants to be a jockey—we all know he 's as thin as a drainpipe." *President of the After-Care Conference at Bermondsey:* "Jockeying is a rather dangerous profession."—*The Daily News.*]

I'M anxious for Bert,
  And the point that engages
My mind is to find
  Him a job with good wages.
His father, I know,
  Wants to make him a printer,
But printing is slow
  And Bert is a sprinter;
He 's thin as a lath,
  Neither chubby nor stocky;
He thinks his one path
  To success is the life of a jockey.

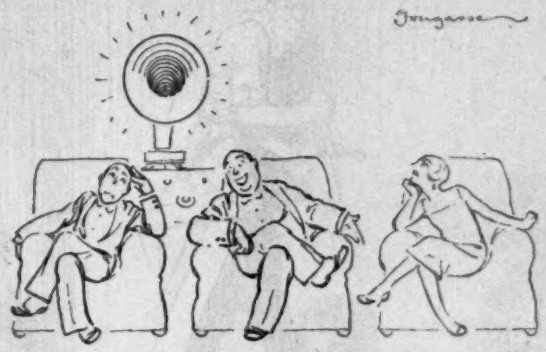
I 'd like to believe—
  Bert 's so cute and so cheery—
He 'll turn out a STEVE,
  Or a SMYTH, or a BEARY;
But 'tisn't a cert.
  Though he 's keener than mustard,
Courageous, alert,
  And not easily flustered.
He might break his neck
  If his mount should go crocky—
It 's a terrible "spec."
  Is the arduous life of a jockey.

The "After-Care" Board
  That I 've recently been to
Small comfort afford,
  But his case will be seen to;
He 'll come within range,
  When he 's through with his schooling,
Of the Labour Exchange
  And the Union, whose ruling
May make him a printer;
But—Bert is a sprinter,
  So quick and so cocky,
I fear his career
  In the world will be that of a jockey.

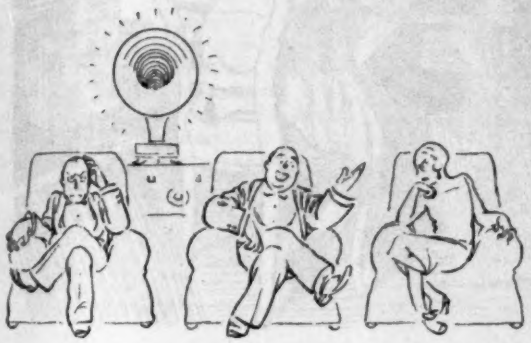
THE CHARM OF THE LOUD-SPEAKER.



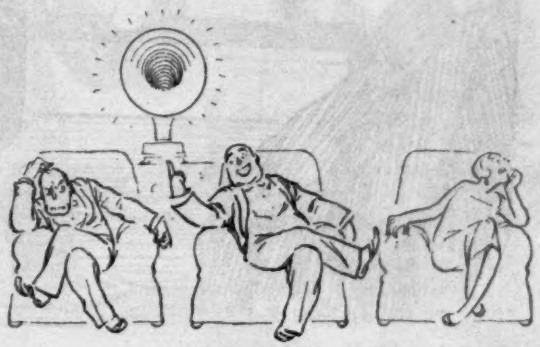
TO ME THE GREAT BEAUTY—



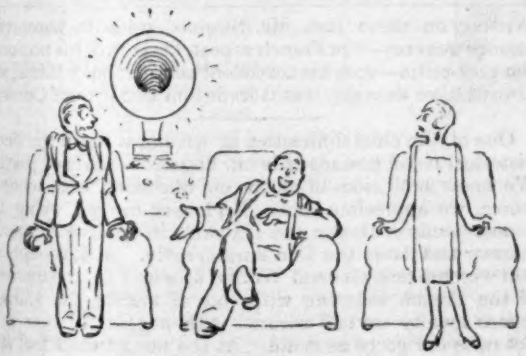
OF LISTENING TO A WIRELESS CONCERT—



IS THAT AS THE PERFORMERS—



CAN'T HEAR YOU—



IT DOESN'T MATTER—



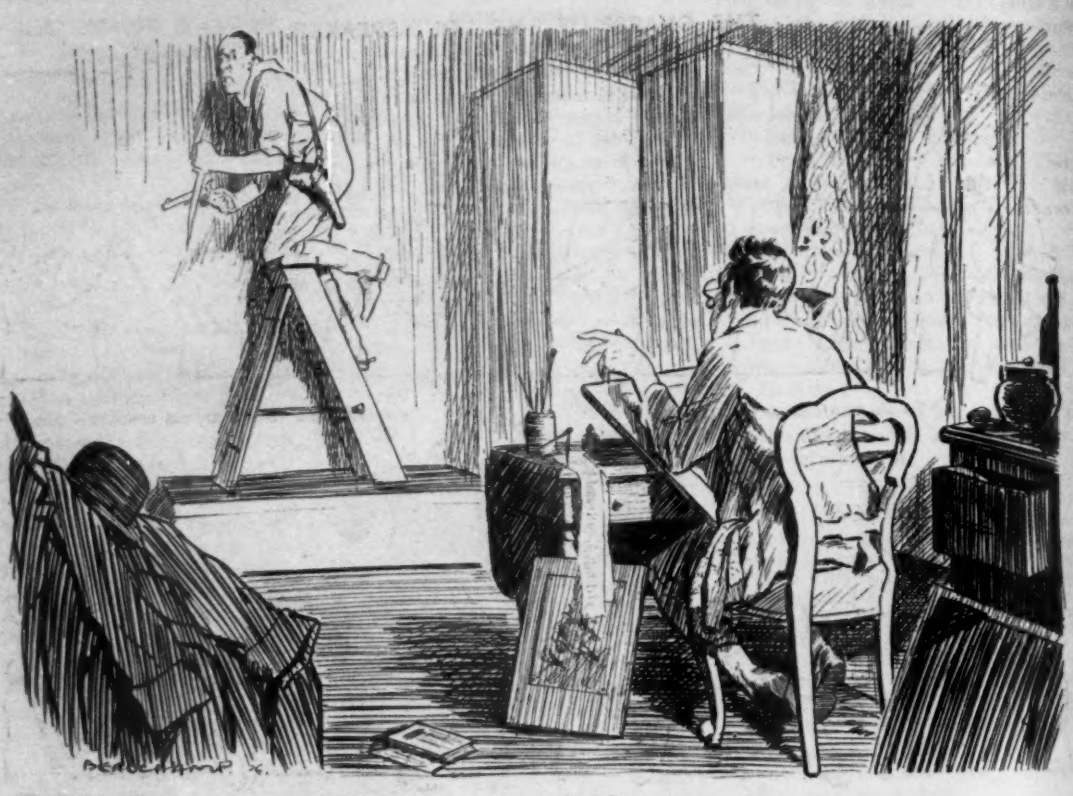
TO ANYONE—



HOW MUCH—



YOU TALK.



The Model. "I SAY, THIS IS AWFUL! I SHALL FALL OFF IN A MINUTE."
The Illustrator. "AH, YOU FEEL LIKE THAT, DO YOU? GOOD! KEEP THAT EXPRESSION. IN THE STORY YOU DO FALL OFF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS praises *Madame Bovary* for exhibiting FLAUBERT as "the analyst and the lyric poet in equilibrium," he extols just that balance of qualities which makes his own criticism at its best such memorable reading. He himself gives the palm to the poet: "the only quite essential criticism (he says) has been done by creative writers, for the most part poets." For this reason, I suppose, he allows himself a measure of inconsistency which is usually conceded to inspiration rather than to judgment. Luckily there is enough inspiration in *Dramatis Personæ* (FABER AND GWYER) to justify the licence. The greater part of this interesting series of essays has been published piecemeal in England and America, but only a portion of it is reproduced in the writer's *Collected Works*. Its spelling is American, and so, I hope, for the honour of English printing, are its *errata*. One or two of its numbers date rather quaintly, as when a plea is uttered for the undiscovered YEATS, who "has this year published *The Countess Cathleen*," and when such Swinburnian tags as "scarlet flowers of evil" and "deliciously wicked" are used to describe the work of EMILY BRONTË and BLAKE. But when all this is granted few critics could spread you a fairer banquet of criticism or season it with more vivacious memories of literary encounters and friendships. The book's twenty-two titles include not only the names of MAETERLINCK, VERHAEREN, PATMORE, FRANCIS THOMPSON, the ROSSETTIS and Sir RICHARD BURTON, but the labels of such elusive schools as Decadents and Impressionists. Writing on these last, Mr. SYMONS' pride in perceiving strange nuances—the French aspect, I take it, of his notion of the poet-critic—does him excellent service; but I think, and always have thought, that it leads him astray over CONRAD.

One of the chief difficulties in writing a really bellicose historical novel nowadays is our disastrous sense of justice. We know both sides of all the old questions, and, what is worse, we appreciate both. No longer can we wring the honest hands of DRAKE and HAWKINS in the true KINGSLEY manner and damn the Don unreservedly. And, though we still worship bold General WOLFE, at least I do, the memory of the French seducing with tots of brandy the Indians whose loyalty we had secured with noggins of rum does not raise our gorge as it did. At the same time I feel it is going too far to attribute our incapacity for these hearty hatreds to our forbears themselves. And that is what Miss ALICE PRESCOTT SMITH finally does in *Kindred* (HEINEMANN), though she leads up to the incredible point by very credible stages. She sends *John Sargent*, a rich disillusioned widower, out to Canada as a voluntary spy on the Indians and their French leaders. Thanks to education in a French colony he passes effectively as a fur-trader and arrives at the French settlement of La Baye to report on and plot against *Charles de Langlade*, its half-breed head. *De Langlade* and his outpost are most engagingly described, and Miss PRESCOTT SMITH throws in a French half-sister of *Sargent's* late wife with the object of deflecting him from his patriotic end. *Madame Rupert* and her mysterious husband share the qualities and defects of *Sargent* himself. They are not particularly convincing as individuals, but as factors in a

mounting sum of intrigue and adventure they serve their purpose well. The Indians are much more psychologically handled; their creator has got well beyond dependence on bears' claws and wampum. I admit that I prefer the historical aspect of this romance to the fictitious; and its writer must acknowledge that her own predilection took the same turn.

While other nations have their ways
  Of being gay or mad or skittish,
Of quintessential British traits
  The love of Nonsense is most British;
Such fooling to most foreign eyes
  A source of boredom or disgust is,
But CAMMAERTS, whose applause we prize,
  Has rendered it poetic justice.

For he 's a poet; he can write
  Verses that make the pulse beat faster,
Verses that make the darkness bright,
  That steel a nation in disaster;
And then he loves the young; he 's free
  From highbrow academic don sense;
Who then so well equipped as he
  To laud *The Poetry of Nonsense*?

He hears its voice in careless joy
  Across the Age of Reason calling
From SHAKESPEARE'S "When a tiny Boy"—
  When We Were Very Young forestalling;
He shows that in the last resort
  Children have been its true begetters;
That what began in nursery sport
  Has added grace to English letters.

He brings to bear upon the sphere
  Of Limericks a searching scrutiny;
He specially delights in LEAR
  And in his mad melodious mutiny;
The print and binding of the book
  (ROUTLEDGE) are excellent and comely,
And very few, I 'm sure, will look
  Upon the illustrations glumly.



Girl (applying for post as maid). "HERE YOU ARE. I THINK YOU 'LL FIND MY REFS. MOD. SAT."

Those who hold, as I do, that a good long story is better than a good short one should make haste to read *Creighton The Admirable* (LANE). It has length, and so much more than length, to commend it. In fact I had hardly read a dozen pages before I began to ask myself, "Who is KENNETH ASHLEY, and why have I never heard of him?" He is not shown as the author of any previous books, but if this is a first novel it is astonishingly mature. When the story opens *Creighton The Admirable* is a young house-surgeon who performs a brilliant operation and then by his neglect (he was philandering with one of the nurses when he should have been at the bedside) allows his patient to bleed to death. Censured by a coroner's jury and dismissed from the hospital, he disguises his name and starts life afresh, becoming by turns a navvy, a pugilist, a cricket professional and an assistant to a Celtic scholar. And as to the upshot of it all I need only say that the period covered by the book ends with August, 1914. *Creighton* was certainly a man of parts, and would perhaps have been too much the romantic hero of fiction but for the rather cynical outlook with which Mr. ASHLEY has endowed him and the ill-luck which so persistently dogs his footsteps. This realistic treatment of an essentially romantic plot is most effective, and its results somehow seem to be cumulative, for the book improves as it goes on. To say that Mr. ASHLEY'S work shows "promise" is to ignore its considerable measure of fulfilment. May his next book be as good!

The hairy shellback of days gone by would no doubt have been vastly astonished had it been suggested to him that the songs which lightened his labours would one day be collected in handsome volumes and solemnly discussed by musical authorities of the first water. It was not until the sailing vessel was all but gone that people generally began to realise her fascination; and it was not until shanties were as extinct as the cries of Old London that people discovered their interest and charm, their often great beauty of melody and rhythm. Miss JOANNA C. COLCORD'S

Roll and Go: Songs of American Sailormen (HEATH CRANTON) is the latest addition to the growing literature of the subject. Miss COLCORD, the daughter of an American shipmaster, with whom she made several voyages, writes of it with genuine affection and knowledge. Naturally, as a patriotic American, she is anxious to make out as good a case as she can for the pre-eminence of her own countrymen as makers of shanties. But as a matter of fact the majority of the shanties included in her collection are not really in any special sense "songs of American sailormen." They are as much British as American—usually more so, just as the foremast hands who no doubt sang them in American ships were not necessarily—nor indeed were they often—American citizens. The typical "packet rat," for instance, was generally a Liverpool Irishman. The second section of the book, devoted to sailors' songs other than shanties, contains, however, together with such traditional English ballads as "High Barbaree," "Captain Kidd" and "The Golden Vanitee," a number of songs of definitely American origin, amongst them the Grand Banks song of "The Fishes," familiar to readers of *Captains Courageous*, and that spirited ditty of "The Stately Southerner," formerly a prime favourite alike in British and American foc's'les.

Perhaps the fastidious avoidance of strong emotion or definite incident on the part of the more educated and polite American novelists, among whom Miss WILLA CATHER holds a place of dignity, is a reaction from the untamed passions and barbaric violence of the less civilised writers over the way. In *The Professor's House* (HEINEMANN) several things are constantly on the point of happening, and then comes the discreet, the genteel evasion. *Professor St. Peter* (the surname is new to us in fiction), saturnine, egoistic and picturesque, is delineated with remarkable skill. But, equipped as he is at all points for vigorous action, *St. Peter* simply declines the issue, refusing to fall out with his vain and foolish wife and even to quarrel with their repulsive and too amorous son-in-law. And then, halfway through her psychological novel, Miss CATHER—perhaps feeling the need of a little wholesome change—suddenly interpolates a story of romantic adventure, whose connection with the main narrative is so slight that the interlude might well be made into a separate book. As it stands, the episode of *Tom Outland* is a complete short story whose independent strength I cannot but think Miss CATHER failed to perceive when she stitched that bright pattern upon the homespun web of American domesticity. I hope Miss CATHER will pursue her exploration of a region of the West which is older than the day before yesterday and in which, it seems, there are cowboys who are neither brutal, if chivalrous, savages nor half-witted sentimentalists.



Solid Constable (hearing cries of distress from top floor of lofty flats). "'ULLO! THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE FLYING SQUAD."

As sumptuous as its title is *Kings and Queens of Ancient Egypt* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), a book written, the cover says, by "eminent Egyptologists"—seven of them. Mrs. WINIFRED BRUNTON has painted fifteen portraits of rulers of old Egypt, and here publishes them in exquisite and glowing colour, with historical details supplied by the eminent ladies and gentlemen referred to above. Highly interesting the reading is, but it is, after all, only a pendant to the portraits, and indeed very wonderful and convincing these noble and vivid faces are. Mrs. BRUNTON, employing an entirely original method of historical research, has painted from the actual mummies of her subjects and, in a minor degree, from the surviving portraits of her Pharaohs in tomb and temple. To such principal sources of inspiration she has added a living spark of personality, which she has, I conclude, recaptured from what is known of the rulers she portrays, and the result is a book which is sheer delight to look at. I join with Professor BREASTED, who writes the Introduction, in wishing this unique work, which is not, all things considered, expensive, the success its originality deserves; and I would say for my own part, and if that lovely little Majesty's royal little Ka won't visit my presumption upon me, that QUEEN TETISHERI (1640 B.C.) looks a perfect darling.

On the dust-cover of *Between Two Terms* (WARD, LOCK) there is a description of its contents so accurate that I cannot refrain from quoting it. "For the girl who likes to read her brother's more adventurous tales, this is an excellent story to recommend," and that is just what it is. Two sisters, on their way to spend the Christmas holidays with an uncle and aunt, are delayed on their journey by an accident to the elder of them, and are taken to the country house of a mysterious *Mrs. Harcourt*. Very soon they find themselves suspecting that this lady, to whom the younger sister has given her warmest admiration, is not all she pretends to be. Odd things happen in the house; odd people come to it; an atmosphere of crime begins to brood heavily over the place. The sisters are glad to get away from its sinister luxury to the prosaic home of their relations. But they have not yet reached the end of their adventures, which are mainly concerned with the theft of a valuable necklace. Miss ETHEL TALBOT tells the story easily and gracefully, and, though her incidents are not exciting as incidents go in sensational fiction, they are, at any rate, credible. And that in this class of story is high praise.

"The last half of the first century did little to adorn Manchester and much to make it a problem for future planners of a distinguished city."—*Local Paper.*

Well, it 's too late to do anything about it now.

CHARIVARIA.

A NORTH LONDON lorry-driver said that when another man struck him with a haddock he was so surprised that he was incapable of speaking. This could never have happened to Signor MUSSOLINI.

* * *

We see it remarked in the Press that HOBBS as a golfer is inferior to STRUDWICK. Already we are sick of these newspaper attempts to influence the Selection Committee.

* * *

At the same time we cannot refrain from pointing to STRUDWICK'S notorious inability to keep wicket to his own bowling.

* * *

A man who prophesied the destruction of New York said it would be like Hell on February 6th. By all accounts nobody noticed any difference.

* * *

A clergyman has notified his congregation that he intends taking one day's holiday a week. We know several clergymen who might profitably have their Sundays off.

* * *

An evening paper reminds us that the Oxford and Cambridge teams are now in training for the chess match. It may not be generally known that they train on raw meat.

* * *

SIR J. C. BOSE recently announced that plants have a circulatory system. It is sad to think that a stick of celery may get palpitation of the heart when it hears your teeth coming.

* * *

A daily paper remarks that there are superstitions connected with the laundry. It is generally regarded as unlucky to have your collars ironed under the light of a blue moon by a cross-eyed woman.

* * *

Major and Mrs. COURT TREATT have arrived back in London after their motor-car expedition from the Cape to Cairo, lasting sixteen months. It appears that next time they are going one better and will make a dash across London by omnibus. No letters will be forwarded.

* * *

The great green grasshopper has its ears under its knees, and that 's the real reason why it never plays Rugger.

Gasworks employés often take great risks, says a contemporary. Then why do they always push the gas-bill through the letter-box and steal quietly away?

* * *

Snow and a north-east wind are predicted for the next week or so. This is the sort of forecast that puts editors of Summer Numbers on their mettle.

* * *

Several films based on religious mythology are being taken in the East, and it is said that one producer has written home in great joy because he's found a god with seven heads for a close-up.

* * *

The last cry in ladies' umbrellas is one that will go into a handbag. This should prevent its getting damaged by rain.

* * *

A new method of cleaning roads is to employ a huge magnet that picks up stray scraps of metal. In future we shall park our two-seater under the bed.

* * *

Fragments of pottery of the Iron Age have been found in Epping Forest. Picnickers were always a nuisance there.

A soldier was discharged recently because he had double vision. It was felt that as he could always see two sergeant-majors it wasn't fair to keep him on.

* * *

Although "Soldier" JONES ate fourteen eggs every day for breakfast while training, PAOLINO knocked him out early in the first round. Omelettes are such easy fruit.

* * *

The question whether a knife should be used with fish is still causing the gravest concern in second-best circles. There is a distinct tendency, however, to dispense with scissors when eating spaghetti.

* * *

A French broadcast lecturer recently began a talk in English by saying, "Goodnight, ladies and gentlemen." If only some of the others would do this!

* * *

A *Daily Express* reader asks how his dog can be cured of barking vociferously at everybody. Our suggestion is that he should try changing its newspaper.

* * *

After recent heavy rains, when tributaries of the Thames overflowed, building sites in the Reading district were inundated. It is annoying for a local estate agent when a new Kennet swims into his plan.

* * *

There is evidently some mistake about this report that footprints made by an animal twenty-five million years ago have been discovered in Colorado. America wasn't even discovered then.

* * *

Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS in a Sunday paper has given his idea of what the theatre will be like in ten years' time. What would really interest us however is Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS'S idea of what Mr. BEVERLEY NICHOLS will be like in ten years' time.

* * *

Brentford police have their own jazz band. It will come as a shock to many citizens that jazz bands are quite legal.

* * *

It is claimed that the originators of the Fair Isle jumper were shipwrecked sailors of the Spanish Armada. We deplore this attempt to shift the blame on to those who are no longer here to defend themselves.



Mother. "WHAT EVER IS ROBIN DOING OUT IN THE GARDEN, LOOKING SO MISERABLE?"

Daughter. "IT 'S ALL RIGHT, MUMS. WE'RE PLAYING GROWN-UPS, AND HE 'S GONE THERE WHILE I SPRING-CLEAN THE DOLL'S-HOUSE."

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

[Having read MUSSOLINI's bellicose remarks, D'ANNUNZIO has telegraphed to him the following message of approval: "The silent warriors of Garda congratulates you on your virile words, and from the prow of the Puglia [his motor-boat] salutes them with 27 guns."]

MAX said about the War, "*C'est fini!*
The mills of Peace are gathering grist;
A new and better world," they said,
"Has killed the Kaiser business dead"—
And lo! you enter, MUSSOLINI,
And start to shake your maily fist.

We spoke of "that Locarno feeling,"
Of former hatreds gone to grass;
And on your sudden toes you rise,
And loose a threat to mobilise
Your sable shirts and send 'em wheeling
Over the Brenner's frontier pass.

With bulging eyes that saw magenta,
You hinted how, with no man's leave,
You might, if you inclined to jazz,
Regard the whole of Europe as
One vast *Italia irredenta*,
Which you would presently retrieve.

And all because you threw a halter
Round Tirol and her Teutons' rights,
And they complained of rude, rude hands
Laid on the effigy that stands
In Bozen of their poet WALTER
(Adjacent to the Dolomites).

And now you get from your own bard a
Great utterance on a clarion note;
D'ANNUNZIO, putting down his flute
To telegraph a loud salute,
Lets off, as Commodore of Garda,
The batteries of his motor-boat.

In this decline of Roman manners
That "*gravitas*" is far to seek
Which stamped the Ciceronian style;
Yet I shall think that all the while,
When boosting your terrific banners,
You had your tongue inside your cheek.

You seem to have a touch of swelled head,
But we, as friends, discount that fault;
And, knowing you would fain appease
The local thirst for dopes like these
Which keep your warriors nicely welded,
We take you with a pinch of salt. O. S.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Probably the most remarkable census ever taken was that the results of which are contained in Domesday Book. It gives a complete and living picture of the England of that day, and has been described by one authority as antique."—*Australian Paper.*

"Alderman —— drew special attention to the fact that milk from a tubular cow had been supplied to the —— Sanatorium."—*Ulster Paper.*

A correspondent suggests that by fitting a handle you could use this cow as a churn.

"One of the best investments a farmer can make at this season of the year is money spent in paint. As a rule the farmer can put the paint on himself and in so doing brighten up the home."
Canadian Paper.

You should hear the children laugh when Father puts a dab on his nose.

MORE TESTS.

WHILST everybody's thoughts have been centred on the selection of the Australian Test Team, there has been little attention to spare for the blow which British prestige has suffered in another part of the Antipodes. At the ancient and honourable game of bowls Britain has been soundly beaten in New Zealand. It is easy to account for this failure by a departure from the principles which DRAKE brought to perfection on Plymouth Hoe, but how is the most inveterate optimist to explain away the decisive defeat of the British ping-pong team in Germany, not only by the Germans but by the Hungarians as well? It is time we took stock of our prospects in the sphere of international sport.

He would be a bold man who ventured to prophesy that we shall this year recover the "ashes" lost to Liberia at tiddlywinks. The decline of family life has had a baneful influence upon the game. Among the younger men there is none whom one would unquestioningly include in a representative side. Our only hope lies in a succession of tricky tables, upon which the Liberians, accustomed to fast and true surfaces, would be at a slight disadvantage. I may add that we cannot look for victory while we continue to ignore the view, long accepted by the Liberians, that in modern tiddlywinks length rather than spin should be aimed at.

At dominos I expect Britain to hold her own against the Solomon Islands. The curse of this game, as I have frequently observed, is the number of drawn matches, and it will be remembered that after the last visit of the Solomon Islanders to this country their captain spoke rather bitterly of the futility of bringing a team all the way from the Southern Pacific to play a series of inconclusive games. The proposal to play test-matches to a finish has been rejected, and I think rightly, on the ground that it would interfere with the tea-shop tournaments, which are the mainstay of dominos. And there is no doubt that the nine- and ten-day matches, which are the rule rather than the exception in the Solomon Islands, encourage a habit of playing for safety which is opposed to the best traditions of the game.

The triangular spillikins tournament between Britain, Monaco and New Guinea promises to be interesting. I am not sure that the game was not at its best when bishops played at spillikins for cups of tea. The episcopal style had a grace, an elegance, which has largely been lost in the tense specialised skill which the modern player brings to the game. I do not expect Britain to win. Until we can achieve the degree of harmonious combination which both New Guinea and Monaco have reached I can see nothing but continued reverses in front of us. There is no sign that the Selection Committee is even yet alive to its responsibilities. Because a man has huge scores to his credit in suburban championships it is supposed that he will be equally successful in a test match. Costly experience has proved how unfounded is this assumption. International spillikins requires a special temperament. We need players with the match-winning spirit if we are to break the melancholy tale of defeats. And we need above all a captain bold enough to take risks.

A great deal could be done to improve the standard of play by a more diligent fostering of the game in the schools. We shall never hold our own with other countries until we have more nurseries for the development of talent. Men come to spillikins too late in life ever to become first-rate players. The giants of the game, without exception, have learned it literally at their mothers' knees.

"Exceptionally nice valet-chauffeur companion best education, good Porker."—*Riviera Paper.*

He must be our old friend, the Learned Pig.



PRUSSOLINI.

JUNKER (*reading the Italian PREMIER'S pronouncements*). "WHAT INSOLENCE! WHAT ARROGANCE! AND YET HOW LIKE OUR GLORIOUS AND NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN POTSDAM SPIRIT!"



"WELL, ANYWAY, THE MASCOT 'S ALL RIGHT, TED. I TOLD YOU IT WAS LUCKY."

WINTER SPORTS.

"It 's not my fault," she assured me with some emotion.

"Of course not," I agreed, as the very least I could say.

"If Blanche," she continued, "hadn't tried to cross Piccadilly on skis——"

"What happened?" I asked, interested.

"A little boy," she answered. "He stood on the tip of one behind, and of course she stuck, and she couldn't think why, and she got so discouraged she took them off. The poor little boy was frightfully disappointed because he had been expecting a nice ride."

"And Blanche," I said, "would be disappointed too."

"Oh, no," she cried. "What an idea! Why, Blanche had an enormous success, and I daresay a jersey and—and——"

"Accessories?" I suggested.

"Breeches," she corrected me firmly. "A jersey and breeches do rather suit her, even though she is so knock-kneed," she added with gentle sympathy.

"Then," I said, a little surprised, "Blanche was wearing——"

"Well, of course," she exclaimed, surprised in her turn; "what else do you suppose skis are for? What else," she demanded almost with indignation, "do you suppose Winter Sports are for?"

"I haven't thought it out," I confessed, "but I 've no doubt the shops have."

"And to-day," she went on, "Blanche is practically a ruined woman."

"Dear me," I said with sympathy, "are skis as expensive as that?"

"Oh, no," she answered; "it was the taxis she had to pay for. You see, that afternoon she called on every single person she knew, as well as some she didn't; but then of course at a time like that one can't be too particular, can one?"

"Not," I agreed, "when the exigencies of Winter Sports have forced upon one a jersey and—er—accessories."

"Breeches," she corrected me, even more firmly than before.

"That 's what I meant," I said.

"And the worst of it was," she continued plaintively, "that when I heard about it and rushed round to the stores they were quite sold out of skis."

"Nothing," I declared warmly, "could have been more annoying."

"Oh, yes," she rebuked me gravely, "because they might have been sold out of jerseys and breeches as well—and they weren't."

"Well, that was a good thing," I said, "because a jersey and—and breeches," I said firmly—"a jersey and breeches are always something, especially the breeches, and that is more than can be said of every skirt to-day."

"Especially are they something," she agreed, perhaps a little enviously, "when absolutely no one else has them—like when Blanche practically ruined herself paying calls, partly because some of the taxi-men made her pay extra for the skis. She says the only horrid thing about it was that some people were most ill-bred and did stare so—but she hardened herself."

"Thus have Winter Sports," I said, "their victories in the drawing-rooms of London as well as on the snowy fields of Switzerland. Only what a pity that our uncertain climate gives us so few opportunities of seeing them at home."

"Perhaps there 'll be another frost soon," she suggested, looking yearningly from the window at the deep London mud without.

"We can but hope," I said; and before I went I cheered her immensely

by reminding her that once there was a frost in England on Midsummer day, so that with our climate there is always a chance of Winter Sports being worn.

E. R. P.

AN INCREDIBLE CIVILISATION.

"I UNDERSTAND," said the King of the Savages, "that you have been away on a wonderful journey and have visited Civilisation?"

"It is true, O King," said the young savage, bowing low.

"Tell me of it," the King commanded.

"In that civilised land where I ventured," began the returned traveller, "the people are afflicted by two evil spirits called Problems. One is named the Problem of Unemployment, and the other is the Housing Problem."

"But have they no priests or medicine men?" inquired the King.

"Many," replied the traveller, "though none who are able to expel the two evil spirits. The Problem of Unemployment keeps men idle, and the Housing Problem renders the people homeless."

The King of the Savages thoughtfully fingered the ring in his nose.

"But these idle men," he asked—"are they so from choice?"

"No, O King. They are idle because there is no work for them to do."

"And the homeless ones—why are they in such condition?"

"Because in Civilisation there are not houses enough for all the people."

"Then," said the King of the Savages, "it is simple. The idle men should be set to work building houses for the homeless people."

The young savage who had visited Civilisation shook his head.

"The houses of Civilisation," he explained, "are difficult to make. The secret of how to build them is known only to a certain sect or caste, and these are not numerous enough to do half the building that is needed."

"But they could teach others," the King pointed out.

"They are a jealous caste, O King, and it is a sacred law among them that their secrets shall only be imparted at intervals to a few chosen youths. It is another sacred law that they shall only move their bodies at a certain pace, and that their mysteries shall only be performed during special times of the day. Also it is necessary that they observe certain laws and ordinances, and that they receive offerings of a value which make the houses they build beyond the means of the common people."

"Still," said the King, "that difficulty could be easily got over. Why cannot the people do without secrets and mysteries and be content with houses of a simpler kind, which the men who want work could put together for them?"

"It is impossible," objected the traveller.

"Why?" snapped the King.

"Because the powerful caste of which I have spoken say it would be a great sin for any man to do even such simple labour until he conforms to the laws and observances of their sect."

"Yet I thought you just said that they will not allow new people to join them and learn these laws and observances?"

"True, O King; but——"

The King of the Savages beckoned his bodyguard.

"This young man," he said, "is obviously trying to fool me with his ridiculous tales. Civilisation cannot be as mad as he makes out. Take him away and cut off his head."



NEWS FOR INNOCENTS.

"THE RIVIERA IS SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT AT THE PROSPECTIVE MEETING OF MLLE. LENGLEN AND MISS HELEN WILLS."—*Evening Paper.*

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XIII.—THE EXAMINATION.

I DREAMT last night that SHAKESPEARE's ghost
Sat for a Civil Service post.
The English papers of the year
Contained a question on *King Lear*
Which SHAKESPEARE answered very badly
Because he hadn't studied BRADLEY.

G. B.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXVII.—We have Truck with Elephants.

Away in the heart of Ceylon there stands a great rock called Sigiri-gala, rising like Gibraltar from a sea of jungle. It is four hundred feet high, and on the top of it, some fifteen hundred years ago, a King of Ceylon and the Sinhalese built himself a palace and a city of about four-and-a-half acres, and surrounded it with guards and defences. For this King, KASYAPA, had unfortunately murdered his father, and he feared the vengeance of his half-brother, MOGGALLANA. And on this eminence he lived secure but trembling for eighteen years; secure, for the rock rises sheer, indeed for the most part it is overhanging. But when at last MOGGALLANA came the poor boob KASYAPA descended from his impregnable home and fought a battle in the plain upon an elephant. His elephant was bogged, his army was defeated and he cut his throat. And that was the end of KASYAPA and the palace on the rock, though you may climb to the top of it and see the few bricks that remain. You climb the last part by a series of dizzy iron ladders, and if one is attacked by bees upon these ladders it is ordained as follows:—

NOTICE.

IN CASE OF AN ATTACK BY BEES VISITORS ARE ADVISED NOT TO STRIKE OUT AT THEM BUT TO SIT DOWN AND KEEP PERFECTLY STILL AND SILENT.

For it appears that any sort of protest by a person who is being stung by bees upon an iron ladder three hundred feet up may alienate and antagonise the bees. Neither must one talk loud, for this annoys them; and Mr. Honeybubble remained perfectly silent throughout the ascent.

The sea of jungle laps now about the base of the rock and the King's Bath and the Pulpit and the Temples and the rest; and in it are wild elephant and leopard and bear, and wild boar and mongoose, and cobra and jackal and buffalo, and leeches and mosquito and malaria. In the evening, from the verandah of the little "Rest House" we saw the great rock wrapped with cloud, a monstrous ghost against the moonless sky. The soft tropical night descended, and we shouted at each other above the din of the frogs and crickets and a senseless bird I think they call the mopoke. There were stars; but these were outdone by the fire-flies, far more vivid. They danced and twinkled along the road, and made the tall tree at the gate like some Titanic Christmas-tree on which all the candles have gone crazy; and had there been bells one would have said it was the last scene in *Peter Pan*.

And Pansy said, "Let 's go and catch fire-flies!" For the untravelled girl had never before seen fire-flies. Neither for that matter had Haddock.

George said casually, "Snakes!" But I ignored him.

"Very well," I said. "But what about the wild elephants?"

The Rest-House keeper, a dignified Sinhalese with a white beard, like a Professor of Classical Mythology, waved his arms graphically and said that each night the elephants come across the road from the jungle, pull down branches, also make big noise and go away.

"What time do they come?" I asked. Mind you, I was very anxious to see a wild elephant, for this was one of the few strange creatures we had not seen in Ceylon—not wild. But I had seen them tame, and the more I saw of them tame and the more I heard of their occasional excesses the less I wished to meet a wild one in the dark.

In my view the elephant should be the King of Beasts—or at any rate their Constitutional Monarch, for, as against the brainless fortitude of the lion, he has intelligence and magnanimity and public spirit and a sense of art. Indeed, it is strange that Ceylon, which teems with the noble elephant, but like Great Britain has never had a lion, should, like Great Britain, be represented by that over-rated creature. The stone carvings of elephants in the Lost Cities, many of them two thousand years old, are marvels of life and accurate detail, while the lions (and the horses) are contemptible animals and obviously done from hearsay.

I had seen the elephants bathing at Kandy; I had seen an elephant rolling a road with a coco-nut rope which he held in his teeth, and could drop at any time, but didn't, because, I firmly believe, he *liked* rolling roads. I had seen one pick up a sixpence with his trunk and a great boulder with his jaws; and I had seen him uproot a tree for my particular benefit.

When he had done his every-day wonders I said casually to my courtly Sinhalese escort, "And they pull up trees, don't they?"

"Certainly," he said at once. "Which tree would you like?"

"*That* tree," I answered readily, as though I were accustomed to having a tree pulled up for me daily.

It was quite a healthy tree, about a foot in diameter, and it stood half-way down a steep little bank from the road to the river. The elephant pushed it with his nose from above, hard enough to shift it but not so hard that he would tumble in the river if the tree collapsed. Then he went down the bank, pushed it some more from below, put his trunk round it and pulled it out of the ground as though it had been a weed, and dropped it with a crash. "Go down on your knees and pick it up with your trunk," said the mahout. The elephant did so, carried it up the steep bank, so steep that a horse might have looked twice at it, held it aloft triumphant and dropped it across the road.

"Thank you," I said anxiously. "But you 're not going to leave it there?" For I was not sure of my position with the Borough Council if he did. Then, however, without another word from his mahout, the creature contemptuously with the side of his foot kicked the tree to the edge of the road, out of the way of motor-cars.

Throughout the proceedings he was clearly an artist and enjoyed his work, though he knew very well that he was merely performing for the sake of a Londoner. Also I am told they are very religious, and when they are omitted from the Procession of the Sacred Tooth



Lady (to Friend). "I SEE YER 'USBAND 'AS GOT ONE O' THEM FOUR-ALE JUMPERS."



Motorist (approaching busy Fireman). "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHILE YOU 'RE AT IT, COULD YOU GIVE MY CAR A WASH-DOWN?"

they cry like little children; while it is recalled that a Temple elephant which was selected to carry a particularly sacred relic "roared delightedly" when it was placed upon his back.

I admire, I venerate, I love the elephant. None the less I had no craving to meet a wild elephant in the dark.

However the Rest-House keeper said that midnight was the hour when elephant make big noise. So I sallied forth with Pansy and an electric torch, shining the torch along the road to show the cobras.

We left George hogging it on the verandah with Honeybubble and a *crème de menthe*. He shouted after us "Leeches!" But there were no leeches in that part, and he knew it. I fancied the boy was jealous.

Fire-flies fly much faster than they seem to and are difficult to catch. Absorbed in the brutal sport, we very soon forgot the cobras and extinguished the torch, which hindered the chase. About a hundred yards along the road was a gap in the undergrowth, and, passing this, I said jocular-like, "That 's the way the elephants come." But Pansy only laughed and chased another fire-fly. The frogs and crickets roared about us in the tropical night; a jackal howled; and suddenly I trod upon a moving thing and leapt three feet in the air. It was a tortoise.

Romance! The great rock hung mysterious above; the sweat poured down my frame; we were alone in the jungle. And suddenly I realised the danger of my situation. Catching fire-flies by starlight in the jungle is tantamount, I fancy, in any court of law to a proposal of marriage.

"Pansy," I said, "we must go back."

"I am not afraid of elephants," she said simply.

"No," I answered. "But I am afraid of your father."

"How true!" she said. And back we went with three fire-flies in a tin box. George only snorted.

Not five minutes later—I say, not *five* minutes later—we heard a great crashing and rending in the trees beyond the barbed-wire fence on our own side of the road. We listened breathless, and there were more crashings and monstrous blowings and terrific snortings. We peered out into the gloom, and there, among the trees about fifty yards away, silhouetted against a rock, was the unmistakable shape of an elephant, eating most noisily. He stood still and listened; we stood still and stared; and then quite silently he lumbered off into the dark.

One more fire-fly and Pansy and I would certainly have met that noble monster crossing the king's highway.

"They not hurt peoples," said the Rest-House keeper cheerfully, "unless they are alone."

"This one *was* alone," I answered grimly.

* * * * *

And "This will teach you," whispered George, "to make love in the jungle."

"On the contrary," I said lucidly.

A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"PIG NEWS ITEMS.

The farmer-politician, Sir Alfred Mond, has written a letter to Lord Oxford intimating his decision to severe his connection with the Liberal Party as a result of disagreement with Mr. Lloyd George's land policy."

Agricultural Paper.

"HAYMARKET.—J. M. Barrie's MARY ROSE. All Seats Boqkable."—*Sunday Paper.*

That makes the queue all the more unnecessary.

MAKING SURE.

"TELL me"—so ran the charming and flattering postscript to a letter which I received while recently in Italy—"tell me which London fountain I must throw a coin into to ensure your return to London;" and its reference was of course to Rome's Fountain of Trevi, to which all travellers who wish again to see the Eternal City make an oblation; and it not only brought back to my mind that fine rushing cataract, upon which one comes so suddenly and surprisingly in the midst of narrow Roman streets, but also it recalled the worst cold I ever witnessed in the process of devastating a friend.

The friend was Jimmy Nagle, whom I chanced to meet in the club shivering, sneezing, shuddering and sorrowing for his unhappy lot.

We made the usual remarks. That is to say, I said, "You ought to be in bed;" and he said, "I know, but I'm too busy."

"The last I heard of you," I said, "you were just off to Rome for three months."

"Yes," he said, "I was. I came back yesterday. We changed our plans. That's how I got my cold."

"Tell me," I said.

"It's a miserable story," he began, "but since you are so pressing you shall have it. I don't know whether you know Rome?"

"A little," I said.

"And you like it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, I thought I did, at first. The weather was lovely. The air was clean and sweet; I felt terribly well. I did all the regular things. I went up the dome of St. Peter's and down the Catacombs; I loitered in the Forum; I saw the Colosseum by moonlight; I ate at the Ulpia; I even had a round at golf somewhere off the Appian Way, which is more than APPIUS CLAUDIUS CÆCUS ever did; I saw the POPE in state. It was all very splendid; and of course I played the game at the Fountain of Trevi and threw in a coin so as to make sure of going back to Rome again. And to make doubly sure I threw it into a corner where the little ragamuffins who fish for them were not likely to find it."

He paused.

"And then," he resumed, "the weather changed. You say you know Rome. In that case you know what rain is like there. It is what people call tropical. It comes down with the maximum weight and the maximum wetness, and it rises from the pavement again to the maximum height. No protection is of any avail; the taxis (if you can get them) leak, and the cabs merely have rugs and an umbrella over the driver which drips on the fare. Also when it rains in Rome it rains for three days. On this occasion it rained for a week. We went drearily about from church to church; we walked miles through the Vatican among statues, and then through the Terme among more statues, and then through the Capitoline among still more. I began to hate statues as I have never hated my neighbours, and that is saying a good deal. And ruins began to get on my nerves. Under the sun they had been what you call picturesque; but under rain they were merely very untidy, very slovenly *débris*. 'Why don't they clear the rubbish away and build something good and new?' I found myself asking. 'Where is the Town Council?' And of course, if you give way in Rome to that kind of feeling, you are done. To Rome ruins are more precious than any perfected structure could be. Next to religion, ruins are its industry."

He sighed.

"So we decided to leave," he said, "and the famous words of the disenchanted money-lender. 'You can 'ave Rome,' became my sentiment too. We cancelled our rooms, packed up and were all ready for the first train the next morning when I remembered the coin I had thrown into the Fountain of Trevi. If I was to make a clean cut with Rome I must get that back. Obviously I could never feel any peace of mind as long as it remained in the water as a bond between Rome and me.

"But," he continued, "this not being the kind of thing you can tell your wife, I had to make my plans secretly. I went out and bought some india-rubber boots such as chauffeurs wear when they pretend to clean the car. I got an electric torch, and after my wife thought of me as in bed and asleep I stole out.

"You say you know Rome," he interpolated, "but I doubt if you have ever paddled in the Fountain of Trevi in the small hours trying to recover a coin. It is a most unpleasant task, and in the course of my researches I fell down twice. But I got it; at least—well, let me tell you. My wife heard me come in and got up to see what was wrong. She found me taking off my boots."

"'Good heavens!' she cried, 'you're wet through. What on earth have you been doing?'

"I told her.

"Pretending not to be superstitious (but of course she is, in her own way) she had no sympathy. 'Of all the folly!' she said. 'You may get your death of cold.'

"'I think I have,' I replied. 'But, at any rate, I got the coin back. We're free. We needn't ever come to the infernal city any more. Look!' And I held it up.

"She took it and carried it to the reading-lamp by my bed.

"'But the coin you threw in was a lira,' she said.

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Well,' she said, 'this is a shilling.'"

E. V. L.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

THE object of this brochure is to warn the young what they are in for when they marry a wife; they are in for a marriage settlement, and that takes even more understanding than a wife. There are no full-stops or commas in a marriage settlement; it just flows happily on, and you take your breath where you like or when you must. None of the leading characters die or have babies, but they keep on "pre-deceasing" each other and having "issues," sometimes both at the same time. The "issues" are very important and have two pages all to themselves. They may be of either sex, but the male "issues" seem to be the best, at any rate they fetch most out of the settlement, double as much as the female, if they don't start predeceasing each other too soon.

I feel it is very nice of the solicitor to give so much trouble and thought to these issues, but when on page 4 he introduces a second wife he strikes me as premature and almost indelicate. I had never thought of that; one had seemed enough for me—but not for him. He proceeds ruthlessly and without even a comma between them to predecease (kill off) the lady who caused me to give him this job of making the settlement, and he hands over vast fortunes to a totally new, unheard-of and unthought-of woman whom I never wish to meet.

Even that does not satisfy him. On the same page, again without a comma, she starts having issues, who of course begin "pre-deceasing" at once; and they get so mixed up with the earlier "issues" that, settlement or no settlement, nothing ever gets decently settled at all.

I felt it only right to mention lady number two to lady number one, and her reply was a great deal clearer and shorter than anything in the settlement. "Cut her out," she said, and out she goes, "issues" and all.

I hope I haven't offended the solicitor, for of course she may have been a friend of his, but when I asked him to make a settlement I didn't intend him to introduce new ladies or new issues. One is enough at a time.



Novice. "CAN I CALL TWO OF ANYTHING I LIKE?"
General Chorus. "YES, OF COURSE."
Novice. "THEN I 'LL GO TWO HEARTS AND TWO CLUBS."

THE FADING OF THE FLARE.

(*Ballade*).

HEAR the word of the Lords of Fashion
(None knows who they may be, or where),
Kings whose code is without compassion,
Shortening skirts and shingling hair,
Bidding the back go warm or bare,
Bidding the limbs look slim or stout—
This is the doom they now declare:
"*Godets and flares are going out.*"

Now no more may we lavish cash on
Frocks that float on the ambient air,
Slim to the hips with never a sash on,
Suddenly wide, with space to spare;
Never may maidens bid a pair
Of slanting flanges like winglets sprout
(Godets, the mystic name they bear)—
Godets and flares are going out.

Still may the gold and tinsel flash on
Wonderful webs that women wear;
Still the satirist ply his lash on
Frivolous frocks of the feckless fair;
None will heed him, and none will care
Why he should sniff or sneer or shout;
Only one thought, one fear they share—
Godets and flares are going out.

Envoi.

Proud princesses in velvet and vair,
Beggars shaping a cast-off clout,
Fear the fashion of flange or flare—
Godets and flares are going out.



First Child (proudly). "I 'VE GOT A GROWN-UP SISTER CALLED PATRICIA."
Second Child. "FRIGHTFULLY HARD LUCK ON HER. A NAME LIKE THAT DOES DATE ONE SO."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

II.—THE OLD FRIEND.

WE had been walking up and down the station platform for several minutes, eyeing each other furtively from time to time. I felt that there was something vaguely familiar about the fellow. I had already determined to do nothing further about it. Suddenly he walked across to me and cried in a loud voice—

"Hullo, my lad! You don't know me?"

At the same time he struck me heartily on the back of the shoulder with his large right hand.

Technically no doubt it was an assault. There were porters and ticket-collectors about, and there were station police. I could have given the fellow in charge. But my mind is always slow in emergencies. Besides, he had piqued my vanity.

"You don't know me," he had said. What right had he to make the ridiculous assumption?

"I do," I replied.

"You don't," he said.

"I do," I replied.

"You don't," he said.

Hang it! this was preposterous. I was reminded of a scene very long ago in a garden somewhere. I was talking very rapidly to myself and holding my breath. So was my sister. After about half-a-minute she gasped out—

"I said 'Didn't' eighty-two times!"

"I said 'Did' ninety-five times!" I rejoined in triumph.

That proved it, whatever it was. Here the case was rather more difficult.

"I do," I repeated once again in tones of firm conviction.

"Prove it," he said. "Who am I?"

I looked him up and down.

"Wilkinson," I said.

I still maintain that there was no more suitable bearer of the name of Wilkinson in the whole of London at that moment than this man. "Wilkinson" seemed to speak from every fibre of his being. A person of any tact and *savoir faire* would have seen immediately the justice of my decision. But this man was without the graces of life.

"I thought not," he said. "Guess again."

I could not. Once I have given an æsthetic judgment, I always hesitate to withdraw it.

"Think of Bedford," he said.

I thought of Bedford. I thought of JOHN BUNYAN. It was just such a man as this, I thought, who must have been the prototype of *Mr. Worldly Wiseman* or *Mr. Facing-Both-Ways* or *The Man with the Muck-Rake*. I thought of Bedford Grammar School and tried to remember its colours. I looked at his hat, his boots—perhaps they had been made in Bedford. But I could not remember his name. I gave it up.

"Rawlinson," he said.

I was obliged to accept his word for it. He had not the generosity, I noticed, to credit me with my success in getting the three last letters right.

"I knew it was something like that," I said.

A happy notion then occurred to me.

"Why, I don't believe you know my name either," I said. "Guess that."

He got it right at once, curse the man.

Even so we did not seem to have progressed very far.

"Rawlinson — Bedford, Bedford — Rawlinson," I murmured to myself. It did not help in the least. One may meet a man named Rawlinson at Bedford at almost any time in the year. Civilisation has no safeguard against such perils.

"My wife was with me," he went on, "at the time."

"*I* remember her perfectly. She was Mrs. Rawlinson," I said triumphantly.

He could not deny it. I had secured a victory at last.

"It was almost exactly four years ago," he said.

I now recollected the man himself. It

was a very slight acquaintance. We had met once or twice on a matter of business. We may even have lunched together. Nothing that remotely justified man-handling. I imagined that the affair would now pass off.

"Well," I said, "I suppose I must be going along."

"No, no!" he said. "Have a——"

I looked at the clock. It was twenty-five minutes past four.

"Let's go and have tea somewhere," he proposed.

We went into one of those marble places where they do these things. I stood my umbrella up against the wall and it fell down. I stood it up again and it fell down again. I hung it on a peg. The waitress came and took our order.

"Well, how are you getting along in these days?" said the man.

"Oh, so-so," I said. "And you?"

"Fair to middling," he replied. "Where are you living now?"

I told him.

"And you?"

"Surbiton."

"I suppose you get it pretty wet there?" I said.

To this moment I am unable to imagine how I came to make that ineffably futile remark. A kind of feyness was upon me, I suppose. Still, Surbiton. I put it to you. Not that I have anything to say against the suburb. But to what kind of general conversation does it lead? If he had said Manchester, I could have asked if the Ship Canal was doing well; if he had said Clifton, I could have asked if the Suspension Bridge was still all right; if he had been still haunting the purlieus of Bedford, JOHN BUNYAN would have been a kind of bond. But Surbiton. What can one possibly say about Surbiton?

"Not wetter," said Wilkinson—I mean Rawlinson—"than one gets it at most places."

The waitress returned.

"Were you tea-cakes?" she said.

"No," answered Wilk—Rawlinson. "I was a tea-cake. This gentleman was a buttered scone."

She returned in a few moments with our titular foods. Wilkinson poured out my tea.

"I notice you take sugar in it," he said.

Hang it all, of course I did. What did the man suppose I took in my tea? Dominos? I checked myself on the point of saying, "I suppose you drink a good deal of tea in Surbiton?"

"Where were you going when I met you?" he inquired after a pause.

"West Kensington," I said.

It was the error of a fool. I could have bitten off my tongue as soon as I had said it.



Guest (to celebrated Actress). "PERFECTLY WONDERFUL, MEETING YOU LIKE THIS—SOCIALLY, YOU KNOW. WHAT I MEAN IS, ONE'S SO USED TO SEEING YOU BEHIND THE BARS OF YOUR CAGE, SO TO SPEAK."

"Well, of all the extraordinary coincidences!" he exclaimed. "So was I."

It seemed to me that this man infested England. Not content with lurking in Surbiton and hovering in the by-streets of Bedford, unassuaged with walking up and down in the station at Victoria, he must needs be about to thrust his unwelcome personality into the calm air of West Kensington. I knew only too well what was about to come.

"We might go along there together," he said, "if you've finished your tea."

We might have. But we didn't. A brilliant idea came suddenly into my head. I looked at the open doorway and gave a start of feigned surprise.

"Good gracious!" I cried, "it can't be. Yes. No. By Jove, it is!"

"Who?" said Rawlinson, looking alarmed.

"Why, Wilkinson!" I shouted, dashing out of the shop.

I forgot to take my umbrella, and I did not dare to return for it. But I daresay Rawlinson will need it. One knows what the climate is like in Surbiton.

EVOE.

"MODEST CAPTAIN FRIED."
Headline in Weekly Paper.

We are sorry about this. We thought he had only been toasted.

"Next Sunday a day of special interest at —— Church. Morning subject, 'A Drunken Church.' Anthem by a full Choir."—*Canadian Paper.*

We respect the effort of the choir to suit its demeanour to the preacher's theme.



Keeper. "MAN, I SHOULD HA' TELLT YE NO TAE KILL THE SNIPE."
Visitor (out after duck). "WHY, IT'S NOT CLOSE TIME FOR THEM YET?"
Keeper. "NA, IT'S NO THAT, BUT THE LAIRD AYE SHOOTS AT IT."

TO ROBERT.

[Sir LEONARD DUNNING, H.M. Inspector of Constabulary and ex-Chief Constable of Liverpool, discussing in an annual report on the Lancashire County and Borough Police Forces the difficulties of finding suitable men for employment as constables, suggests that "the pantomime and the comic paper" idea of the policeman tends to keep some acceptable candidates from coming forward.]

Good Londoners, though loyal to their city,
Read with respect, and even grateful thanks,
But seldom with complacent pride or pity,
The news and views that emanate from Lancs;
For, though in tone occasionally gritty,
Our candid Northern critics are not cranks;
They illustrate the share of wisdom's bounty
Proverbially bestowed upon that county.

Yet the report on Lancashire's police
Bearing the signature of LEONARD DUNNING,
A high official, not a *Captain Reece*,
Contains a statement that is almost stunning,
When he suggests, moved by no mad caprice,
That plays and papers by unseemly funning
Check the supply of suitable "recruities"
By mocking at constabulary duties.

Policemen, as we know, may come a cropper,
Exposing them to satire's pen and tongue,
But public censure need not be improper,
And *Punch*, whatever he has said or sung
In castigation of the peccant "copper,"
Can argue that his withers are unwrung,
That he has never stooped to cruel fooling,
To wholesale or promiscuous ridiculing.

You are not perfect, O my Robert—yet,
Instead of inconsiderately railing,
Punch testifies that as a rule you set
A high example of alert, unfailing,
Judicious zeal; that seldom you forget
To help the very young, the old, the ailing;
And so he greets you, stout and genial warder,
Best of our barriers against disorder.

Municipal Pride.

"Now that Beckenham has decided to take an increased share in the National Savings movement it is interesting to note how successfully it is spreading throughout the country."—*Local Paper.*

Now for a toot from Tooting!

From a list of the French XV. selected to play against England at Twickenham on February 27th:—

"R. Graule (Arlequins Perpignanais) and A. N. Other, halfbacks."—*Daily Paper.*

Is it too late to enter a friendly protest against the inclusion of this famous English veteran in the visiting team?

"Sir Donald Cameron further announced that the railway from Ngerengere to Manda, the building of which was recommended by the East Africa Commission, was now as dead as the proverbial red-herring."—*Daily Paper.*

We suspect someone of having drawn a door-nail across the track.

POSITIVELY.

"Plunkett's" is a swimming-pond in the country outside of Augusta, Georgia. It used to be called a fishing-pond, but when it was conclusively proved, after years of experiment, that it didn't contain any fish and probably never would, it was encircled with a row of wet dressing-rooms and called "Plunkett's." People go there in the summer to see one another's bathing-suits. But I shall never go to "Plunkett's" again.

It wasn't that my bathing-suit brought any great mortification to Mr. Plunkett; he had seen enough bathing-suits to be hard to mortify. It wasn't that I didn't pay my twenty-five cents for the use of a wet dressing-room. It wasn't that I was disorderly. It was a small matter concerning nobody but Mr. Plunkett and me. But I shall never go back.

Mr. Plunkett is quite a large man, and he sports broad suspenders with big brass buckles; he goes about his pavilion in his shirt-sleeves, without a collar, and his arms are as hard as the wet posts in the wet dressing-rooms; he wears an old felt hat on the very back of his head. He often grasps his suspenders at the shoulders with both hands; this gesture alone would be enough to keep me away, even if he wasn't off me. And he is off me.

I was called on there to set a literary fracture as it were, and I failed. It was a bad fracture; in fact the bone was crushed, I thought, beyond repair. The only thing I could have suggested was a complete new bone, and I did not suggest that because, as I say, Mr. Plunkett is a large man and grasps his suspenders at the shoulders with both hands.

Prohibition is really at the bottom of it all. Because of Prohibition many people began to drink and cuss, and Mr. Plunkett had to put up a notice. He had this notice painted in large red and black letters above the counter where you check your "valuables." Everybody has valuables, and everybody who wants to go on having them when he comes out of the pond checks them at the counter and can't miss the notice.

It is a startling notice, I think. I stood back and read it carefully. There was a very much tanned young woman behind the counter in a one-piece bathing-suit, and I remarked to her, as I took the collar-buttons out of my shirt and checked them (the only "valuables" I had), what a startling notice it was.

"*Ain't* it a wow?" said she. "Red and black. I suggested makin' part of it red."

"Did you write it?" I asked her.

"Not me! Mr. Plunkett handles the literary end."



HEROIC EFFORT BY THE JONESES, WHO ARE REPRESENTING "COMEDY" AND "TRAGEDY," AND FOUND AT THE LAST MOMENT THAT THEIR MASKS HAD NOT ARRIVED.

I came back in half-an-hour, having swum, and I read the notice again.

"You don't mind if I copy it, do you?" I asked the young woman as she took my collar-buttons out of the safe.

"Not me! But Mr. Plunkett don't like people messin' with his signs."

"He needn't know," I said, and I stood off and copied it down exactly. It read:—

NOTICE.

No whisky or no one under the influence of whisky or vulgar or profane language POSITIVELY will not be allowed in this building

Or Outside On These

PREMISES.

I had just finished when a deep voice behind me said very slowly, "What word's wrong with it?"

I turned round and faced a big man sitting in a chair tilted back against the wall; his left thumb was under his suspenders and he was biting on the end of a large black cigar.

"Beg pardon," I said.

"I sez, what word's *wrong*?" and he snapped the elastic.

I looked at the sign again.

"You don't see no word misspelled, do you?" This defiantly.

"No," I said, looking the words over.

"And you don't see no word *used* wrong, do you?"

I thought it safer to shake my head.

"And it's clear what I mean, ain't it?"

I nodded vigorously.

(*Continued on next page.*)



Daughter of the House (to her Brother). "I SAY, BOBBIE, YOU *must* FIND A PARTNER FOR GRANDFATHER. HE'S STOOD OUT TWO DANCES AND IS GETTING *so* PEEVISH."

"There ain't no *chance* of misunderstandin' it, is there?"

"Not a chance in the world," I said.

"Well, I mean it. I mean it just like what you see it set down up there—POSITIVELY! But you're acting like you think there's somethin' wrong with it."

"There's not a word wrong that I can see," I told him.

"'S there any word you want to change?"

"Not a one," I said, "not a one. Positively not a one." And I sneaked out. I shall never go back.

MANHATTAN.

Commercial Candour.

"Heavy Motor Vehicles.—Speciality, absolutely necessary for economical transport, requires pushing."—*Financial Paper.*

From a despatch regarding the Disarmament Conference:—

"PARIS.—Preparing for emergencies, British diplomacy is now being concentrated on the creation of a Balham bloc."—*Daily Paper.*

The Piccadilly *bloc* is good enough for us.

"A grotesque undersized creature . . . whose short unkempt brown beard and stubbly hair grew low on a narrow forehead."—*Daily Paper.*

Quite a good place to wear a beard if you want to keep the sun out of your eyes.

THE DISMAL DANCE.

[See the illuminating article on "Faces and Feet," by "A Teacher of Dancing," in *The Star* of February 9th.]

WHY do our dancers look so glum
When fiddle, saxophone and drum
Strike up their liveliest measure?
Why are they resolute to proclaim,
With fixed unalterable aim,
The tragedy of pleasure?

Why are they miserably mum,
Turning a *verum gaudium*
Into a desolation?
Long have I wondered; but *The Star*
At length propounds a singularly modern explanation.

The foreigner, a limber elf,
In every portion of himself
His varying moods confesses;
The British dancer in his face,
Out of sheer loyalty to race,
All signs of life represses.

"Unnecessary" is the smile;
All "decorations" are bad style
And from high art decoy us;
Withdrawn from every other seat
His soul is centred in his feet,
And they alone are joyous.

The Star's contention may be sound,
And yet I own that I have found
Hard work in reconciling
This theory of stern repose
With memories of twinkling toes
And faces brightly smiling.

But that was in the placid days
Ere syncopation's hectic craze
Dethroned melodic beauty;
When dancing was, for boy and girl,
A gay, infrequent, giddy whirl
And not a nightly duty.

Nebuchadnezzar Up to Date.

At a Rural Urban District Council meeting:—

"Mr. —— reported that Mr. —— had undertaken to feed off the Recreation Ground if the Council would close it for the time."
Local Paper.

"FOUNE A DOG.

Owner can have dog by [illegible]
(1) Giving full description.
(2) Municipal Registration number.
(3) Paying for this anvertisement.
(4) Paying for feed from 26th December 1025."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

We shall not put in a claim for this dog.

From the official report of the opening of a Canadian provincial Parliament:—

"His Honour entered the House, and having taken his seat on the Thorne . . ."

We have now revised our opinion as to a Lieutenant-Governorship being a cushy job.



THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "EXCUSE MY HOLDING YOU UP LIKE THIS; BUT IT'S *PRO BONO PUBLICO.*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 8th.—The case of Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS, head of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard, who left his "gun" in the rack of a railway carriage, greatly intrigued Labour Members, who wanted an assurance that such "official weapons" will be kept in greater security in future. The HOME SECRETARY refused to discuss the circumstances in which police officers would be justified in carrying arms. Neither did he tell the House whether the absent-minded officer in question was subsequently mulcted the customary twelve and a-half per cent. which the public has to pay when it redeems its mislaid chattels from Scotland Yard.

Statements from the PRIME MINISTER that no political or commercial concessions or arrangements accompanied the Italian War Debt settlement seemed to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY to make the transaction even more unfavourable to this country. And Mr. BALDWIN'S bantering suggestion that the lack of them would give the hon. Member all the more to talk about did not appear to soothe his patriotic soul.

The Liberal assault on the Speech from the Throne, led by Sir JOHN SIMON, lacked the desperate dash that distinguishes other forlorn hopes. The Government's Educational Policy as exemplified by Lord EUSTACE PERCY'S block grant proposals provided the point of attack. Sir JOHN SIMON declared that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, while claiming more efficiency for his proposals, was really yielding to pressure from an embarrassed CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Sir HENRY CRAIK, on the other hand, deplored the percentage grant system and said that he who called the tune should pay the piper. Mr. COVE, *contra*, declared that it was the children who were paying for harmony in the Cabinet.

Stoutly defending his chick—or rather his egg, since it is not yet hatched—Lord EUSTACE PERCY asked the House not to indulge in sham battles over education, but to await his estimates. Other speakers having praised or deplored Circular 1,371, the Duchess of ATHOLL in words of sweet reasonableness asked the House to believe that the MINISTER OF EDUCATION was not going backwards, but was simply pausing in his stride until the country got its second financial wind. The House agreed with her by 284 votes to 135.

Tuesday, February 9th.—A whole broadside of Questions designed to show that the absence of wireless operators had contributed to the loss at sea of British ships or, contrariwise, prevented them from coming to the rescue of other



MARS IN THE ASCENDANT?

"How well that WORTHY body throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

THE MINISTER OF WAR.

ships in distress, failed to penetrate the armour of righteousness that sits so well upon the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. Nor was it seriously dented when Mr. BARR wanted to know if a Trade Facilities Loan was assisting the erection of a fifteen-hundred-puncheon rum-factory in Jamaica; and would the Minister see that none of the noxious liquor found its way into the United States? The reply to the first part was in the affirmative. British materials and machinery were to be used in the said factory (cries of "Hear, hear!" from the Government Benches and "Yeo, heave ho!" from Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY). As to the destination of the "right Jamaica" the Minister said nothing. Like "the old bold mate of HENRY MORGAN" he is clearly for toleration and whatever goes with it.

"I've got a good deal to do," pleaded Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN plaintively when invited to read a speech alleged to have been made by his colleague the HOME SECRETARY. "Many forms of taxation are called to my attention but few are chosen," was the pleasantly evasive reply of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to a suggestion that he should impose a luxury tax on fox-hunting. The WAR SECRETARY'S promise to restore to the Government grant of fifteen thousand pounds a year to the Territorial Cadet Force was applauded, except by Mr. THURTLE, who protested against this "militarisation."

Do Civil Servants have too long holidays? Mr. STORRY DEANS thinks so. Mr. RONALD MCNEILL thinks not. Sir H. CRAIK thinks they often have to abandon their holidays in order to work. As with the giant tortoise at the Zoo, which may be dead or merely having a couple of years' snooze, the difficulty is to know whether a Civil Servant is working or merely enjoying his well-earned rest.



Sir HENRY CRAIK. "POOR FELLAH! WHAT HE WANTS IS A GOOD LONG HOLIDAY."

In Committee of Supply on the Civil Services Supplementary Estimates the price of a diplomatic residence in Helsingfors—seventeen thousand pounds—struck Mr. MACQUISTEN as high. But the Government architect who was sent out to examine the place thought it a bargain. Possibly it was a diplomat who declared that

> There was a young man of Helsinki
> Who said, "Though there 's nothing to drink i'
> This desolate spot,
> They 're a go-ahead lot
> And their real estate 's selling like winky."

Much refreshed by the spectacle of the macrocephalous Mr. LANSBURY (seeking to raise a point of order while a division was in progress) surmounted by the totally inadequate headgear of a kindly-disposed Tory, the House proceeded to consider the question,

raised by Dr. LITTLE, of London University, of the prevalence of osteopaths, chiropractors and other "irregular practitioners" who are anathema to the General Medical Council. The motion was supported by Mr. HILTON YOUNG, who described how a friend of his was laid on his back while the osteopath "pulled his leg," and seemed to think that this was a typical case. Other Members considered that the bone-setters and spine-twisters were as much entitled to keep the public in rude health as the pill-pounders and pulse-feelers, while the MINISTER OF HEALTH, whose backbone is usually so prominent, on this occasion kept it out of sight by adopting the *rôle* of *Mr. Facing-both-ways.*

Wednesday, February 10th.—In the Upper House Lord PARMOOR questioned the policy of guaranteeing a loan under the Trade Facilities Act to the Silver Line, an American concern plying between the United States and the Far East in competition with British lines. The Earl of PLYMOUTH, Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms—the title has a fine tang of the Elizabethan merchant-adventurer about it which suggests that none could reply more fittingly—said that the guarantee had resulted in six ships being built in this country that would otherwise have been built elsewhere, and indicated that the Silver Line had furnished a silver lining to the dark cloud of unemployment.

Lord IRWIN, Viceroy-designate of India; Lord HANWORTH, Master of the Rolls, and the Bishop of LIVERPOOL were sworn in, a combination of talent which strongly recalls the old counsel of perfection, "Fear God, honour the King and keep clear of the Law."

"I am seldom at a loss for an answer, but that is a question I cannot answer," replied Mr. BALDWIN when asked how it chanced that a certain newspaper had published "what they considered to be the findings" of the Royal Commission on the Coal Industry, whose report is not due to be presented till the end of the month. Evidently he has not read *Politicians and the Press.*

As watchdog of the public purse the House in Committee of Supply woofed a few admonitory woofs over the high price of Labour Exchange furniture (which it thought could well be made by disabled ex-servicemen) and other items of expenditure. It transpired in the course of Sir DOUGLAS HOGG'S answer that the London County Council had claimed £1,545,000 compensation for the Government's wartime occupation of its new County Hall, and had accepted £73,000. One wonders whether the fault of the L.C.C. in matters of business, unlike that of the Dutch, is taking too little after asking too much.



"WHO'S TO GIVE THE PUP AN AIRING IF I DON'T?"
MR. AUSTIN HOPKINSON.

Supply disposed of for the time being, Mr. SMITHERS, Unionist Member for Chislehurst, introduced a motion calling for increased production, and was promptly rewarded by a greatly increased production of Parliamentary eloquence. His prescription, "Tell men the economic truth," aroused surprising hilarity on the Labour Benches, but was acted upon by Mr. HOPKINSON, who contrasted the energy of the American artisan, who worked on to add a second Ford to his stable, with the *insouciance* of the British miner, who as soon as he had earned enough for the week "took the pup for a walk;" and described Mr. THOMAS as "a Trade Union leader who by his own unaided efforts and intelligence had placed his men on the backs of everybody else." It was a stimulating speech and deserved a larger audience, the total interest in the debate appearing from the fact that the Labour Amendment was only defeated by 124 votes to 115.

Friday, February 12th.—On the motion of Lord CARSON, the House of Lords gave a second reading to another Moneylenders Bill—last session's effort having reached the other place too late for consideration. If it goes through, the financial guides, philosophers and friends of such as have the misfortune to be equally hard pressed for money and intelligence will find themselves unwillingly reinstated in the public's respectful esteem, for there will be no touting circulars in scented envelopes, no compound interest, no threats of bankruptcy proceedings, but only thirty per cent. simple interest and kind words all round.

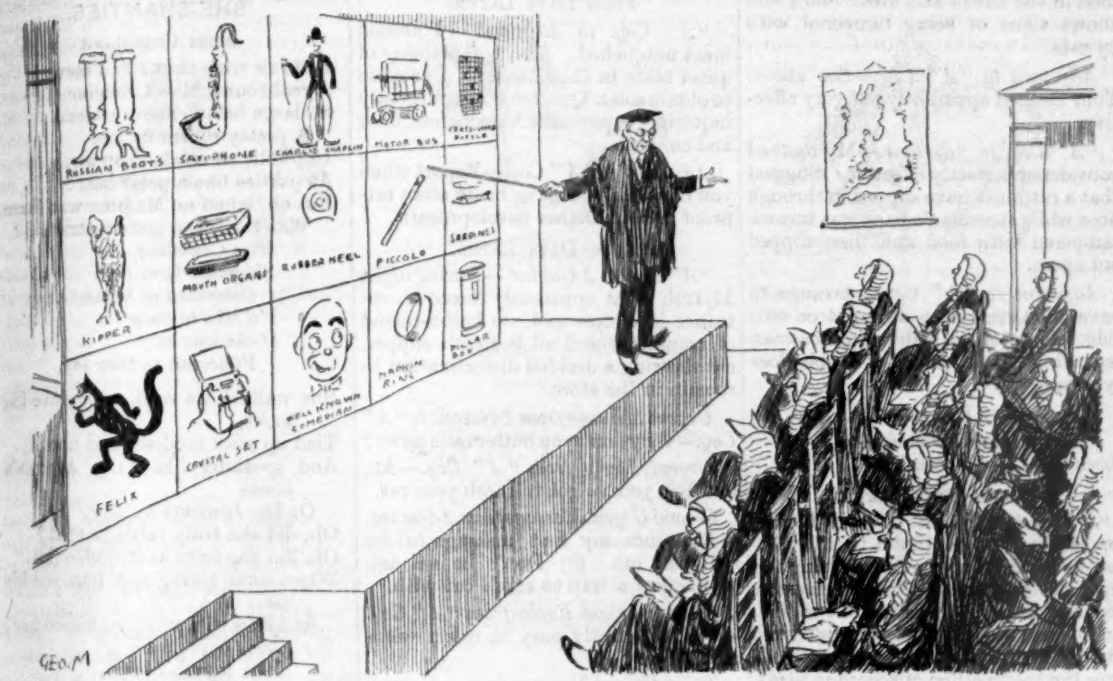
The FOREIGN SECRETARY gave a more than usually guarded reply to questions concerning the aspirations of certain unspecified nations to permanent seats on the Council of the League of Nations. Even that wild horse, Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, failed to drag from him any suggestion of approval or disapproval of the nameless candidates.

There was a lengthy discussion on Lord WEIR and the Government's determination to build houses for Scotland in defiance of Scotland's embattled bricklayers, Ministerialists addressing themselves to the latter subject and Labour Members almost entirely to the former. A brilliant exception was made by Mr. E. R. MITCHELL, the Paisley Labour champion of the steel house, who made parliamentary hay of the "friends" around him, and their hectic intimations that neither Lord WEIR nor anybody else should destroy the sacro-sanctity of trades unionism and all its ways except over their dead bodies.

Having so expressed themselves the Labour Members agreed to the vote without a division.



Lord WEIR *(as cherub aloft, about to oblige with adaptation of a famous music-hall song).* "THERE 'S A WEE WIFIE WAITING FOR A WEIR HOOSE AT HAME."



A SCHOOL FOR JUDGES WHO HAVE LOST TOUCH WITH EVERYDAY LIFE.

SALLY.

SALLY was a chimpanzee
(Sing a song of Sally);
Very popular was she,
Though in ways depraved;
People crowding round her quarters
Watched her habits (some were snorters),
Wond'ring if originally
That 's how we behaved.

Sally in her surly way
Seemed to murmur "Drat them";
Never looked, as one might say,
Graciously inclined;
Keepers never cared to pet her,
Never seemed disposed to let her
Have a chance of getting at them
Anywhere behind.

Winter, icy-fingered toff,
Laid a chill on Sarah;
Left her with a racking cough;
Doctors were perplexed;
Cheap she grew and daily cheaper,
Quite forgot to scrag the keeper,
Looked as if she didn't care a
Blow what happened next.

Specialists perused her tongue,
Tapped her with disquiet,
Found some cocci on her lung
Very large and fine;
Sally, though she eyed them bleakly,
Let them fiddle, being weakly,
Only at their dopes and diet
Drew a stubborn line.

Costly articles of food,
Things that we 'd have lapped up,
You and I, with gratitude,
Moved her not a jot;
Said the watchers, "On my honour,
She must feed or she 's a goner;"
Med'cine too, however wrapped up,
She was sure to spot.

So, to all appearance tired
Of her mortal span, she
Reached her passing, when, inspired
To a sudden height,
Rose a nurse and said, "If handy,
Why not try a nip of brandy?
If it fails, you 'll hear the banshee
Shortly, if I 'm right."

At the first gulp Sally smiled,
Snatched the second rudely,
Had a third and, like a child,
Slept for hours on end;
Ever after, with a noggin
Held in promise, took her prog in,
And, to put the matter crudely,
Now she 's on the mend.

Let us sing of Sally, then,
Rescued from the Reaper;
May she not, as oft with men,
Overdo the Cup;
Rather may she keep a medium,
And, when overcome with tedium,
Bite her comrades or her keeper;
That will buck her up.

DUM-DUM.

OUR RAT'S RETURN.

SOME while ago I told you about "Our Rat-Week." Well, just lately we have again had trouble with a rat in the Barracks; but, as on the previous occasion, we tackled it with our customary efficiency. The following correspondence, rescued from the H.Q. Office files, will show the affair in full:—

Extract of Report from Orderly Officer to Adjutant.—The food in the Battalion Bread and Meat Store shows signs of being gnawed as if by rats. This may in all probability be attributed to the fact that rats have entered the store and have been gnawing the food. It is presumed that they get in underneath the walls. I suggest that the edges of the floor inside be thoroughly concreted all round.

NEXT DAY.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Reference above, please arrange to have all methods of ingress or egress likely to be used by rats dealt with as suggested.

THREE DAYS LATER.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—All holes round edge of floor and walls stopped by 11.42 A.M. this morning. Quartermaster wants to know who will pay for concrete.

SAME AFTERNOON.

Orderly Officer to Adjutant.—The

food in the Bread and Meat Store still shows signs of being tampered with by rats.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—See above. Your method apparently not very effective.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—My method considered perfectly effective. Suggest that a rat must have slipped in through door while storeman's back was turned, tampered with food and then slipped out again.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Arrange to have additional wire door put on outside. Issue strict orders to storeman regarding proper use of a double-door system.

TWO DAYS LATER.

Private Rifle (storeman).—"—— —— these —— —— doors."

THREE DAYS LATER.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—Orderly Officer reports direct to me that a tin of bully-beef in the store was entered during the night, obviously by a rat. Have cemented floor and walls up to height of two feet, but suggest the rat gets in through window by climbing up water-spout. Perhaps the best method of keeping the rat out would be to line all walls completely with corrugated iron and have a window made in the roof instead. Quarter-master still wishes to know to whom to charge expense of wire door and concrete.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Carry on with your suggestion.

THREE DAYS LATER.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—Store considered rat-proof.

NEXT DAY.

Orderly Officer to Adjutant.—Pte. Rifle, storeman, reports he actually saw a rat eating an army biscuit inside the store. He would have killed it, but was so surprised to see anything apparently enjoying an army biscuit that the rat got away.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—How the hell does this rat get in?

NEXT DAY.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.— Heaven knows. Have now covered the roof as well as walls with corrugated iron and supplied storeman with candles in lieu of window.

NEXT MORNING.

Orderly Officer to Adjutant.—Storeman requests issue of more candles. His supply was eaten by a rat which presumably entered the store during the night.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Try putting down poisoned meat.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—Poisoned meat untouched. Men complaining of queer taste in their dinner. I propose to obtain a cat. Quarter-master urgently inquiring *re* payment for concrete, door and candles.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Report when you consider you have made store rat-proof and all further developments.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—During night 11/12th a rat apparently forced an entrance into store and ate half-a-pound of margarine and all the cat's supper, cat showing a decided disinclination to remain in the store.

Urgent Message from Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Why don't you butter rat's paws?

Urgent Reply from "A" Coy.—Ah, but first you've got to catch your rat.

Second Urgent Message from Adjutant.—Reference my first message (*a*) for *rat* read *cat*. (*b*) Don't be an ass. (*c*) Suggest a trap to catch cat with.

Second Urgent Reply from "A" Coy.—Cat is perfectly easy to catch without a trap.

Third Urgent Message from Adjutant.—Reference my second message (*a*) for *cat* read *rat*. (*b*) Attention is again directed to para. (*b*) of above message.

THREE DAYS LATER.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—Rat-traps have been extensively used. Total bag to date: the storeman's finger (once), the Orderly Officer's foot (once), the cat (twice—once each end). Another tin of bully reported broken into during the night, though the store was under lock-and-key and watched by sentry. Am prepared to swear no rat can have got in. What do now?

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Am submitting report to Brigade.

NEXT DAY.

"A" Coy. to Adjutant.—Urgent. Perhaps report to Brigade unnecessary as mystery now solved. Storeman reports he killed large rat this morning, asleep on meat ration. Rat has apparently been *inside* the store all the time and, owing to preventive measures taken, could not get out. Quarter-master asks, urgent and pressing, to whom to charge concrete, door, candles, poison, traps, corrugated iron and cat.

Adjutant to "A" Coy.—Tell Quarter-master to charge to Garrison Amusements Committee.

A. A.

"Where do these hundreds of pounds that I, a worker, and thousands of men like me, go to?"—*Sunday Paper.*

We don't know.

SHE-SHANTIES.

MISS CRINOLINE.

I OFTEN wish that I had seen
A real round Miss Crinoline,
So large below, above so lean,
  A pretty contradiction,
In public so subdued an air,
At parties like a polar bear;
But oh, when no Mamma was there,
  Was there the same restriction?
    Miss Crinoline,
    She must have been
      Composed of human clay;
    I'd like to know
    If she was so
      Victorian as they say.

She walked, we read, with dove-like looks,
Tied up with modesty and hooks,
And speaking like JANE AUSTEN'S books
  Or Dr. JOHNSON'S sister;
Oh, did she truly talk like that?
Oh, did she faint and tumble flat
When some young man removed his hat,
  And slap him when he kissed her?
    Miss Crinoline
    Was sound, I ween,
      As any modern belle;
    I think that Miss
    Could take a kiss,
      And take it very well.

I think (if there were no one near)
She flung her arms about her dear,
She whispered nonsense in his ear,
  And kissed him sweet and plenty;
And, though those hoops might obviate
An attitude too intimate,
I doubt if they were more sedate
  Than naughty 1920.
    Miss Crinoline,
    She must have been
      As human as her beau;
    But authors then
    Were monkish men—
      Perhaps they didn't know.

Miss Crinoline, come back to us!
There may be awkwardness and fuss
About your entering a bus,
  About your first embraces,
But 1926 would see
(If I am right) that one may be
As charming, frolicsome and free,
  And still have all the graces.
    Miss Crinoline,
    I think, was queen
      Of more than modern arts;
    She kept more hair
    Than moderns wear—
      Perhaps she kept more hearts.

A. P. H.

"PROMPT CASH FOR YOUR SURPLUS MUSIC."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

We are offering our tom-cat and the girl next door.



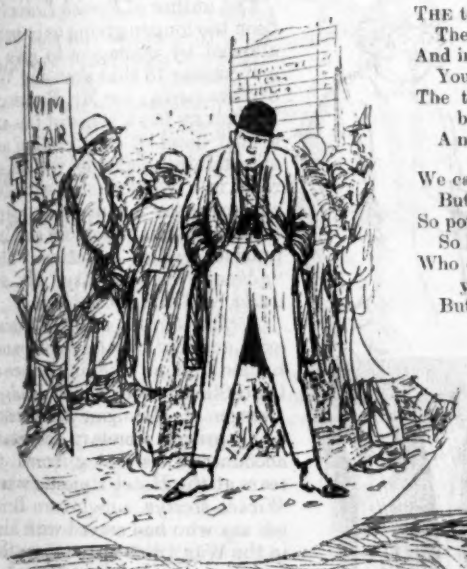
COUNTY SONGS.

V.—BERKSHIRE.

THE turf is green in Berkshire,
The grass is short and sweet,
And in the morning early
You hear the horses' feet,
The thunder of the thoroughbred
A music hard to beat.

We call the county Berkshire,
But Neighshire should it be,
So potent is the stable-lad,
So honoured is the gee,
Who comes in first, I hope, for you,
But never does for me.

E. V. L.







AT THE PLAY.

"THE FIREBRAND." (WYNDHAM'S).

WE all know those fair-seeming confections which British railway refreshment contractors provide for their victims. All is well till the tooth bites upon a foreign body of a dangerous solidity. I felt something like this over Mr. EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER'S ingenious and amusing variant of the sword-and-cloak *genre*, *The Firebrand*, a romantic-farcical version of a passage in the autobiography of that arch-rogue, BENVENUTO CELLINI. That fundamental seriousness of which our transatlantic cousins have such deep stores would keep cropping up and, as it seemed to me, spoiling an otherwise attractive cake. There were patches of perfect boredom.

Or was it—and I am by no means sure that it wasn't—that Mr. IVOR NOVELLO, on whom fell the chief burden of the business and who looks admirably romantic, failed entirely to blend the humour, the braggadocio, the artistic idealism of the author's young *Cellini*? (Why so young, by the way? The goldsmith was over thirty when ALESSANDRO DEI MEDICI ruled in Florence. I have looked this up, I need hardly say.)

Mr. NOVELLO has singularly little mastery over his voice and apparently little power of filling out a part so rich in "fat." He never gave us any real impression of being a great artist, or an unscrupulous and successful lover, or a skilful and impulsive cut-throat. He seemed just a handsome amiable nonentity with a taste for clothes and women.

Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD made a most diverting, likeable and lifelike person of the tyrant *Alessandro*, a character not, I should imagine, very like that energetic and persistent poisoner. However, this digression from historical fact is no doubt sufficiently apologised for by the author's very thoughtful warning that he has not offered us a "document." Indeed, no! Mr. MAYER'S *Alessandro* is an amiable ass, an extremely maladroit sensualist and *viveur*, which, considering the formidable nature of the *Duchess* provided for him by our author, must have often landed him in much discomfort. Mr. WAKEFIELD enjoyed himself and entertained us vastly.

Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, who has taken to specialising in faded ladies who demand passionate adventures from reluctant youths, was charmingly unedifying and impressive—she might indeed have stepped out of Mr. MAUGHAM'S *Our Betters* after changing her gown; though there was more in it than that, for Miss COLLIER can fill out a part with intelligence and humour. Miss URSULA JEANS made an excellent thing of *Angela, Cellini's* model and mistress, a well-conceived character more than half-simpleton and just a little less than half-rake, but of a nice coming-on disposition. I thought the author gave us rather more than enough of her mother *Beatrice*, who with her greedy ravings became rather a bore. Miss ELSIE FRENCH happily didn't take her too seriously and made her a figure of fun.



THE BALCONY SCENE.

["Her eye discourses."—*Romeo and Juliet.*]

Duchess of Florence . . . . MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.
Duke of Florence . . . . . MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD.

Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN'S *Ottaviano dei Medici*, the tyrant's treacherous cousin, was one of the serious characters which it was frankly impossible to take seriously. But that wasn't the actor's fault. I liked Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH'S debonair *Pier Landi*, friend of *Cellini*; but his stage-fight—and I have seldom seen anything more inadequate of its kind—was carried through with the technique of the hockey-field rather than the *salle d'armes*. Slogging with rapiers is anyway one of the ineffective ways of death-dealing. Surely it would be better for delinquents to be seized by the guard as they were drawing than to be put through this grotesquely unconvincing performance.

Mr. GEORGE HOWE'S *Polverino*, secretary and procureur (the latter office distinctly no sinecure), was an adequate villain. In fact the whole play was conceived in a lively spirit of irredeemable immorality, from which its humorous treatment took the sting, and ended fitly with a commission from the *Duchess* to the craftsman to make a replica of the key to her bedroom. Fortunately the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S office has developed a sense of humour.

All the players said their lines with admirable clarity of utterance. No small virtue, believe me. T.

"MR. ABDULLA" (PLAYHOUSE).

The author of *French Leave* has been too long in giving us or being allowed by managers to give us a successor to that amusing War extravaganza; for Mr. REGINALD BERKELEY has a sense of fun and a neat hand at construction and entertaining dialogue, which is a relief in a world ringing with dull controversies about coal, steel houses, reluctant debtors and impulsive foreign dictators. This "adventurous absurdity," *Mr. Abdulla*, will divert the town.

Stefan Gregorovitch, Russian exile, and now, by some contrivance hidden from us, reigning prince of Caro-Slavia, with a *Dr. Hudson Greener* of Michigan University as his private secretary and State accountant, is being bored to tears at the Hotel Majestic when *Wickes-Mostyn*, a high-born British ass who had served with him in the War, turns up to relieve the monotony and plan an evening out in which this princelet may see something of English life. He will go *incognito* as *Mr. Abdulla*.

What the secretary and his chief take to be a superior sort of gambling-den is in fact the house of a delightful old dunderhead, the *Duke of Pevensey*, who is also Home Secretary. Incidentally a kit-bag containing the Caro-Slavian Crown jewels has gone astray, and Scotland Yard is hot on the scent of the supposed absconding secretary and the supposed abducted prince. With these simple ingredients Mr. BERKELEY makes a most attractive *soufflé*, seasoning with a little romantic love-making.

The characters have more life and plausibility in their adventurously absurd setting than is usual, and an excellent cast plays cleverly into the hands of the ingenious author.

Mr. HENRY DANIELL, in a very skilful and subtle make-up, contrived

to give reality to *His Highness of Caro-Slavia*. One didn't catch him tripping for a moment in the adoption of his carefully-chosen Caro-Slavian accent, and when he made audacious love in flamboyant passages, which the *Duchess* mistook for recitation, he was a very attractive romantic. This might fairly be labelled a brilliant performance.

Mr. MORRIS HARVEY, most resourceful of character-actors, extracted all the fun out of the well-written part of the American secretary, overwhelming us with his bizarre Transatlantic neologies.

Mr. MORTON SELTEN built up delightfully, with a hundred adroit and subtle touches, the diverting character of the explosive *Duke*, who lamented so pathetically that in these degenerate days a feller couldn't kill a feller in his own house without other fellers interfering in an uncalled-for way.

I have seldom seen Miss HELEN FERRERS more happily served than in the part of his *Duchess*. Miss FRANCES DOBLE (*The Hon. Moira Ffolliott-Foljambe*), looking so attractive that *Mr. Abdulla's* impulsive wooing seemed not merely plausible but inevitable, played a not too easy part with great skill and fitted it (with Mr. DANIELL'S adroit co-operation) into the frame of the whole.

A very agreeable show.

T.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (NEW).

How interesting—if 'twere possible—to take some person otherwise well informed who magically had never heard of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S name to the present performance at the New Theatre, and ask him or her for a cantankerous (I beg your pardon, I was thinking of *Dogberry*), for a candid opinion of the show.

"What marvellous writing! What wonderful acting! What beautiful dresses! What a hopelessly ridiculous plot! I should like to know the young author. How old is he?"

Something like that, I suppose, would be the commentary. One is not expected, I believe, to search for subtle motives in the plot of a Shakespearean comedy; otherwise I should have liked to hazard a guess that in *Much Ado About Nothing* SHAKESPEARE was burlesquing not life but the stage. Here we have one pair of gay young people, *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, presumably half in love with each other already, but both of them pretending that they will never marry at all, least of all marry the other. And here we have a second, a more serious pair, wildly in love and happily betrothed. Now then, let us use the most monstrous pretty humbug of comedy to unite the one pair, and the most devilish dark humbug of melodrama to keep the other two apart till the curtain falls, and so prove triumphantly that we can trick you as we please, gentles, and still bring on the happy end. And our name for 't? *Much Ado About Nothing*.



INCIVILITY TO THE POLICE.

Conrade . . . . . MR. JOHN LAURIE.
Dogberry (a constable) . . . . . MR. TOM REYNOLDS.

Anyway, this would account for *Claudio*. Poor *Claudio!* He has to reject his *Hero* at the altar for being no maiden, and then to believe she had died for his false slander and to undergo solemn public penitence at her tomb for it. After that, to make amends to the family in a truly sixteenth-century manner, he is prepared to marry *Hero's* cousin, invented by *Leonato* for the nonce. And the cousin, removing her mask at the end, is his *Hero* after all. What would be the natural result in life? Nervous shock, I suppose, followed by gibbering idiocy. But on the stage? No. A moment or two of mild stupefaction, and then on with the dance. Hey, nonny, nonny!

And what, too, of *Leonato* himself? He stuffs *Hero* in a nunnery and then has to utter lines of dignified and majestic grief on the score of her death, and make them sound to the audience, who knows all about it, as tragical as his lines about her supposed unchastity.

But we can't hold SHAKESPEARE responsible for the silliness of old Italian tales. We have to suppose that he meant to introduce us to the whimsical characters and conceits of *Beatrice* and *Benedick*, and wove them into that cumbersome story of the intercepted marriage and the futile villainy of *Don John* light-heartedly enough and with such a grace of language that it goes as well now as ever it did.



A FOX-AND-VIXEN TROT.

Beatrice . . . . . MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.
Benedick . . . . . MR. HENRY AINLEY.

But it needed good acting—and good acting it got. I think Mr. HENRY AINLEY was almost perfect. How he makes all the quaint conceits of *Benedick's* talk sound not

only natural (and intelligible) but even quite modern, it passes me to understand. Try saying as meaningly as possible, "Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder and Vulcan a rare carpenter. Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?" and see if your good friend *Claudio* does not find you a little bit obscure.

Mr. AINLEY not only revelled in the whimsical humours, the roughness and the swagger of *Benedick*, but put a most delightful tenderness into the part when the right time came. And if Miss MADGE TITHERADGE wasn't so good a *Beatrice* as his *Benedick*—an even harder task, perhaps—she was, at any rate, very good. A critic has said she was not SHAKESPEARE'S *Beatrice*. Perhaps not. I have often wondered what SHAKESPEARE'S *Beatrice*, played by a boy of fifteen, was. He must have had a gallant memory.

The people in the story—the intercepted marriage story, I mean—performed very nobly too, though they were bound to have a slightly more distant and artificial air. I liked best of them Mr. HERBERT GRIMWOOD'S *Don Pedro*, who was delightfully Arragonian, and Miss CLARE HARRIS, whose *Hero* appealed alike in her gaiety and her distress. And then of course there was *Dogberry*. When one piously reflects that *Dogberry* and his watch must have been an actual topical satire on the police methods and courts of summary jurisdiction in Elizabethan England, and that he still makes us wonder how *Mrs. Malaprop* ever stole from him his right to be the proverbial perverter of our tongue, it becomes pretty clear that England must have been more than merrie in QUEEN ELIZABETH'S day. And if SHAKESPEARE was ever arrested on a riotous night and punished for disorderly conduct how much more he gave the authorities than he got! Mr. TOM REYNOLDS was an excellent *Dogberry*, whom it was impossible to suspect too highly—the most senseless and fit man possible for the constable of the watch. And the pleasant interiors, pleached alleys and skies of Messina, though not too terribly ornate, would no doubt have made WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE gasp. EVOE.

Our Ruthless Advertisers.

"WANTED, YOUNG LADY, 18-20, FOR CUTTING UP."
Advt. in Local Paper.

"——Fat Stock Society invite application for Calves, to be pushed for Baby Beef and exhibited at the December Show.

Boys and Girls between the ages of 12 to 20 years resident in the —— Union are eligible."
West-Country Paper.

POETRY AND PUBLICITY.

THE correspondence which has recently appeared in *The Times* on village rhymes has so far only resulted in the unearthing of a number of ancient doggerel distichs which in many instances bear no relation to the present condition of the places which they commemorate. But the study of folk-lore should look forward as well as backward; it should endeavour to create as well as to record. The immense importance of topical verse as an engine of publicity and advertisement has been so far lamentably neglected, and its cultivation as a helpful and possibly lucrative pursuit may be confidently recommended to thousands of meritorious minor poets who at the present moment complain, not without good reason, of the lack of encouragement which they meet with at the hands of publishers.

With regard to the best form and metre for these couplets or quatrains, it would obviously be injudicious to dogmatise. Latitude should be allowed to the individuality of the poet, and the claims of free verse should not be ignored. But pending an authoritative pronouncement on the subject from Professors of Poetry and experts on prosody and metre, it may be pointed out that a convenient formula is available in the classic eulogy, "Peebles for Pleasure," which is at once laconic and illuminating.

Starting from this basis we are confronted with an endless procession of terse yet telling expressions of the spirit of local patriotism, of which the following may serve as specimens:—

Barmouth for boaters,
For swimmers and floaters,
But Yarmouth for bloaters.

If plagued by the roaring
Of Town, live at Goring
Or, better, Great Snoring.

If weary or spent,
Try cheery Chowbent.

Life isn't all duty;
Try Bootle for beauty.

As a means of promoting the great Land campaign initiated by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE the value of this method cannot be over-estimated. But it need not be confined to places; it lends itself with equal appropriateness to persons. People should not be content with each having his or her monomark; they should have a special motto as well, as for example:—

LLOYD GEORGE for uplift;
LIPTON for Cup-lift.

"DRAPERY.—Young Lady Required for neck-wear."—*Local Paper.*

One of the clinging type, we presume.

ANCIENT PASTIMES.

II.—NINE MEN'S MORRICE. 1655.

OUR maypole with much labour
Is now in faggots hewn;
No more to pipe and tabor,
With bells upon their shoon,
The lads dance round on Mayday, and
wag green boughs on Mayday,
To Sellinger his tune.

They may not leap or wrestle;
No quintain swings to-day;
No mummer sets a trestle
Upon the green to play;
But we play nine men's morrice, we will
play nine men's morrice,
Though NOLL himself say Nay.

The turf is smoothly shaven
As it was wont to be;
The squares are trimly graven;
The stones are three times three;
And there we elders set them and take
them up and set them,
Each kneeling on his knee.

The youngsters go to sermon
For lack of better sport,
But we old men determine
That, since our time be short,
We'll have our good old pastime—it was
a courtly pastime
When England *had* a Court.

We have no pretty posies
Against our belts of buff,
Upon our shoes no roses,
No lace on coat or cuff;
But we three old companions will play
like old companions,
Let NOLL speak ne'er so gruff.

Some Puritan new-shavéd
May o'er the box-hedge peep;
Then with a psalm of DAVID
We sing his doubts to sleep,
And gravely move our pieces, and lift
and shift our pieces,
All chanting loud and deep.

And, if that whey-faced brother
Stand glooming for a spell,
We talk to one another
O' the Kings of Israel,
Or rail at Squire and Parson, and swear
that Squire and Parson
Were worshippers of Bel.

Now Heaven grant, good neighbours,
That maypoles rise again,
That fiddles, pipes and tabors
Take up their old refrain,
And that KING CHARLES win homeward,
ah! when KING CHARLES wins
homeward
The fiddlers will be fain. D.M.S.

Our Cautious Publicists.

"Employment is still a very serious problem . . . and I am almost forced to the conclusion that the supply of labour in this country is greater than the demand."—*Daily Paper.*



MRS KENDAL

Drawn by George Belcher.

Lady, the gifts that graced your Art
Mirrored your own most gentle heart;
And still you keep, as in its prime,
That old-world charm untouched of Time.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—X.



AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

Cautious Lover (with limited income). "TELL ME, DEAREST—ARE YOU VERY FOND OF CLOTHES?"
The Beloved. "CLOTHES! MY DEAR BOY, I'M THE DOWDIEST LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED FRUMP. NO, MY VICE IS PEARLS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I DON'T know if Pan really is, as Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA maintains, *The Oldest God* (BUTTERWORTH), but I feel he has been a hard-worked deity all his life, especially the last two decades of it, and deserves the Olympian equivalent of an old-age pension. Why not give him a rest? He could settle down in the Lake District, within hail of his old friends Syrinx and Echo; and they could talk over the merry days when they were all Greeks together and Pan was a hunter and a guardian of flocks and a wanderer on the mountains and anything else you like except a novelist's euphemism for original sin. This of course would not suit Mr. MCKENNA. But why should he be consulted? He must just call the Devil the Devil and lust lust next time he encounters them at a house-party. Personally I think his *diablerie* would make better progress under GOETHE'S auspices. After all, the Pan of his present volume is more like a *Mephistopheles* of the First Empire, rebottled by Mr. E. F. BENSON, than anything out of Arcadia. He turns up as *Mr. Stranger* in a castle rented by a pushing American hostess, in response to the guests' almost unanimous vote of lack of confidence in God and their express desire to "return to nature." The story of his activities is related by one of the four people who voted *contra*, a young man acting as unpaid agent for the castle. He and his wife keep outside the Satanic circle, as does the wife of the Professor whose mythological vapourings were largely the cause of its creation—and the Professor himself. This last is, I feel, a characteristic touch, but it is almost an isolated one. In this book Mr. MCKENNA'S usually enjoyable skill in the delineation of human features does not get a chance.

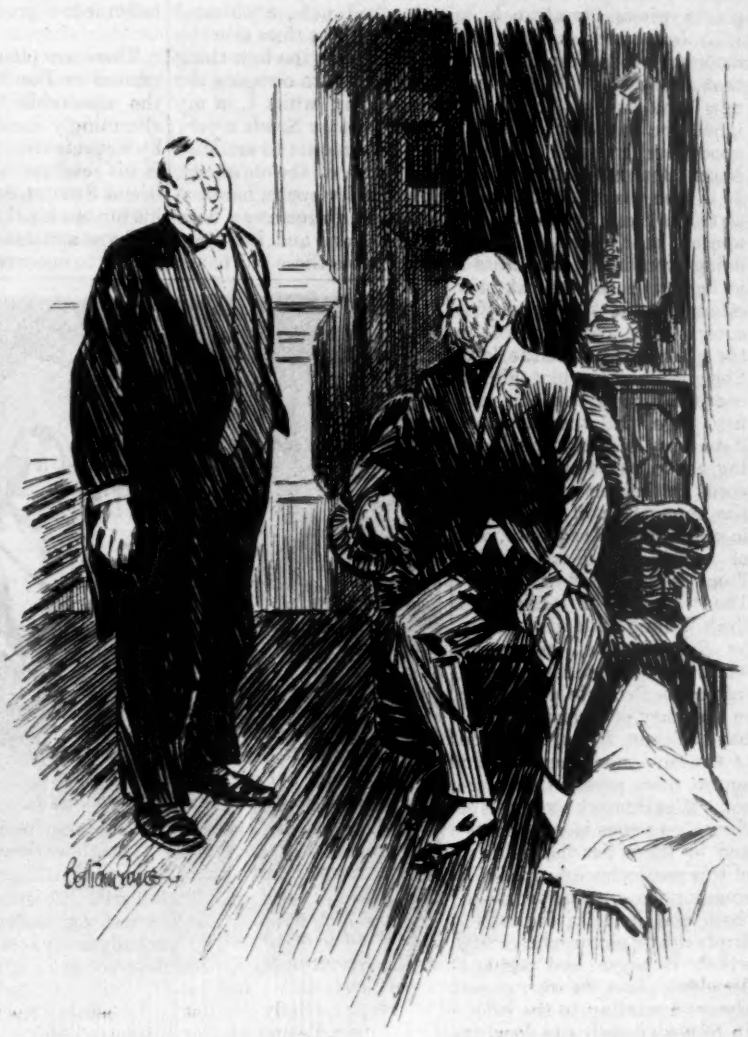
If, being of the "unhandy" sex, you were left stranded in a Roman hotel, with two twin babies (your own) and without female assistance, your wife having preferred another, how would you cope with the situation? This extreme form of domestic conundrum is set to *Charles Lester*, the mildest of little men, in chapter one of *After Noon* (FISHER UNWIN); and the remainder of a pleasant and lively book (lively in the collect sense as well as in the ever acceptable article of gaiety) is devoted to the answer. Quit of his moneyed *Brenda* and her leading-strings, *Charles* returns to England. He gets a job (presumably this is a pre-War record) and settles down to bring up *Caroline* and *Venetia*. All this is past history at the beginning of chapter two, which finds *Charles* in the forties and *Caroline* and *Venetia* beginning to grow aware of masculine counter-attractions. *Charles* has divorced *Brenda*, but resolved not to marry again. He will concentrate on the happiness of his daughters and steel himself against precarious pleasure. A charming American widow however turns up just as *Caroline* loses her heart to the editor of a Communist paper and *Venetia* finds that her happiness is bound up with that of a young officer. But even when *Charles* realises that one daughter is lost to him and the other staying on in the spirit of *Casabianca* he still retains his dread of marriage. Oddly enough it is with

Charles and his problem, the dimensional mainstay of the book, that Miss SUSAN ERTZ shows herself least successful. You need, I think, sounder ideas on the whys and wherefores of marriage before you can play with them successfully. But her handling of the girls and their lovers is delightful; and her picture of the household of *Caroline's* "in-laws" a model of sprightly malice.

In the great old times of the beaux and wits,
When the Chinese craze was the latest thing,
And a *dilettante* could floor the cits
Merely by mentioning Sung or Ming,
One of the marks of a man of tone
Was table-ware of a Chinese brand,
With the family crest and scutcheon shown
Blazoned thereon by a native hand.

Sometimes accurate, sometimes not,
The Celestial heraldry thus displayed
Frequently baffles attempts to spot
The owner for whom a piece was made;
And the volume, *Armorial Porcelain Of the Eighteenth Century*, names and dates
All that untiring research can gain
From numberless tea-cups, dishes and plates.

And since, with a wealth of delightful vague
Hints of history, gossip and quip,
The author, Sir ALGERNON TUDOR-CRAIG,
Tempers the edge of his scholarship,
The book (from THE CENTURY HOUSE) is one,
With its hand-made paper and comely print,
For which, if the million may fail to run,
The shrewd collector will surely sprint.



Master (to new Butler). "AND REMEMBER, WILKINS, THERE ARE TWO THINGS UPON WHICH I MUST INSIST—TRUTHFULNESS AND OBEDIENCE."

Wilkins (anxious to please). "YES, SIR. AND WHEN YOU INSTRUCT ME TO TELL VISITORS YOU 'RE OUT WHEN YOU 'RE IN, WHICH SHALL IT BE?"

Sir THEODORE ANDREA COOK'S new book, *The Sunlit Hours* (NISBET), is the record of a happy life, and there is something so friendly in his style that his readers—I speak for myself anyhow—find themselves enjoying its sunshine quite as much as Sir THEODORE did, and indeed does, for, as the frontispiece will tell you, the shadow on the dial still marks for him but early afternoon. Born in the most typically English town in the world—Wantage, to wit—the author went to Radley and Oxford, where he achieved, as well as success in the schools, a rowing blue and many friendships. Graduating for journalism in the household of JOSEPH PULITZER, Sir THEODORE COOK'S first enterprise in Fleet Street was the editing of the late *St. James's Gazette*, and he reproduces a picture and a poem, both by Mr. KIPLING, to prove how nicely he did it. However he didn't do it for long, for he was soon with *The Daily Telegraph*, and next with *The Field*, a national institution which he was, and is, eminently fitted to edit if a love of and proficiency in every form of sport, combined with a very pretty taste in literature, count for anything. But I feel that perhaps a poet was lost when Sir THEODORE became a journalist (did he not win a medal for his verses at the Olympic Games of 1920?), and his pages here are full of poetry: a thumbnail glimpse on p. 7 of a lot of little boys running out into a June garden, and again, later in the book, another of the death of Bend Or (which I maintain must give anyone who has ever loved a horse a lump in the throat), will justify my pathetic contention. Sir THEODORE COOK is an enviable man both to have had such jolly material for a book and to have been able to make so excellent and happy a use of it. The descriptions of Radley and Oxford are especially delightful; there is a charming account of QUEEN VICTORIA'S Diamond Jubilee day; and the whole book is, in fact, full of good reading and really good stories, the one of the witty French actress in Rouen on p. 105 being alone sufficient, in my opinion, to sell an edition.

I have more than once been put to shame because I have not read *Jane—Our Stranger*, for it is one of the books

about which you are expected to have an opinion in the places where literature is talked. And now, confronted with *Jericho Sands* (HEINEMANN), I feel more than ever the inconvenience of my negligence. Obviously the first thing that a really complete reviewer would do is to compare the new book with its successful predecessor; while I, in my ignorance, can only say that I think *Jericho Sands* a very good novel indeed, sufficient on its own merits to set Miss MARY BORDEN pretty high in the ranks of the novelists. It is true that the plot, boiled down to its bones, is about as trite a one as you could find. One man runs away with another man's wife, as he did in the *Iliad* and has been doing ever since. But Miss BORDEN takes these old bones in her stride, so to speak; her interest is in the flesh that covers them, and even more in the spirit that informs the flesh. She gives you her plot, almost contemptuously, on the very first page, and then develops it in that leisurely, penetrating, convoluted way which proceeds rather on the basis of the association of ideas than in chronological sequence, and of which Mr. FORD MADOX FORD is so expert a master. The "case of Priscilla and Crab Willing" is stated partly by *Bill Tweedle*, an elderly worldling with a sentimental interest in *Priscilla*, and partly in the diary of *Priscilla's* husband, *Simon Birch*, squarson of Creech—more parson than squire, more mystic than parson. Miss BORDEN's analysis of *Simon's* agonies is very acute, and in them lies the interest of this particular example of a commonplace situation—in them and in Miss BORDEN's firmly-drawn picture of a society which, if pagan and perhaps decadent, plays its own game always according to the rules. In *Simon's* inability to do what his class calls the "decent thing" is involved his tragedy and *Priscilla's*.



Guest (retiring for the night). "DO YOU EVER GET TROUBLED BY BURGLARS HERE?"
Host. "NO, THANK HEAVEN. MY WIFE IS RATHER DEAF."

Admirers of *Hugh Drummond* need not be unduly alarmed because SAPPER's latest novel about him is called *The Final Count* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It is true that *Carl Peterson* is slain so thoroughly that even a novelist can scarcely revive him, but on the penultimate page of the story a lady closely connected with the Carlist party says to *Drummond*, "You have killed the man I loved, but do not think it is the end." I never imagined that it would be the end of *Drummond*. He is far too popular to be turned out to grass yet awhile, so he will have to go on getting into the tightest of tight places, and SAPPER will have to extricate him from them. The tale is more than up-to-date (it is dated 1927), and it easily passes all the tests that can be applied legitimately to the *genre* of fiction to which SAPPER seems definitely to have attached himself. This attachment is exclusively his own business, but I cannot help feeling a little sorrowful that a writer who some years ago was so full of promise has fallen into a groove which he shows no inclination to leave.

There are plenty of good common coins uncommonly well minted in *The Money-Box* (METHUEN), a new collection of the admirable "Y. Y.'s" essays—if you can call such charmingly inconsequent, delightfully meandering papers by so pretentious a name. What one loves about "Y. Y." is his resolute refusal to improve anybody. How our old friend SAMUEL SMILES would have disapproved of him! To his human kindly eye a bishop is no more than a bookmaker, perhaps a little less; a money-box given to a child is no base device to encourage thrift but a jolly toy to be accompanied by a screw-driver or some convenient box-breaking tool. Mr. LYND has the spider's quality of spinning out of nothing apparently inexhaustible supplies of the most delicate yarn, weaving it into a light web, on which he darts to and fro, dealing promptly with everything that may have wandered on to it. Shaving, Bed-knobs, *Oliver Cromwell* the Kitten, S. L. NORRIS the complacent Wine-merchant, the Academy of Superstitions, Motoring in Gaul, Bond Street—these are of his subjects, and nobody could possibly guess his ends from his beginnings. Nor does he parade his learning to make you feel small. I doubt indeed if he ever acquired any; probably he was at the nearest race-meeting when he should have been at his lectures. So much the better for us, say I.

Mr. OWEN RUTTER's name is so familiar to me that I was surprised to find that *Sepia* (FISHER UNWIN) was his first novel. Frankly, I like first novels; they so seldom obey the rules of the game as laid down by the pundits. Had Mr. RUTTER been coerced by these rules he would never have begun his tale with an incident which takes some fifties of pages to explain; but the fact is that by fracturing the laws he has added piquancy to his story. Here we are engaged in the settlement of an old problem: Is a man, when engaged to be married, to clean his slate (if it requires cleaning) as far as may be by confession? *Denis Prothero* was essentially a clean man, but several years of Government service in the lonely districts of Borneo provided him with more temptations than he could resist. Then he came home on leave and fell in love with a girl of his own breed. I do not recommend his career to prudes, but Mr. RUTTER treats it with fairness and restraint. Also he gives some vivid pictures of Borneo and of official life there; and I like pictures better than problems.

"I would rather not have scenery and dresses, but a really attractive cast at good salaries. They would 'draw' a house."—*Theatrical Paper.* They do.

CHARIVARIA.

"No man," we are told, "can demand his rights during spring cleaning." Our thoughts fly to S'gnor MUSSOLINI.

* * *

The high prices charged by doctors nowadays are causing alarm. Patients in Aberdeen are reported to be experimenting with half an apple a day.

* * *

From Ellis Island we learn of another protected industry in America: Divorce.

* * *

A rope seven miles long has been made, and it is thought possible that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE may buy it as a birthday-present for Sir ALFRED MOND.

* * *

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—Yes; we understand that the SUZANNE mentioned on a Press poster is a certain Mlle. LENGLEN, who plays lawn tennis.

* * *

There are renewed complaints about talkative people in theatres. Some of these actors and actresses chatter so much that you can hardly hear what people in the audience are saying.

* * *

A news message reports heavy artillery and machine-gun fire heard in Tangiers. It is said that the Moors have since explained that it is only a practice war and all the proceeds will be devoted to charity.

* * *

A Birmingham man who beat his wife every day for a week has promised the magistrate that he will not do it again. This is good news. We should each make some little sacrifice during Lent.

* * *

It has been decided that Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY shall sit on the Front Opposition Bench. Anybody who likes may sit on Mr. LANSBURY.

* * *

A London revue-producer is advertising for a good American comedian. What a golden opportunity for the official who held up VERA, Countess CATHCART at Ellis Island!

* * *

A burglar has broken into the office of an income-tax collector and stolen eight pounds. We cannot understand how he had the heart to do it.

We hear that a certain trade union recently ordered a "go slow" strike of its members, and was very much upset because the employers didn't notice any difference.

* * *

Faust is to be produced in modern dress, with the Soldiers' Chorus in khaki. We await negotiations with advertisers of patent medicines in connection with the rejuvenation tableau.

* * *

Habitual criminals, it seems, specialise in one class of crime. A cat-burglar, for instance, wouldn't dream of trying to buy cigarettes after 8 P.M.

* * *

"The whole of wireless has developed from certain differential equations written down by a man in Dumfriesshire in 1873," said Dr. ALEXANDER S. RUSSELL in a recent lecture. This ought to be a warning to people to be more careful about writing down differential equations.

* * *

There is said to be an impression in Willesden that registry-office marriages only last three years. With care, of course, they should last a little longer.

* * *

Oil in the Thames is reported to be killing the fish. There is some talk of restocking the river with sardines.

* * *

We read of a vicar who is an expert ventriloquist. If this accomplishment were more general among the clergy we might hear fewer complaints of dull sermons.

* * *

Some West-End tailors now refuse to make suits for men who haven't got graceful figures. We hear that several corpulent clients are indignantly taking their credit elsewhere.

An uproar at an Albert Hall boxing match was quelled by the organist playing RACHMANINOFF'S well-known "Prelude." We have always felt that the composer had a definite purpose in mind when he wrote this.

* * *

A woman recently told a magistrate that her son had tried to run away from home to be a telegraph-messenger. That ought to stop his running.

* * *

Old cinema films are sold as junk. Some of them of course started like that.

* * *

A bar has been installed in a Paris barber's shop. We hear great things of a Manhattan hair-tonic.

* * *

Over a hundred-and-fifty parrots recently arrived at Southampton. It seems that the birds are visiting this country for the purpose of finishing their education in colloquial Billingsgate.

* * *

Cats reach an average age of fourteen years. The reason of this is that marksmanship must necessarily be erratic at night.

* * *

In court a girl was stated to have such a craze for dancing that she had lost all sense of right and wrong. We know many jazzers who haven't even a sense of right and left.

* * *

War in China has resulted in the closure of several golf-clubs. General SHERMAN was right when he said War is Hell.

* * *

A Scotsman who is walking from Glasgow to London is reported to have reached York. His haggis is said to be close on his heels.

* * *

Under the present law a man who has been absent from his wife for seven years is presumed to be dead. No allowance, you see, is made for traffic blocks.

* * *

Volume III. of the evidence submitted to the Food Council was issued recently. It is said that several profiteers have asked the members of the Council to autograph their copies.

* * *

A man was recently charged with posing as a solicitor. On the other hand a man who was caught, a few days ago, posing as a bricklayer turned out to be a bricklayer.



"SEEIN' YOU 'RE OUT O' WORK, JOE, WHY DON'T YOU 'AVE A GO AT THAT?"

OUR DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

ABOUT once a year we have some acting in our barracks. Our Dramatic Society (Lieutenant James) decides that the place wants brisking up a bit, and gets the Colonel's permission, and off we go.

We all know when a dramatic entertainment is in the air, because James slinks about with a worried look and a bit of paper, and, having cornered you at last, stands you a whisky and says, "I say, I wish you'd take the part of the gamekeeper, old man!" You agree reluctantly and find later that the part of the Squire, your overbearing master, is being taken by Private Butt, with whom, owing to a slight disagreement about the exact hour of parade, you are not now on speaking terms.

With us, however, arranging the cast does not take long. There are ways. For instance, if there is any difficulty in obtaining supers for a "Crowd of Yokels and Villagers," Sergeant-Major Magazine can always be relied on to obtain for you on parade any men you require: "From 'ere to the right, four paces right close—march! Form crowd and report to Lootenant James at stage-door at five pip-emma!" And there's your crowd properly proved and numbered off and in charge of a lance-corporal.

Then rehearsals begin. I suppose army rehearsals are unlike any others in the world, for from start to finish every member of the cast is present. The stage-manager does not, as in civilian life, have to effect hurried introductions at the dress rehearsal between members of the cast who have not yet met. The reasons for this incredible thing are simple. First, every man knows that, though legally he can't be run in under the Army Act for "failing to appear at the place of rehearsal appointed by his Commanding Officer," the Sergeant-Major nevertheless has ways of expressing his personal disapproval without invoking the disciplinary machine. And, secondly, the only thing that could really prevent a man from attending rehearsals is a regimental duty, such as guard or fire-piquet, or else a defaulter's parade; and a rehearsal provides a golden excuse for getting off these, by intervention of the impressionable James: "Please, Sir, I can't possibly do my love-scene to-night as I 'm on piquet. Perhaps, if you could give me a note, Sir, to the sarntma'er." In fact, as time goes on it gets to be quite a common thing for a company commander, dealing with a man he wishes to punish, to say cautiously, "Are you acting in this play? No? Well then take seven days' C.B."

As the time approaches, James and his select band get more and more impossible, and long before the dress rehearsal they have apparently ceased to take any interest in their military duties at all. James spends most of his time up in town interviewing costumiers, and there are about half-a-dozen men in each company permanently reported "absent on re'earsal, Sir." Finally, no fewer than two sergeants and three corporals are only waiting till the show is over to run in, on a charge of insubordination, Private Trigger, who has been taking full advantage of the fact that he has a leading part and no understudy. And so the great night comes.

Despite elaborate arrangements for advance booking, not a seat has been taken by anyone except the officers. And even they won't know that they have done so till they get their mess-bills, for their places have been booked *en bloc* by the mess-secretary, a friend of James. The other ranks, or, as it has been better put, "the brutal and licentious soldiery," always roll up in force just as the hour strikes, but not before. This is probably a relic of the War, when hurried moves back into the line so often spoilt the advantages of booking in advance—except from the box-office point of view.

The actual show is of course very like all amateur dramatic entertainments; that is to say, first, by far the most amusing part of it takes place behind the scenes or on the stage when the curtain is down, and, secondly, the only people who really enjoy it all from start to finish are the performers. A certain amount of purely local interest is however generally evinced by the back benches on the following points:—

(*a*) Did Private O'Jector really kiss Miss Sergeant Grenade?

(*b*) What did Sergeant Grenade think about it, and could it be called a breach of discipline?

(*c*) How many times did Lieutenant Holster have to say "Sir!" to Private Rifle?

(*d*) Who was it audibly swearing behind the curtain just after Act I.?

(*e*) Did the Colonel really laugh at the doubtful joke in Act II.?

(*f*) How much will the Sports Fund make out of the show?

(*g*) Do. do. Lieutenant James?

The above points are discussed in loud voices during the intervals, and in heated whispers throughout the Acts, broken only by whistles when the back benches recognise a friend in the very smart and military crowd of yokels.

At length the last Act comes to an end, and as Lieutenant James is thanking everyone from the front of the curtain a terrific altercation breaks out behind it. It is Private Trigger, who has just been put under open arrest by Corporal Foresight and Lance-corporal Pouch for clearing his throat at an N.C.O. in an insubordinate manner.

A. A.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

THERE is a school of thought which holds
That every lamb within our folds
Says "Baa!" It even may be true
That you yourself affect this view.

It is a most contentious bone,
For all the lambs that I have known
Say nothing else but "Mäy, Mäy, Mäy;"
And in this school I mean to stäy.

The toyshop is, I think, to be
Blamed for the former heresy.
It is conventional in thought;
And when the Dads and Mums have bought
A BAA-LAMB on a painted stand
They hurry home to nursery-land
And say with ignorance and glee,
"A lovely baa-lamb, darling, see!"
And so their little human lamb
Sucks error even from the pram.

And then, again, those nursery rhymes.
Black sheep, we know, must have their crimes,
Yet our old friend the "Baa, Baa, Black,"
Who kept her wool inside a sack,
And figured in our early pages,
Think how she fosters down the ages
This gross perversion of the truth,
This false tradition for our youth.

But WORDSWORTH! With a modest pride
I claim that he is on my side.
I think that I may safely say
The sheep at Rydal Mount said "Mäy!"
The little *Barbara Lewthwaite* child,
Who found a lambkin in the wild,
And daily took it milk in pots,
And loved it much and asked it lots,
When she had climbed o'er moor and fence
Was "Baa!" you think, her recompense?
Ah, was it not that gentle "Mäy"
Which drew her to her *protégé*?

* * * * *

Well, this year's lamb is at our door,
So let us verify once more
Its speech; and should you hear it say
A quite unquestionable "Mäy,"
Then will you pay me sixpence down?
While I will give you half-a-crown
(Nor shall I think the stakes unfair)
For every "Baa" that rends the air.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The motor 'bus and taxi, indispensable in their way, do not encourage pedestrianism."
Daily Paper.



AN APPEAL TO THE SUPREME COURT.

M. BRIAND (*fresh from the Chamber of Deputies, to Mlle.* LENGLEN). "TEACH ME, SUZANNE, THE SECRET OF SUBDUING STUBBORN WILLS."



APPRECIATION.

Important Lady (doing her best, to distinguished pianist who has been discoursing CHOPIN *for the last hour).* "CHARMING—DELIGHTFUL—SO RESTFUL! SUCH A PLEASANT CHANGE FROM JAZZ—FOR ONCE IN A WAY."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

III.—EXPRESSIONISM.

I AM trying to be an Expressionist. I have not quite got the hang of it yet, but I am getting on. It is necessary of course to study the writing of GERTRUDE STEIN (the principal apostle) with a great deal of care.

"Can any one in thinking of how presently it is as if it were in the midst of more attention can any one thinking of how to present it easily can any one really partake in saying so. Can any one.

All of it eagerly as not.

Entirely a different thing. Entirely a different thing when all of it has been awfully well chosen and thoughtfully corrected.

He said we, and we.
We said he.
He said we.
We said he, and he.
He said.
We said.
We said it. As we said it.
We said that forty was the same as that which we had heard.

It depends entirely upon whether in that as finally sure, surely as much so. Please please them. Please please please them.

Having heard half of it.

Please having having had please having had please having had half of it.

Please please half of it.

Pleases."

I steal those words as they stand from an article entitled "The Fifteenth of November" in the current number of *The New Criterion*. Restful, are they not? But have you thought about the printer? I always think about the printer.

The printer.
I thought about the printer.
We thought about the printer.
They thought about the printer.
They thought they.
They thought he, and we.

When I think about the printer it pleases me to think that the printer is thinking what a nice man is the writer of these things that I am printing. He feels a kind of glow. My handwriting may be may be awful, but what a kindliness, what a soul, what thoughtfulness for others, for others above all, what art. Willingly with his handicraft he serves my art. He would like to meet me some day, so that we can both explain to the other what good fellows we are. We are good fellows, what good fellows we are, for he is a jolly good fellow. What art. We are.

Yet the printer also has lapses. On warm days, cold days, muggy days, misty days, days when he has a headache, a slight touch of liver, things go wrong.

Things.
They go wrong.
Thigs.
Things.
Go wrog.

That would seem to me to be the danger of this expressionism. It weaves, you will say, a pattern of words. But very intricately and closely weaves. A word or two altered and the result might be terrible. The printer does not see the pattern; he only follows the words. Suppose him a moody or a careless man:—

He said we, and we.
We said he.
He said we.
We said he, and ha.
He said he, and haw.
We said.
He said.
We said.

This little pig said wee.

Yes, that seems to me the danger of expressionism. I can see the haggard editor, the white-faced wrathful contributor, the office-boys, proof-readers, compositors, nervous, hysterical, tearing their hair.

The Author (*rushing suddenly in*). I said "he said we and we, we said he, he said we."

The Editor (*frightened*). Well?

The Author. Your printer 's made me say, "we said we and we, he said we, we said he."

The Editor (*courteously*). Let us get to the heart of this trouble. You said "he said you and you, you said he, he said you," and we made you say "you said you and you, he said you, you said he." Is that the difficulty?

The Author (*infuriated*). No, no, no! Not a bit. No no no no no no! Can anyone in thinking of how presently it isn't as if we were in dam why can't you print it anyone thinking of how to present it correctly what in thunder can anyone really partake my beautiful pattern entirely a different thing help fire we said it as we said it go out and have a drink come back in half-an-hour entirely otherwise as not.

[*Goes out in a whirlwind. The Editor weeps quietly into the waste-paper basket.*

No machine, I say, can be infallible, as thought is infallible, and as art is, as art is is as art is as art. I tremble therefore for this delicate pattern of vocables which the expressionist-writer weaves. It is not safe to put it into the rough hands of the printer, a good man, but busy, with too little time to appreciate the subtleties of art of art.

Let me quote one other short passage from the original. Let us quote one other. One other let us quote. Quote. One:—

"Please wind the clock and as yet and as not yet. Please wind the clock and not yet, to please not yet as not yet.

He said enough.

Enough said.

He said enough.

Enough said.

Enough said.

He said enough."

The medium for this beautiful kind of message is not print but the human voice. The stuff should be broadcasted, both to prevent mistakes and in order that the larger listening world may hear.

That closes the children's hour.

That.

Closes the children's hour.

That closes.

That closes the hour closes the children's closes the hour that closes in two minutes in two minutes in two minutes two minutes the time signal the time signal will air the children's clothes that closes our time signal that closes Big Ben.

Ben Big.

Big Ben.

Begbie.

Big Ben.

That closes Big Ben followed by weather forecast. Whether forecast or not closes. Ping. Ping goes on pinging pinging pinging goes on ping pause for Big Ben. Pauses.

Big Ben pauses.

Pause for Big Ben.

Big Ben washes the children's forepaws.

Big Ben wears no clothes. Big Ben. Boom.

Twenty-two o'clock.

Twenty o'clock. Two o'clock.

To a clock by with or from a clock.

O clock.

Twenty-two o'clock.

He said we said it was twenty-two o'clock.

We said he.

Enough said.

Who said enough said.

He said enough said.

We said enough said.

You said enough said.

They said enough said.

We.

EVOE. EVOE. EVEO. EVOE. EVOE.



First intrepid Riverside Dweller. "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"
Second Ditto. "OH, NOT SO BAD. GONE DOWN A LOT. I CAN TELL BY THE MARKS ON THE TABLE LEGS."

"The Cathedral is therefore 64 years old next Monday, and it is fitting that this birthday should be gratefully observed. At 7.45 a.m. the introit (with tenor solo), will be 'How dreadful is this place.'"—*Far Eastern Paper.*

The organist doesn't seem to like getting up so early.

ART OF THE MOMENT.

An interesting experiment is being made this week at the Chegoup Galleries, where the Post-Historic Society is holding its first exhibition. A catalogue of titles is provided (price 2/6), but the pictures themselves are not numbered; consequently there is some divergence of opinion as to the identity of the more obscure exhibits. A striking canvas on the South Wall of Room 2 has in particular been the subject of considerable discussion. One or two influential critics believe "The Burning of Umber and Sienna" to be the most likely title, but "Parrots studying Volapuk" has found favour with many. However, I am confident that I have already located these birds elsewhere, and after a process of elimination I have no doubt that the work in question is "Toothache on the Zuider Zee," by Opal McGilp.

Although possibly difficult to name, the work is easy to describe. The frame is of Hooker's green rolled-steel joists, the flanges of which are picked out in shot cinnabar. One's first impression is one of blurred impasto, *baroque* without being in any way *bizarre*, that seeks by rhythmic spontaneity and a well-knit play of contour rather than by any undue preponderance of calculated distortion to schematise the arbitrary linear outline and pave the way for a coherent, emphatic and yet wholly plastic ultimate design. There is no tendency to evanescent chiaroscuro; in fact an astonishingly sober palette is employed throughout. The artist evidently leans towards simultaneity in the expression of his volumes, and is not averse from philandering with a fugitive mosaic.

Generally speaking the painting is in a high key. The spectral colours are juxtaposed in a flowing arabesque of marginal silhouette. The brush-work is exotic in places, and the draftsmanship attains a real bravura. The schematic pointillism of the low horizon, combined with the effect of the numerous force-lines on the generous panoramic background (itself a vehement texture of blotched gamboge), reminds one of the allegorical gymnastics of the earlier and more hidebound vorticists. The usual limitations of media are not observed. Cochineal, yolk of egg, blue-bag and powdered anthracite are all visibly employed, but never out of place. In short, a great and expressive work.

NOTE.—Since writing the above I hear that the authorities have decided to number the exhibits, in accordance with the usual practice. The work described above turns out to be Shamus O'Shaughnessy's "Evening in a Brilliantine Factory."

MY WIFE'S HATS.



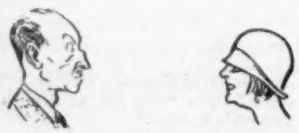
TIME WAS WHEN THERE WAS PLENTY TO SHOW FOR THE MONEY—



AND VARIETY.



BUT SINCE THEN—



ALL THESE LITTLE HATS—



LOOK ALIKE TO ME—



AND COST MUCH MORE.

THE TOAD.

Who has by wit or chance bestowed
On that engaging beast, the toad,
A pleasance where trim alleys wind
In mazy knots, and journeyings find
An end in potsherds, has enrolled
A gardener worth his weight in gold.

Such chance had I; and every day,
Half fearing he has found a way
To richer hunting grounds, I lift
His roof and, peering through the rift,
Am welcomed with such width of smile
As might itself upraise a tile.

And sometimes, when he's in the mood,
A little croak of gratitude
Would seem to mean he can't forget
The happy chance by which we met.
You ask me where I found my toad?
I picked him up upon the road.

Upon the road, mid *sturm und drang*
Of runabout and charabang,
He sought, slow-waddling, dreamy-eyed,
A passage to the farther side;
And I with gently prodding toe
Tried to instruct him where to go.

In vain. His royal soul rebelled
'Gainst guidance; to an orb he swelled
Embossed with dewy pearls and bent
His gaze on the high firmament;
With planted feet my aid he spurned
And, sooner than progress, o'erturned.

Supine he lay with infantile
Entreaty in his toothless smile,
With throat whose tremulous heavings hid
A smart cravat of mottled kid;
A hair's-breadth from a swerving van
I whipt the idiot up—and ran.

The idiot? Nay, the idiot I
Had I abandoned him to die.
A lantern steadied on the ground
Now beams upon his nightly round,
While I, sedately keeping pace,
Observe his tactics in the chase.

A wriggle checked and then renewed
Means that his orange eye has viewed
Some grub or beetle indiscreet
Enough to twitch its wings or feet;
Then with a bland unerring aim
He shoots his tongue at sitting game.

So when I watch him homeward drag
A bloated paunch, my money-bag,
And muse upon the divers kinds
Of garden pests he hunts and finds,
I feel it is not over-bold
To say he's worth his weight in gold.

Of the problem of the franc:—

"No political sphinx is yet forthcoming to solve the riddle."—*Evening Paper.*

But that, if we remember rightly, was not the Sphinx's job.



Lady. "CAN YOU TELL ME THE NEAREST WAY TO SOUTH MOLTON STREET?"
Miniature Commissionaire. "IN ONE MOMENT, MADAM. I'LL CONSULT MY COLLEAGUE."

MORE MOTOR NOTES.

BY OUR OWN AUTOMOBILE CORRESPONDENT.

(With acknowledgments to our contemporaries.)

THE event of the week in motoring circles was the South Poplar Club's Wembley-Wigan Reliability Trial. Surely there is proof of the increased efficiency of the modern car in the fact that, out of 190 competitors on each occasion, 189 gained Gold Medals this year, compared with only 187 in 1913.

A suggestion that the medals should be awarded before rather than after the run is receiving the consideration of the Committee. There is, however, decided opposition from those hardy spirits—still, thank goodness, to be found in our country—who are prepared to brave this night journey in the cause of improving the motor-car.

The cars left Wembley at two-minute intervals, the first secret "check" being about twenty miles from the starting-point. Contrary to expectations, all the cars passed this check successfully. The concealed observers by the road-side were afterwards found to have slept soundly while the whole procession of cars went by. Surely this is a remarkable tribute to the silence of the modern automobile!

The first car to reach Wigan, amidst the cheers of the onlookers, was the Noonday Twelve. The driver reported that no other competing car had gone ahead of him. This performance is especially meritorious when one remembers that the Noonday used for the Trial was standard in every way except for the engine, chassis and coachwork.

In considering the Noonday's achievement, however, it should be borne in mind that this car was the first to leave Wembley, and, this being a Reliability Test and not a race, competitors are not allowed to pass each other on the road.

Breakfast at Wigan was a delightful affair. The trials of the night were soon forgotten in the joys of consuming bacon and eggs, a favourite dish with motorists. Some curious experiences of the run were related. Whilst those in open cars got their clothes wet by a shower during the night, drivers of all-enclosed cars had apparently not felt the rain.

Special praise is due to the lady competitors, of whom only one was unsuccessful. She unfortunately stopped to perfect her toilette before meeting the officials at the finishing-point. I do not think, however, that this failure can in any way be taken as reflecting on the mechanical efficiency of the car she drove.

Those of our readers who are contemplating immediate purchase of a car can safely be guided by the result of this Reliability Test. Personally I would be inclined to confine my choice strictly to those makes which were successful in securing gold medals.

"CHARACTER FROM KNEES.
SCIENTIST SAYS THEY NEVER LIE."
Scots Paper.

We always maintain that the modern girl shows plenty of character.

THE CASINO HABITUÉ.

OBVIOUSLY he had a system. Obviously too it was an elaborate system, so elaborate that my sense of shame, as I contrasted his methods with mine, became acute.

There was I, the complete idiot, uncomfortably standing at the tables and having to reach out, at each turn of the wheel, to plank down my miserable five-franc plaques *en plein*, losing them with unfailing regularity in a stupidly straightforward manner. There was he, seated comfortably, fixity of purpose engraved on his Gallic features, quietly engaged in the calculations that were to bring off his coup. On the one hand, muddle; on the other, one-hundred-per-cent. efficiency.

He had two fountain-pens, one filled with red ink, the other with black. He also had a blue pencil. With these he had produced in the note-book that lay before him a bewildering maze of figures. Each time the croupier sang out the winning number he set it down in one or other of the coloured mediums he had at his disposal, proceeding thereafter to work out his deductions with the rapidity born of long experience.

Why he used red ink on one occasion, black ink or blue pencil on another, it was impossible for the novice to fathom. But there was a reason. Indubitably there was a reason. Annoyed at my own continued bad luck, I had a glow of satisfaction as I thought of what was coming to him.

He would of course wait until his calculations assured him that the moment for his coup had arrived; he would then stake the maximum and walk off with a small fortune. How much more satisfactory was this arrangement than the one I followed.

Tired of standing and with an incipient crick in the neck, I yet agreed with myself that it was right that he should sit and I should stand, though I was staking regularly and he was not. After all, it was a plunger's privilege.

All the windows of the Casino had been closed, and the man with a system suddenly protested that he was suffocating. He appealed to a functionary to have the windows reopened.

Gesticulating, the functionary made reference to the rain lashing viciously against the glass and shrugged his shoulders in regret.

"But I am an *habitué* of these rooms, me," explained the man with the system. "You, Sir"—he addressed me—"do you not find it suffocating?"

Anxious to be on the winning side I replied emphatically in the affirmative, and, proud to have made an *habitué's* acquaintance, lost a red twenty-franc plaque in place of the customary white one. But the windows, despite further protests, remained closed.

I hoped the interlude had not put my friend off his game. The Société des Bains de Mer had now about four hundred francs of mine, and I did not want them to have many more. Nevertheless I was determined not to move until the man with the system had made his plunge. He, I knew, would sock them for infinitely more than a miserable four hundred.

Ah! the psychological moment had at last arrived. The notebook was folded and the other paraphernalia of the system pocketed. Calm determination in his eye, my friend surveyed the table.

"*Messieurs, faites vos jeux!*"

He staked—good heavens! on *pair*, an even money chance—a solitary plaque for five francs! It was a sighting shot, no doubt.

The wheel was spun and the ball flicked on its erratic course. Number 11 won. My friend had lost.

With a gesture of despair he rose and strode away. His great coup had failed. After two hours of intensive cerebration he had made his plunge—and lost, at the current rate of exchange, ninepence.

ECONOMY IN OFFICIAL STATIONERY.

SIR,—I am directed to request you to impress upon all the officers and men under your command the paramount importance of exercising the most rigid economy in the use of paper. Correspondence is to be reduced to a minimum.

I am to say that, although considerable improvement has been noticed in this respect since I was last directed to communicate with you on this subject, it is thought that still further economies can and should be effectible.

I have, etc., —— (Signed)

To —— ——

The above letter is forwarded for your information and compliance. In future all correspondence is to be measured. Particulars will be entered in a special ledger as follows, a separate page being used for each file or letter:—

(*a*) Date and time.
(*b*) Length of file or letter in inches.
(*c*) Breadth of do. in do.
(*d*) Superficial area of do. (expressed in acres).

Certified true copies of all such entries will be forwarded in triplicate to this office by the 21st of every month.

1 encl. Signed, etc.

To —— ——

The above letters are forwarded for your information and necessary action. The certified true copies referred to therein should reach this office by the 15th of each month in quadruplicate.

Further, in order to discourage waste of paper by the use of unnecessarily bold handwriting and the too lavish application of W.D. ink, the following additional information is required at the same time:—

(*a*) Weight of file or letter before being dealt with.
(*b*) Weight of do. after do.
(*c*) (by subtraction) Weight of dealings with.

2 encl. Signed, etc.

To —— ——

The attached letters are forwarded for your information and necessary action. The "Superficial Area Report" should reach this office by the 1st of each month in quintuplicate, and the "Weight of Dealings Report" in duplicate.

In order to reduce the paper-saving effected by units to a common basis a strength return will be rendered every Friday in red ink, showing:—

(i.) Total strength of unit, including illiterates.
(ii.) Number of illiterates (officers and men).
(iii.) (by subtraction) Numbers of officers and men liable to write if allowed to do so.

From these data a Modulus or Factor of Efficiency will be determined and the relative merits of units published in Orders for general information and comparison.

3 encl. Signed, etc.

To the Officer Commanding
—th ——shire Regt.

The attached correspondence on the subject of Paper Economy is forwarded for your information, retention and necessary action. Additional copies of each of the returns called for therein are to be forwarded for filing in this office.

Further, you will submit by 9 A.M. every Monday, in triplicate, your suggestions as to the introduction of any further economies which you consider might be effected in respect of Official Correspondence.

4 encl. Signed, etc.

From the Same to the Same. Monday.

The opinions expressed in your "Economy of Paper Report" of to-day's date are of a grossly insubordinate character.

Please forward (in sextuplicate) your written reasons. Signed, etc.

A Tardy Norseman.

From a Scots football report:—

"Sinclair fielded, and ran for 29 years before kicking."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

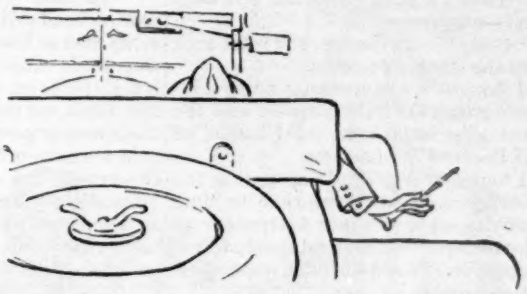
CAR SIGNALS.

ALTHOUGH CAR SIGNALS ARE NOW RIGIDLY STANDARDISED, THERE ARE NEVERTHELESS A FEW INDIVIDUAL VARIATIONS WHICH DESERVE ATTENTION.

Jongasse



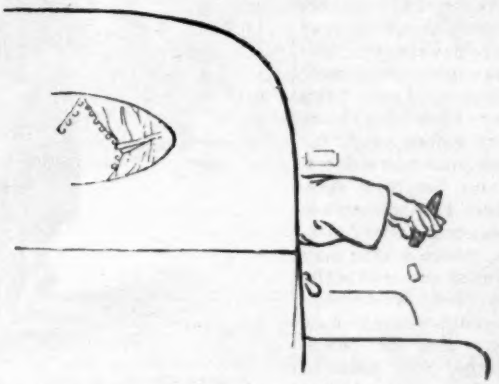
THERE IS, FOR INSTANCE, THE SIGNAL MADE BY THE GENTLEMAN UP FROM THE COUNTRY IN THE 10·3 "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" WHO IS GOING TO ATTEMPT (PROVIDED THERE IS NO TRAFFIC IN THE WAY) TO GET UP THE NEXT TURNING BUT FOUR—



AND THERE IS THE SIGNAL MADE BY THE SPORTSMAN IN THE 43-189 "TEMPEST" WHO IS GOING TO DIVE SUDDENLY DOWN THE BLIND ALLEY ON YOUR IMMEDIATE RIGHT.



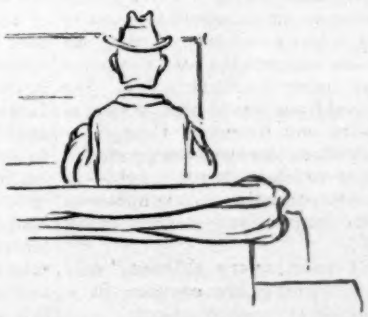
THERE'S THE ONE MADE BY THE FELLOW IN THE "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST" SALOON WHO IS JUST GOING TO JUMP OUT OF HIS CAR RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOUR RADIATOR IN ORDER TO PUT HIS MASCOT ON STRAIGHT—



AND THERE'S THAT MADE BY THE MAN IN THE 40-50 "MERCHANT OF VENICE" WHO ISN'T GOING TO DO ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR.



THEN THERE'S THE SIGNAL OF THE CHEERIO GENT IN THE 12 H.P. "WHAT YOU WILL" WHO IS GOING TO DASH ACROSS TO THE OPPOSITE SIDE TO TALK TO A FRIEND—



AND, LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THERE'S THAT OF THE LEARNER IN THE "COMEDY OF ERRORS" WHO IS GOING TO SWERVE SUDDENLY OUTWARDS, STOP DEAD AND THEN GET INTO REVERSE BY MISTAKE.

MR. PUNCH GOES A-ROVING.

XXVIII.—HOME.

"WHAT is that?" said George gloomily, peering through the mist and rain at the dim shores of Devonshire.

"That," I said, shivering, "is England—our home."

"Golly!" said George, and went back into the smoking-room.

I bought a few morning papers, including *La Vie de Plymouth*, and the great ship headed up the Channel of Old England for London.

I found George drinking stout in the smoking-room, and from time to time annoying some very nice Australians by attempting a scientific estimate of that proportion of the Australian population which could be described as actively cannibal. George put it at forty-five per cent. The Australians put him out.

When he returned, on probation, I had read four newspapers and was mightily depressed. "George," I said, "you may have one more stout before lunch, for to-morrow you will not be on the high seas, where Englishmen are free, nor in sober America, where a man may drink at any hour of the day, but in drunken England, where he may not. But sit down, George, and between stouts address your mind to the problems of Empire.

"We have been round this tiny world together, George; we have travelled thirty thousand miles on British soil and in British ships. If I except, as I do willingly except, the single night which you spent under arrest at Honolulu (owing to an ill-judged attempt to smuggle whisky ashore), during all those miles and months we have never not slept under the British flag. We have passed from port to port, from continent—are you listening, George?—and everywhere we have been greeted in the tongue which we were taught—in your case imperfectly—in our nurseries in yonder foggy island a good many years ago."

"Don't make me cry, old man," said George, drowning his emotion in a stout.

"We have conferred," I continued, "in the capital of Australia with the assembled pressmen, editors and publicists of the Empire, and in spite of the speeches of yourself and Honeybubble we parted friends with all of them. We come home bubbling over with the clear springs of Imperial enthusiasm—and what do we find?"

"Fog," said George, "and stout."

"We find our country with her worthy head still buried in the unwholesome dust of Europe. London, yonder, George, is called the heart of Empire; but if the heart is the heart of Empire the hands are the hands of Europe. In these newspapers, George, our countrymen are patting themselves on the back concerning the conclusion of a most extraordinary Treaty, the gist of which, as I understand it, is that you and I have undertaken to rejoin the infantry and defend Germany against France and France against Germany. I don't wish to embarrass His Majesty's Government, George——"

"No, don't do that, old boy."

"—but I may say at once that I have not the smallest intention of doing either of these things. At the risk of whatever international reverberations may follow this pronouncement I say I have done with Europe, George. For Heaven knows what good Europe has ever done us, is doing us or intends to do us. In Europe we have the glowing future of a not too popular tom-cat in a yardful of hungry dogs. In the Empire, to put it mildly, we have a future quite different, if we choose to take it. And it seems to me a strange and lamentable anachronism that at this date in our history the Foreign Office should be considered more important than the Dominions Office. What are we thinking about, George? What are the politicians thinking about?"

"Russian boots, old boy."

"Exactly, George. All day we discuss France, we discuss Germany, Turkey, Italy and the increasingly tedious country of Russia. But when do we discuss Australia or New Zealand? Not even in the King's Speech are HIS MAJESTY'S Dominions considered worthy of so much as a parenthesis. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which we pay money to America or relieve Continental nations of such trifling sums as they are still prepared to pay us. By the way, George, do you remember the parable of the Unjust Steward?"

"Don't remember any parables, old boy."

"This is a parable which has always puzzled me, but it seems to have become a financial precedent for Great Britain. The steward called together all his lord's debtors, and to the first of them he said, 'How much owest thou my lord?' And he said, 'An hundred measures of oil.' And the steward said, 'Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write fifty.' And so he did to all the others. And—this is the remarkable thing, George—his lord commended the steward *because he had done wisely*. It is a pity perhaps that the only country which does not appreciate the wisdom of this course is America. However, George, the point I was making——"



Passing Admirer (to nurse in ducal family). "WHAT A SWEET BABY! IS IT A GIRL?"

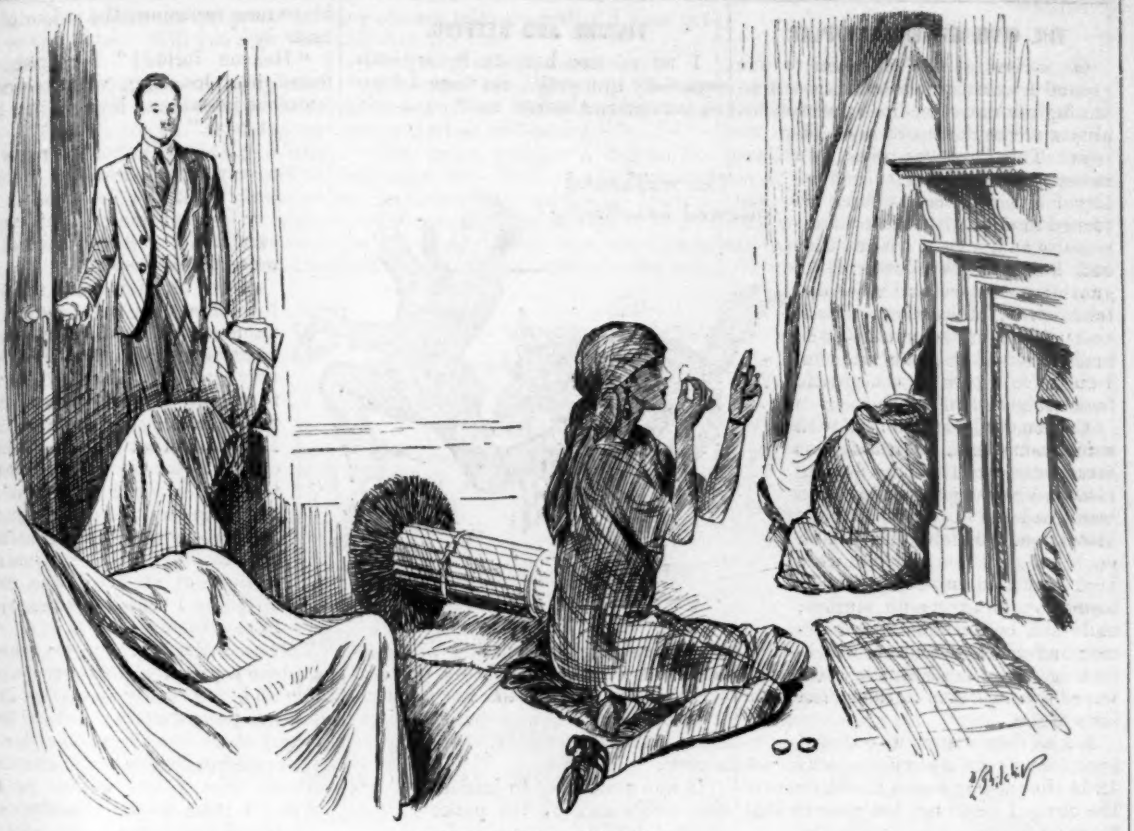
Nurse. "NO, MADAM. IT IS A MARQUIS."

"Don't make points before lunch, old boy," said George sleepily.

"—the point I was making is this: Are we giving the same concentrated self-sacrificing effort to the affairs of Empire? What, in your opinion, George, is the great lesson we have learned upon this voyage?"

"Never talk to an Australian about cannibals," said George cautiously.

"The lesson is briefly, George, that the Dominions must be inhabited, for their sake and ours, and inhabited by people from this ridiculous island on the port side. If that could be done, everything else would do itself—trade, unemployment, every darned thing. Nothing else really matters. The problem, I admit, is 'How?' But, to judge from the King's Speech, that problem might not exist; the very Dominions might not exist. Yet at the present rate of progress Australia and New Zealand will not be populated for



THE LADY SWEEP.

a thousand years. We should be taking as much trouble to get men to Australia as we took to get men to Mesopotamia a few years back. But are we? Those who believe in emigration are afraid to mention the word for fear of what some fat-headed Socialist will say. For I observe that there are still people, like the egregious Mr. WHEATLEY, who refer to any emigration scheme as an insult to the "workers," and regard the whole British Empire as a sort of conspiracy against the poor, instead of a Heaven-sent opportunity that the rich and poor of any other country would envy—and do envy. What with Labour at home discouraging men from going, and Labour in the Dominions discouraging them from coming, Labour in this matter is more than usually unhelpful.

"I say that a healthy man who is not getting a fair deal in one of the foul towns of Britain, George, is a fool, George, if he doesn't try his luck in the Australian sun. But where is the politician who has the courage to tell him so? And, if he does talk of trying his luck, ten to one he will be told he must have capital, or agricultural experience, or be shut out by the Unions over there.

"It 's all a great muddle, George, and I don't pretend it 's easy; but the Empire which won the War should be able to do it, and do it thoroughly. It wants vision, George, and prophets, somebody who will tackle the Dominions and tackle England, tackle Labour, and tackle——"

"Better tackle 'em yourself, old boy."

"Haven't time, George. My point is——"

"Don't make any more points," said George plaintively.

"—my point is that while we are playing the Universal Aunt all over Europe, while one party is choking itself to death with Rural Site Values, and another sits on the fence, sneering, the Dominions are likely to remain unpopulated until some intelligent coloured gentleman takes them away from us. And serve us right."

"Haddock, old boy," said George, "you have spilled a bibful. And now have a stout." A. P. H.

"Fox Terrier, rough haired, Lost; about to yelp."—*Advt. in North-Country Paper.*

As an aid to identification this seems to us inadequate.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XIV.—THE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE (OXON).

HE took this School as he averred
Latin and Greek were dry;
He pictured rounding up a herd
Of bullocks in the High;
While I read VIRGIL'S works and PLATO'S
He fancied he would dig potatoes.

He found the School belied its looks,
And he was much dismayed
At having to imbibe from books
The theory of his trade;
The only practice they allowed him
Was at the finish when they ploughed him.

G. B.

Fame.

"—— is easily one of our greatest composers. It was he who gave us 'God Send You Back to Me,' and . . . 'Who Threw the Water on the Tom Cat's Back?'"—*Weekly Paper.*

"Lady wants Work on Lady's Apiary; five years' experience beekeeping; live in."
Daily Paper.

We admire the lady's courage. It is not the kind of dwelling-place we should choose.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AT PLAY.

On arrival at the entrance to the ground I was required to fill in a form stating my name, address and nationality and the nature of my business. This form was taken by a messenger, who after a brief interval of under half-an-hour returned to chat with the commissionaire at the gate. When they had finished I was referred to another cricket-ground some distance away. On arrival there it was pointed out to me that I had made a stupid mistake, and that I ought to return to the ground from which I had come.

Eventually I was admitted with some reluctance. Although it was as early as 11.30 the fielding side had already assembled and were gathered in a group, in deep discussion. Before the match could begin the umpires were kept busy filling up the necessary forms for requisitioning stumps, bails and ball, summoning batsmen and so forth; and when at last the first batsmen entered the field they joined the fieldsmen in their discussion for a while.

Not all the morning was wasted, however, for before the pavilion clock struck 12 15 the players began the business of the day. I could not but observe that there was a certain languor in the play; and it was noticed that a player stationed in the long field who was busy with pencil and pad composing verses was hardly disturbed throughout the game.

When a player was for any reason deemed to be out, messengers were sent for the necessary forms on which the captain of the fielding side might make out his claim to the umpires, who, if they sanctioned the application, initialled them and forwarded them to the pavilion. When all was in order the batsman retired to the pavilion and against his name in the entrance the tab "In" was reversed to read "Out."

One-and-a-half hours were taken for luncheon, and at three o'clock a body of messengers arrived on the ground with teapots and teacups and saucers, and tea was made. This however did not occupy more than forty minutes. Stumps were drawn in good time to allow the 4.35 train to be caught.

"Country Rectory.—Kitchen-Boy wanted, age 1619. Some experience desired."
Church Paper.

He should have had plenty.

FINDING AND KEEPING.

I do admire honesty in anybody, especially in myself. So when I found an enormous Alsatian wolfhound with



very bare teeth wandering disconsolately in a deserted lane on the outskirts of our town I did not look furtively round and make seductive noises; I just led him immediately to the police-station.

It was quite easy to lead that Alsatian wolfhound to the police-station.



All I had to do was to run there at top speed, and the wolfhound followed beautifully.

"Is this dog yours, Sir?" asked the burly sergeant in whose arms I finally stopped running, while two very brave men restrained the ardour of my find.

"Heaven forbid!" I gasped. "I found him loitering, with obviously felonious intent, and brought him here at once."

"He 's got no collar," remarked a very acute constable. "Somebody must have lost him."

"I don't wonder," I said understandingly, and gave them my name and address.

Now I certainly didn't realise at the time why they wanted my name and address. I had vague ideas about "Finder will be suitably rewarded" or something like that, or at the very least, "Finder will be suitably compensated," and I did think that I deserved a little compensation and had my trousers to prove it. But nothing of the sort. In fact, if I had known the real reason why the police take such careful note of the name and address of anybody who finds anything I should most certainly have given John's.

Three months later, you see, when I had done my best to forget the whole thing and very nearly succeeded, Florence, our parlourmaid, poked her head into my study one afternoon and, with a poor attempt to hide her gratification, told me that I was wanted by the police. I went to the front-door and found the police, represented by the burly sergeant, standing on the doorstep and holding a broomstick. At the further end of the broomstick was tethered an unnecessarily large Alsatian wolfhound who was making no effort to conceal his intense interest in the sergeant's calves. As I opened the door, however, the animal at once lost any such interest and transferred it without hesitation elsewhere.

"Oof!" I said sharply, jumping backwards.

With a dexterity that could only be the outcome of practice the sergeant utilised the brute's run to swing him round deftly in a semicircle at the end of his broomstick.

"That 's all right, Sir," he said, not without pride.

"That time, yes," I replied, peeping cautiously round the door. "It 's the next time I 'm thinking about. Why on earth have you brought that brute here?"

"Well, Sir, seeing as it 's yours now, I thought I 'd better bring it along myself like and see you got it all right."

"Did you—did you say it was *mine*?"

"That 's right, Sir. Dog 's not been

claimed, and unclaimed property reverts to the finder. Will you sign this receipt?"

He incautiously relaxed the grip of one hand from the broomstick in order to put it into his pocket. The dog, as if it had known all the time that this business of the receipt was bound to crop up sooner or later, seized its opportunity with a low snarl of triumph. But I was too quick for him. The snarl changed into a howl as I closed the door neatly on the end of its nose. The rest of the interview, I felt, would be better conducted, as far as I was concerned, from the safety of an upstairs window.

When I reached my point of vantage the sergeant was being kept busy in the middle of the road spinning at top speed while the dog described an infuriated circle round him on the radius of the broomstick. It reminded me of the Rodeo.

"Attaboy!" I said admiringly. "Ride him, sergeant."

The animal, hearing my voice, ceased to revolve and sat down in the middle of the road, eyeing me hungrily.

"Will you come down and take him now and sign this receipt, Sir?" said the sergeant, mopping his brow.

"Sergeant," I said frankly, "I will conceal nothing from you. I won't."

"It's the law, Sir," said the sergeant darkly.

"The law, sergeant," I pointed out politely but firmly, "is well known to be a hass. Far be it from me to emulate the law. Take that dog away, and never let me look upon its teeth again. After all, the town possesses a lethal chamber, doesn't it? I make you a free present of the connection of ideas. Good afternoon, sergeant."

I shut the window with decision and marched downstairs to my study again. To tell the truth I felt that I had handled a difficult situation with tact and firmness.

Half-an-hour passed peacefully.

"Please, Sir," said Florence, "the police left this and said would you sign it some time convenient and send it back."

I took the piece of paper from her and examined it. It was a formal receipt for the delivery of one dog.

"Certainly not," I said. "I don't know anything about this. I mean—I haven't got the dog."

"Yes, Sir," said Florence.

A distinct *malaise* invaded me. "Florence," I said uneasily, "you're not by any chance telling me that I *have* got this dog, are you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Florence.

"Florence," I said gloomily, "tell me the worst. What exactly has happened during the last half-hour?"

"The police brought a dog to the back-door, Sir. Well, on a broomstick, Sir, in a manner of speaking. He said it was yours, Sir. He told me to go into the larder and shut the door, and then he took it down the garden and come back quick and give me the receipt. I hope I haven't done anything wrong, Sir?"

"No, Florence," I said sadly, "*you* haven't." I walked over to my study window and looked out into the garden. A venomous snarl greeted my appearance. I walked back again.

Would anybody like to provide a home for a delightful Alsatian wolfhound, very faithful and almost harmless at the end of a broomstick? Will be given away with a pound of bulbs—the bulbs I have been waiting now three weeks to plant, but dared not go into the garden. A. B. C.



IDENTIFICATION.

For resource and the timely display of a colossal cheek commend me to my friend Redman. I saw a good deal of him in Paris, a city of which he has a peculiar knowledge. One night he took me to the Coupole, and while we were there the police carried out one of their periodical raids for unauthorised foreigners.

I was safe enough with quite a file of papers on me to guarantee my personality, but Redman had left his passport at the hotel and, like an ass, had never bothered to take out a *carte d'identité*. I quite anticipated the job of bailing him out at the Commissariat; but he remembered the French mania for having your photograph stuck on your official papers to check impersonation. So when our turn came he drew forth a neat little snap-shot of himself and presented it to the astonished *agent*.

"*Mais, qu'est-ce que ça prouve, M'sieu?*"

"*Comment?*" exclaimed Redman with much show of righteous indignation; "*ça prouve — ça prouve que je suis moi—voyons!*"

And while the *agent* was recovering we got away.

An Abbey Thought.

"There were wild scenes in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, last night during the performance of Mr. Sean O'Casey's new play, 'The Plough and the Stars.'

There was a similar scene in the theatre 20 years ago during the first performance of 'The Ploughboy of the Western World,' by J. M. Synge."

Daily Paper.

A pity the author called it "The Playboy," as that rather spoils the coincidence.

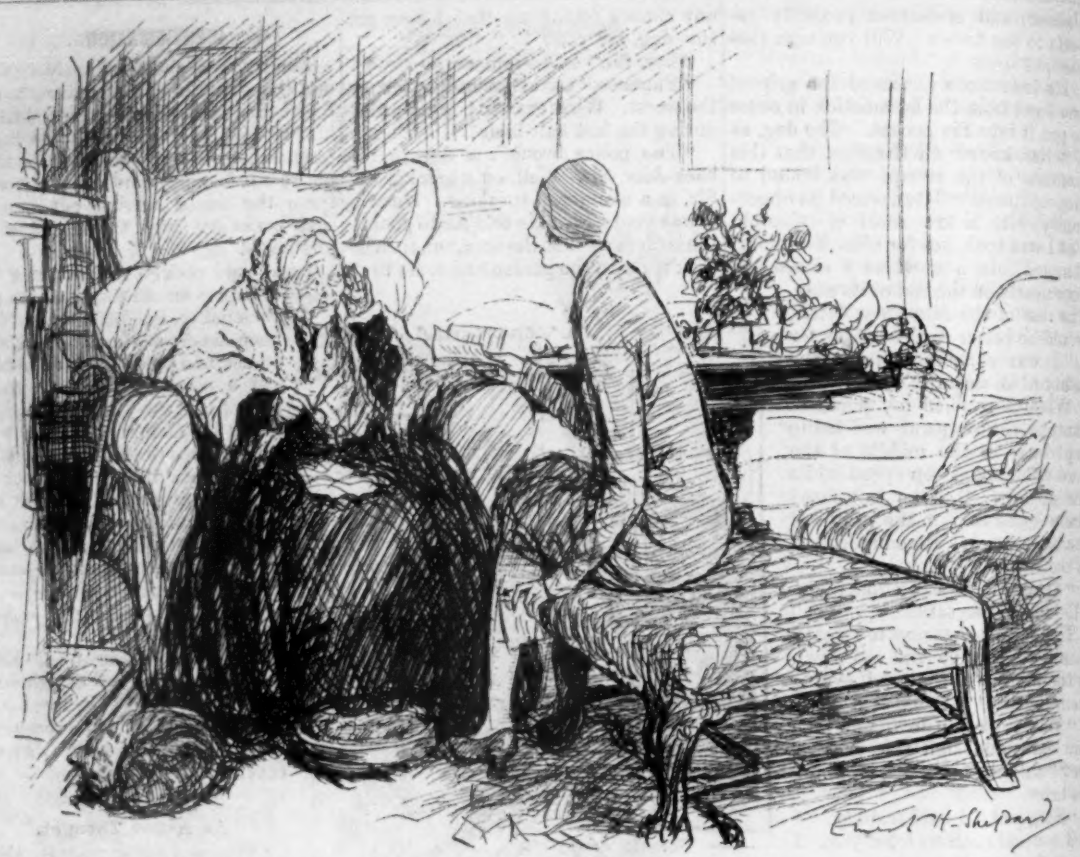
From an article on "The Sports Fanatic":—

"Sewing, of course, she never does. 'I never cut out the simplest jumper without making the most ghastly bloomers,' she tells you."

Then she is quite right to avoid all risk of such sartorial tragedies.

"Widows' Best Provision.—E.g., if age 51 next birthday, 10 yearly payments, totalling £246 (less tax) secure £500 immediately on husband's death. 11.9 h.p. Cars, full tariff benefits one drives, £6 18s. 8d. Free pillion riding."—*Weekly Paper.*

While confessing that we do not fully grasp the true inwardness of this announcement, we would advise any married lady who may be interested that the best way to insure being a widow is to let her husband do the free pillion-riding.



Old Lady (on her hundredth birthday, rather confused by many callers and congratulations). "AND HOW MANY HUNDRED YEARS OLD DID YOU SAY I WAS, MY DEAR?"

TIME'S HANDICAP.

BROWNING, never mellower or sweeter
Than when using the trochaic metre,
Wrote a charming eulogy of DANTE,
Though in some respects his meed is scanty.
DANTE hailed from mediæval Florence,
So he couldn't study D. H. LAWRENCE
Or express approval or abhorrence.
HOMER'S *Odyssey* has many voices,
But they do not touch the pitch of JOYCE'S.
PINDAR glorified Olympian racefields,
But without the fervour that is MASEFIELD'S.
MARCO POLO went as far as Han-Kau,
But he never met with GILBERT FRANKAU.
SHAKESPEARE wrote some meritorious dramas,
But his scenic wardrobe lacked pyjamas,
And his dialogue is quite Batavian
Set beside the sparkle that is Shavian;
While his most sophisticated chatter
Lacks the madness of our Verdant Hatter.
MILTON, though his name resounds for ages,
Could not earn remunerative wages
Or peruse Miss EDITH SITWELL'S pages.
DRYDEN, though a literary pasha,
Never dreamed of OSBERT or of SACHA.
SAMUEL PEPYS, without consulting MARGOT,
Coined his queer epistolary argot.
GIBBON'S gifts can never be denied him,
But he hadn't H. G. WELLS to guide him.
Had Miss DOROTHY collaborated,
RICHARDSON would be less antiquated.
Similarly SIDDONS, KEAN and GARRICK
Might have reached the altitude barbaric
Of the wondrous mimes who now inflame us
Had they filmed at Hollywood for "FAMOUS,"
Utilised the drums of Borria-Boola,
And imbibed the methods of TALLULAH.
Great NAPOLEON did escape from Elba,
But he never "listened-in" to MELBA.
JANE, in rural solitudes embowered,
Could not touch the vogue of NOEL COWARD.
WORDSWORTH intermittently enthralled us,
Though he never once set eyes on ALDOUS,
Dying seventy years or so, poor fellow,
Ere the publication of *Chrome Yellow*,
Or the tales, *quæ referens rubesco*,
Written by ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

Such are Time's revenges and surprises,
Though some people think that he disguises
Blessings by denying to the greater
Souls the dubious boon of living later.

A Wrinkle for the Smooth-faced.

"A reigning queen whose loveliness is world-famous attributes her creasey complexion to the constant use of lemon and milk as a toilet astringent."—*Ladies' Paper.*

"It is understood that Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the Liberal member for the English Universities, will apply for the Chiltern Hundreds. His resignation has nothing to do with the fissures in the Liberal Party."—*Daily Paper.*

Quite a different family.

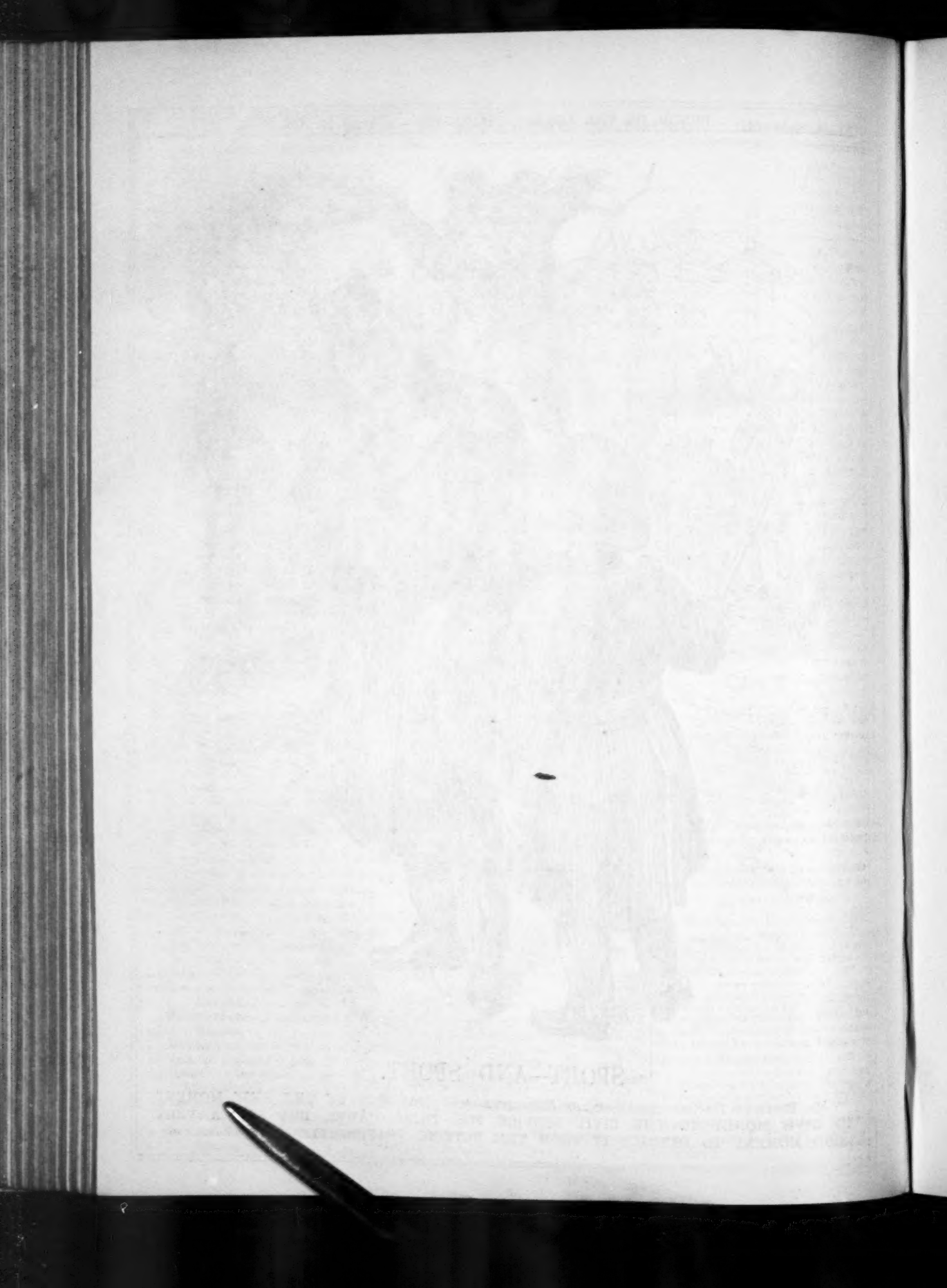
"By sending fruit to sleep, Professor —— has discovered a method of fruit storage and preservation."—*Daily Paper.*

We ourselves have noticed that sleepy pears always last the longest on the sideboard.



SPORT—AND SPORT.

MR. PUNCH (*to the* CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER). "IT MAY NOT BE THE BEST MOMENT TO GIVE MONEY TO THE CIVIL SERVICE FOR THEIR GAMES, BUT IT'S A VERY GOOD MOMENT TO EXTRACT IT FROM THE BETTING FRATERNITY."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 15th.—Mr. THURTLE has got his eye on the Committee of Imperial Defence. To-day he wrung the composition of its personnel from the PRIME MINISTER. A less modest man than Mr. BALDWIN would have struck an attitude in the manner of *Le Roi Soleil* and roundly announced, "*L'état c'est moi*," for, so far as initiative goes, he *is* the Committee, the other members being present in a consultative capacity. The fact that one of them is the PERMANENT SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY seemed to satisfy Mr. THURTLE that the Committee may not be wholly lost to the Locarno spirit.

Mr. REMER learned that the Civil Service has other things to do besides being civil and going out to lunch. It embraces three hundred thousand "industrial and manipulative workers," and the policy of the Government in supplying them with two hundred thousand pounds for sports grounds was stoutly defended by the PRIME MINISTER as being the first duty of an enlightened employer. Opposition cheers greeted these humane sentiments. Ministerial cheers greeted Mr. MACQUISTEN'S suggestion that the Civil Servants should be made to play in other people's yards instead of keeping themselves to themselves. The Civilians' claim to be known as the "Sporting Service" will be the subject of further debate.

The House in Committee of Supply bent its attention to a supplementary estimate of £48,000 for paper. If money is the root of all evil, paper (according to Viscount SANDON) is the root of all Government waste. Official wastrels passed chits round in large envelopes instead of folding them, and acknowledged communications by letter when a postcard would do. Ministers wrote on "beautiful writing paper," and the Stationery Office's fourteen points on economy were universally ignored.

Even a Stationery worm will turn, and after further assaults Mr. MCNEILL reminded the House that when, in order to stop it from making notes on the backs of the "large stiff envelopes" provided for other uses, he had caused a number of scribbling-pads to be placed in the House, these had immediately disappeared, cardboard backs and all! Put out of action by this shrewd counter-attack a chastened House folded up its large stiff criticisms like the Arabs and as silently stole away to the next Vote.

Tuesday, February 16th.—A speech by Lord O'HAGAN, deploring the continued absence from the King's Roll of Honour of seven county councils, thirty-eight town councils, more than fifty per cent. of the public utility companies of the country and one hundred and thirty-five Royal Warrant holders, and the existing (and perhaps consequent) unemployment of over thirty thousand disabled ex-service men, drew sympathetic utterances from Government supporters in the House of Lords and somewhat vague promises from Lord CECIL on behalf of the Government to see if anything further could be done about it.



"*L'ÉTAT C'EST MOI!*"

[The PRIME MINISTER has stated that he is the only *permanent* member of the Committee of Imperial Defence.]

In the Commons complaint was made that our soldiers practise heavy gunnery at Grain Island, near Southend, thereby causing grave inconvenience to the natives of Leigh-on-Sea. The WAR MINISTER assured Mr. BARNES that the military authorities were endeavouring to "ascertain the atmospheric conditions most favourable for reducing the effect of the concussion." When that is done Leigh-on-Sea will doubtless enjoy a mild boom.

Brigadier-General BROWN thought the Ministry of Transport would have better used two thousand odd pounds to relieve rural ratepayers than to contribute them as half the cost of planting trees along the new arterial highways in Middlesex.

"It is not planting tree for tree
In bulk doth make Ministries better be"

is his view of the matter. Colonel ASHLEY pleaded for a sense of proportion. The cost was only one hundred and seventy-five pounds a mile, he explained, "exclusive of smaller species which might be planted in the intervals." This naïve suggestion of the Middlesex desert being transformed into a bosky paradise effectively stemmed further criticism.

A propos of turning deserts into paradises it seems that an apology is owing to the Zionist Colonists in Palestine; a paragraph in the "Essence" during last Session having apparently conveyed the impression that they were displacing the Arab cultivator there by financial rather than by agricultural ability. The facts, I am assured, are that the Zionists acquired the land at a high price and in a thoroughly neglected state from absentee Arab landlords and have brought it to a high state of agricultural efficiency by their own industry.

In Committee of Supply the House discussed the beet-sugar subsidy. A notice posted at the Felstead factory, equivalent to "Abandon hope, all ye agricultural labourers who seek employment here," incurred the wrath of Labour Members. The MINISTER pointed out that he had no more control over a beet-sugar factory in respect to those it chose to employ than over a trade union that would admit no more bricklayers. "That is not my point," exclaimed Mr. DUNCAN, who had denounced the notice as monstrous, criminal, scandalous, wicked, vicious and preposterous. "But it is



THE BATTLE OF THE BEES.

MR. MAXTON (PRO-SUBSIDY) AND MR. ALEXANDER (ANTI-).

my answer," retorted Mr. GUINNESS calmly.

Sir G. COURTHOPE, Unionist Member for Rye, came to the rescue of the defeated Mr. DUNCAN, declaring the notice to be foolish and improper if actually posted, but pointing out that the Felstead factory was not yet equipped. Mr. MAXTON courteously returned the compliment by dissociating himself from the statement of Mr. ALEXANDER that the Labour Party was opposed to the sugar-beet subsidy.

Further evidence of the excellent discipline prevailing in the Labour Party was provided when Colonel WEDGWOOD, though an ex-Minister, meekly took the seat on the second bench vacated by Mr. LANSBURY, who, as a member of the Party executive, has been promoted to the Front Opposition Bench.

Wednesday, February 17th.—In the House of Commons this may be said to have been Mr. KIRKWOOD'S big day. He began by protesting against the issue of a writ for the election of a successor to Mr. H. A. L. FISHER. The SPEAKER suggested that he should bring in a Bill to abolish University representation. "I will do it," declared DAVY truculently, and the representatives of Saxon learning trembled in their shoes.

A few minutes later the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY declared, in answer to Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, that the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* cost nothing (being laid up), but admitted when pressed that he meant "practically nothing." "He has made a mouthographical error" announced Mr. KIRKWOOD, thereby enriching the Anglo-Scots vocabulary for all time. Then the question arose of the stopping of unemployment benefits in the case of women who refused domestic service. Mr. BUCHANAN intimated that Mary did right to refuse to be a housemaid, either somewhere down in Kent or anywhere else, with the morals of the licentious capitalist class at their present low ebb. The SPEAKER'S unwillingness to allow further supplementary questions brought Mr. KIRKWOOD to his feet in an involved attempt to put what he conceived to be a point of order. Encouraging shouts of "Order, order" from the Government Benches provoked him to inaudible retorts in broad Scots. Then Sir REGINALD HALL arose to put a point of order and it was KIRKWOOD'S turn to call for "Orrrrder." For the space of perhaps a minute deep called to deep. Then the SPEAKER rose and both deeps subsided. "I 'm no meek, wee lamb," Mr. KIRKWOOD was heard to observe when the storm was at its height. The painful fact seems to be that—

> St. Stephen's has a little lamb
> With hair as black as jet;
> He isn't meek; he isn't wee:
> He 'll never make a pet.

On a vote for an extra sixty thousand pounds for Customs and Excise, Mr. TOM SHAW drew a pathetic picture of himself being required to swear on a "half-sized family Bible" that he had no silk undies in his carpet-bag.

"Slay me with your voices but not with your votes" was the burden of the



A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.
COLONEL WEDGWOOD AND MR. LANSBURY
(reading from back to front).

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S refrain on the "hands off the Road Fund" motion of Mr. DIXEY, Unionist Member for Penrith and Cockermouth. He flatly refused to discuss the merits of the Road Fund or to reveal his intentions, honourable or otherwise, towards it, since to do so would be a violation of constitutional practice. The House responded to Mr. CHURCHILL'S double appeal by criticising his proposed raid on the Road Fund in no uncertain voice and as firmly rejecting Mr. SNOWDEN'S motion that the unkind question be put.

Thursday, February 18th.—While Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was harrowing the sands of Iraq in the Commons, the Lords listened to Lord PARMOOR driving his cruel coulter through the Government's White Paper on Agricultural Policy. The Government's view, as expressed by Lord BLEDISLOE, was that where the farmer is concerned kind words are more than subsidies and simpler methods of borrowing money than schemes for having the landowners' blood. Meanwhile the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION was finding a prickly hedgehog in his furrow, in the shape of the SECRETARY FOR DOMINION AFFAIRS.

There were other obstructions, notably Major HILLS, Unionist Member for Ripon, who in a maiden speech urged the Opposition to consider the desirability of finding some common ground where East and West could meet. "Russian boots," suggested Mr. JACK JONES brightly, and relapsed into dignified attention. Mr. HILTON YOUNG augmented Mr. AMERY'S practical arguments with just the right appeal to sentiment, and, in spite of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY'S rousing declaration that Mr. HILTON YOUNG by no means represented the views of a dozen Liberals, of whom he, Commander KENWORTHY, was one (if not more), there was little for Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN to reply to and every reason for the House to approve the Iraq Treaty by the substantial majority of 144 votes. So penetrating however was the FOREIGN MINISTER'S arraignment of the speech of the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION that Mr. MACDONALD felt compelled to explain to the House that he by no means meant what he must have meant if he meant anything at all.

At Question Time Sir LESLIE SCOTT invited the PRIME MINISTER to consider making it an offence analogous to contempt of court to "pretend to disclose the intention of a Royal Commission in advance of its authorised report." The PRIME MINISTER intimated that difficulties lay in the way of establishing "contempt of Parliament" as an offence.

A lively discussion followed the questions by some Unionist Members as to the constitutional position of the PERMANENT SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY. Members wanted an assurance that his permanent name is not Pooh Bah, to which the PRIME MINISTER illuminatingly replied that Government Departments are dynamic rather than static, and, more to the purpose, that whatever functions the PERMANENT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY exercises in respect to Departments other than his own have been exercised by himself or his predecessors since 1867.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

CONSOLATION DINNER TO PEDESTRIANS GIVEN BY THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

THE DOMINANT SEX.

"MAN is, and must be," I said, "the dominant sex."

"He mustn't be," replied my niece Audrie, "and he isn't."

"It is generally accepted," I said.

"Yes, by men," she qualified. "I hope you know you're frightfully conceited."

"If I am," I replied, "I have reason to be. I am a man; and man is and must be the dominant sex."

"You talk just like a parrot. Look here—if you're so jolly dominant why do I always beat you at tennis?"

"Age," I replied, "difference in. Remorseless time has played havoc with me."

"Pooh, you won't run."

"Not won't. Can't."

"And why can't you? Because you're too fat. And *why* are you fat? Because you're lazy. All men are."

"Not at all, Audrie," I protested. "Man the Breadwinner toils unceasingly for Woman the Butterfly."

"Oh, yes! What sort of toil do *you* do?"

"Business—you wouldn't understand," I said firmly.

"I bet I would. Lunch."

"What do you mean by 'lunch'?"

"You know quite well what I mean. Business is simply an excuse for lunch."

"No, no," I urged. "Lunch is often an opportunity for business."

"How long does lunch last?" she persisted.

"Till grace is said and all rise."

"If they can. Cards afterwards, I suppose. Poker?" she shot at me keenly.

"I wouldn't touch it," I assured her, "with a pair of tongs."

"Snooker?"

"No snooker. Very occasionally a game of dominos rounds things off."

Audrie gave me a sweet smile at this disclosure.

"*Now* I see," she said, "what man is and must be—oh, yes, he certainly must be."

"I am glad you realise," I rejoined, "that he is and must be, as I said, the domin——"

"The domino sex," she completed scornfully.

"Mr. —— is a character whom Dickens would have dearly loved to depict; he has spent so many years with dogs that he now wears a mastiff-like expression, which is not lessened by his habit of wearing a bowler hat in all circumstances."—*Daily Paper.*

All the best mastiffs, we understand, do this.

THE MODERN AURORA.

[It will be recalled that Aurora's spouse, Tithonus, though made immortal, did not share her gift of perpetual youth.]

WOMAN, though oft you've plied of old
The art of keeping young for ever,
To-day past efforts leave us cold;
With heightened ardour you endeavour
Triumphantly at last to put
Tough Father Time beneath your boot.

Your crows'-feet you massage away;
Keep slim on sport or special diet;
In case your shingled thatch turns grey
With subtle mixtures you supply it;
But 'tis your juvenile attire
That most reflects your heart's desire.

You prance as giddy as you please
In modes half-civilised though British—
Scant frocks that lightly flog your knees,
And hose perennially skittish,
Affecting by these means to find
An equal youthfulness of mind.

But if by capering on Life's stage
You hope to keep Tithonus jolly,
Thrice-vain Aurora of our age,
Why, therein lies your crowning folly;
These struggles to retain your prime
Make him an old man ere his time.

AT THE PLAY.

"MR. PEPYS" (EVERYMAN).

IT would have been unreasonable to expect in a ballad opera a very faithful and comprehensive character-sketch of SAMUEL PEPYS. But we might well have expected a good deal more than we got. In order to ensure the right complement of women's voices—and for other less innocent reasons—it was natural of course to insist on his taste for unattached female company; but we might have been allowed a few other aspects of his character. We saw, for instance, nothing of his regard for the society of people of rank and importance; indeed there was nobody else even of his own modest position in the play. Apart from a brief and perfunctory spasm of diary-writing, and one or two references to his special interest in domestic finance, he was presented to us first and last as just a philanderer.

Mr. RANALOW, who played the part, had little chance—and took little trouble to make one—of distinguishing between *Mr. Pepys* and *Captain Macheath*. You would never have guessed beforehand that these two gentlemen had so much in common.

The plot, such as it was, turned on the mutual jealousy of *Pepys* and his wife, and culminated in the commonplace surprise of their meeting in the dressing-room of the King's Playhouse—*Pepys* in the dubious company of *Nell Gwynn* and other ladies of her quality, and his wife attended by her amorous dancing-master. In the Third Act the situation (without any surprise left) was more or less repeated, with a change of scene to Bartholomew Fair and a reconciliation thrown in.

Yet it is on this Third Act that the opera must rely for its best chance of survival. Up to this point it had gone tamely and amateurishly, and on the night when I saw it had been coldly received. But this Act introduced us in the *Puppet Showman* (admirably played by Mr. ALFRED CLARK) to a true figure of low comedy. And the Show itself was delightful, with its figures (human heads and toy bodies) presenting the courtship of *Catherine Parr*, and its chorus that rehearsed the catalogue of *Henry's* previous wives, ending, in the Widecombe manner, with "Catherine Howard and all."

But the chief virtue of this Act was that it gave Mr. GUY LE FEUVRE (as *Pembleton*, the dancing-master) an adequate opportunity for his delicate humour. His song of the ladies whose competition for his favours he tried to conduct impartially was easily the best thing in the play, and he handled it (and his dialogue) with an exquisite subtlety of voice and expression. I recall the delight that he gave me in *The Duenna*, and his performance in *Mr. Pepys* placed him well apart from the rest.



THE IMPARTIAL LOVER.

Pembleton (MR. GUY LE FEUVRE) *to Nell Gwynn* (MISS ISABEL JEANS):—

"I try to kiss fairly,
I do what I can."



CAPTAIN MACPEPYS.

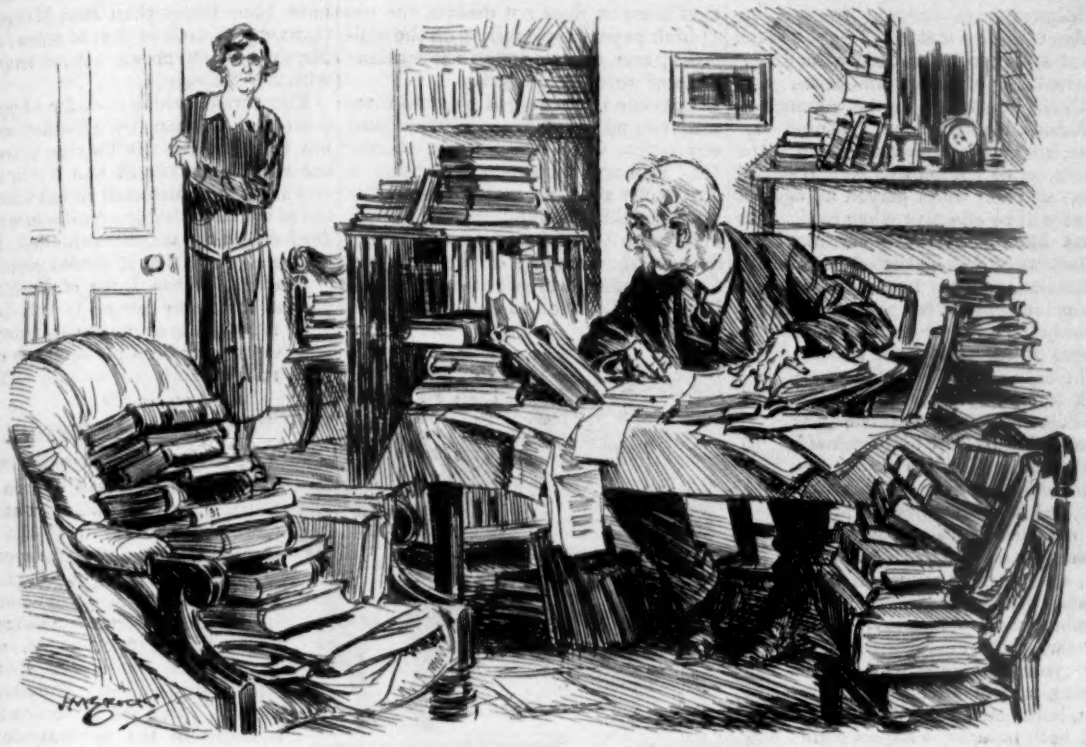
Mr. Samuel Pepys . . . MR. RANALOW.
Mrs. Knipp . . . . . MISS ORIEL ROSS.

Miss ISABEL JEANS as *Nell Gwynn* was not very satisfying. I found her smile too persistent and glittering, and her cropped curls, of that tint of auburn which commonly owes something to peroxide, did not suit her face any better than they suited the period. As *Catherine Parr* in the Puppet Show, where her face was framed in a headdress that hid her hair, she took on a very piquant charm.

Miss MARGOT SIEVEKING (*Mrs. Pepys*) has a nice voice and a clear enunciation which should serve her well in a more sympathetic part. One remembers the high promise of her performance on tour in *The Way of the World*. Miss FLORENCE MCHUGH made a jolly wench of *Deborah, Mrs. Pepys's* servant, late of Zummerzet, whose innocence received many agreeable shocks from her new and carnal environment. Mr. LAWRENCE BASKCOMB, as *Hewer*, a henchman of *Mr. Pepys*, had his moments of quiet fun, and Master GUY PIKE, who doubled the small parts of *Call Boy* at the King's Playhouse and *Showman's Boy* at Bartholomew Fair, played with a most attractive indifference to his surroundings.

Mr. MARTIN SHAW's music, simple in its effortless gaiety, had the qualities proper to the time and circumstance; and he knows his business well enough to give the words a chance. Mr. CLIFFORD BAX was happier with his lyrics than with his prose dialogue. He did not always use singing measures, but there was always good matter in his lines. He is never slipshod with his rhymes, and as a maker of light verse he has mastered the technique of his craft. I caught one anachronistic echo in "never never—hardly ever," but he has a very distinct note of his own, a rare thing among writers of stage-lyrics. I verified my impressions by buying two sixpenny "broad-sheets" with one of his songs on each.

Mr. ALLAN WADE, who produced the opera, had followed the best Hammersmith-Lyric traditions in the economy of its setting; but in respect of his book, his cast and his house he had not had Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S material at his command.



Wife of Author (entering his study). "TAKE A MENTAL NOTE, HORACE, OF WHERE EVERYTHING IS, BECAUSE WE START SPRING-CLEANING THIS ROOM TO-MORROW."

Nobody, I imagine, expects *Mr. Pepys* to repeat the success of *The Beggar's Opera;* but all of us hope it may give an encouraging start to the new management of Everyman. My own advice to those who find Hampstead more remote than Hammersmith (it isn't really) is to time their arrival for the opening of the Third Act. Having appeased their organs of digestion they will come to it in a better frame of mind and stomach than I did after prematurely assisting at the very moderate entertainment of the first two Acts. They will of course miss my joyous surprise at the sudden improvement; but you can't have everything.

O. S.

"IS ZAT SO?" (APOLLO).

I entered the theatre with every prejudice against a play so full of American "idioms" that it is necessary to issue a glossary with the programme, and I was prepared to consign it to the Ellis Island of immigrant drama, ticketed "Case of Mental Turpitude—Buy British." But I was immediately and irretrievably conquered by two brilliantly funny men—Mr. JAMES GLEASON (who, with Mr. RICHARD TABER, is also part-author) and Mr. ROBERT ARMSTRONG. Everyone should see Mr. GLEASON, who plays "*Hap*," the aggressive, lightning-tongued and "idiomatic" manager of "*Chick*," the bovine, soft-hearted prize-fighter (Mr. ARMSTRONG), who in most of his fights "hits the mat" from sheer goodness of heart. While these two are on the stage, singly or together, you laugh till you cry, and then (for they are at times, for comedians, quite indecently moving) you cry till you laugh again.

Of the framework of the plot too much had better not be said, the villain who supports it all being perhaps a little too bad to be true; but I would pass almost any excuse that introduced "*Hap*" and "*Chick*" into his house as butler and footman. There they make love to the "dames, frails, skirts, Janes or wrens" of the domestic staff; and these little scenes are written and acted with an ingenious and beautiful simplicity which challenges comparison with the great CHARLIE'S methods. There too they "stage" a boxing-bout which, at least to the uninitiated eye, is done with such realistic gusto that the two combatants, if they are spared, should be in capital condition by the end of the run.

As for the "idioms," no one need be frightened away by the glossary. Mr. GLEASON spoke whole sentences of which not one single word was intelligible; he might have been speaking a foreign language; indeed, as a good Englishman, I maintain that he was. But it did not matter. Had he been reciting out of a stores catalogue he would have been just as funny, and his face and figure would have told us what he meant. And the dialogue, intelligible or not, is truly humorous, based upon character and a rich understanding of human nature.

These two delights were well supported by a cast mainly American. Miss Jo WALLACE stood out among the "frails," who have fewer chances than the "gabby pug" and the "sock-peddler's pilot." Miss AMY BRANDON-THOMAS ably represented the English "wrens," and Mr. ANTHONY BUSHELL was a very sincere and attractive young gentleman. I laughed more, and more nearly cried, than I have done for a long time.

A. P. H.

"UNCLE VANYA" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

The first-night notices of *Uncle Vanya* when it was produced in far-distant Barnes reached such heights of enthusiasm that one was inclined to put it down to the prevailing attack of Tchehovitis, which has so happily taken possession of us, and to wonder whether it could have been quite as good as all that. But it is! Emphatically it is. My

colleagues have indeed, if anything, understated the matter. I have seldom sat at a play so enthralled by the finely-married arts of author and actor.

Uncle Vanya is a signal instance of *Tchehov's* masterly and, I should suppose, instinctive appreciation—it is too subtle to be consciously contrived—of what will tell when played as against what will be effective when read. For what have you? A queer mournful collection of folk gathered together in a Russian country house; an old dull *malade imaginaire* of a professor with an undeserved reputation, married to a beautiful spineless young woman, technically virtuous through lack of character rather than by resolute choice; two middle-aged men of brains and temperament —*Voynitsky* (*Uncle Vanya*), embittered by the wreck of his own life and the relentless drag of his own irresolute character, exposing his misery to all and sundry, and *Astrov*, the doctor, half-idealist and lover of beauty and worshipper of the creative impulse which builds for the future, half-cynic and some way to becoming a drunkard; both kindly men, both soured and disillusioned, both failures; *Vanya's* plain young niece passionately and hopelessly in love with the detached *Astrov; Telyegin*, a poverty-stricken landowner and dependent; an old nurse, patient and quiet as an old dog. A dull crowd mired in a deadly slough of despond.

But no human being, so our author proves, is dull when a master hand knows which parts of the clay to cut away to expose the actions and passions at work underneath. There is no thesis such as dominates the rules of our own serious modern playwrights. You look through the observation glass at the human ants running hither and thither, and because you are an ant yourself you are fascinated.

If any robust ant of an Englishman here exclaims, "But this is exactly what would bore me stiff," will he take it, on the word of a late-converted and indeed almost a reluctant Tchehovist, that he is in error?

The play was almost perfectly produced by Mr. THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY—I say "almost," to retain some claim to balance of judgment; setting charmingly simple and unmannered, grouping and movement intelligently planned, pace discreetly regulated and varied, elocution clear without conscious effort. It is interesting to note that Moscow does not disdain the use of pink paper roses trailing on the windows; one expected perhaps random blobs of purple and bistre.

Between the principal players, some relatively unknown, some of established reputation, there was little to choose. Mr. ROBERT FARQUHARSON'S was a beautifully sensitive performance. The intellectuality, the kindliness, the tragic despair, in a trivial environment, which deepens the tragedy, of the unhappy *Vanya* were superbly set before us. Miss DOROTHY MASSINGHAM made of *Helena*, the *Professor's* young wife, a living thing, and with an admirably restrained art touched in the passages of hysteria without making them merely painful. Mr. HENRY C. HEWITT'S *Astrov* was also a most accomplished performance; he handled especially well the scenes in which *Astrov* was not unpleasantly intoxicated—a trap for the selfishly ambitious actor. Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON added honour to an honoured name in an exquisitely tender performance of the not too easy part of the lovelorn *Sonia*. Mr. BORIS RANEVSKY, playing against the sympathy of the audience, held its attention and deserved its approval. I doubt if anything could have been better than Miss MARJORIE GABAIN'S portrait of the old nurse; and Mr. IVOR BARNARD was all but as good with his *Telyegin*.

There was nothing to do for a hypnotised and temporarily Russified critic but to rush from the theatre, drive to the nearest restaurant and try to toss down his unaccustomed throat a measure of vodka with that expert aim which *Doctor Astrov* so skilfully exhibited. But he found, alas! that it needed practice.

If a seat in the Duke of York's is vacant for many weeks it will be a reproach to an imperceptive town. A quite superb performance of a master-work. T.



MOST UNRUSSIAN.

Uncle Vanya (*returning morphia stolen for lethal purposes*). "OH, WELL, TAKE IT, BUT IT 'LL SPOIL THE PLAY. WE HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE SUICIDE."

Uncle Vanya . . . MR. ROBERT FARQUHARSON.
Astrov (*a doctor*) . . MR. HENRY C. HEWITT.

THE MULTIPLE MUSICIAN.

(By our Labour Correspondent.)

THE evening concert given by Captain F. C. SAUERZWEIG at the Queen's Hall last week has attracted, as it deserved, a good deal of attention. The Captain, who is engaged as a band-master in Ireland, performed on no fewer than fifteen instruments, embracing the families of strings (three), wood-wind (five) and brass (seven). But the piano was not included in the performance of this musical MEZZOFANTI, whose most notable exploit was in a "Fantasia Concertante" of his own composition, in which all the fifteen instruments were heard in a row. Of the proficiency displayed by this multiple soloist it is not our intention to speak. Mr. Punch was not present, and there is a certain divergence in the views expressed by the critics, one of whom was unkind enough to say that the Captain could hardly count on a job in the London Symphony Orchestra with any of his instruments save the "tubaphone," a sort of musical-box, and that if his "Fantasia Concertante" obtained a permanent place in the Queen's Hall repertory, he (the musician and critic) would give up musical criticism.

But the real significance of the concert has so far been entirely missed in all the notices that have appeared. The issue involved is not musical but industrial and economic. It is true that Captain SAUERZWEIG does not attempt to play all his fifteen instruments simultaneously, after the fashion of the *homme-orchestre* who used occasionally to be seen in the streets. Still he *did* play fifteen instruments, and we have no hesitation in declaring that this is quite irreconcilable with the basic principles of organized Labour. It is not a new



Huntsman. "HAVE YOU SEEN MY FOX?"
Londoner. "WHAT'S IT LIKE? IF IT'S A LITTLE BROWN THING WITH A BUSHY TAIL, I NEARLY RAN OVER ONE OF THEM; AND IF IT WAS YOURS YOU SHOULDN'T LET IT WANDER ABOUT THE PUBLIC ROAD."

principle. The precept "one man one job" is a commonplace of the political philosophers of ancient Greece. In modern politics the principle of "one man one vote" is very generally adopted, and the ideal in music, from the point of view of Trade Unionism, would be "one man one note." This, though logically defensible in the interests of the equitable division of labour, may be regarded in practice as a counsel of perfection. But no such reserves can be admitted in enforcing the rule of "one man, one instrument."

Captain SAUERZWEIG'S audacious violation of this salutary and humane precept is exceptional, but unhappily artists of the greatest eminence have of late shown a disposition to set a bad example. KREISLER and CASALS, instead of confining their activities to the violin and the violoncello respectively, have both been known to officiate at the piano in public. Dame NELLIE MELBA has frequently accompanied herself in "Home, Sweet Home." JOOP LIET, the Dutch heavy-weight boxer, after knocking out the Welsh champion, DICK POWER, in two rounds, sang the Prologue from *Pagliacci* from the platform. This is not the first time he has done this. Worse still, he is said to be also a conjurer and a ventriloquist. These deviations, when practised by leading artists, are apt to be infectious, and should be promptly and firmly discouraged. Otherwise legislative measures will be necessary to suppress a form of pluralism and unfair competition peculiarly out of keeping with the spirit of modern Labour.

ANOTHER SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

[In a recent speech at Seattle, JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, the famous bandmaster and composer of innumerable marches, from "The Washington Post" onwards, declared that Prohibition brought on Jazz and the "Charleston," and predicted the early demise of burlesque in music and of the "temporary aberration" of the "Charleston."]

WHEN OFFENBACH crossed the Atlantic
To cheer and enliven the Land
Of the Free with his strains corybantic,
Young SOUSA was one of his band;
And, true to the lead he was given,
Right on through his musical reign
"Straight" music he always has striven
To make and maintain.

So it isn't a risible matter,
Or mere irresponsible chat,
Or the freak of a lunatic hatter
Who's talking at large through his hat,
When SOUSA in deep indignation
And genuine sorrow lets fly
At Jazz as a vile aberration
Of times that are dry.

For we read, in the cry from Seattle
And all that it bids us eschew,
The ominous prelude of battle
Between the old tunes and the new—
The rag-time, type post-"Alexander,"
Beloved of the fox-trotting host,
And the sort that is simpler and blander,
"The Washington Post."

Will tune be supplanted by "syncop.,"
The "saxo." demolish the Strad.,
Because the denial of drink operates in a way that is bad?
I know not, but beg thee, O Musa
Melodica, never betrayed
By your veteran votary, SOUSA,
Come down to his aid.

Oh, save the still nights of our summers
From harsh and delirious din,
From the sinister "snares" of trap-drummers,
Satanic and sable of skin;
And, as in the days of BELSHAZZAR,
With luminous signs on the wall
Proclaim to the jubilant Jazzer
His imminent fall.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

DING-DONG-BELL: SECOND TOLLING.

(After Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE.)

EXCEPT for the slow soft swishing of Sunshine's scythe in the long grasses of those time-obliterated mounds the churchyard was very still. Very flowerful and still, save for that swish, swish, and, infrequently, the clear call of a robin perched cocksurely on stone or mound or cypress top. Leaning on the mildewed pillar of the low gateway I watched the old man at work in the golden morning light. The fragrance of that hay mown so freshly among the white and grey memorials of mouldering mortality was delicious. I thanked Heaven silently for this green oasis of gentle death.

It was, I agree, a shattering thing to do for one even then revolving in his mind a pantomime for midgets, but noisily I let fall the wicket-latch and sauntered along the marled path between the graves.

"Hard at work, Sunshine?" I asked, pausing in the path near the old man. He turned his lined cadaverous face towards me and let fall his scythe.

"'Hard' ain't the word, Sir. And them danged goblins be mimbling-mambling around while I cuts—ay, and pulling hairs from my old ears they be, dang 'em!" He flicked a bandana handkerchief about his head as if to scare those dancing invisible sprites. For though I looked intently I could see nothing but the mica-bright gleam of a gnat's wing as it sailed in the sunshine about his nose.

He spat sadly on his gnarled rheumatic hands and straightened his back a little. "You want eternity and a pair of almighty shears—ay, and a back with a hinge in it—to keep them odd corners tidy. Too many crosses and chains and edgings. Too many folk living and dying hereabouts. Mostly dying. They don't fish and they don't farm and they don't rightly belong. They make their bit away in the towns and come to Pinnerpol because granite 's cheap for houses and dirt cheap for graves, dang 'em!"

The old man took a packet from the rusty coat that hung on the arm of a recent cross and seated himself on a daisied mound. "They 've no originality, you see." He munched bread silently for a while. "Granite and lead letters and stone chips and danged troublesome chains. And as for epitaphs—a smear of soothing-syrup. I tell you, Sir, it 's well-nigh fifty years since the truth was told on a stone in this parish. There 's a rare instance over there by the hedge. Eighteen seventy-one it is, and late for the truth. Not that I won't say the sound of his name had something to do with it, though he was a rare soaker, was Ned."

"Here lies Ned Soddy,
Dead through toddy.
His mother who bore him
Died drunk before him.
Pause, Stranger, and pour
The Death from your door."

As I made out the solemn ribaldry a strange excitement came upon me. I forgot the pantomime which I had been devising for the midgets of the Old and the New Worlds. Here were epitaphs for the asking, and I, as prone to pore upon these chiselled pointers of mortality as to sport in fancy with fairies of curious nomenclature, was not loth to take my opportunity. Reared like some torso of antiquity amid a riot of flowering grasses I perceived but three yards to my right a stone green with age. I pointed to it, and as I did so the old man chuckled miserably.

"Tom Ball, and he 's been dead these seventy years. A mighty cripple, Sir, if accounts be true—a hobbler from his birth."

I stepped forward to the stone.

"I had no joy of life,
My legs were twist;
No maid would be my wife
On earth—but, hist!
In heaven my form shall be
Comely and tall;
Angels will walk with me
Who was Tom Ball."

I passed from that rune of bitter exultance and pressed a silver coin into the old man's hand. "Show me some more, Mister—er—Sunshine," I said with almost febrile eagerness.

"My name 's not Sunshine, but Stagg," he said. "And why do they call me Sunshine, Sir? Smile you may, but it 's because they know I walk with the dead all my days, and because they see me going my ways and thinking of the shortness and curiousness of life. But here 's a rare one." The bent figure threaded his way among the green mounds to a corner by the briar-hung wall of the road and reverently lifted a veil of creeper from a stone pitted and pocked by the rains and frosts of many years. Eagerly I stooped and read:—

"Two brothers beneath
This cold stone rest,
Good fellows both,
Quick with a jest.
John took the coin
The sergeant gave,
And came one-legged
To the grave.
Will wed a wife
He could not hide,
And, lacking laughter,
Pined and died.
Good fellows both
These lines attest,
John and Will Summers
Here at rest."

Even as I turned away, reflecting on the simplicity of the demand these quiet dead made of the capricious Fates I saw a neighbouring stone of the same year, 1815:—

"Sam Day lies here,
A tailor by trade;
His way with a coat
Was his way with a maid.
'Lace them and press them
However you may,
Soon they 'll be old and soiled,'
Said Sam Day."

"There be that," said Sunshine, "and the one for the pottycary over there." I raised myself to see the old man drifting dispiritedly away to a stone half hidden by a bush of whitebeam. His hand moved miserably in a gesture of invitation and, with my appetite for epitaphs unappeased, I went forward to read the inscription to one Monk, an apothecary:—

"Here be the mortal ashes sunk
Of Hezekiah David Monk.
A kind Apothecary, he
Took never more than rightful fee;
Nor, in his threescore years and ten,
Misread the Doctor's crabbéd pen.
Poisons and healthful herbs he knew
And could prepare a potent brew.
Now all his skill is nought, his phial
Becomes a Heaven-resounding viol,
Whereon he plays nor ever sees
Our earthly base infirmities."

"They be the best," said Sunshine. "The others be snips and snaps from Ancient and Modern and the Book." He sighed heavily. "Like as not I 'll be buried without one; but if I had a say in it I know what I 'd like writ above me." From the lid of his steel tobacco-box he produced a piece of paper yellowed to the quality of parchment. I opened its torn folds and read the wavering scrawl:—

"'Sunshine' lies here, a sexton bent
Through following his employment.
Neatly and well he laid below
The parish corpses row on row.
He cut the grass and pruned the roses
And did odd jobs no man supposes.
But howsoever, and without brag,
The old Scythe 's got him, 'Sunshine' Stagg."

I took out my note-book and, getting the old man's silent permission, entered the quaint doggerel on a page facing a pencilled chorus for my pantomime for midgets. Leaving the sexton reverently replacing the epitaph in the tobacco-box I wandered quietly away with a jumble of mazed thoughts in my mind. I murmured something inconsequent to the Vicar, a new and irritating Vicar, who approached me on his way to the church, and so came to the gate and the secular dustiness of the unconsecrated road.

W. K. S.

Our Hopeful Advertisers.

"Wanted, a Model Girl."—*Morning Paper.*



First Flapper (reading account of the LENGLEN-WILLS match). "ISN'T SUZANNE TOO MARVELLOUS? IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TERRIBLE STRAIN FOR HER NERVES."

Second Flapper. "WELL, OF COURSE *I* WENT THROUGH THE SAME THING WHEN I WON OUR CHAMPIONSHIP AT GOLDER'S PARK."

SHE-SHANTIES.

PAINTED PEARL.

Painted Pearl, I will not kiss you;
From those lips that scarlet shine
Surely some fell flame must issue
And infect or frizzle mine.
Darling one, as I have told you,
In my arms I long to hold you,
But before that fond embrace,
Darling, will you wash your face?

Though you know my heart is single,
Not for all the bolts of Jove
Shall my lips with crimson mingle
Or attempt a mouth that 's mauve;
Not for all the whims of Fashion
Will I taste a tinted passion,
So, before our first embrace,
Darling, will you wash your face?

Should sad Time your beauty tarnish
You may paint till all is blue;
Who can blame a coat of varnish
On a craft no longer new?
But it ought to be unlawful
For a girl to look so awful!
Pray, before our fond embrace,
Darling, let me wash your face.

Who would think that virgin kisses
Slept behind that wanton hue?
Every faded Miss and Mrs.
Smiles vermilion just like you.
Though you 're not, I 'm well acquainted,
Half as old as you are painted,
Tell me, sweet one, if you be
Twenty-two or thirty-three.

A. P. H.

"Talking Amazon parrot, actually repeating many unique phrases in a pleasing human voice, trained by lady, 2 years old."
Weekly Paper.

We can well believe that this precocious little lady taught the bird some unique phrases.



THINGS THAT ARE SOMETIMES EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"OH, I *beg* YOUR PARDON."
"NOT AT ALL. THE FAULT WAS *entirely* MINE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh (METHUEN) are from first to last a convivial series. Few men better appreciated the festive aspect of life and scholarship, and few were keener to share it. The mode of sharing was rather that of the schoolmaster than the professor. "Teaching in a school," said RALEIGH to an old pupil, "has many drawbacks compared to professing in a university. But I do think it has greater influence. And anyhow literature is like swimming: teacher and pupil must bathe together." For my own posthumous share of this delightful experience and many other delightful experiences I have to thank Lady RALEIGH, who has edited a generous sequence of her husband's letters, and Professor NICHOL SMITH, whose modest and competent biography put me in train to enjoy them to the full. From the first RALEIGH wore his academic rue with a difference. On leaving Cambridge he became Professor of English Literature at Aligarh and tried what he called his Jack-in-the-box methods on Indians who slumbered through five hours' lectures a day and passed examinations by "recalling their dreams." He would rather, he said later, have forgone Cambridge than Aligarh. Health, however, drove him back to England, where extension lecturing and a subordinate post at Manchester led to the Chairs of English Literature at Liverpool, Glasgow and Oxford. RALEIGH'S attitude in and out of these was always a gallant and engaging one—and his letters reflect it. They cannot boast the felicities of more recluse and leisured letter-writers, and you miss the informing and co-ordinating influence of any valid philosophy. The deepest problems he seems to have treated as DONNE, he says, treated women: "First passion, then fatigue, and understanding slipped out between them." But that was the defect of his age, and he had a shining overplus of its excellences.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN hints at an authentic original for her latest romance, and I rather think that the famous trial of SPENCER COWPER, Esq., for the murder of Mistress SARAH STOUT is at the bottom of it. If so, Miss BOWEN has missed the best thing in the story, which is the conscientious refusal of SARAH'S Quaker mother to give on oath the evidence that might have convicted her daughter's betrayer. Some such Sophoclean catastrophe would have been the making of *Boundless Water* (WARD, LOCK), which is curiously lacking in psychological drama though it abounds in "strong situations." It tells how a Tory landowner of Haslemere, being refused by a capable widow, turned to a colourless heiress and dismissed the advances of a lovelorn damsel in his own village. According to local gossip, *Bernardine* the widow had never been in the running; *Margaret* the heiress was destined to play the part of a neglected wife; and *Serena*, the physician's romantic daughter, was to be given a complacent husband and lodged near the Manor House. The last two innuendoes are magnified for political purposes, WALPOLE having vowed to win Haslemere for the Whigs and *Ribblestone* being the Tory candidate. They are further fomented by *Ribblestone's* half-brother *Phœbus*, who throws up a commission in the French Army to enact a *Ballentrae* part on the fraternal hearthstone. To the joy of *Phœbus* and the Whigs *Serena* is found drowned, her feet secured with the riband of her supposed lover's peruke. The tragedy of the latter's trial and its result, as affected by the intrigues of *Phœbus* and the loyalty and disloyalty of *Bernardine* and *Margaret*, is the buckram, so to speak, behind Miss BOWEN'S silk and brocade. Personally I did not find it quite stiff enough, but the brocade is as lustrous as ever.

Lord Grenfell's Memoirs (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), unfinished at the time of his death, have been completed by some friendly hand from the late Field-Marshal's writings and diaries. Here are recorded the exceptionally wide experiences of one before whom, as soldier, Governor and Court official by turns, momentous dramas of State or of battle were staged, in common with such fascinating lesser incidents as present themselves only to a favoured few. This being so, it is a little disappointing to find that only the one half of his literary opportunity has been adequately realised by the author, for the greater the responsibilities undertaken or triumphs achieved by him the more unwilling or unable is he to record them. Lord GRENFELL writes amusingly of Indian magic, say, or of his remembrances of his uncle, CHARLES KINGSLEY, and is happily entertaining when telling of such matters as a Moscow coronation or an interview with the POPE; but a few stumbling sentences, cut short just when the fire grows hot, have to suffice for his experiences in actual battle, while his period of service as Sirdar of the Egyptian Army is dismissed in a few vague pages, as insufficient as the service itself was brilliant. His notice of the meetings leading up to the signing of the Armistice, where he was one of the British delegates, is perhaps intrinsically the most important thing in his book; but it can hardly be said that he has done full justice to that immense occasion. His comparative silence on affairs of high significance would seem to arise from outright constitutional inability to expand where he himself was greatly concerned, and is in itself an illuminating comment on the way his work was done.



Enamoured but serious Youth (to elaborately made-up Young Woman). "I'VE WONDERED AND WONDERED WHAT YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE."

For the second time in recent years the ancient foundation of King's, Cambridge, has received flattering notice at the hands of the novelist. Mr. E. F. BENSON staged there the University career of his *David Blaize*, and now Mr. SHANE LESLIE, not to be outdone, sends his *Edward Stornington* rather painfully stumbling over the same path. It may be interesting for readers, whether from King's or elsewhere, to compare the two books. Naturally enough a good many of the same heroes of the combination room appear in both. A story of King's without the great O.B. would be unthinkable. In *The Cantab* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) he figures as *Oliver Brownlow*; in the slightly thicker disguise of Mr. BENSON he is *Arthur Gray*, and, it must be admitted, a more vital figure. The fact is, Mr. SHANE LESLIE possesses a certain gift for coining phrases, of which he is sufficiently conscious; and he can describe what he has seen with gusto and a touch of satire. But of the rest of a novelist's equipment he has very little. On the whole *The Cantab* is poor stuff. I would not say that *David of King's* was a great work, but it was amusing, and it had some characters in it that one would have liked to know. From most of Mr. LESLIE's one would flee as from the plague. *Edward Stornington* himself, the young undergraduate, is surely the most hopeless ass who ever went up to either university (in fiction) since the prehistoric days of *Mr. Verdant Green*. His father, the Canon, is little better, though perhaps a more amiable fool than the two chief ladies of his parish. I suppose the author, having written of Eton not without success, thought it incumbent on him to treat Cambridge as well, but I wish he had refrained.

It is the proper business of ravens to croak, and in *The Raven on the Skyscraper* (T. FISHER UNWIN) VERONICA and PAUL KING croak over the foibles and futilities of the people of the United States with skill and insight, but too obviously with a satisfaction that has allowed the tale to lose nothing in the telling. Americans and British are always writing appreciations or depreciations of each other, some of which profess to be serious studies, while others are "impressions" of the most fleeting description by writers—generally eminent novelists—themselves in the act of fleeting at a high rate of speed on the usual lecture tour or round trip. If

these books pretend to be no more than impressions and are amusingly written a spice of malice does them no harm. If they purport to be serious it is another matter. *The Raven on the Skyscraper* is a very substantial volume and more acid than witty in tone. It professes to give the whole picture of the American people and their civilization, such as it is, but the picture is quite lopsided—not inaccurate in detail, but a caricature on Hogarthian lines. It will please and even mildly amuse people who dislike America and Americans. It will have no message for readers who, whatever they happen to think of Americans, desire to see them in proper perspective, and realise that America is not what America seems any more than England is.

Mr. Moffatt (ALLEN AND UNWIN) records the inner life, the unuttered yearnings and desires, of an outwardly dull and inarticulate Sydney chemist according to the literary method of which *Mr. Alfred Jingle* was perhaps the earliest exponent. It consists of casting before the reader higgledy-piggledy, in a series of staccato and generally verbless sentences, a mass of relevant and irrelevant detail concerning the contents of a shop or a room or a man's mind, and leaving him to make what he can out of it. Unfortunately the mere cataloguing of pills and potions, of embrocation, infants' food and castor-oil does not necessarily leave on the mind a clear impression of *Mr. Moffatt's* shop, nor does the jumbled phonographic reproduction of the workings of his subconscious mind give a convincing portrait of *Mr. Moffatt's* personality. The less important characters in the story, who do not suffer so much from this superabundance of analysis and are allowed to speak for themselves to a certain extent, are far more real than he is; notably the cold-blooded, egotistical and thoroughly modern daughter, *Naomi*, a clever piece of portraiture which indicates that when Mr. CHESTER F. COBB, whose first venture in fiction this is, has had time to shake off his rather tiresome old-world mannerisms, he will probably take his place as a notable recruit to the rather thin ranks of Australian novelists.



First Boy. "WHAT 'S THEM STRINGS ON 'IS 'AT?"
Second Boy. "WIRELESS, O' COURSE."

I retain pleasant recollections of Mr. A. B. Cox's *Brenda Entertains*, and *The Family Witch* (JENKINS) convinces me that he is an author who possesses a wide range of humour. In his latest story his sense of the ridiculous runs riot. *Lord Charles Jones* fell in love with the daughter of an American Dry Goods King, but this uncrowned potentate would not permit an engagement unless the noble Lord's family could produce a ghost. So *Charles* was up against it, for his family was ghostless; but he remembered that in the dark ages the Joneses had owned a family witch. It is a pity that this sinister lady, who duly appeared in the flesh, is only a figment of Mr. Cox's fertile brain, because she is the only woman I have ever heard of who could have smothered Mlle. LENGLEN at her own game. Unfortunately she did not confine her activities to lawn-tennis, and when she began to wave her wand and work spells the result was devastating. It is all good farcical fun.

The chief fault I have to find with *Mainly About Other People* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is that it is mainly about other people. With singular and, as I think, mistaken modesty Mr. SIDNEY DARK has assumed that his public would rather hear about all the interesting people he has met than about himself. He has accordingly permitted himself only one wholly autobiographical chapter; and it is incomparably the best in the book. For the rest he gives us anecdotes, mostly new, occasionally old, but all of them told with the economy expected of the trained journalist. A goodly proportion of them is inevitably provided by CHARLES BROOKFIELD, the mainstay of modern anecdotalists. For myself, I have had nearly enough of this famous wit and his crushing retorts. Repartee at second-hand and robbed of its mitigating circumstances is often hardly distinguishable from simple rudeness. I hope that some day Mr. DARK will forget all the clever things his friends have said and be unashamedly himself.

Mr. MORAY DALTON is rapidly establishing a reputation as a writer of sensational fiction. In *The Shadow on the Wall* (JARROLDS) *Laura Gage* was in deep water from the start, and this for the simple reason that she was impersonating the real *Laura Gage* (deceased) and in consequence had inherited Gage Court and a considerable income. There is no denying that her conduct was open to criticism, but Mr. DALTON makes out a very good case for her; and, apart from the fact that she succumbed to a temptation offered to her at a moment when, through no fault of her own, she was down and out, he presents her as a lovable woman. The exposure, which had of course to come, is handled by Mr. DALTON in a very workmanlike way. His tale indeed should easily satisfy the demands, not too exigent, of the type of reader for whom it was written.

It is customary for authors who make a collection of occasional essays or verses to acknowledge the sources from which they have brought them together. In an introductory note to his slim book of verse, *In the Open* (GOWANS AND GRAY), Mr. W. KERSLEY HOLMES (late of the R.A.) goes further and assigns each poem to the paper in which it originally appeared. This is a great convenience and enables those who have followed "W. K. H." in these pages to turn direct to his *Punch* work, and in particular to his delightful lines on page 55 that deal with the outrage done by a shell to a favourite war-time shirt while hanging outside the laundry.

CHARIVARIA.

IN Denmark it is proposed to restrain Judges from making humorous remarks. No such law is necessary in this country.

* * *

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, M.P., advocates that children of the working-classes should be told all about the telephone. We don't—unless it can be broken to them very gently.

* * *

Although she has complained of the annoyance caused her by film photographers there is no truth in the rumour that Mlle. LENGLEN intends to play tennis only *in camerâ* for the future.

* * *

A photograph has been published of Signor MUSSOLINI out hunting in a brown bowler. NAPOLEON wouldn't have done that.

* * *

A criminal arrested in Paris the other day is described as a man with one hundred identities. Surely that must be game.

* * *

We shall be interested to hear the maiden speech of Mr. A. L. SHEPHERD, the new Socialist M.P., who is never known to wear a hat. What ever will he talk through?

* * *

An Austrian has perfected a rubber net by which a pedestrian when struck by a car is caught up without being hurt. Intelligent motorists will appreciate the convenience of this device for the purpose of starting a poultry farm.

* * *

The film star is said to have killed the matinée idol. Our only regret is that the incident is not shown in slow motion.

* * *

Sir H. SLESSER is introducing a Bill to prevent works of art going to America. Will this include the labels on some of our whisky bottles?

* * *

Now that shingled women who smoke cigarettes are wearing dinner-jackets they can't grumble if the waiter serves them the leg of a chicken instead of the wing.

* * *

In a lecture at King's College Professor A. S. EDDINGTON described the interior of a star. We don't believe he has ever seen the interior of a star.

Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN's baby is said to resemble him in the shape of the head. It is of course too soon to know if the infant has inherited the famous moustache.

* * *

The British Draughts Championship is to be held in Sheffield during Easter week. Confidence is felt that the city authorities will be prepared for the invasion of the rowdy crowds that follow this game.

* * *

The secret of the revolutionary plot in Lisbon is that there wasn't one.

* * *

"Antholigna-Bastilloca" is the name given to a new moth discovered by an English entomologist. It would be kinder not to let it know.



Mother of Applicant. "AND I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND 'IM MOST INDUSTRIOUS, SIR. THE HOURS 'E SPENDS WORKING OUT THEM FOOTBALL COMPETITIONS!"

We are asked to point out that LEONID ANDREYEV's play, *He Who Gets Slapped*, produced at Birmingham, does not deal with Mr. W. M. R. PRINGLE.

* * *

Mr. ROY BRECK of Iowa has succeeded in producing what he calls a "turken" by crossing a turkey and a hen. Such experiments are always dangerous. Mr. HENRY FORD once made a combination of the features of a mule and a bicycle, and now look at the result.

* * *

According to Dr. JOHN E. WALKER germs simply hate soap. So that's why they never wash their necks.

* * *

During an exhibition contest at Memphis a boxer landed DEMPSEY a heavy blow on the nose, in return for which the American boxer knocked him out. That ought to teach him to try those rough tactics.

A large strange bird has been seen hovering above Flamborough Head. Can it be the one that Mr. J. H. THOMAS gave to Mr. A. J. COOK?

* * *

A woman is seeking a divorce because her husband always throws his dinner at her on Sundays. He shouldn't do it on the Sabbath.

* * *

Dr. C. E. S. FLEMMING says there is practically no gout nowadays. The fact is that very few of us are able to afford that luxury.

* * *

"Everyone digging their gardens," says a headline. And yet the Great Upheaval was booked for May.

* * *

An M.P. is about to cross Africa in a motor-car. The idea is believed to have come to him while watching other Members crossing the floor of the House.

* * *

Owing to lack of space many people are converting their parlours into garages. There is the added advantage that some of these small two-seaters make excellent coal-scuttles.

* * *

There appears to be no truth in the rumour that *The Daily Mail* has offered Thanet as a gift to the Government if they will make an Ellis Island of it.

* * *

"What is the distinction between a crow and a rook?" asks a contemporary. The spelling, for one thing.

* * *

A motorist has admitted in court that he ran over the same person twice. Perhaps he felt he had scamped the job the first time.

* * *

An official of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers declares that it is not possible to give the time taken by a bricklayer to lay a brick, as conditions vary. Naturally a bricklayer moves faster with the wind behind him.

* * *

Competition amongst bootleggers in the States is now so keen that some of them are adulterating their stuff with real whisky.

"Often lost sight of—but mostly important—is the correct shaping of silk stockings."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Those Russian boots again!

PRIVATE MUZZLE'S MONGOOSE.

THE drama of our Private Muzzle's mongoose, of which I am now in possession of the full facts, unfolded itself a few months ago. The mongoose didn't belong to Private Muzzle in the first place; it was owned by a gunner whose uncle had brought it home from abroad. It was "an unofficial pet," classed by King's Regulations as "live-stock" and as such not strictly allowed to be kept in a barrack-room. Private Muzzle first made its acquaintance in the "Blue Pig," when the gunner let it out on the counter to take a stroll round.

Everyone except the barman was amused, but Private Muzzle, who had never seen one, was entranced, as was also a dour private in a Highland regiment. The mongoose prowled happily round and was the centre of attraction, though his stock slumped badly when it was discovered that he didn't like beer. It was universally agreed that there must be something radically wrong with him. Private Muzzle and the Highlander, however, remained staunch and envious worshippers. Private Muzzle during the course of the evening chatted to the gunner about the high cost of living, the price of beer and cigarettes, and finally the price of mongeese (or mongooses). The artillery-man, waiving the beer and cigarettes, replied that mongooses (or mongeese) worked out at about twelve-and-six each—if one happened to be selling.

At this point the Highlander suddenly said "ten bob," and Private Muzzle, startled at the appearance of a rival, countered with twelve-and-six. The gunner however finished his beer, tucked the mongoose away and pointed out that he 'd never said a word about selling: he 'd just been having a friendly little chat about the current price of mongoose. He then said good-night and departed.

The second part of the story begins two days later. The mongoose appeared in public one day while the battery-officer was making a kit inspection. It was not in a sunny mood and—it may have been due to interrupted sleep or a touch of liver—bit the officer's finger while being stroked. The military machine was set in motion at this breach of discipline and the gunner was told to get rid of it within three days. He appealed against this, pointing out how useful a mongoose was for killing snakes.

The battery-sergeant-major, a hard unimaginative man, replied briefly that there was no snakes. The gunner then pleaded that, owing to its not sleeping at night, it was so useful as a watchdog in the barrack-room. The corporal in charge of the room at once retorted that in his opinion this was just the trouble; the blinking animal slept all over his bed in the day-time and walked all over his face at night.

Fate was too much for the gunner, and that night he sold his pet to our Private Muzzle for twelve-and-six. The cautious Highlander would still only go as far as ten shillings, but transferred the offer to the new owner.

The next part of the drama is rather tragic. The mongoose had at first a hectic time in our battalion and began to get Private Muzzle into trouble with the authorities. He at last sought out the Highlander and said it was now for sale at twelve shillings; but the Scotsman still stuck phlegmatically to his ten-shilling offer, remarking that it was only worth that sum and that he had never yet lost money on a deal.

The deadlock lasted for a day or two and then came the climax. Late one night Sergeant Grenade (who, having only just returned from furlough, did not know about the mongoose) met it in the road with Private Muzzle in attendance while coming back from the sergeants' mess, where he had been freely celebrating his return. He asked Muzzle what the —— that —— animal was, and Muzzle, already fed up with his pet and suspecting further trouble, asked innocently, "What animal?" Sergeant Grenade pointed, and Muzzle affected not to see anything. The sergeant then pulled himself up, laughed in a forced manner, said it was of course his little joke and there was nothing there really, and passed on, mopping his forehead.

The next day the story got about, and that night all the sergeants' mess were at pains to ask Sergeant Grenade if he saw anything walking up the wall, and wouldn't he like a nice mongoose to kill that pink snake for him?

The following morning the mongoose was found dead, having apparently eaten some poisoned meat. Private Muzzle, to an extent much relieved but thinking of his lost capital, suddenly remembered his Highlander friend who boasted he had never lost on a deal. He went across with the dead mongoose in a closed box, asked if the ten bob offer for his mongoose was still open, and promptly closed with it, getting clear with the money before the box was opened.

The last part of the story did not unfold itself till a week later, and during the interval Private Muzzle had apparently met the Highlander several times in the "Blue Pig," when the conversation turned on everything except mongoose. The Highlander, dour as ever, did not appear annoyed or concerned, and Private Muzzle began to get extremely eager to know what had happened. His curiosity was finally too much for him, and one night in an expansive moment he rallied the Highlander on having at last lost money on a deal, despite his caution.

"What deal?" inquired his friend.

"Why, that mongoose."

"Och ay, yon mongoose," replied the Scot, as if recalling the case with difficulty. "Ah didna lose money on it."

"But, but," stammered Muzzle, "it was dead."

"Ah ken that weel; but Ah didna lose money. Ah made haste and raffled it. Ah sold fifteen tickets at a shillun each."

Private Muzzle's mouth fell open in admiration. Then a thought struck him—

"But the bloke what won it—didn't 'e say . . . ?"

"Ay, Ah believe he did. But he was the only yin of the lot that complained, so Ah juist gied him his shillun back."

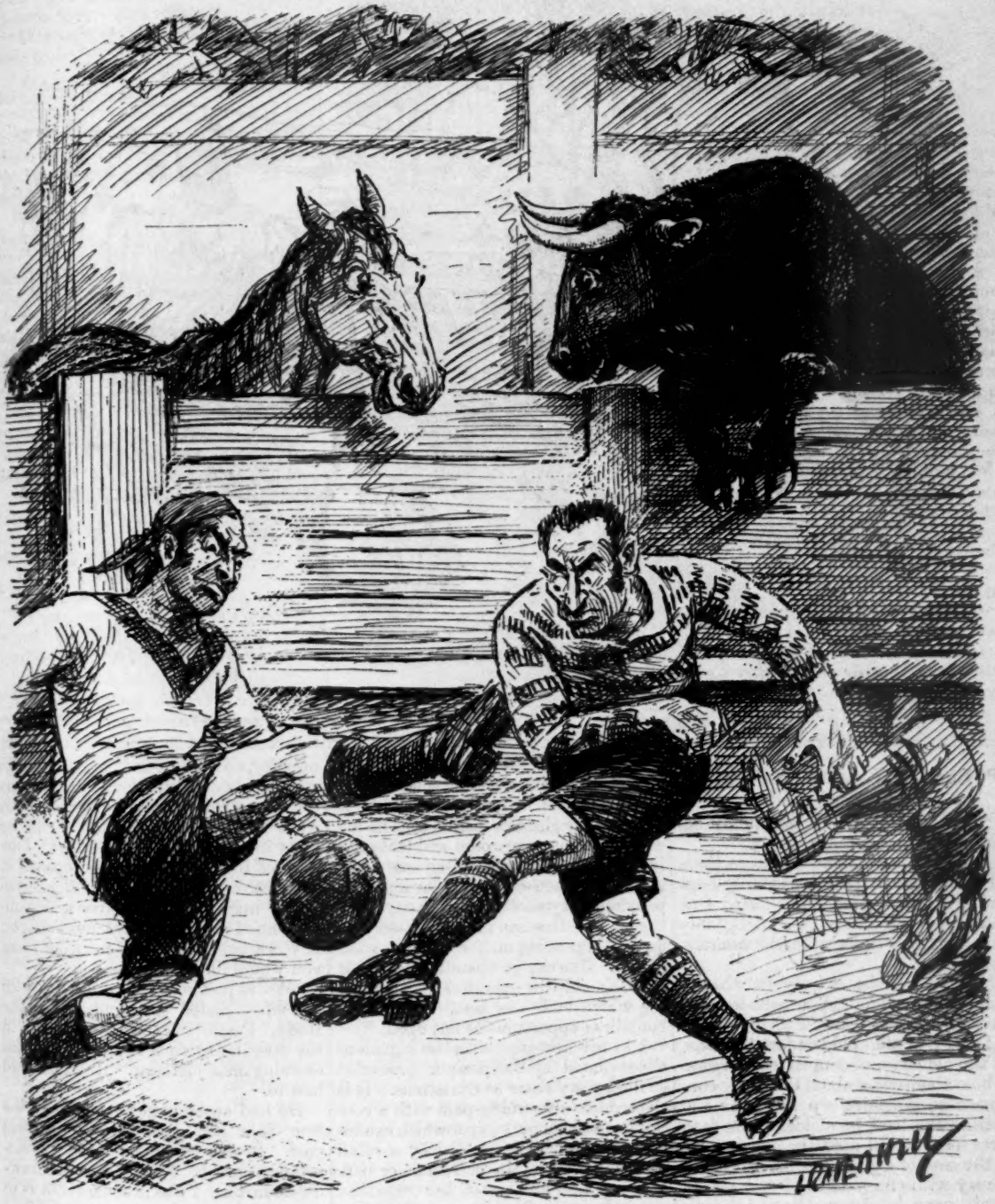
A. A.

ON A PRESENTATION CIGAR.

OH, I've smoked plenty,
I daresay twenty,
Of different kinds of weed:
A Malaga Thunder,
Which same is a wonder
For putting you off your feed;
A Hamburg Bogey,
A Pittsburg Stogie,
An Adam and Eve Come-Back;
A Nesta, which is
The worst of the Trichies
And even a Burma Black.
The catholic puffer
Must sometimes suffer,
He cannot be sure of bliss;
I don't care if
It 's a *four*penny whiff—
But [*pointing to alleged cigar*] I
never met a smoke like this.

When young, for a caper
I smoked brown paper
Loaded with hawthorn leaves;
I 've sampled a very
Tough Trimulgherry;
I 've coughed over Rangoon Sleeves;
I 've tried the fakey
Sumatras, the snaky
Manilas knotted in threes;
A choice Habana
Has brought Nirvana,
A Borneo made me sneeze.
Some I finished,
But others diminished
My pride as they knocked me flat;
Of the rest one puff
Was more than enough—
But [*indicating gutter*] I never met
a smoke like that.

E. P. W.



PLAZA DE FUTBOL.

[It is reported that Bull-fighting is being supplanted in Spain by Football.]



"Hi, Bill, shut the gate! Don't yer see as the gent wants to jump it?"

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

IV.—Solitude.

"The house will be absolutely deserted," they told me, "to-day."

Very well. One could picture them all tiptoeing out with their vanity-bags and biscuit-coloured stockings. One could see the house, a sinking ship with only the captain on the quarter-deck.

"There will be nobody in whatsoever," they said. "You will have to have lunch at the club."

I said I would hold the fort till noon. In the old days, of course, women used to busy themselves about the house continuously, polishing up the pans and putting the fruit in pickle, while man went forth to toil until the evening, or, in the case of a great thinker, sat in his library with one pale forefinger placed firmly upon his brow. Nowadays the feeblest excuse is enough to incite women to gad abroad—shopping, dentists, ailing relatives, new situations; I know not what. Small wonder that girls are always being lost in London and that the divorce courts—however, I digress. I steeled myself to suffer isolation.

As a matter of fact I rather like it. One has the glorious feeling that no one can come into the room suddenly and interrupt one's work. One can roam all over the house hunting for matches, pausing every now and then to strum on the piano. One can play at patience, or do a little putting on the drawing-room carpet. One can go upstairs and put on all one's old ties one after another and see which suits one best. A world of boundless opportunities lies open.

I lit my first pipe with the ingenious silver-plated spill-container presented to me by my sister at Christmas. It is shaped like a warming-pan, with a continuous strip of pink paper which exudes from the handle and is fed by a small roll concealed in the container or pan. We live, as a great man has remarked somewhere or other, in a scientific age. The worst of it is that the lid of the pan has come off and been lost, so that every time I take the apparatus from the mantelpiece the pink roll falls out and runs across the floor with an astonishing rapidity, unwinding as it goes and necessitating about fifteen minutes of arduous toil to re-wind. I had just completed this work when I heard a muffled ring far away in the depths of the house. I descended to the area-door and opened it.

"I have come," said the bright-eyed young man glibly, "to give a demonstration of the Coolidge vacuum-cleaner. If you would kindly tell me what room you would like me to use it in——"

"We've just been demonstrating with the silver-plated spill-container in the study," I said. "I think the vacuum in the drawing-room is the one that needs cleaning most just now." And I ushered him in.

He had scarcely got going when the front-door bell gave a merry musical peal. It was the piano-tuner. I suspected as much. I put him in the drawing-room too. I was in some doubt as to whether to introduce these two callers to each other, feeling a trace of diffidence about their respective social status. I was delivered however from the danger of making a *gaffe* by another peremptory ring below-stairs.

"The lady told me," said the little man with the beard, "that you had a loose board somewhere, and that I was to come to put it to rights."

"Whereabouts," I asked him, "is the loose board?"

"Ah, that now I couldn't say," said the little man.

"We shall have to go all over the house then," I said, "treading softly for loose boards. 'Tread softly, because you tread on my loose boards,' as the poet said."

We located the loose board in the drawing-room, near the door. The piano tuner was executing a brilliant passage at the time, and the Coolidge demonstrator had disorganised the electric light system and was standing with one hand on the plough. It seemed to me that there was likely to be some friction between this man and the loose-board artist, and I was really rather glad of the diversion created by the window-cleaner.

"Where do you want me to start today?" he said with a cheerful smile.

"Oh, in the drawing-room, by all means," I told him. A man of infinite tact, I felt certain he would put my other guests at their ease.

The telephone bell rang.

It was Mrs. Enderby.

"I want to come round and borrow a novel," she said. "Shall I be a most terrible bore?"

"Not in the least," I said heartily. "We are having one of our rather crowded drawing-rooms this morning—music and that sort of thing; but one happens to be rather short of women."

"I like the giddy whirls," she said. "I'm coming."

She did, but not before the coal. The house in fact, when Mrs. Enderby arrived, presented rather an animated scene. The glad cries of craftsmen busy at their toil resounded from room to room. It was a sight that would have done good to anyone who despairs of our British industries, for the window-cleaner was now poised somewhere on the upper floors, and his shrill whistle blent with the gay arpeggios of the piano-tuner and the strong hammerings of the carpenter, while from beneath came ever and anon the dull monotonous roar of Derby Brights. The whole scene, except that it was happening indoors instead of outside, reminded me somewhat of that well-known picture of "Work" by Ford Madox Brown.

Mrs. Enderby's presence seemed, if anything, to heighten the gaiety of the throng. Her appearance in the drawing-room brought a smile of relief to the face of the Coolidge operator, who had been growing listless of late, and the deep whirr of his instrument was once more added to the orchestra of sounds.

"I suppose you often give these parties?" said Mrs. Enderby, tripping lightly over a lifted board.

"Not often," I confessed. "Do you take much interest in dust?"

I said this because the Coolidge operator had now emptied a little canvas bag full of this pleasant substance on to a newspaper and seemed to be about to make a speech.

"Is that all mine?" I asked him with some pride.

"Every bit of it," he said.

"There," I said to Mrs. Enderby. "There!"

She moved over to a bookcase. The front-door bell rang again. It was Violet, in a pretty rich car.

"Am I a horrible nuisance?" she said. "I've come about those theatre tickets. By the way, is Joan Enderby here?"

"I'll go and see," I said. "She was a moment ago," and, opening the drawing-room door, I peered into the meeting. Violet has a shrill voice and a good deal of social *flair*. She seemed to have been instantly attracted by the window-cleaner, who had just climbed in again by way of the garden.

* * * * *

One by one or in groups the assembly melted away. There were pretty leave-takings and wavings of the hand on the area steps and in the hall. It was rather like one of those advanced political group gatherings where class meets class. When I had ushered out the last of the guests I took up my hat and stick to go to the club. The telephone-bell rang.

"Have you been too *frightfully* lonely?" said the voice.

"Till now," I said. Evoe.



Urchin (to motor cyclist). "Yer quite right, Mister. There used to be a road turning off just there."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

WENT some little time back to Teddy and Rosebud Foljambe's "Back from the Honeymoon" afternoon party at their flat. Everybody was curious to see how Teddy and Rosebud hit it off, but chiefly they were there to adore that sweet thing, Peddo Pablo, whom the Foljambes had managed to secure with umptylele and Peruvian love-songs complete. He's an absolute riot just now, and is said to be descended from the Peruvian Incas. Certainly, if anyone *ever* looked like an Inca, *he* does. To see him hold up his umptylele (which has left all the other lele instruments standing still) straight in front of him and play it with a spoon-shaped thing, and to hear him sing his Peruvian love-songs, a grunt, a squeak and a howl, a howl, a grunt and a squeak, is the biggest of all big thrills. Everyone's wild to learn the umptylele and to sing Peruvian love-songs. Quite a number of us, after begging hard, have had lessons from him. His terms are colossal and he treats his pupils *quite* cruelly; snatches the umptylele away from them when they try to play it and slaps their hands, stops his ears and makes faces at them when they try to sing Peruvian love-songs; and the more he "treats 'em rough" the more they adore him.

To return to the Foljambes' "Back-from-the-Honeymoon" afternoon party. Rosebud looked fearfully slinky in red velvet tea-pyjamas embroidered in gold and a little red velvet skull-cap with a gold tassel. Considering that the very day before she was to have married Sideshire, when the stage was set for their wedding at St. Agatha's next morning and the presents were on show in the ballroom at Rushington House, she went off and married Teddy Foljambe at the Registrar's, I was a wee bit surprised to see little Sideshire (otherwise "Loppy") at the party; also to notice several of the presents I'd seen at Rushington House, and that Rosebud was wearing some of the bits of jewellery given her for the wedding that wasn't.

"Oh, yes," she said in answer to my remark, "they were *given* to me and I decided I'd a right to keep 'em. Surprised to see Loppy here? Why? There's nothing angry or revengeful in dear Loppy's make-up. Turned over his share of the presents to Teddy, and (you know what a top-hole knitter he is) he's knitting us each a gorgeous silk jumper as his present. Loppy darling," she called out, "I'm telling Sylvia Dolgelly what a saint you've been and that your proper outfit is a stained-glass window and a halo."

"You mean about the wedding stuff?" said little Sideshire. "Well, you see, Rosebud, I didn't want the bother of sending 'em back to people, and *I* didn't want 'em, so I thought I might as well turn 'em over to Teddy."

"There's a flawless character for you!" cried Rosebud. "You've all got to be very kind to this good little Loppy, for, owing to wicked me, he's a sort of little widow. But he quite understands that Teddy and I got potty about each other, always thinking of when we were going to meet again, and that sort of mush, so to end it we took out a licence to get tired of each other. I wanted to put in the announcement, 'On the fourth, suddenly, Teddy Foljambe to Rosebud Rushington,' but my little woman forestalled me and put it in conventionally. I'm talking about *us*, old chump," she went on as Teddy joined the group, "and what an absurd couple we are."

"Speak for yourself, wife," said Teddy.

Rosebud threw a biscuit at him. "He's always calling me by that stodgy old name," she complained, "just to aggravate me. And now, 'nuf said; our darling Peddo Pablo is going to give us another Peruvian love-song."

The Chadboroughs have been in a wretched state about their girl Lucilla having turned Socialist and Communist and engaged herself to that dreffful creature, Dan Dobbs, Revolutionist Member for Grimy Green and the avowed enemy of people who matter. He was the subject of a question in the House the other night, when someone rose and asked the Secretary for Things in General whether he was aware that the Revolutionist Member for Grimy Green and his party were having the school-children of this country taught to sing "Ça ira" and to dance the Carmagnole, and what he proposed to do in the matter? And our own dear Dickie answered that, as he was quite sure the leaders of the Revolutionist Party and their followers could none of them either pronounce the words "Ça ira" or dance the Carmagnole, he thought there was no danger to the school-children on that head, and did not propose to do anything in the matter. And amid loud Conservative laughter and Socialist uproar the question was dropped.

Of course, if Dan Dobbs were *beautiful*, however outrageous his views might be, one could understand Lucilla turning Communist and getting engaged to him, but being what he is—well, *really!*

My cousin, Sarah Delamont, who speaks her mind to everyone, has been taking Lucilla to task. "You absurd inconsistent child," she said, "going with that Dobbs man to Grimy Green and haranguing all those ragamuffins and then coming back to Chadborough House, going to suppers and cabarets and dancing all night, in a pearl necklace and a few other little things!"

"I'm marking time," answered Lucilla calmly, "before I break away entirely from my Capitalist surroundings."

"Oh," said Sarah drily, "you've got hold of that 'Capitalist' howl, have you? Well now, let me give you a piece of my mind——"

"No, don't," interrupted Lucilla, watching the smoke of her cigarette curling upwards; "keep it all for yourself, Sarah Delamont. I'm To-day, and I simply refuse to discuss *anything* with Yesterday."

She spoke in Hyde Park last week, and some of us went into the crowd just for a bit of fun. There was that



Distressed Lady. "OH, OFFICER, I'VE LOST DEAR LITTLE FLUFFKINS, AND HE'S A PERFECT LITTLE ANGEL!"

Officer. "AH, WELL, IN THAT CASE I DESSAY YOU'LL FIND 'E'S FLEW 'OME."



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

"Why, it must be five years since we met, isn't it? I've been meaning to write, but, my dear, I haven't had a moment."

absurd Lucilla on the platform with a lot of *creatures*, and they were all holding red banners inscribed "Down with Everything!" The Dobbs man announced to the crowd, "Comrade Lucilla will now address you," and she let loose a lot of stuff about "claiming their rights" and "refusing to be downtrodden" and all those stale old *clichés*.

As they all poured out of the Park afterwards Lord Chadborough happened to be passing in his car and had the joy of seeing his daughter among her new friends, carrying her red "Down with Everything" banner. He was recognised, and cries of "Capitalist," "Robber," "Blood-sucker," were raised. Lucilla began to see red. She's a big athletic girl, and, turning upon Comrade Mbombo (the deposed Swanku chief, returned with a huge majority by the dwellers in the London suburb of Houndswell as their representative at Westminster), who was one of the loudest shouters of "Capitalist" and "Robber" and was brandishing his native weapon, the mhitu, she cried out, "How dare you insult my father, you dirty dog!" and laid him out with her "Down with Everything" banner.

There was a frightful scrum and, if Lord Chadborough hadn't jumped out of his car, dragged Lucilla inside and told his chauffeur to drive like the deuce, one's afraid to think what might have happened.

The very short evening skirt, worn with embroidered socks and the knees *au naturel*, isn't a style that suits everyone, but it certainly suits Pixie Dashmore. Pixie's knees are one, or rather two, of her strong points, and, treated by the Knee-Artist (an R.A. who can't get anything else to do just now) at the Toujours Belle Parlour, are a joy to all her friends. And thereby hangs, etc. There's a rich old couple related to the D.'s who are about due to leave them all their money. There'd been a little quarrel and estrangement, and just lately the old people held out the palm-branch or the olive-branch, or whatever it is people hold out after a quarrel, and invited the D.'s down for a week-end. To seal the reconciliation in a *specially* charming way, Pixie went to the Toujours Belle with their photos and had little portraits of the old Expectations, as she always calls them, painted, one on each of her knees. It was the *completest* thing!

But, alas and alack! Pixie forgot that the old Expectations belong to a period when knees were never seen, never crossed, never mentioned! And when she appeared before dinner with her little skirt, her embroidered socks and her pictorial knees, and pointed out the pretty compliment she'd paid them, saying, "You see, old dears, how fond I am of you both to have you on my knees always!" they were simply *the* most scandalised and horrified old couple that ever drew the breath of disapproval. Things were so impossible that the Dashmores left next day. When I met Pixie yesterday she'd been to the Toujours Belle, she said, to have "the two stupid old faces" taken off her knees.

"Dashmore's a bit peeved about it," she added, "and says if the old Expectations leave everything to charity it'll be the fault of me and my knees. Is this quite fair, I ask you, when I was doing my best to conciliate them?"

"YACHT RACING.
REMOVAL OF THE BAND ON GERMAN BOATS."
West-Country Paper.

This should tend to more harmonious relations with British yachtsmen.

A NEIGH IN LONDON.

THE London skies were sullen and depressing;
A general sense of mud obscured the scene;
One knew too well, despite the finest "dressing,"
No earthly power would keep one's collar clean;
How dark, I felt, was life, how vile the day,
When close behind me rose a sudden neigh.

It was a strange and stirring sound. The neigher,
One felt instinctively, was high of soul;
That, had the atmosphere been ten times greyer,
He would have found things pleasant, on the whole;
The thought was borne upon me with some force
That here would be a most expensive horse.

. . . A worn beast. O'er each eye a deep-set cavity;
Meagre and joyless, gone in wind and limb,
Who gazed upon me with unflinching gravity
As though t' assure me that it wasn't him.
Such was the steed; he was the one horse nigh;
His was the rapture. And I wondered why.

Was it that in his veins, though much diluted,
Flowed some weak trickle of his free-born sires
Which, through tyrannic years subdued and muted,
Had stirred one tremor of unwonted fires
And bade him rouse the echoes, there and then,
Near the Gas Company in High Street, Ken.?

Had he, this once, in some imagined pampas,
Shattered the barriers of a million years
And, with high crest and snorting like a grampus,
Tasted delight of battle with his peers,
Or with his herd over a wind-swept plain
Galloped until the glad ground rang again?

Was there one moment when in fancied splendour,
Untamed, unconquerable, he turned to woo
A glossy fair who stood in meek surrender,
Charmed by high pawings and curvettings due?
I wonder. Had such visions come his way
It would beyond all doubt have made him neigh.

Or did the glimmer of a near street-lighting
Steal on his blinkered gaze and make him think
Of times when suns were bright and life exciting,
And he, a grassy colt, was in the pink?
Again he viewed a prospect fair and wide,
Snuffling the air through nostrils, red inside.

Then, haply, down the pleasant twilight valley
His cry went out to greet, while still afar,
A steed with whom he happened to be pally
On its return; queer creatures horses are;
They 'll spot a comrade when he 's clearly out
Of sight and hearing. It 's a gift, no doubt.

This may have stirred him, or he may have yielded
To that wild impulse that we all have had,
From which a long tradition keeps us shielded,
To dance, yell, kick one's hat, do something mad
In public, just to look on the result;
I last felt that way on the 19th ult.

But there . . . O horse, whose unexpected levity
Dumbed the harsh buses in that sounding street,
Your mood, although conspicuous for brevity,
Was fine, was free, and in its way complete!
To me, at any rate, it seemed to bring,
Like the first daffodil, a touch of Spring.

And you, your days, I feel, will be the lighter;
Your face, to which I gave a friendly pat,
Though grave, with cause, will yet, I think, be brighter;
You 've had your moment; nothing alters that;
Tired, hungry, walloped, old, you still can say,
"All that to Hades; I have had my neigh."

DUM-DUM.

THE ETERNAL SKI.

Gsdaat, February 22nd.

I HAVE now been here four days and life has taken on a very different aspect. Four days ago I had several definite ambitions before me—the fourteenth in two, for instance; to master the CHOPIN Mazurka in A (you know, the exciting one with the *tiddley-om-pom motif*); and a complete set of first editions of the *Handley Cross* series. Now I have only one. It is to climb the Berghorn on skis in under ninety minutes and descend it alive in under twenty. This is the Gsdaat Visitors' Ski Club Test, and its successful achievement entitles one to wear a silver ski badge.

All my friends had told me that Gsdaat is *the* place in which to learn skiing. I objected a little, ignoramus that I was. Wouldn't Argsa or Lenk be just as good? Gsdaat was such a difficult place to talk airily about after one got home again. But no, said my friends; for skiing there was no place like Gsdaat. There skiing *was* skiing; no skating-rink, no curling, no ice-run, no tobogganing, no Jazz bands. The last item settled it. I came to Gsdaat.

My friends also told me that within a week I should feel twenty years younger. They were wrong. I have been here four days and am exactly forty years younger. That unpleasant first week at school, how vividly it all comes back! But I am sure I never felt then quite so insignificant and new-boyish as I do now; for here, if you can't ski, you simply aren't anybody at all—purely vermiform. Those who wear the silver ski look with contemptuous pity on my wildly gyratory performances on the practice slope; to the real experts, who wear awe-inspiring badges representing First-Class Tests, I am entirely and absolutely invisible.

It is some satisfaction that the experts' scorn would be no less were I an eminent K.C., a peer of the realm or a county cricket captain; no, not even if I had the D.S.O. with three bars, a seat in the Cabinet and a trick of winning the Derby. For the first time in my life I am thankful that I am none of these things, for if I were I might feel a little injured. Still, it 's difficult to be philosophical, because their contempt could equally be no greater if I were an ex-convict, dropped my aitches or wore a purple-and-yellow bow-tie with evening-dress. One thing is very certain, the G.V.S.C. Test must be passed.

So last night before going to bed I practised the left Christiania Swing for an hour in front of my looking-glass. To do this you press both knees together and the left heel against the right big toe, bend your knees and lean back as far as possible with the weight evenly on both heels. I can do this. Then, without turning the shoulders, you gently swing what is in mixed instructional classes tactfully termed your "skiing centre" (or bustle) until it is at right angles with both legs and trunk, at the same time transferring your weight to the right—no, left—no, *right* heel, with all ten toes pointing upwards. I can't do this.

On skis, unfortunately, it 's more difficult still. You begin to float downhill muttering to yourself these simultaneous instructions and doing your level best to keep boldly upright while trying to remember which way you want to turn. (If some diabolical circumstance forces you to the right, the



Mistress (to maid who has been to the Cinema). "AND DO YOU REALLY LIKE THE SOB-STUFF THEY GIVE YOU AT THE PICTURES?" *Maid.* "OH, YES, MA'AM. I'M VERY SUSSEPTIC TO IT."

directions are of course reversed.) The mental strain is appalling. You say to yourself, "Now I must swing." You try. Nothing happens. The pace gets faster and faster. Breathing tensely, you keep on trying. Then your skis cross, and for a fraction of a second you see all sorts of pine-clad mountains tilting interestingly sideways and a few distant peaks standing neatly on their apexes; then you see nothing but very adjacent snow. After that you get up and do it all over again. During the disentangling process a raucous voice floats in your wake down the slope to inform you that you turned your shoulders or committed some ghastly heresy with your wrong heel. It's a curious thing, but both my heels seem always to be the wrong one.

However I am not disheartened. As the sun was setting this afternoon I did once get quite a long way without falling, and the guide actually called out, "*Mieux, Monsieur, mieux!*" Exquisite sound, sweeter far than the tinkle of sleigh-bells or the laughter of women. "*Mieux, Monsieur, mieux!*"

A week later.

My friends were right. Gsdaat *is* the best skiing centre. Yesterday I got down the Berghorn with a bruised elbow, one glove missing and six minutes to spare. To-day I decided to rest on my laurels and take things easily for an hour or two on the practice slopes. There were several hopeless beginners at work there, including a spectacled nincompoop whom I could only regard with contemptuous pity. He asked me with profuse and panting apologies whether one ought to bend the knees in a Telemark. *In a Telemark!*

I told this after dinner with great success to several members of the Ski Club Committee when they were asking me to join them up the Vegli to-morrow. A. B. C.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

I have little doubt, after my experience at the dentist's yesterday, that the psychological depths of the human mind have not yet been fully plumbed.

Whatever hitherto unthinkable possibilities have been found in that elastic force termed Suggestion, I am convinced that the science is still in its infancy.

This is what occurred. Being, as I surmised, incapable of coherent thought, I had scanned cursorily every periodical in the waiting-room and was wondering vaguely how I could keep my mind off the dread ordeal in front of me. For this enforced period of inaction tends to conjure up visions of drilling machines and gas-masks not entirely in keeping with that calm spirit of resignation so desirable in the circumstances.

My thoughts drifted to psychology. Why not make metaphysical preparation for the coming agony?

I proceeded at once to auto-suggest a fitting state of mind.

"I am perfectly calm and quite indifferent to pain. In fact I like it," I informed myself.

"I am here more as an experiment than a necessity. I have the utmost contempt for those feeble-minded cowards who positively fear the atmosphere of a dentist's operating-room. This is pleasure, pleasure, pleasure. My heart shall not beat faster as I sit in the chair. I shall not compare it with the similar American article of furniture in which a man sits only once.

"This is to be a real outing, and I'm going to enjoy it to the utmost. I'm getting merrier and merrier——"

A trim maid appeared at the door, holding it open for me.

"Will you step this way, Sir?" she said invitingly. I stepped. I found myself in a pleasantly-lighted sweet-smelling apartment, replete with modern comforts.

An affable gentleman in a white coat came forward and welcomed me sympathetically.

But I was having none of that. I grasped his hand heartily, receiving an equally hearty nip from a forceps which he happened to be carrying in it.

I waved aside his apologies, remarked on the beautiful weather, told him my latest joke, and sat down lightly in the comfortable armchair that seemed to coax me into its plush delights.

I rubbed my hands. "Now," I said facetiously, "I'm ready for the show to begin."

He looked at me inquiringly, I thought, and then made a searching examination while I counted the legs of a spider on the ceiling.

"Yes," he said, "there's a nasty cavity at the back which I'll have to fill, and there's a bad tooth opposite that will have to come out, I'm afraid."

"Ah! Good," I said. "Then my visit won't have been for nothing."

I remember that as I sat there, comfortably inert, the condition of my mind underwent a subtle change. The heartiness that I had adopted up to the present was hardly practicable in this position, and my thoughts strayed to ennobling visions. I repeated in a mental ecstasy all the stanzas of Ella Wheeler Wilcox that I could recall.

Meanwhile my senses were being lulled by the pleasant purring of that ingenious little machine, which was being pedalled in a manner that reminded me somehow of the organist in our village church.

"Bit sensitive, isn't it?" asked the dentist.

He had interrupted rather a fascinating train of thought, and I made a gesture of impatience. The instrument with which he appeared to be gently polishing my teeth slipped, and he apologised profusely and nervously.

"There—that's over now," he said, as if attempting to appease me.

"Is it?" I said with an air of regret.

He now asked me if I would have gas or a local anæsthetic for the other tooth.

I burst into ribald laughter.

"Neither," I said. "What do you take me for?"

Again he looked surprised. "Well, if you're quite sure," he said, and inserted a fist into my mouth. The tooth resisted his efforts, renewed again and again, to extract it. I began at last to feel quite sorry for the poor chap.

"Take it easy," I said. "Have a bit of a rest." I wondered whether I could be of any help. It was a nuisance, because I had just been pondering over one of the finest passages in the latest work of Ethel M. Dell.

However, at last he succeeded in extracting a portion of it. The struggle had left him exhausted.

"I think we'd better leave it now," he said.

"Just as you like," I replied, getting up reluctantly from the friendly chair. "I've had a most enjoyable time. And now may I ask your fee?"

"There is no fee," he said simply. "I don't take fees from supermen."

I felt absurdly flattered. I admit it. And then somehow, just as I was telling him that I hoped to have the pleasure of another half-hour at an early date, a curious feeling came over me. I seemed to be emerging from a delicious reverie.

A trim maid appeared at the door, holding it open for me.

"Will you step this way, Sir?" she said invitingly.

I slunk past her into the torture-chamber.



Small Boy (to stout friend). "Can I have this dance, Mary? I've got a grudge against Eric Jackson, and I want to barge into him."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The result of the by-election in county Dublin was . . . as follows:—

Norton (Lab.) 15,168
Healy (Government) . . 14,205

This is a Government defeat."
Provincial Paper.

"Taorluath and Crunluath Movements in Piobaireachd.

Sir,—Mr. —— has clinched the above discussion in such a way that I venture to think we shall not hear much more about the subject."—*Scots Paper.*

We hope not.

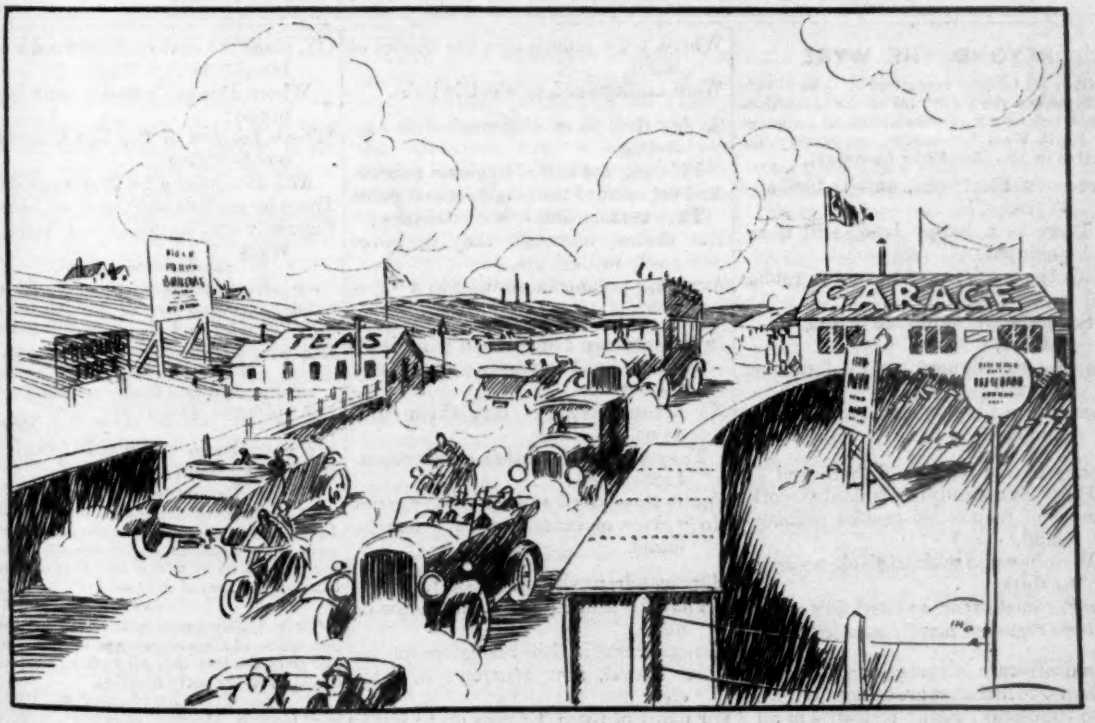
"He rose from his chair as Phyllis came into the room. She looked oddly pale—perhaps it was by contrast with her small black hat and her lampskin wrap."
Feuilleton in Anglo-Continental Paper.

One of those incandescent mantles, no doubt.

PROGRESS.



By the widening of lanes and the removal of slopes, awkward corners and hedges—



Much is being done to improve the amenities of the countryside.



Policeman. "'E PLAYS THE SAXOPHONE, SIR, BUT 'E'S UP 'ERE ON ANOTHER CHARGE."

BEYOND THE WYRE

(Being a faithful transcript of "The Simple Life Beyond the Wyre" led by the unsophisticated but long-lived inhabitants of a district of North-West Lancashire, as recently described in *The Manchester Guardian*).

OPPOSITE Fleetwood, on the banks of Wyre,
There is a happy land, still unacquainted
With those who race upon the rubber tyre—
Sequestered, calm, unvisited, unpainted,
Unsung by rhymers or by free-verse makers,
Comprising roughly some three thousand acres.

Nonagenarian farmers of their land
Here you may any day behold at work,
Men who require no grafted monkey-gland,
Who have no wish to slack, no crave to shirk;
The Psalmist's span, so journalists attest,
Is here regarded merely as a jest.

The death-rate is exceptionally small;
Zymotic maladies are quite unknown;
Two thousand healthy residents in all
Till or inhabit this salubrious zone,
Where, till a month ago, the shades of night
Were unillumined by electric light.

So far they have dispensed with any drains,
Flouting the call of hygienic science,
And yet escaped the penalties and pains
That usually follow such defiance;
But drains, although they've never really missed 'em,
Are being planned according to a "system."

In this obscure Lancastrian paradise
The long-lived natives in contentment dwell;
No urban pleasures lure them into vice;
They know not music's mad "voluptuous swell;"
For on this sacred and inviolate ground
No "place of entertainment" can be found.

More wondrous still, the M.O.H. reports
That the inhabitants of this home of quiet,
Though frugal in their recreative sports,
Are liberal, nay, generous, in their diet;
For many of them, he goes on to state,
Consume six meals a day, or even eight.

Oh, place me east of Fleetwood's busy hive,
Where Preesall's rustic roofs to rest invite;
Where keepers of the Ten Commandments thrive
And also raise a healthy appetite!
There let me live and there, till I expire,
Follow "the simple life beyond the Wyre"!

"RECIPE FOR WHITE PUDDINGS . . . Keep puddings amongst bran or oatmeal, and they will be good for moths."—*Scots Weekly Paper.*

But why pamper these little beasts?

"Mother and two Daughters going abroad wish to Dispose of entire Wardrobe."
Morning Paper.

We envy them the warm climate for which they seem to be bound.

"As servants of the public, this washing of dirty linen by those who govern and those who assist only tends to undermine the ship of State in a country which has so lately passed through the fires of sedition."
Letter in Irish Paper.

"It is highly amusing to watch the sheep-like action of large class organisations. When one gives the lead they all bark in unison like cockerels in the early morning."
Local Paper (not Irish).

Sir BOYLE ROCHE must look to his ghostly laurels.



The Breadwinner. "GOOD HEAVENS! THIS WAS POSTED IN 1923."
His Helpmeet (sagaciously). "SURELY, DEAR, IT OUGHT TO HAVE REACHED YOU BEFORE."

GREAT LOVERS.

MRS. SIDNEY WEBB'S book, *My Apprenticeship*, of which, alas! I have only read a review, relates, I gather, in the frankest way the romantic history of her courtship and marriage.

In 1890, it appears, while planning her *Analysis of the Co-operative Movement*, the young Miss POTTER became aware that she lacked a historical background, and was recommended to go to Mr. SIDNEY WEBB, who had one of these things. An interview was arranged, at which the distinguished Fabian drafted in a faultless handwriting "a list of sources accessible at the British Museum, including various State Trials, old Chartist periodicals and autobiographies of working-class agitators."

"A few days later came the first token of personal regard in the shape of a newly-published pamphlet on the Rate of Interest."

This Fabian valentine, which "opened up a regular correspondence" and led to a conversation on Socialism in Epping Forest, and so to betrothal and marriage, is not of course without parallel in the love-stories of the great. Many a lonely author has gone out for a literary background and come back with a wife. NELSON, it is said, first engaged the affections of Lady HAMILTON by an essay (privately printed) on the Theory of the Tides. This he followed up by the well-known series of letters on the *échelon* formation in Attack, and finally carried the lady's heart with a passionate defence of the mariner's compass.

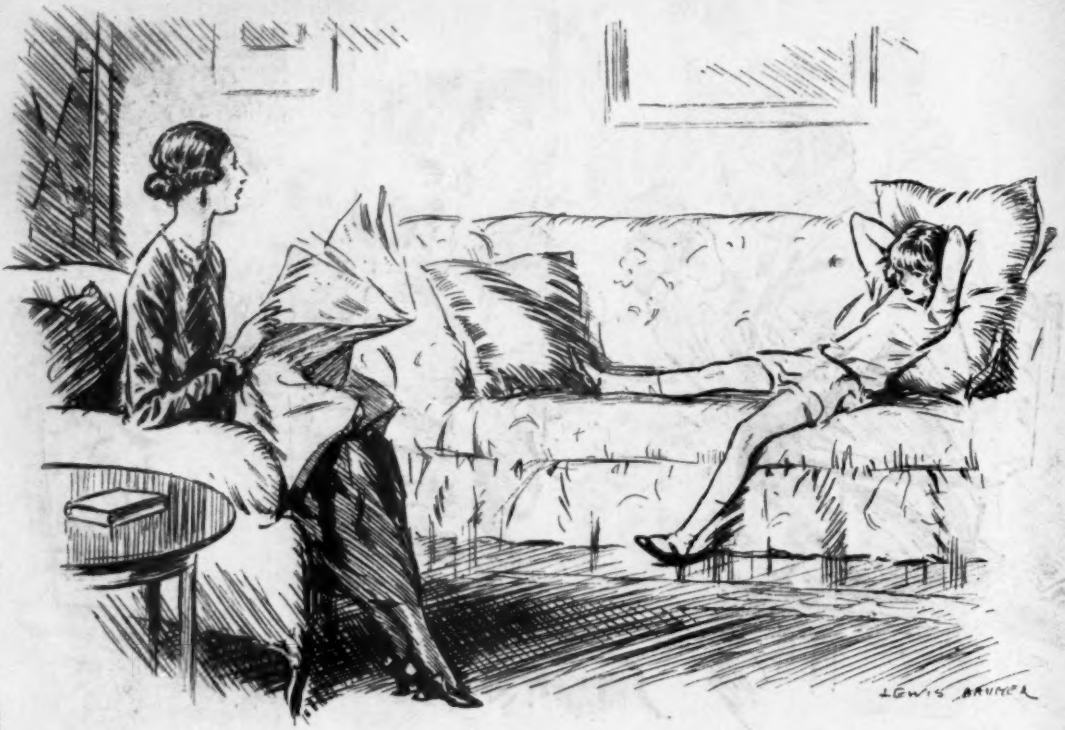
Distinguished advocates, who love their work only a little less than they love themselves, are much given to what we may call the instructional style of wooing. Sir Reginald Bloom, K.C., has racily recounted, in his *Wigs on the Green*, the romantic story of his courtship. Sir Reginald (then Mr.) Bloom met the present Lady Bloom for the first time in the British Museum, which she was exploring for the purposes of general culture. What was her surprise and satisfaction to find on her breakfast-table the next morning SHIRLEY'S Leading Cases on the Common Law! "I was young then," writes Sir Reginald, "and seldom a day passed but I sent Margaret some little token or other. One day it would be SALMOND'S Jurisprudence, the next perhaps ANSON on Contracts or Dyke on the Law of Drainage. She had a passion for Leading Cases. Torts fascinated her. My wedding-present, I remember, was HALSBURY'S Laws of England in thirty-six volumes. Our love, founded as it is on a common enthusiasm, has never been shaken, and, busy man as I am, there are few days when I do not manage to bring her home a little tort or two or a nice little interlocutory proceeding."

Stern doctors too are just as sloppy where woman is concerned. My own brother-in-law first touched the heart of his bride with a little treatise on Diseases of the Stomach. They had met at the Guy's Hospital ball, to which she went in the hope of acquiring some insight into modern surgical methods. Three days later she had her appendix removed, and sent it to him in a bottle. He wrote an essay on the femoral artery; she corrected the proofs. He removed her adenoids; she gave him a stethoscope. And after these tender exchanges it was but a short step to the altar. "Not once or twice," as TENNYSON has remarked, "in our rough island story the path of duty was the road to marriage."

A. P. H.

"The [Cambridge] crew did excellent work during the afternoon, when they rowed from Henley bridge to the Regatta starting post, a distance of 112 miles, in 7 min. 19 sec."
Provincial Paper.

What price Oxford now?



Country Aunt. "I DON'T CARE TO SEE YOU SPRAWLING ABOUT LIKE THAT, MABEL. IT DOESN'T LOOK VERY LADYLIKE."
Small Girl. "LADYLIKE! REALLY, AUNT! IN *our* SET IT IS CONSIDERED VERY MIDDLE-CLASS TO BE LADYLIKE."

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

["'Early to bed and early to rise' is Mr. —— 's recipe for a long life."
Daily Paper.]

WHEN the chariot of the Sun,
On its journey new begun,
Steeds astrain at rein and trace,
Starts the long diurnal race;
When his rushing gold wheel spills
Light upon the eastern sills
Of the windows of the world
And the flags of Night are furled
As the trampling hoof-beats fire
Roof and dome and fretted spire—
When, in brief, the earliest ray
Of each uneventful day
Penetrates the attic chamber
Where I slumber, do I clamber
From my unpretentious cot
Ripe for action? I do not.
Rather, when I hear the sounds
Of the milkman on his rounds
And the sparrow's husky warble
As he squabbles on the corbel,
And the barndoor's solar booster,
James, the next-door neighbour's rooster,
Safely bound in slumber's chain
I between the sheets remain,
Lifeless as a man of lead
Till the sun is overhead.

Life is short, I know it well;
Only those of us excel
In the struggle to survive
Who by hook or crook contrive
To be up and at their labours
Somewhat earlier than their neighbours.
Such a hero am not I;
Others may, I shall not try
In the mill's inhuman race
To secure the foremost place
By devising a surprising
Aptitude for early rising.
Weak of purpose and infirm,
I admit that I'm a worm;
But, when all is said and done,
Not, thank Heaven, an early one.
And, when age o'erwhelms me quite,
And the Gardener in White,
Who with equal ardour plants
Both the sluggards and the ants,
Designates with bony hand
My allotted plot of land,
"Doomed," I'll cry, "by callous Fate
To the scribbler's low estate,
Taught from earliest youth to sup
Poverty's depressing cup,
Watch the lamp of genius splutter
All for want of bread-and-butter,
Short the hours have been and few
When I wasn't feeling blue;
Only those, I count, have been
Incontestably serene
Which I spent—a man again—
Underneath the counterpane.

ALGOL.

Stern Discipline.

"The Annual Musketry of the Uganda Volunteer Reserve will be held at Entebbe. Each registered member shall attend this meeting and shall fire not less than 21 round there at any registered member who shall not attend such annual meeting without good and sufficient cause."—*Local Paper.*

That 's the stuff to give 'em.

From a wedding report:—

"The Vicar, who was given away by her father was attired in a two-piece gown of Sherwood green bengaline and floral crepe de chine and wore a becoming cloche hat of rust straw and felt ornamented at the side with a flat silk rose to tone."

It was hard lines on the reverend gentleman to be given away after he had taken such pains to disguise himself.

From a criticism of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's land-scheme:—

"It is an honourable rôle, that of the agritator. But it is a different rôle from that of the leader of a party."—*Liberal Paper.*

Still, it 's a very happy name for an agricultural reformer.



THE DOGS OF PEACE.

German Dachshund. "I'M NOT SURE THAT I DON'T OBJECT TO THE PRESENCE OF THIS POLISH PUP. HE'S BEEN SPRUNG ON ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 22nd.—The great American slogan, "Marry early and often," makes no appeal to the HOME SECRETARY, who confided to the House, in answer to a question by Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, that he is considering a Bill to raise the legal age of marriage. One foresees the day when every careful swain will be compelled, like *Ko-Ko* in *The Mikado*, to ask his beloved, "Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?"

The habit of asking for more seems to be common to all Olivers. Would the FOREIGN SECRETARY see that more of the British property formerly in the British Embassy at Petrograd is restored by the Soviet Government? asked Commander OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON. Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON agreed that there was still a good deal missing, including a valuable service of gold plate. After thus admitting the reasonableness of his honourable and gallant relative's curiosity, he added that inquiries were proceeding.

Having been informed of the amount in cents paid in wages to male and female workers on rubber plantations in the Straits Settlements, Mr. SCURR asked the SPEAKER if in questions of this kind Ministers could not be compelled to give the figures in British



OLIVER ASKS FOR MORE.
COMMANDER OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON.

equivalents. This wrung from a Conservative Member the suggestion that only Members who understood the coinage of a country should be allowed to ask questions about it.

"Things which might have been put differently" sometimes appear even on the House of Commons' Order Paper, as witness Lieut.-Colonel FREMANTLE's request to the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE to state "the number of cows and heifers that have had one or more calves in England, Scotland and Wales, respectively." The House learned with relief that it was the questioner's command of grammatical construction and



MAJOR AJAX ATTLEE DEFIES THE ELECTRICITY.

not pretty Sukey that had gone a-wandering.

"What are typewriters used for in Government offices?" naïvely inquired a Unionist Member, after the FINANCIAL SECRETARY had explained that the Stationery Office were making "prolonged tests of the durability and efficiency of British typewriters." "They are used for doing typewriting work," replied Mr. MCNEILL, with the air of one delivering the polished *coup de grâce*. It is answers like these that reconcile the taxpayer to the high cost of government.

It is impossible to listen to a House of Commons' debate on Ulster without recalling CALVERLEY's immortal lines:

> "The leal true cat they prize not, which,
> whene'er compelled to roam,
> Still flies, when let out of the bag, incontinently home."

Mr. CHURCHILL asked the House to confirm an agreement by which a portion of Northern Ireland's unemployment insurance burden is to be liquidated out of the Consolidated Fund. Messrs. SNOWDEN and RUNCIMAN, who opposed, roundly declared that it was time the leal true Ulster cat stopped coming back for another plate of financial milk. Mr. MOLES and Captain CRAIG as roundly declared that it was not with their approval that they had been tied up in the bag of Irish tricks with a Free State brick in the bottom, and anyway what they were asking for was only some more of their own money back. The House vetoed an Amendment to make the contribution a loan and not a gift. Then, at Major ATTLEE's instigation, it turned to—and on—the London Power Company Bill and rent it.

Tuesday, February 23rd.—The cost of the Third Census of Production, Mr. SAMUEL told the House, would come to one hundred thousand pounds. This information drew no dissentient clamour from the watchdogs of the taxpayer if he has any.

Was the good ship *Darlington*, recently in collision, equipped with wireless? asked Mr. SEXTON; and his colleagues, all red-buttonholed to celebrate the fact that another Darlington has just been equipped with a new live wire in the person of Mr. SHEPHERD, cheered lustily. Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER's reference to "this quite small vessel" provoked Ministerial counter-cheers, but they lacked enthusiasm.

Sir HENRY SLESSER, K.C., asked leave to introduce a Bill to prohibit the export from this country of works of art and ancient historic buildings. Mr. RYE, Unionist Member for Loughborough, opposing, assured the House that nowadays the stately homes of England were only kept from falling into decay because their impoverished



A GUARDIAN OF OUR NATIONAL ARTS.
SIR HENRY SLESSER.

but high-minded owners were able to rush an occasional JOSHUA REYNOLDS round to their Uncle (Sam). Evidently fearful lest Mr. HENRY HUNTINGTON should take a notion to buy out the ruins of that ancient monument, the Liberal Party, and remove them bodily to California, Liberals followed Mr.

LLOYD GEORGE into the Labour lobby; several Conservatives joined them; and leave to introduce the Bill was granted by a useful majority.

The House proceeded to the consideration of unemployment grants and afterwards of Mr. WALSH'S motion for a Select Committee to deal with the whole question of Pensions. The observation of Major COHEN, in the course of defending the British Legion, that the late Labour Government had refused to set up a Special Committee brought Mr. MACDONALD to his feet. On what authority did the hon. and gallant Member say that the Cabinet of the late Government refused to set up a Select Committee? "My only authority," replied Major COHEN amiably, "is that a Select Committee was not set up." This raises the important constitutional question: Is a Member in order in charging a Government with refusing a request when it has merely side-tracked it?

Wednesday, February 24th.—"Lo, the poor Indian!" His stock will be still lower if the Union of South Africa's Colour Bar Bill goes through. In reply to Lord OLIVIER, who introduced a motion on the subject, Lord BIRKENHEAD pointed out that the Union Government had arranged to give the champions of Ind an opportunity of raising the general question of colour-bars before a Select Committee and suggested that, pending these delicate negotiations, even the noble lord's untutored mind must grasp the desirability of lying low and saying nothing.

"Are we going to treat people coming from America on the same lines as America treats our people?" pointedly demanded Sir FREDERICK HALL in the course of a lively discussion on the still vexed question of Ellis Island. "Heaven forbid!" was the gist of the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S reply. He further contended that if a sovereign State chose to set up one standard of moral turpitude for foreign visitors and another for its own behaviour it was not for us to complain; to which Sir HARRY BRITTAIN added the rider that in any case we cannot complain half so vigorously as American public opinion and the American Press have done.

"Better fifty years of Constantinople than a cycle of Angora" is the motto of the British Ambassador to Turkey. He has however thoughtfully arranged that the First Secretary shall shortly make the Golden Journey to Angora. This is what is known in diplomatic circles as trying it on the goat.

Why ZINOVIEFF does not love us; the Government's view on the proposed "free for all" admission to the Council of the League of Nations (suspected to be "How happy could I be with Gretchen were t'other dear charmer away!"); the disappearance of salt pork from the Navy's menu and the resulting disintegration of the NELSON touch; the capriciousness of the helicopter—all these were the subject of anxious inquiry. Lieut.-Colonel GADIE invited the MINISTER OF LABOUR'S attention to a musical instrument which he had purchased at the British Industries Fair, and which was marked "Made in Germany." Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S evident anxiety lest the gallant Member should perform on the thing, thereby fatally prejudicing Germany's admission to the League Council, proved to be groundless.



THE SAMUELOMETER
(for the Census of Production).

In public business Supplementary Estimates for the Ministry of Pensions again brought a copious watering of eloquence to that arid bed of controversy. Major ATTLEE again Ajax'd the premature lightnings of the private electricity companies, the victim on this occasion being the Metropolitan Electric Supply Company; and Sir A. SHIRLEY BENN unfolded a highly complicated scheme for Empire development *en masse*, in which colonies, corporations and guilds struggled for the mastery. It received a judicious blessing from Mr. AMERY.

Thursday, February 25th.—Yesterday the poor Indian, to-day the poor author was the subject of a noble Lord's ineffective solicitude. Lord GORELL aimed to rescue the misguided novelist who, having created a lifelike but objectionable character called *Bill Smith* in his latest masterpiece, is promptly sued for libel by all the Bill Smiths in England, on the ground that the unsavoury portrait was clearly intended to refer to them. Everybody present expressed profound sympathy with the poor author—with the marked exception of Lord SUMNER, who complained that the Bill would create "a privileged class neither numerous nor meritorious"—but so many legally learned Lords fell on Lord GORELL and tore to pieces his charter of liberty that he gratefully accepted Lord CAVE'S suggestion that he should try again with a better—and a shorter—Bill.

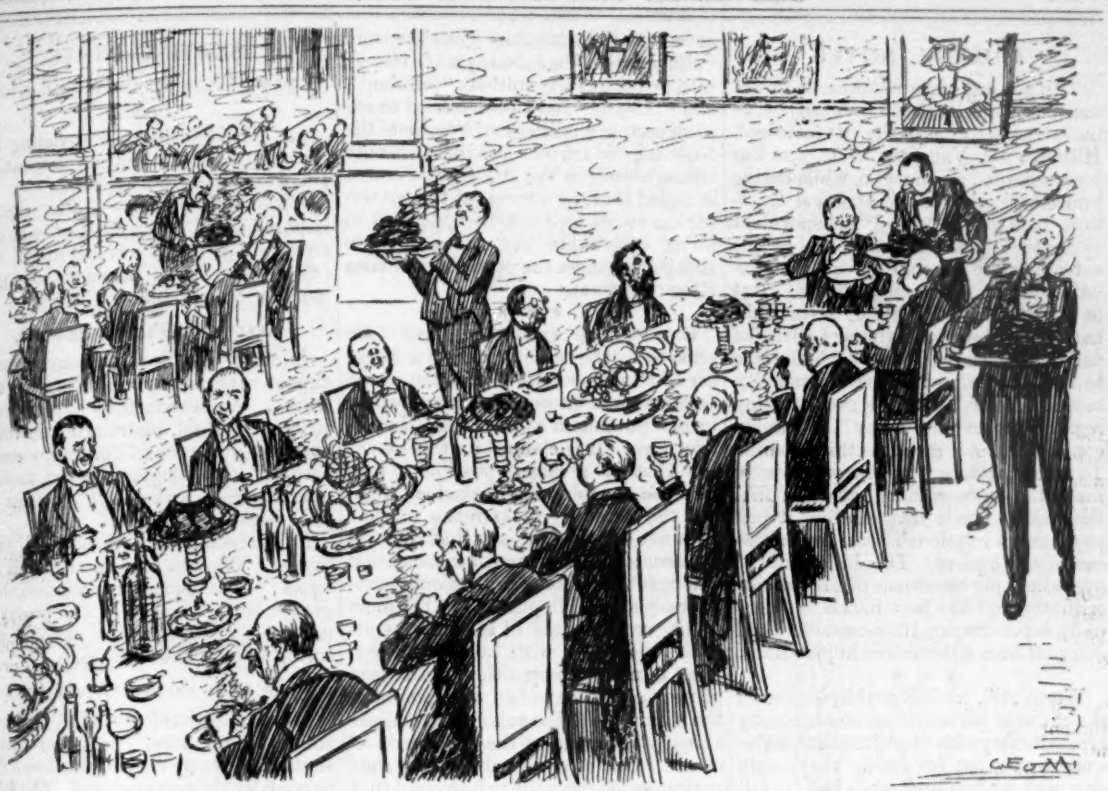


THE SCAPEGOAT.
(*After* HOLMAN HUNT.)

[The Right Hon. BEN SPOON, formerly Chief Labour Whip, has been ostracised by the I.L.P. for his advocacy of co-operation between the Labour and Liberal Parties.]

"Why had the Liberal Party no faith in democratic institutions?" asked the Marquis of SALISBURY, successfully opposing the Second Reading of the Marquis of LINCOLNSHIRE'S Bill to fix a minimum agricultural wage of thirty shillings a week. The implied suggestion that the Lord Privy Seal was a democratic institution left their Liberal Lordships speechless.

Fortiter in re when harassed by the slings and arrows of an outrageous Opposition, but *suaviter in modo* when assailed by one of his own party, is the motto of the HOME SECRETARY. Lord HENRY



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

King Alfred Dinner at the Worshipful Company of Bakers. Serving the dish of the evening.

Bentinck, who wants a Government Factories Bill and wants it while he waits, indicated that his right honourable friend was "letting I dare not wait upon I would." "I am sorry that my noble friend accuses me of lack of courage," replied "Jicks" in a *Patient Griselda* voice. "I do," exclaimed his noble friend truculently. To the House's evident disappointment, however, the Home Secretary made it clear that he did not propose to insist on giving a personal exhibition of this virtue.

The Prime Minister took most of the sting out of the debate on the Air Estimates by declaring, in answer to Mr. MacDonald, that the Government would continue to conduct the nation's defence with triple brass and urging the advocates of a single Ministry of Defence to hold their peace. The unitarians did nothing of the kind. Major Attlee, who incidentally described the demand for an Air Force as "national snobbery," declared that Mr. Churchill was the one man for the job of Minister of Defence, seeing that he had been "soldier, sailor and airman too." This tribute to the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave great satisfaction to the House, which nevertheless defeated the Amendment by a substantial majority.

SHE-SHANTIES.

The Proposal.

(*Old Style*).

He. Lovely Phyllis, marry me,
Vile, unworthy though I be,
Though I have not gold or grace,
Scarcely fit your shoes to lace,
Though you might as likely wish
Marriage with a frog or fish,
Share my life,
Be my wife,
Will you marry me—Yes or No?

She. Sir, you take me by surprise.
See, I faint, my colour flies!
In my simple girlish heart
Thoughts of marriage play no part.
Oh, Sir, oh! I never guessed
This was why my hand was pressed!
No, Sir, no;
I don't know
If I 'll marry you—Yes or No?

He I shall wait, then, I shall speak
In this fashion once a week;
Age shall not my suit foreclose,
Toothless, I shall still propose,
And upon my death-bed lie
Till they bring me your reply;
As I die,
Still shall sigh,
Will you marry me—Yes or No?

She. Be not hasty, dangler dear,
Dangle yet another year.
Be my friend, Sir, fetch my fan,
Send me flowers when you can;
But these frenzies pray defer,
Let me be a sister, Sir.
Passion, hence!
Have some sense,
Be my brother, Sir—Yes or No?

He. Phyllis, I have sisters four
And I do not ask for more;
But at last, like ships that rest
Pillowed on their tyrant's breast,
So, sweet cyclone, do I mean
In your heart to float serene.
Sister? Fudge!
I 'll not budge!
Will you marry me—Yes or No?

She. George (if I may call you that),
Now my heart goes pit-a-pat,
For this moment, while you spoke,
What no doubt is passion woke;
Though till now I never knew,
I believe I dote on you;
Love unguessed
Fills my breast,
I will marry you—Yes, Sir, yes!

A. P. H.

"Aggressive Hat Salesman requires position. Can do large turnover."—*Local Paper.*

We know this cow-boy style of hat.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The general state of ferment in the musical world has been painfully illustrated in the course of the last fortnight. Hitherto Dr. Vaughan Williams has been regarded as one who, while basing himself largely on the classical tradition, has yet extended a benevolent sympathy to modernism, even to the extent of adopting some of its characteristics in his later compositions. But in his speech at the dinner of the Philharmonic Choir on February 24th, he definitely declared that "he had come to the conclusion that he did not like modern music." At the risk of being regarded as an "old fogey" he frankly confessed that it meant nothing to him. To make matters worse he went on to make the extraordinary assertion that the test of music was whether it had any human relationship, for music was essentially human! This in face of the overwhelming consensus of enlightened criticism that the best music is essentially super-human, transcendental and divorced from all mundane implications.

* * *

Worse still, he deliberately espoused the cause of parochial provincialism by sympathising with "the little towns who were crying out for music they could sing and understand, and had to fall back upon Handel and Mendelssohn because theirs was music they could understand and grasp." From this he proceeded to the astounding conclusion that "it was the duty of modern composers to express their ideas in the clearest possible way so that the largest number of people could understand them." The utmost resources of italics and exclamation marks are powerless to express the pain and surprise which such dogmatic Philistinism is calculated to cause in the bosoms of the votaries of the occult, and the hierophants of the incomprehensible and illimitable inane.

* * *

We understand that a conference of musical critics has been convened and will be shortly held in the Klaxon Hall to discuss the burning question of framing a new terminology to keep pace with the requirements of modern music. This movement is long overdue and deserves a cordial welcome. The vocabulary of musical criticism, seriously hampered by its indebtedness to other arts, is proving at every turn incapable of rendering justice to the compositions of the younger modernists, to the complicated cross-rhythms of dance-music, and to the peculiar *timbre* of the new instruments which have been introduced into our orchestras. Already some isolated efforts have been made by enterprising writers to cope with the situation. Thus the word "stinkopation" has already made its way into print, and the epithets "piffulent" and "pinguid" have been coined to express certain qualities in the works of the Neo-Negroid school. But these are only voices crying in the wilderness, and it is hoped that, as a result of the conference, a committee will be appointed to frame a suitable and comprehensive vocabulary under the presidency of Miss Edith Sitwell.

* * *

Considerable excitement has been aroused by the recent action of a Member of Parliament who exhibited in the Lobby a small musical instrument which he had purchased at the British Industries Fair. It is claimed for this invention that "it makes it possible to imitate the saxophone and clarinet without the necessity of knowing music." It is not too much to say that this announcement has caused consternation amongst the ranks of professional saxophone-players. Reputed to be the most highly remunerated of all instrumentalists, they view with horror the prospect of unfair competition on the part of people who have had no training in the technique of the saxophone and are actually ignorant of the rudiments of music. One of our most distinguished performers is reported to have said that if this were true he "would find his occupation gone, like that of *Othello*." An additional poignancy is lent to this *cri de cœur* by the fact that the performer, like *Othello*, is a gentleman of colour. Simplified spelling is all very well, but the simplified saxophone raises economic problems of the gravest import.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XV.—The School of Journalism.

This admirable School exists
To train our budding journalists,
Who, when they 've paid sufficient fees,
Are cured of writing journalese;
But if the School is a success
What shall we do without the Press?

G. B.

Another Impending Apology.

"Miss ——, who only recently returned from England, is included in an otherwise strong cast."—*South African Paper.*

"Wanted, Celluloid Hell Coverers."
East Anglian Paper.

The choice of material seems hardly felicitous.

From a football report:—

"Death did so well as a scorer on Saturday that most likely he will be at inside left."
Daily Paper.

Nevertheless we shall still try to keep him right outside.

SKATING HINTS.

(From our Correspondent in Switzerland.)

Boots.

(*a*) *Tightly-fitting.*—Restricting free circulation, make skating impossible. Involve danger of frost-bite.

(*b*) *Loosely-fitting.*—Make skating impossible. Involve risk of sprained ankle. Are usually transformed into (*a*) by the aid of bandages, sponges, loofahs, wedges and cantilevers.

Styles of Figure-Skating.

(*a*) *English.*—So called because found almost exclusively in Morgins and Davos. As described by authoritative writers: "Bold, restrained, controlled beauty;" "a relic of the antimacassar period;" "the supreme art of making difficult feats look easy;" "poker up your back."

(*b*) *International.*—Described variously: "The free natural use of all the limbs;" "exaggerated acrobatics, dangerous leg-swinging;" "the poetry of motion;" "standing on one leg and trying to look like a Cupid."

Skating Costume for Men.

It being desirable that the beautiful action of the legs, knees and thighs should be clearly visible, plus-fours can be confidently recommended. The fold-over however should not hide the ankle.

Counterpoise.

Weights in the side-pockets, recommended in early books on skating, are now seldom worn. The dangerous forward inclination of the curler's body is sometimes counteracted by a weight cunningly fashioned from metal and glass, filled with liquid and worn in the hip-pocket.

Dancing on Ice.

(*a*) *The Waltz.*—Resembles the ball-room waltz in no respect except that it is not a waltz.

(*b*) *The Ten-step.*—A charming series of fourteen, sixteen or eighteen steps.

(*b*) *Free Skating.*—A series of curves suggested by a written programme and learnt by heart.

Excuses for Failure.

Any or all of the following reasons may be advanced to explain why you are not "getting on your edge":—

Ice—hard, soft, fast, slow.
Skates—sharp, blunt, straight, curved.
Boots—loose, tight.
Altitude— } high, low.
Temperature— }

"WHY WELSHMEN SUCCEEDS."
Headline in Welsh Paper.

Because, look you, they learns to speak English.



COUNTY SONGS.

VI.—Hampshire.

A-winding down from Wiltshire
The Avon takes its way
Through Hampshire meads to Christ-church,
And out at Christchurch Bay.

We find the Test at Stockbridge,
Where anglers plot and plan;
The Itchen skirts the playing fields
Where manners makyth man.

And on a Hampshire hilltop,
Beside the "Bat and Ball,"
Old Richard Nyren nurtured
The noblest game of all.

The daisies lost their pretty heads
When David Harris bowled;
The stumps were two, the bats were curved,
But ah, the Age of Gold!

E. V. L.







TROOPS' FOOD.

ONE statesman makes history by altering the shape of the Army's cap, and another by equipping the Navy with teacups and saucers. But surely a more enviable fame is achieved by the official who has ordered recently that mutton shall be excluded from the British soldier's diet.

Say what you will, mutton has never inspired martial fervour. Though you may rise from a good plate of the best end of the neck feeling that you would like to fight someone, the desire is seldom accompanied by any real confidence that you could make a complete success of the job. Whether a man assimilates the characteristics of the creatures on which he feeds or not, there is no denying that the sheep does fail to promote that John Bull feeling.

Ask any sergeant-major what he thinks of mutton. It was recognised long ago that a mutton-fed sergeant-major was a peril to the British army, and the secret may now be revealed that for years no British sergeant-major has eaten mutton. Had he not been consistently sustained with more fortifying meats the sergeant-major's heart would have been broken long ago by the tasks confronting him on mutton-days.

For on mutton-days, even on roast-mutton days, there was a difference in the atmosphere of the barracks. The lads on the parade-ground found it impossible to pick them up smartly, to hold it or to do anything else they were told. The sergeants even found the word "please" shaping itself on their lips.

On boiled-mutton days, of course, things went from bad to worse. On such days more soldiers have been jilted for bus-conductors, fishmongers' assistants and rubbish of that sort than on any other. And, as you doubtless remember, it was on a boiled-mutton day that the corporal, strolling along the High Street with his hands in his pockets, gloomily nodded to the Colonel, who made no reply.

In a word, the great defect of mutton is that it does not put beef into you.

"Mr. Churchill will put the finishing touches to his Budget during the anticipated fortnight's recess at Easter, and will, probably, make his speech in the House on April 13."
Provincial Paper.

We protest against this insinuation.

AT THE PLAY.

"R.S.V.P." (VAUDEVILLE).

WHEN Mr. ROBERT HALE came on as "The Huntsman," with four dummy hounds attached by wires to his hobby-horse, he announced the genesis of one of them as being "by ARCHIBALD DE BEAR out of *Punch Bowl*." And this was obviously a true description of the origin of the chief feature of the entertainment, a ballet-fantasy named "Alice in Lumberland." For, just as Mr. DE BEAR had shown us, in the dream of the Punch-and-Judy man, a vision of his deathless puppets brought to life, so here a penurious dealer in old books who possesses a first edition of *Alice in Wonderland* and refuses to part with it at any price, has his secret vision of the immortal characters of that work, all alive and dancing. The success of *The Punch Bowl* was excuse enough for Mr. DE BEAR to work the idea for all it was worth, but the present variation was not so fresh, for *Alice* and her friends have often figured in children's shows, and one missed the finer subtleties of *The Punch Bowl*, with its parody of Russian ballet; but it was a very charming diversion, and Miss MIMI CRAWFORD made a most delightfully natural *Alice* after the TENNIEL pattern.



ALICE DOES A RABBIT-TROT.

Alice . . . . . Miss MIMI CRAWFORD.
The White Rabbit . . . . Mr. QUENTIN TOD.

The other principal turns in an almost too lavish programme included a burlesque of *Mercenary Mary* and a Trapeze Act. In each of these Mr. ROBERT HALE appeared in feminine apparel. Not having seen the original, I was unable to judge of the merits of "Worse-than-any-Mary" as an imitation; but I could easily recognise that anyone who cares more than I do for the impersonation of the female form by mature males would have no difficulty (whether he had seen the original or not) in appreciating the spectacle of Mr. ROBERT HALE in the part of *Kid June*. In the Trapeze Act, where he figured in the costume of a lady gymnast, my admiration for his daring feats was tempered not only by an undeveloped taste for this kind of perversion, but also by a constant apprehension that he would do himself an irreparable injury, or at least cause an embarrassing rent in his frail integument.

I confess that I liked him better when he was content with his own sex, as in the scene where he was successively an Irish, a Scotch and a Wild West vendor of furniture on the hire system. In this admirable duologue he was most happily associated with Mr. J. H. ROBERTS—a great acquisition to the revue stage. Nothing could be more engaging than his quiet and impressive humour as the *Rev. Mr. Crabtree* (parsons are of course a gift to him) in a game of "Family Bridge."

If Miss MIMI CRAWFORD was tired by the close of the evening (besides being the chief figure in "Alice in Lumberland" she had appeared in more than half the other turns) she didn't show it, but danced like a feather to the end. To Miss JOYCE BARBOUR, who could always be picturesque if she liked, all parts, picturesque or not, came alike. She has a very versatile gift of humour. Her best performance was in "How now, Brown Cow?" a study in the pronunciation of that fatal vowel sound which is apt to expose the last infirmity of the less noble ornaments of the British stage.

Miss ENID STAMP-TAYLOR, who also has a nice sense of humour, was perhaps the prettiest of a very pretty company, but her singing voice proved rather thin, although, as I gathered from an advertisement in my programme, she has "derived great benefit" from Somebody's Bronchial Pastilles and finds that "one taken before singing clears the throat in an amazing way."

There was a catching-on chorus in

"Worse-than-any-Mary" that ran as follows:—

"Songs that we never sing for ourselves
We sing for you;
We do."

This should serve to explain a good deal. I can well understand that Mr. CYRIL RITCHARD, for instance, would never think of singing some of his rather futile songs for his own private amusement. But they were thought good enough for us; and we bore with them because they served as preludes to some excellent step-dances. And I thankfully admit that we were let off with the lowest possible allowance of sentimental song.

As for the usual part played by Mr. RITCHARD—that of a perfect tailor's advertisement, moving among a bevy of admiring females—if you *must* have this kind of thing I would sooner see it done by him than by most others, for his sympathetic and modest personality makes it almost tolerable.

The dancing was exceptional in its reliance on grace and vivacity rather than on acrobatic energy. And the chorus escaped the fatuousness that one finds in most of these shows. Their gaiety was as joyous and natural as their good looks, and indeed the pleasure which the whole cast took in their work was obviously spontaneous.

Mr. DE BEAR had taken a leaf from the book of the Co-optimists, and made his company introduce themselves to us by name at the start. This device, and the fact that the Vaudeville was being re-opened (after what appears to have been a record achievement for the building-trade), seemed to give to his entertainment something of the intimacy of a house-warming party. He is too intelligent to base his hopes upon the enthusiasm—rather undiscriminating—of a first-night audience, but he must have known in his heart that he had given us a quite good show.

In answer to the request conveyed in his title ("Respond, if you please") I drink to his success in a flowing bowl of *Punch*.

O. S.

Funds are still badly needed for the reconstruction of Sadler's Wells Theatre. This historic house, half-a-mile east of King's Cross, is in the centre of a poor and populous district. It is to be run in partnership with the Old Vic, whose splendid work in producing SHAKESPEARE and Grand Opera at really popular prices needs no advertisement. Here the task of making ends meet would be greatly simplified by the economy which would result from conducting two houses under one management.



A HALE YOUNG THING.

Kid June . . . MR. ROBERT HALE.

Mr. Punch begs his readers to help this scheme, not only for the sake of the chance it offers to countless numbers of our poorer fellow-citizens, but as a tribute to the fine achievements of the Old Vic. Contributions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sadler's Wells Fund, 119, Piccadilly, W.1.



FAMILY BRIDGE: SOME CLERICAL ERRORS.

Mr. Wiggins . . . . . MR. ERNEST PEIRCE.
The Rev. Mr. Crabtree . . . . . MR. J. H. ROBERTS.
Mrs. Wiggins . . . . . MISS JOYCE BARBOUR.
Major Trevor . . . . . MR. CYRIL RITCHARD.

PEEVE.

IF one were drawing up a list of life's little irritations—I mean the annoying trifles that make one really cross, as distinguished from the genuine big tragedies that call up one's reserve of philosophic calm and dignity—I think one of the first would be the pillar-to-post habits of the larger shops.

When I go into an establishment that announces itself as a dealer in certain congruous commodities I like to feel confident that any of the assistants, no matter where he happens to be placed, will supply it. After stating one's need carefully and unambiguously, to be directed elsewhere can be infuriating. Nor should a customer be subjected to the trouble of saying it all over again. Nothing is so boring as to have to be careful and unambiguous in the same words to two different persons within a minute or so.

The particular experience which is rankling in a mind that would fain (so to speak) grow nothing but primroses and balm occurred the other day, when, after waiting in an unregulated queue in a drug emporium for some minutes, I was, on asking for a tube of cold cream, sent to another counter.

Had there been any notice to assist the bewildered customer I should not be so resentful; had a placard said—

THIS SHOP KEEPS
EVERYTHING
BUT IT IS ALWAYS
AT ANOTHER COUNTER

I should not have minded. There might even be some fun in accepting the challenge and trying to find the right counter first. But to be forced to wait and then be treated thus was maddening.

"No wonder," I said to myself as I left the shop—for I was far too cross to stop there any longer—"no wonder the chemist's is the paradise of the kleptomaniacal, because, first, he spreads every kind of easily portable bottles and boxes all over the place, and, secondly, he causes you to waste so much time that you are almost entitled to recoup yourself as best you may." I personally took nothing, not even an orange-stick or a moth-ball; but I feel that he is in my debt. I

then found a small old-fashioned shop where sheep are not divided from goats, made my simple purchase and was placid once more.

The first shop, I may say, was one of those mixed stores which within recent memory have broken out all over the country, and which must be very confusing to the foreigner. Over the door is the name of the proprietor or company, and this name, as it chances, signifies in real life an article of apparel. As it also chances, the article of apparel is one of the very few things that the shop does not purvey. It is as though in France one came upon a fascia bearing the word "*Gants*," but, with every wish in the world to obtain a pair of gloves, found on entering that no gloves were to be had. Most other things, from photographic requisites to perfume and detective novels, in profusion, but never a glove.

On inquiring I found that amid the welter of alien matter there was both a medicament counter and a toilet-requisite counter. Very good. But why don't they say so? Even the much-abused post-office has signs and notices indicating the difference between the Telegrams and Stamps departments. And how far removed from a medicament is cold cream? Even so, is it forbidden for the medicament young man, who must always be leaving his pitch for this or that bottle, to step a few paces farther and save me the trouble of beginning all over again?

To the argument that business people know their own business best I should reply with a monosyllable signifying several of the animals that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built, were it not that I have been better brought up. Because if there is one outstanding fallacy which everyone can see through it is that. Business men do not know their own business best; and the fact that they do not has become the commonest topic of conversation. More true would it be to say that there is not a living creature so poor-spirited as not to claim that he could put them right somewhere. E. V. L.

Commercial Candour.

From a house-agent's advertisement:—

"Rent only £160 p.a.; modern premium."
Morning Paper.

"Passports are to be refused to Italian organ-grinders and the exhibitors of dancing bears, monkeys and other beasts, on the ground that by their exhibits they derogate from the prestige of Fascist Italy."—*Daily Paper.*

Though the cases are not quite parallel, we think that the British Government should discourage the habit that Labour M.P.'s have of being led by the nose through Moscow and Leningrad.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

Destiny.

(After Mr. Thomas Hardy.)

Only a man with a dog,
And a venturous toad
Where deep ruts footfalls clog
On a rain-swept road.

Only a hobnailed boot
In the sullen mire,
And the toad's shy spirit is mute,
Removed from desire.

Dynasties come and go,
Pageants of carnage pass,
Pale kings file by, and lo!
Time's petering glass.

Toads are we and we crawl
In our destined slime;
The random hobnails fall
At the fated time;

And Circumstance goes by
With a lurching hound,
Under a weeping sky,
Over desolate ground.

W. K. S.

MASCULINE MATTERS.

(By our Society Correspondent.)

I have quite fallen in love with a new vanishing shaving-soap. No matter how thickly it is applied and lathered I find that it has always dried off completely before the razor is ready for use. Shaving need no longer be the scamped and perfunctory affair that it once was.

There is a tremendous range of plus-fourings to choose from nowadays, but the double-mesh trellis pattern is the only possible one, except for actually playing golf. The really smart knee-fastening of the moment is in the form of a miniature golf-ball which fits into any one of eighteen different holes, according to the degree of comfort desired and to the thickness of whatever one happens to be wearing underneath. A small cross-pocket is being worn to carry a few packets of wooden tees.

At the Ideal Flat Exhibition I saw several language-saving devices for the bedroom, and was particularly taken with a range of wire-gauze valances for fitting below chests of drawers, etc. Other useful sizes are supplied, and there is no reason why every chink and hiding-place should not be made absolutely collar-stud-proof.

There seems to be no doubt that the four-front-stud dress shirt has come to stay (except that, of course, from time to time it should be sent away to the wash). The other evening I found myself by no means the only correctly-dressed man in the room. To appear in only *one* stud is simply not done, apart from the tremendous strain on the button-holes.

I am often asked how I manage to keep my sailor's knot so beautifully central. Even after a long day at the club it is hardly displaced at all. The secret is to pin the tie to the front of the shirt below the V opening. This ought to be done before buttoning up the waistcoat.

It seems to become more and more difficult to select really suitable presents nowadays. This year I am sending little kegs of Harris Tweed Bath Salts to those of my friends who are compelled to forgo their golfing or shooting holidays.

I find that after a hard evening's work an egg-julep is even more refreshing than the proverbial apple. When I have been up very late designing trousers or overhauling my manicure outfit, I allow myself as a special treat a few pieces of toast dipped in Worcester sauce. To such little attentions as these I attribute my schoolboy complexion. Before retiring for the night I take a cup of lukewarm salt water, after which I perform my remedial exercises. Lying on the bed I touch the pillow ten times with each big toe, being careful not to restrain the breathing meanwhile.

Whistling is a great tonic, both mental and moral, and it is also extremely beneficial to the respiratory system. In the bathroom, where the acoustics are good, I usually give out one or two easy cadenzas and then run three times up and down the harmonic minor scale, ending off with a short toccata under the cold shower. A cheerful guest is an acquisition to any house-party.

A Libel on the Police.

À propos of their new uniforms:—

"With considerable awe, we approached over six feet of swaggering new-coatedness 'on the beat' to-day, and asked Robert what he thought about it all.

He was inclined to be philosophical, feeling, no doubt, that: 'Il faut souffrier power etre belle.'"—*North-Country Paper.*

"Roman Remains at Wigan."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We think Signor Mussolini ought to know about this exile's desperate resolve.

From the report of a whist-drive:—

"At the close the Mayoress handed the prizes to the winners as follow: Highest score in the room (prize, ton of coal), Miss —."
Somerset Paper.

A hefty woman, this Mayoress.

"Gwen's back was turned on him. He could not see the expression on her face; how tender her eyes were nor how sad."
Serial in Daily Paper.

This confirms our belief that it is only an exceptional man who can see through a woman.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XI.—SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON.

THREE Kings of Art he served, and now, their peer,
He wears his crown on brows serene and sage.
You 'd never guess, to see him so austere,
How many Queens of Beauty (on the stage)
Those lips have wooed and kissed;
But he has told us, having kept a list.



THE AUSTRALIAN TOUCH.

"No, Gwendolen Jane and Teresa Anne, you cannot come with us. The game would only suffer through the obtrusion of social considerations."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

When you want to remember what the world was like before the War, take down Mr. Joseph Pennell's *Adventures of an Illustrator* (Fisher Unwin) and it will all come back to you. Beware of abandoning yourself entirely to the illustrations—the text too has its charms. It tells how a small Quaker boy in the then sylvan city of Philadelphia broke away from the samplers and silhouettes of the Friends and printed wood-blocks with boot-blacking in a mangle. How, firmly believing that all art is illustration and that he himself was meant to be an illustrator, he exercised eye and memory, pen and etching-needle, and waged war on his own mannerisms—and other people's. How he got his start in America on those ideal magazines the old *Harper's* and the old *Century*. How he invaded England with equal profit to England and to himself, and learnt perspective from tombs in Winchester Cathedral and composition in fruitless search for Constable's points of sight round Salisbury. How he travelled about Europe with Mrs. Pennell (captivating in a tam-o'-shanter), or Howells or Hewlett, looking for what he wanted "in the way of Dürer and Abbey." And how he very often got it, not only then and there, but ultimately, thanks to those inspired middlemen, the old wood-engravers who reproduced him. Read all this and look at "The Great Old Wooden Bridge over the Susquehanna," "Up and Down Siena" and "Stationer's Hall." Look at each and all of this sumptuous folio's two or three hundred trophies. Look too at the portraits of friends, with a big "f" or a little one, from "My Aunt Martha Barton" (in silhouette) to Richmond's "Andrew Lang," and you will congratulate Mr. Pennell, as I do, on the height of his attainments and the happiness of this expression of them.

In *Lodgers in London* (Butterworth) Miss Adelaide Eden Phillpotts seems to me uncomfortably aware of two vocations. One is to tell in a humorous fashion the tale of a coterie of queer characters, the other to deal powerfully with the master passions of love and religion. I don't doubt that these interests might be fused, but where you get the comic spirit to perfection, say in Sheridan and Dickens, the *Lydia Languishes* and *Rose Maylies*, the representatives of high romance, are kept slightly absurd or conventionalised. In this way the larger and more disruptive passions are saved from breaking in upon those harmonious iterations of habit which are the mainstay of comedy. Now Miss Phillpott's comic vein is well worth preserving from her heroic tendencies. She describes a boarding-house in Bloomsbury, a comfortable landlady, the landlady's shrewish half-sister and a slavey whose constant acquisition of new hats keeps her on terms with life. She describes their lodgers, an ex-confectioner, his pretty daughter, the pretty daughter's *fiancé*, and a down-at-heels artist. She also describes the landlady's niece, a beautiful dancer. Into this demi-paradise she introduces a young Jesuit scholastic whose self-confidence, she tells us, has "never been tried." Personally I found it hard to imagine a son of Loyola so emancipated from the necessity of grace and the eye of authority; but,

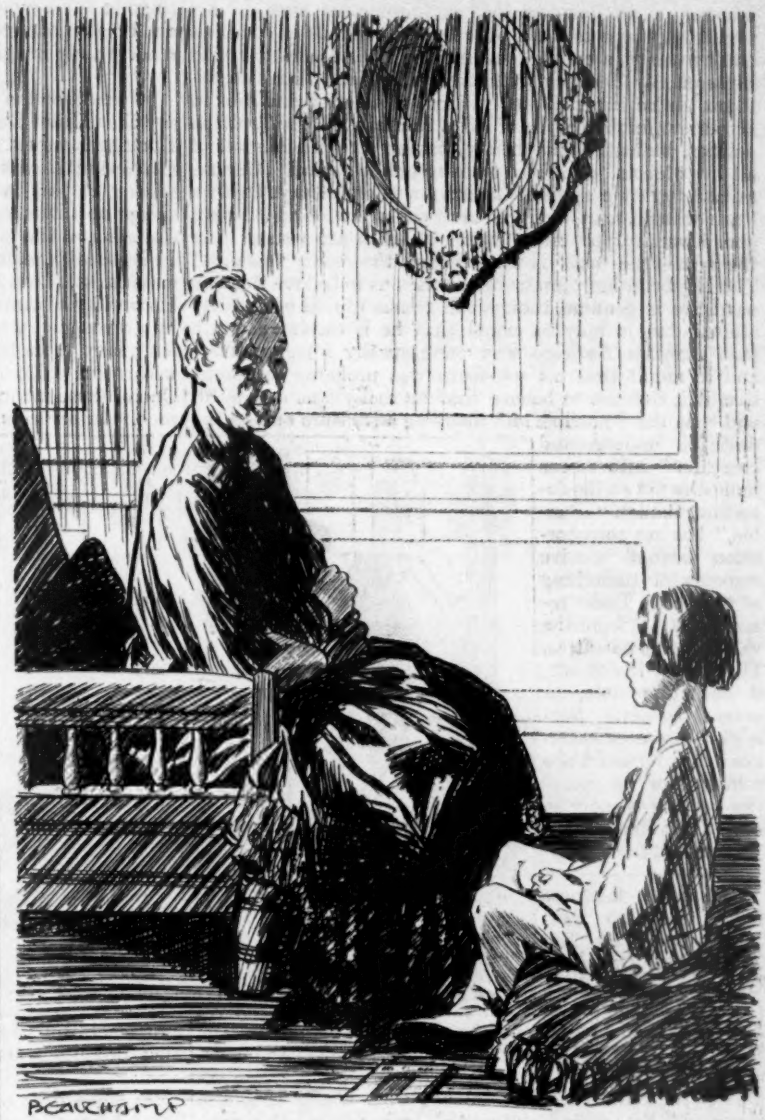
given the premises, he was obviously bound to fall in love with the dancer. This catastrophe is conducted with great propriety, the couple's embraces being far less immoderate and unnatural than their disquisitions on sacred and profane love. Neither however are entertaining, and both hold up the old confectioner's story, whose unforced opening is extremely pretty. If only Miss PHILLPOTTS will fling away ambition her next venture should prove wholly enjoyable.

Take two detectives, both of whom
There 's absolutely no deflecting;
An ancient subterranean tomb,
The focal point of their detecting;
A scientist whose practice veers
Between the criminal and spiteful;
The scion of a line of peers
Whose reputation 's simply frightful.

Throw in with them an LL.D.
(These letters' source is problematic),
Who drugs the charming heroine's tea
And then confines her in an attic;
Add further crooks of every hue,
Physique, profession and condition,
Who, linked in guile, yet mostly view
Each other's actions with suspicion.

Formed of these choice ingredients
The Door with Seven Locks (from HODDER),
Which EDGAR WALLACE serves, presents
A feast of quite refreshing fodder,
Not for the epicure whose chief
Concern is subtle degustation,
But for the man who feeds on beef
With ever fresh appreciation.

What interests Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT obviously interests a great many other people as well, otherwise we should hardly have had a third series of those miscellaneous musings which he calls *Things That Have Interested Me* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). The reason, no doubt, is that Mr. BENNETT, more than most writers of his distinction, is a normal man. He is the man in the street with a gift of expression. He likes what the rest of us like; admires beautiful women and pretty clothes; thinks it nice to have plenty of money; is unsuperciliously concerned with such important trivialities as the servant question and the cut of a coat. He never dons the spring-heels of paradox or the seven-league boots of abstruse speculation. What distinguishes him from the crowd with whom he so modestly rubs shoulders is a more observant eye, a quicker and more sympathetic imagination. In a big shop he is aware not only of the wealth of goods displayed and the sleekness of shopwalkers, but of the "acres of charing" involved in the acres of flooring; while thought of the unseen buyers actually betrays him into blank verse. "The watchers of the markets of the world," he calls them. To the majority, probably, a young woman darning stockings behind plate-glass, exposed to a thousand idle or impertinent eyes, is an amusing sight. To Mr. BENNETT it is a manifestation of cruel stupidity. There is a humanitarian as well as a humanist in this most calmly objective of novelists. And of course he has his more particular experiences and rarer curiosities. He has written plays and helped to run a theatre. He has read MARCEL PROUST and writes of him with the understanding of a fellow-craftsman and the commonsense of the Five Towns. It is because Mr. BENNETT thinks what we think, with an overplus of insight and a larger range of consciousness, that he is a tattler at once so companionable and so stimulating.



Little Girl (after a long talk). "WELL, GRANNY, I HAVEN'T LET MY TONGUE OUT LIKE THIS FOR *YEARS!*"

MR. GODFREY ELTON, in *The Testament of Dominic Burleigh* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), has "edited" what purports to be the autobiography of a brilliant and learned young Oxford don, who joined up in the War, earned a D.S.O., and was afterwards reported dead and eulogised in flattering obituary notices. The autobiography entrusted to Mr. ELTON by the widow and published at the writer's request tells a very different story. He was, according to his own

account, a shallow sciolist, self-protective even in his pleasures, swept into the War by the example of his class and by vanity, a coward undeserving of his decoration, who subsequently deserted, returned to England under an assumed name, married, kept a small book-shop and died in obscurity, finding peace of mind in a crusade for Truth in politics, literature and society, having stripped himself of all his "labels" and false titles to public regard. One recalls the great passage in LUCRETIUS where he says that we learn what a man really is in times of doubt and danger and adversity, for then "words of truth are wrung from the heart, the mask is torn off and the reality remains." The Editor in his "foreword" invites us to believe that the narrative is genuine, though the names are all necessarily altered, but it may be noted that he is careful to state that *Dominic Burleigh* was "unnaturally introspective," and to admit that his self-scorn was probably overdone, that it is difficult to believe that he really was a coward, and that the "horrible and amazing adventure among the dreadful underground creatures" into whose hands he fell on his desertion, though "credible," has no corroboration beyond elusive rumours of something of the sort. These reserves detract from the value of this narrative. They make it difficult, if not impossible, to accept *Dominic Burleigh's* reiterated assertions that he was not a solitary nor an exception among those who served, but that he was "the man in the street."

I have a kindness for Mr. ERNEST RAYMOND, who wrote *Tell England* and *Damascus Gate*, and has more recently been giving us fragments from the personal history of one *Daphne Bruno*. His publisher, I note, puts down his success to "the courage with which certain aspects of modern life are examined and the broadmindedness with which they are regarded." Yet in *The Fulfilment of Daphne Bruno* (CASSELL) I doubt if the anxious reader will find much of what these brave words might lead him to expect. It is true *Roger Muirhead* for a few pages looks as though he were about to follow in the footsteps of Mr. WELLS'S hero in *The New Machiavelli* and crown his political victory by running away with an enthusiastic girl-supporter. And his wife *Daphne* has her dreams—of that same *Henry Detmould* who captured her youthful fancy in a former volume; while *Evie*, her charming and very modern daughter, provides a moment or two of horrid doubt in the epilogue before she decides, like all the others, to settle down quietly in double harness rather than kick over the traces. But on the whole Mr. RAYMOND strikes me as eminently sane. He likes, I gather, to deal with a *milieu* that he knows; whence the sad fact that no fewer than four of his characters write novels or plays. Also his two protagonists repair their tottering fortunes by taking over a big preparatory school—St. Cyprian's, in the Isle of Thanet—and making a tremendous success of it in spite of war and air-raids and *Roger* deciding to go to the Front. There is, I suppose, a certain courage and broadmindedness in this, but it would be unkind to let the reader vainly imagine he is going to read another *Green Hat*.

It would be too much, I suppose, even for a publisher to say that HUGH BENSON'S mantle has descended upon Miss LUCILLE BORDEN. Nevertheless I feel that the wrapper of *Gentleman Riches* (HUTCHINSON) might have given some inkling of this lady's missionary zeal. With hardly an exception all the characters in the book who were not Roman Catholics at the outset went over to Rome during the story. In its secular moments it is the history of a hard-featured materialist, *Ewen Hale*, who marries a rich young heiress for his worldly advancement, only to have his marriage wrecked by a revengeful woman of the world whom he had loved and left many years before. Miss BORDEN develops this plot with some skill, but, alas! the Church keeps breaking in. One of these incursions is nothing less than a literary outrage. Interrupting the narrative at its tensest point, Miss BORDEN lays hands on a perfectly good bishop and his not less worthy spouse and converts them in full view of her audience. I lost interest after that and found myself noticing all the little slips and errors which in an engrossing story are so readily excused. We do not, I said to myself, speak of our "Parliament House," nor do we feed the swans in Green Park, nor, I think, would the Chief Justice of a Crown Colony be "Judge Hale" to his English friends; nor is *Gentleman Riches* (whatever that may be) a conceivable title of derision in the mouth of a London costermonger. But what do little things of this kind matter to Miss BORDEN so long as the good work goes on?



Harassed Parent (furiously). "DEREK! JOAN! HOW MANY MORE TIMES? COME AND SAY YOUR PRAYERS INSTANTLY!"

My experience of Mr. ZANE GREY'S work is fairly wide, but I have never read a book of his which was so full of significant purpose as *The Vanishing Indian* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). It tells the moving story of a child who was found in the desert by an American woman and taken away by her to be educated ("she imagined she was about to do a noble thing"). When *Nophaie* returned to his place, having won fame as an athlete and also the love of an American girl, he found himself so distracted by the warring influences of his birth and education that he was incapable of single-hearted service to his tribe. The girl went into the wilds to help him, and Mr. GREY'S story deals with the love of these two, a love always restrained and often beautiful. I wish that *Nophaie* had not gone to France with the American army, for the war-incidents in his career do not seem to me to ring quite true. But the tale—a little overlong—has had a good deal of thought expended upon it.

"Hundreds of Servants Wanted; all asses suited.—Miss ——, —— Registry."—*Provincial Paper.*

We shall not patronise this establishment.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are asked to deny the truth of the report that Signor MUSSOLINI has written an article in a Fascisti journal under the title, "Does Italy need a ROTHERMERE?"

* * *

"Sunshine everywhere," announces a headline. Is Thanet losing its grip?

* * *

It is stated that the Oxford crew is allowed beer, port, champagne, tea and milk, but no water. It is pitiful to see the eight looking thirstily at the stuff as they row on it.

* * *

"Will Cambridge beat Oxford in the boat-race this year?" asks a contemporary. It takes a pretty smart journalist to think of a conundrum like that.

* * *

The Cambridge crew is described as the handsomest seen for many years. In the opinion of some river-side critics, however, this is counterbalanced by the fact that the Dark Blues have exceptionally sweet dispositions.

* * *

Professor JULIAN HUXLEY predicts that in a thousand years there will hardly be standing room on the habitable parts of the globe. This decides us to leave before the egress gets too congested.

* * *

Sir ARTHUR WIGHTMAN threatens to expose the building trade. Bricklayers remain unmoved.

* * *

A Johannesburg man's claim to have set up a world's bricklaying record is disputed on the ground that the bricks he used were two pounds lighter than those used in other parts of South Africa. We view with misgivings the development of the brick as a sporting medium.

* * *

We hear that, as fasting is so fashionable now, one London restaurant is to provide special tables where patrons can starve at reasonable charges.

* * *

We read of evening classes for bird-fanciers at Battersea. One result should be an improvement in the conversation of local parrots.

A bank official expresses the opinion that girl bank clerks are the best. They always hold your hand sympathetically as they introduce you to your overdraft.

* * *

According to a *Daily Express* correspondent women like dancing better than men. Then why don't they?

* * *

Reports have come to hand of a new island that has appeared in the Pacific. It is not known how soon it will apply for a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations.

* * *

Dr. L. R. LEMPRIERE says that a schoolboy cannot over-eat. Possibly not, but he can do his best.



Daughter. "I'VE JUST ACCEPTED MR. OFFLEIGH, MOTHER."
Mother. "GRACIOUS, CHILD! I REFUSED HIM MYSELF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO."
Daughter. "I KNOW; WE'VE JUST HAD A GOOD LAUGH ABOUT IT."

Socialists of course are impossible dreamers, but it's funny how people agree with them when they speak disrespectfully of Communists.

* * *

The Bishop of LONDON gave girls good advice when he told them that if a young man gave them a cocktail they should never go out with him again. At present prices this seems only fair to him.

* * *

TIGER FLOWERS, the new World's Middle-Weight Boxing Champion, is a negro deacon. He never lets a button pass in the plate.

* * *

After all, women know a good thing when they see it. A man in Berlin who is fasting for forty-three days has had five hundred offers of marriage.

Upon the arrival of a liner it was stated that during the voyage thirteen couples had become engaged. Few people seem to realise fully the perils of the deep.

* * *

A gossip writer remarks that, as a golfer, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who has taken up the game again, is inclined to talk a good deal and admire the view. The same tendencies characterise him as a politician.

* * *

Speaking on the Test Match prospects, the Rev. F. H. GILLINGHAM referred to the hardship sometimes undergone by players in having to spend half the night wandering about looking for somewhere to sleep. It is different for spectators; they can sleep all day.

* * *

Mr. CARADOC EVANS is reported as saying that when he got his first job as a journalist he knew nothing about writing. We can easily believe this.

* * *

The subterranean passage discovered under a football-ground at Chichester is of course a referee's emergency exit.

* * *

"Take my strap" is said to be the latest Tube courtesy. We intend to try it on someone who is sitting down.

* * *

Correspondents of *The Daily Express* have been debating which is the worst evil of to-day. It is curious that not one of them has mentioned that of writing to the papers.

* * *

A list has been published of things left behind in Registry Offices. As neither brides nor bridegrooms are included, newly-married couples must be getting less absent-minded in this respect.

* * *

Americans have a wise maxim which reminds them that the mouth was not intended to be breathed through. On the other hand there is the old English saw about the nose not being intended to be talked through.

* * *

Mr. Justice ASTBURY has asked, "What is 2 LO?" It is becoming impossible to keep anything from these inquisitive Judges.

GALL IN GILEAD.

When in lieu of blustering rage
  March (the Lion) smiles demurely;
When the dicky-birds engage
  In their nuptials prematurely;
When the buds come early out,
  And in every garden bed you 'll
See the daffodillies sprout
  Prior to the proper schedule;

When (but, ere these words of mine
  Pass inspection by the printer,
We may lapse by sharp decline
  Back into the gripe of winter;
Still, I 'll chance it)—when, I say,
  Spring, thus previous, makes advances,
I must meet the dear half-way,
  Executing vernal dances.

Yet my joy is bitter-sweet.
  I had planned a little time at
Monte Carlo in retreat
  From our hideous northern climate;
And, if those I leave behind
  Have no cause to envy me, no
Frost and sleet and icy wind,
  How can I enjoy my beano?

So I 'm constituted (shame!);
  So this ugly taint 's alloyed a
Heart of gold (the Hunnish name
  For the thing is *Schadenfreude*);
Life beneath an azure dome
  Never makes me altogether
Glad, unless my friends at home
  Get the most disgusting weather.

O. S.

A BIRD OF PRICE.

"I am sorry, Sir," said the club-waiter at lunch to-day, "but all the newspapers are engaged for the moment."

So it was that I, being one of the many who must read when alone, though it be nothing more interesting than a *carte du jour* already familiar, was idly scanning "Cold Buffet" when a chord of memory was vaguely struck. I looked again and read carefully:—

	s.	d.
Chicken (Leg)	2	3
Chicken (Wing)	2	9

And only the day before a disillusioned enthusiast had said to me bitterly, "Yes, chicken-farming is a delightful business; in fact it has only two drawbacks—you never stop working and you never make any money."

Never make any money! I seemed to detect an inconsistency, and I got out a pencil and made a calculation. Thus:

	s.	d.
Chicken (Leg, right)	2	3
" (" left)	2	3
" (Wing, right)	2	9
" (" left)	2	9
Total	10	0

As I was contemplating this with some surprise I suddenly realised an omission. Where was Chicken (Breast)? Evidently the cost of Chicken (Breast) was so prohibitive as to make its inclusion ridiculous in a mere members' luncheon. Say three-and-sixpence? I was not sure, but it could not well be less and must certainly be included in my calculation, which was now amended as follows:—

	s.	d.
Brought forward	10	0
Chicken (Breast, right)	3	6
" (" left)	3	6
Total	17	0

At this point I remembered a pleasant little dish I sometimes enjoy at that Italian restaurant we all know so well—("The only place in Soho, my dear boy, where you can get a really, etc., etc.")—risotto of chicken-livers. This costs two shillings even in Soho; what it would be in Pall Mall I hardly dared to think, but I felt I should be on the safe side thus:

	s.	d.
Brought forward	17	0
Chicken (Liver)	2	6
Total	19	6

Having completed, so far as a layman's knowledge permitted, my survey of the chicken's edible potentialities, I turned my attention to its by-products. I remembered wrestling in my youth with chicken-feathers as pipe-cleaners, and I still see them for sale in tobacconists' shops at a penny per bundle of twelve. There must be a great many feathers on a chicken, enough for at least half-a-dozen bundles.

What else? I could not be sure of anything, though it seemed to me that something ought to be done with Real Beaks for Toy Chickens. But I was taking no risks, and anyhow the feathers brought the grand total to a pound. A pound for one chicken! There couldn't be any risk about that.

I sent a page for forms and proceeded to construct two telegrams. One was to my friend, offering to buy his chicken-farm at his own price, the other to my broker, instructing him to purchase a substantial block of shares of the new issue of the Midas Restaurant Company. Either my friend was a liar or the Company was a gold-mine. When I had written out my wires I sat for some time with a fortune in one hand or the other, the only trouble being that I wasn't sure which. And then quite suddenly I saw what to do.

I have just sent off both wires. After all, with a wife and family one *can't* take risks.

"Light London's Statues."
Headline in Daily Paper.

With pleasure, if they will burn.

MILITARY DRAMA.

I.

There is a side of life which up to now both the drama and the picture-theatre have neglected to put before the public. I refer to the fact that there has been no film and hardly a single play which has definitely dealt with everyday life in the Army during peace-time. The Army, it would appear, is, like the black sheep in the family cupboard, a thing that should never be mentioned, except of course during manœuvres or war, when the papers tell us we have one.

To remedy this defect I have written the following small play. I have attempted to put into it the best spirit of army routine and traditions, and so have got the assistance of my friend, Private Pullthrough, to ensure exactness of detail. It will therefore be observed that the plot centres round the really serious things of army life, such as guards, meals and the orderly-room mat. There is no love interest. Girls are not allowed in barracks.

Act I.

The scene opens . . . Oh, by the way, there is one other point. It has been found impossible to carry the exactness of detail as far as the actual spoken word, for reasons which I hope will not be known to the general public. The speeches therefore defer to the best traditions of Melodrama (Surrey side).

Act I.

The scene opens . . . One moment: I forgot to add the usual remarks. The scenery throughout is designed by the War Department and supplied by the Army Ordnance Corps. This well-known firm also supplies all dresses, with the exception of the Colonel's costume in Act III., which is by Messrs. Saville and Row, and the Orderly Officers' in Act I., which is by Moses, Broses, Limited. The food in Act II. is by the Army Service Corps, and the office stationery in Act III. by Pale and Golden, Limited.

(*Further space to let on moderate terms.*)

Act I.

The scene opens with the stage in darkness, except for a light in the guard-room (Left), *and the glow of a cigarette from inside the sentry-box* (Right). *Sounds of snoring from the guard-room.*

The Sentry. Surely it is time for my relief. Never mind. It 's poor young Private Sinclair who follows. An extra half-hour's sleep will benefit him as well as me. Good actions are a joy to the giver as well as to the recipient.

(*Half-an-hour elapses.*)

The Sentry (*shouts*). Corporal, wake



DELIVERING THE GOODS.

Sir Herbert Samuel. "WELL, ANYHOW, IT'S BEEN WELL AND TRULY WEIGHED, AND THERE'S NO SLACK IN IT."



Wife (as mannequin parades in most expensive model). "I SAY, *THAT* WOULD LOOK NICE AT OUR DANCE ON THE 20TH, WOULDN'T IT?"
Husband. "IT WOULD. SEND HER AN INVITATION."

up! It is considerably past the hour for my relief.

[*Noises* OFF *as of a full Corporal waking up.* N.B.—*A full Corporal had better be engaged for this as it is a specialist's job.*

The Corporal. Coming, Joe.

[*Further noises* OFF *as of the Corporal waking up the next relief. Enter* Corporal *and* Relief.

The sentries are half changed over when the sound of wavering footsteps is heard to the right.

Both Half-Sentries (*fiercely*). Altoogoesthere?

[*From* OFF *a crash is heard. Anything further that follows should not be heard.*

The Old Sentry. Advance one and be recognised.

Private Vavasour *enters on hands and knees.*

The Corporal (*striking a match*). Why, 'tis Vavasour!

The Relief. Ay, and pesky late too! But soft . . .

(*Sorry. Got into the wrong period.*)

The Relief (*again*). Yes, he's overstayed his pass.

Private Vavasour (*to the third footlight from the end*). Nonshensh.

The Corporal (*sadly*). Carry him to the guard-room and lock him up. . . . Ah, the evils which attend upon drink——

(*This space open to private treaty with any Temperance League.*)

[*Exeunt* Old Sentry *and* Private Vavasour.

The New Sentry (*challenges suddenly*). Altoogoesthere?

Voice (OFF). Orderly Officer.

The Sentry. Advance Orderly Officer and be recognised.

Enter the O. O.

The O. O. Well, do you recognise me?

The Sentry (*busily striking matches*). Not yet.

[*Sends out for lantern.*

(*When someone has been found to identify the* O. O., *who only arrived in barracks a few days ago, the action of the play may be allowed to proceed.*)

The O. O. Corporal, what of the night?

The Corporal. Private Vavasour in close arrest, Sir.

The O. O. Why?

The Corporal (*hanging his head*). Sir, he was late; and he wasn't quite—quite——

The O. O. (*shocked*). Oh! (*Pause*) He must go up before the Colonel.

The Corporal (*sadly*). I fear so, Sir.

[*Exit* O. O. *Exit* Corporal. Sentry *lights cigarette.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

The following day. Breakfast in the mess-room. Privates eating or talking, or in most cases doing both. Left and right—Forms, barrack-room; tables, 6-foot, soldiers' and 4-foot, soldiers'.

First Private. I do not think this bacon is so good to-day.

Second Private. I agree with you, Charles.

F. P. Someone ought to point it out to the cooks, or at least ought to——

[*Loud interruption at back:* "*Shun-Orderly-Officer-any-complaints-carry-on!*" *Interruption dies down.*

F. P. (*continuing*). —or at least ought to make a complaint to the Orderly Officer when he makes his visit, which should be soon.

S. P. Surely that simply isn't done?

Enter a Corporal.

Corporal. Has anyone taken Private Vavasour's breakfast to the guard-room?

A Voice. Yes, but he doesn't want any breakfast.

The Corporal. What did he say?

The Voice. He said——

CURTAIN (*just in time too*).

ACT III.

The following day, 10 A.M. Head-

quarters orderly-room. Left, rather in the way, a chair. Right, also in the way, another chair. Left right in the way, a large mat. The Colonel *is seated at a desk, signing papers.* The Adjutant *is breathing down the back of his neck.*

The Adjutant (*blotting signatures*). And lastly, Sir, there is Private Vavasour up for being tigh—being drunk the night before last.

The Colonel. Hrrmph! (*It is, I said, 10 A.M.*)

The Adjutant. Will you have him marched in?

The Colonel. Hrrmph!

The Adjutant (*calling* OFF). Sergeant-Major, march in Private Vavasour!

[*An interlude during which nothing can be heard for some time but the clamp-clamp of heavy boots intermingled with "Prisnersescort-shun-quickmarch-right-whoile-left-whoileALTrighturn," resulting in* Private Vavasour's *appearance on the mat between two friends, with the* Sergeant-Major *breathing heavily just behind.*

The Sergeant-Major (*gracefully effecting the introduction*). Private Vavasour, Sir.

The Colonel. Hrrmph! (*It is still just about 10 A.M.*)

[The Colonel *reads out the charge and asks him if he has anything to say.*

Private Vavasour (*looking as though he had run head-on to a battleship and swallowing nervously*). Please, Sir, it was like this. I was coming home in good time, Sir, when I fell off my bicycle and broke——

The Colonel. No good telling me that.

Private Vavasour (*candidly*). Well, Sir, I thought it was just worth trying.

The Colonel. Hrrmph!

The Adjutant (*taking this to mean fourteen days' "C.B."*). March him out, Sergeant-Major.

[*Another interlude as before, this time resulting in the disappearance of* Vavasour *and party.*

The Adjutant (*conversationally*). A bad case, Sir.

The Colonel. Hrrmph!

CURTAIN. A. A.

"They proceeded to the Station office where they carried off some money from the drawers, including a small bottle of whisky."
Irish Paper.

That must be the new Irish currency.

"Mr. ——, for the defence, said it was surprising the silly things one did at times. It was now spring, when, as Shakespeare had it, 'a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'"—*Manchester Paper.*

And barristers lightly turn to poetry without verifying their quotations.



Festive Guest (*who has just missed his own ball*). "I SAY—THESE BALLS DON'T SEEM TO KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BILLIARDS."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XVI.—LITERARY RESEARCH.

IF you would carry out research
In furtherance of knowledge,
You scan the archives of a church,
A library or college;
You stay at any country-house
Where there is decent feeding
And, while your host is shooting grouse,
Devote yourself to reading.

And if you're lucky you will find
Some document or other
Which proves that MILTON wasn't blind,
That BYRON loved his mother,
That BURKE committed fearful crimes,
Perjury, theft and arson,
That WORDSWORTH married seven times,
And SHELLEY was a parson.

I've been researching, and I've found
A written attestation
Which, when I publish it, is bound
To make a great sensation
And furnish many men of note
With thoughts to lie awake on;
It proves that WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE wrote
The works of FRANCIS BACON. G. B.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

V.—THE SKELTON DINNER.

Plunk and Tunk said that there ought to be a SKELTON Society, and a SKELTON Society there was.

It may seem doubtful to the ordinary reader whether London needed a SKELTON Society at all. Never mind. There is no SKELTON Society in London now.

It cannot be denied that it is one of our pleasant habits to gather together and eat, not to say drink, to the glory of famous men, especially famous literary men, who are dead. I have never made out why one does not sip soup and bite cutlets so readily or heartily in praise of admirals, philanthropists and statesmen, many of whom must have been very hearty trencherm en whilst on earth. But so it is. There is something about the decease of famous literary men that lays a special claim upon the appetite.

Everybody knows the OCCLEVE Society and the COWPER Club, which dines twice a year, once at Edmonton and once at Ware. And, though I have never been privileged to attend a dinner of the CYNEWULF Association, which always has printed on its *menu* card those exquisite lines:—

"Ne lifes lyre, ne lathes cyme
Ne synn ne sacu, ne sar tacu,
Ne wædle gewinn ne welan onsyn
Ne sorg ne slæp, ne swar leger,"

I have often longed to be there; and I can at least remember vividly an incident at the DRAYTON banquet some years ago. I asked the lady sitting next to me, a very charming lady indeed, "What do you really think about the *Polyolbion*?" for I had been priming myself well for the occasion.

"I haven't seen it," she replied readily enough. "Who's *in* it? ERNEST THESIGER?"

There are also, of course, the HUDIBRAS Circle, the SOUTHEY Association and the JOHN BUNYAN Cabaret Club. Still, there is no doubt that I was keen on SKELTON. Plunk had told me to be, and so had Tunk. Outside mere dons there were no greater authorities than these two men on the poetry of SKELTON. They were both writing a book about him, and I respected them both equally. That was why they asked me to be secretary. About fifty persons consented to become members of the SKELTON Society, and a committee was formed.

The first thing to do, said Plunk and Tunk, was to have a dinner in honour of SKELTON at some fairly large hotel, and have it soon. We could not exactly make it an Anniversary Dinner to celebrate SKELTON's birth, because nobody seemed to know exactly when that was. I suggested that we should have a kind of Anniversary Wake and eat on the day that SKELTON died; but this did not commend itself to either Plunk or Tunk. They said it was simply not done.

The Committee met in Plunk's rooms. It consisted of Plunk, Tunk and myself, nobody else being able to turn up, and proceedings were most amicable until it came to the matter of choosing a hotel. Plunk was absolutely dead against the Cosmopolitan, because he said they always brought the soup on cold, and Tunk was equally firm against the Sardanapalus. He said that the *tournedos* which he had had last time he was there was simply execrable. They wrangled for a long time about this, while I listened and pretended to make notes on a little writing-pad.

"What are you doing?" asked Plunk, looking up suspiciously after a moment. He has very bushy grey eyebrows. I am much more frightened of him than I am of Tunk.

"Nothing," I answered meekly. As a matter of fact I was trying to draw a picture of SKELTON refusing to eat a *tournedos* at the Sardanapalus, but I did not like to say so.

There was then a great quarrel about the wines. I suggested mulled sack, but was sat upon.

We selected, after a while, the Cosmopolitan.

"I suppose we should make it a Ladies' Night?" said Tunk.

"Do you think we ought to?" I asked doubtfully. "SKELTON was a bachelor, you know. At least I suppose he was; he was a priest."

Plunk frowned at me.

"Not a Ladies' Night, I think," he said. "Now whom ought we to ask to be the principal guest?"

Tunk suggested the PRINCE OF WALES. It appeared that SKELTON had been tutor to HENRY VIII. as a boy, and Tunk thought that this would establish a sort of bond. But Plunk said he did not suppose that the PRINCE OF WALES had the slightest interest in SKELTON; and, seeing that the position of secretary was liable to lead me into a difficult avenue of correspondence, I said that I felt inclined to agree.

"Why not the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, then?" said Tunk.

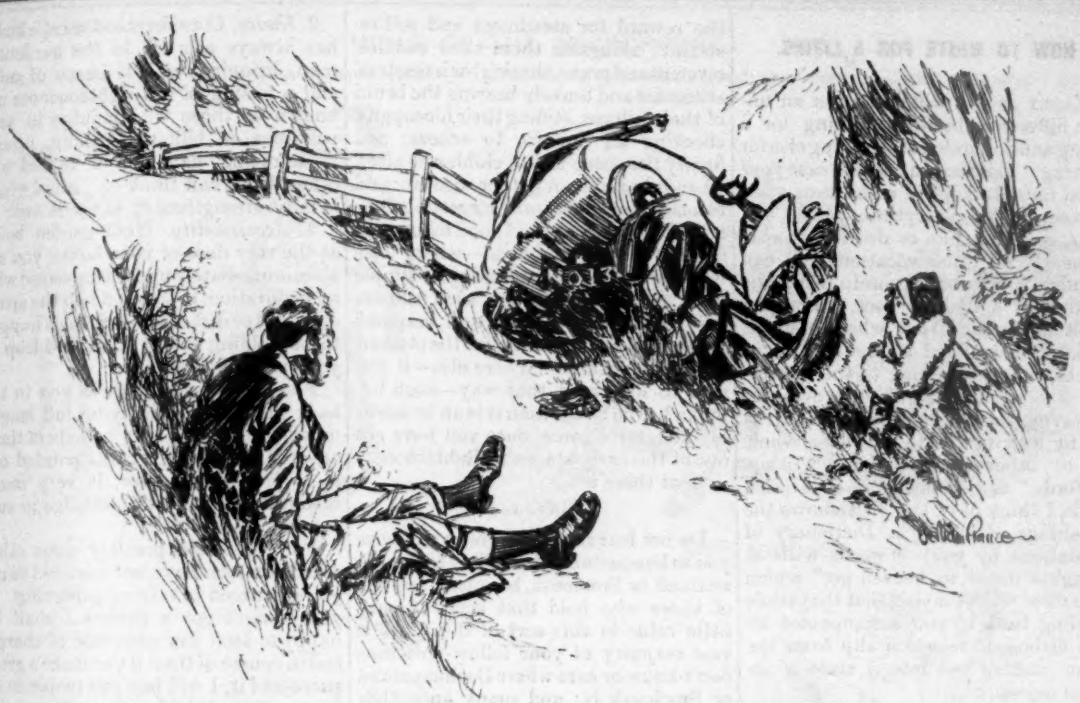
Plunk objected instantly. He said that SKELTON had attacked Cardinal WOLSEY in a set of very scurrilous verses, and that nothing could be more tactless than to ask the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to be present at his commemorative feast. There was another heated debate over this. Finally we decided on a list of considerably less eminent persons, to all of whom I was to write, and eventually did.

In spite of the efforts of Plunk and Tunk to establish SKELTON's claim to be dined about, I had one disappointing refusal after another until I finally made a lucky hit with the Esquimo Minister, who wrote, I thought, exceedingly good English—almost as good as SKELTON's own, I should have said in the days before Plunk and Tunk had enlightened me. There remained the difficult question of who was to take the Chair and propose the guest of the evening, and who, on the other hand, was to toast the memory of SKELTON himself.

When I put the question of the Chair to Plunk he said Tunk must take it, and when I put it to Tunk he said it must be Plunk. I thought of having one of those small settees for two, but that would have left Plunk and Tunk, who were both small men, with their noses resting on the table. Finally they left it to me, and I put Plunk in the Chair. It was the more honourable position, yet I could see he was but half pleased. The true fact was that in Plunk's estimation JOHN SKELTON ranked a little higher than CHAUCER, whereas Tunk placed him a rung lower in the ladder of fame.



Hefty Cook. "TAKE A WEEK'S NOTICE!"
Master. "BUT I 'VE NOWHERE TO GO."



Perfect Wife. "NEVER MIND, DEAR. AT ANY RATE YOU WON'T HAVE TO SPEND ANY MORE TIME TRYING TO LOCATE THAT SQUEAK."

And now Tunk had an opportunity of saying this publicly, not only before the members of the SKELTON Society and their friends, but also in front of the Eskimo Minister, from whom the dictum might spread through the whole of the Arctic regions.

"Don't forget," said Plunk finally, "a quotation for the menu-card."

I selected and had printed the following memorable words:—

"What can it avail
To drive forth a snail?
Or to make a sail
Of a herring's tail?"

I daresay this is not the loveliest quotation that could be chosen from the works of SKELTON, but as it was to appear just over the *hors d'œuvres* it seemed to me to be apposite.

One slightly jarring note, which might perhaps have been accepted as an omen, was struck at the very beginning of the ceremonies when the great night actually arrived. This was that the waiters at the Cosmopolitan stationed to direct guests to the banqueting-room, either by misapprehension or merely owing to a lapse of pronunciation, insisted on saying to each member who arrived—

"Skeleton Club, Sir? This way, Sir."

This annoyed Plunk, who is stout, almost as much as Tunk, who is thin. There was however no other *contretemps* until the meal (which much resembled all other meals at the Cosmopolitan, and indeed at the Sardanapalus) had been consumed. The Eskimo Minister, so far as I could discern, seemed to be impressed about equally with the conversational gifts of Plunk, who sat on his left, and Tunk, who sat on his right. The health of the KING was drunk, followed by that of the Eskimo Minister, who replied, making a graceful allusion to SKELTON, which proved him to be every inch a diplomat.

It now fell to the turn of Tunk to propose "The Immortal Name." A kind of madness came over the man, I suppose, for his first words were—

"It is now my privilege to ask you to drink the toast of a name which is honoured wherever the English language is read, the name of a poet, and a poet, if not so familiar, if not so beloved as our great GEOFFREY CHAUCER——"

Well, can it be wondered at, I ask, if Plunk at this moment, finding a soda-water siphon standing at his elbow, squirted it inadvertently straight across the shirt-front of the Eskimo Minister and full into Tunk's face. There was a moment of terrible suspense, and then Tunk, usually a mild man, except behind the shelter of print, countered with a tangerine orange in Plunk's eye. It burst. It is easy to argue that this is exactly the kind of graceful after-dinner badinage which would have pleased JOHN SKELTON himself if he could have been present at his own commemorative feast; easy to argue that the Eskimo Minister might have supposed it to be one of the customs of literary Bohemia, and have even been induced to join in himself and give us a little exhibition of pilum-throwing with a fruit-fork. But the fact remains that these hearty manners are unpopular at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and the waiters, who indeed had not yet received their tips, rushed up to restrain the combatants. The storm was allayed and Tunk finished his speech in firm cold sentences punctuated throughout by angry growls and gurglings from the Chair.

The event perhaps would scarcely be worth recording were it not for the curious effect which it has had on the posthumous name of the poet himself. A kind of literary mist has begun to rise about the name of SKELTON, I observe, since this affair of the dinner at the Cosmopolitan. Neither Plunk nor Tunk intend to complete their books; no glib allusion to his name falls now from their pens; and since I have resigned the position of secretary to the club there seems some doubt whether the tutor of HENRY VIII. will have a dinner eaten for him again.

For me the matter is chiefly memorable because two or three of the subscriptions for the Skelton Commemoration Dinner are yet to come in.

EVOE.

HOW TO WRITE FOR A LIVING.

IV.

Early on you will encounter an unfair difference between writing for a living and doing almost anything else for a living. It is that in the one case your mind must be kept in a constant state of receptivity to everything you do, see, hear, read, imagine or dream, whereas in nearly all other vocations you can dismiss your working-brain with the locking of a desk or door. For you must understand that whereas stock-broking is confined to the broking of stocks, schoolmastering to the mastering of a school, quantity-surveying to surveying quantities, and so on, writing for a living has to do with a whole lot of other things besides writing. "Words," as Shakespeare says (and, while I think of it, this just shows the advantage of having a Dictionary of Quotations by you)—"words without thoughts never to heaven go," which is another way of saying that they come hurtling back to you accompanied by that diabolical rejection slip from the editor, casting you into a state of infernal dejection.

Consequently the life of the author is one ceaseless search for what are called "ideas," and that is why, having embarked on this career, you will soon find yourself becoming inattentive, unobservant, absent-minded, intolerant, unsociable, restless, moody, morose. This is the natural effect which idea-searching has on the creative brain; so when you get like it do not despair; on the contrary, cherish it as the signal that you are about to give birth to a best seller, and you will, temporarily at any rate, feel much better.

The question is what should the author do with himself when he is not actually sitting at his desk? How can he most profitably employ his time? And the purpose of this article is to examine the merits of the various available hobbies, occupations, etc., with the view of testing their value as a stimulus to success; and I will begin at once by recommending you to take up

GOLF.

Between the game of golf and the game of life there is an almost uncanny resemblance. Indeed a day on the links is the story of a whole life. Those tired, bent though resolute men, their heads bowed humbly before them, save only for the most part at the moment when they are striking the ball; steering their way through a course hemmed in on either side and often thwarted in the middle by danger and difficulty; paying the penalty for misjudgment and over-confidence, reaping the reward for steadiness and self-restraint; alongside them their caddies, reverent and grave, sharing their masters' successes and bravely bearing the brunt of their failures, stifling their hiccoughs, checking an impulse to sneeze; and finally the scene in the clubhouse after, when bronzed men gather together and recount their adventures, forgetting their trials under the spell of good fellowship and a whisky-and-soda—where else will you find such a mingling of simple faith and shattered hope, such sadness and glory, such courage and despair? Where else such a lesson for the student of human nature? Where else—if you care to look at it that way—such humour? And in addition it is an irresistibly attractive game, once you have got out of the early stages of Rabbitdom.

Next there is

TRAVEL.

Do not fear that I am going to advise you to be constantly travelling to Bechuanaland or Smolensk, because I am one of those who hold that there is very little value in this sort of thing. The vast majority of your fellow-creatures don't know or care where Bechuanaland or Smolensk is; and many an author has spent a whole weary life trying to thrust his knowledge of these ridiculous places upon an unwilling public, realising his mistake only when his eyes had grown dim and his hand was deformed by writer's cramp. Not that this means for a moment that you are to be excluded from vogues for sheikhs and things like that; it simply means that you had far better write about them at home, where you will see them in their proper perspective—proper, that is, from the point of view of people in Brixton and Belgravia, and consequently from the point of view of editors. It is doubtful whether you could ever sell a sheikh story once you had been out to Arabia or Africa or wherever it is that sheikhs live and got to know what sheikhs were like. On the whole therefore I say stop at home and take up

GARDENING.

As a stimulant to the creative faculties I personally find little to be said for gardening, and consequently I abandoned it almost before I took it up; but this does not deter me from recommending it heartily to the student as an aid to success in his writing for a living, for the following reasons:—

1. *Economy*—(*a*) in saving gardeners' wages; (*b*) in saving the money you would be spending on something else if you weren't gardening; (*c*) in greengrocers' bills; (*d*) in clothes (once you are known to be a gardener—*and* a writer—there is no degree of shabbiness which you may not legitimately affect).

2. *Kudos.* Considerable domestic kudos has always accrued to the gardening man, bringing with it peace of mind and a feeling of self-righteousness unknown to those who indulge in such pastimes as billiards, fishing, bridge, horse-racing, dancing, or indeed any other that I can think of. All of which is most strengthening to the *moral.*

3. *Accessibility.* Your garden being at the very door of your house you are able, immediately upon being seized with an inspiration, to throw down the spade or trowel or dirt or whatever you happen to be holding at the time, and leap to your writing-desk.

Finally the pain it gives you in the back justifies you in lying full length on your couch for long periods of time, an attitude which, as was pointed out in a previous chapter, is very much favoured by many who indulge in successful creative work.

For these and possibly some other reasons which have not occurred to me you are urged to take up gardening. If you haven't got a garden I shall be happy to lend you mine free of charge, and in course of time, if you make a great success of it, I will pay you tenpence an hour certain (which is more than some people earn by writing for a living); and you needn't roll the lawn, because that's a part of it I don't mind doing myself.

We will now discuss

NIGHT-CLUBS.

On second thoughts we won't, because the Editor is beginning to get annoyed at the length of this article. In the circumstances therefore I must ask you to be patient, and some day I will present you with yet another powerful instalment of this series.

[We shall see.—Ed.] L. B. G.

PIPPA AND THE PARENT.

"The year's at the Spring"—ah, Pippa dear,
Your song to-day comes fresh and clear
As when (some eighty years ago)
You sang it first in Asolo.

Your snail, your lark, your dew-pearled hill—
Each silvery note is perfect still,
Each, Pippa dear, save one, and that
Sounds to me now a wee bit flat.

"Morning's at seven"—alas! it's *not;*
Our son, entrenched within his cot,
At five—at *five,* with deafening din,
Ushers his parents' morning in.

An Appropriate Spot.

"The ceremony took place in the ancient parish church, where the bride's ancestors have loved for many centuries."
Provincial Paper.

IDOLS OF THE MICROPHONE.

SINCE WE CANNOT SEE OUR WIRELESS ENTERTAINERS, IT IS PROBABLE THAT AN ENTIRELY NEW TYPE OF ACTOR WILL SPRING UP.



MACBETH.



ROMEO AND JULIET.



SAMSON AND DELILAH.



CINDERELLA AND THE UGLY SISTERS.



THE MICROPHONE MÉLANGERIE-REVUE COMPANY'S BEAUTY CHORUS.



Girl to Friend (watching pictures of French Revolution). "WELL, IF THAT'S HOW THEY GO ON IN FRANCE I'M GLAD I DON'T LIVE THERE."

THE GOOD THEATRE.

A DISTRESSING thing has happened. Poor old Honeybubble has gone wowser.

A "wowser" is Australian for kill-joy, Puritan, busy-body and that kind of creature, and perhaps Honeybubble picked up the infection in the Antipodes, though I never met much of it there myself. But I put it down mainly to the influence of Mrs. Nose, a new friend of Honeybubble's.

Mrs. Nose is a widow, and rightly. It is better that she should be alone. I say she slew the late Nose with virtue and good works. At any rate he took a bad cold and, making no serious attempt to recover, passed cheerfully away.

Mrs. Nose is a member of the Committee of the London Council for the Suppression of Wickedness and Amusement, and Chairman of the Theatrical Vigilance Sub-Committee, commonly known as "The Watch-dogs of the Drama." This little body has recently launched an intensive campaign against wickedness in the theatre, and Honeybubble has been co-opted as a kind of subordinate watch-dog—a watch-pup, as it were. I was amazed to hear from him the other day that he had been to half-a-dozen plays in the previous fortnight, for I had never known him to enter a theatre before. But his explanation was reasonable enough. It is not the function of the watch-dog to pay attentions to the honest visitor, but to bark at the burglar. No one of the watch-dogs, it appears, has the faintest interest in the drama—unless it is wicked. Worthy people may give their lives and fortunes to the encouragement of art for art's sake in remote theatres in the suburbs; they will not be supported by Mrs. Nose. But let it get about that a play is unwholesome and off go the watch-dogs to see and protest against it. I gather that, like other officials of the same nature, Mrs. Nose rings up the manager and gets free seats for the whole Sub-Committee. This would explain the quantity of jet and sequins which one sees in the stalls at an unwholesome matinée.

Mrs. Nose, Honeybubble tells me, is disappointed with the HOME SECRETARY, who has shown occasional signs of being a perfectly good wowser. He has now refused to transfer the licensing of plays to the local government authority, a decision which has incensed Mrs. Nose—and naturally; for it is obvious that the best possible persons for the censorship of plays would be a body of men elected for the purpose of managing the drains. Indeed, for Mrs. Nose the Drama *is* a drain.

So the Council, goaded by the Sub-Committee, pricked on by Mrs. Nose, have decided on action. Since there seems to be no immediate hope of the HOME SECRETARY abolishing the theatre, the Council have accepted the principle that the theatre shall continue to exist; but meanwhile they propose to give London a working example of what the theatre should be. Finance is no difficulty, for in this country there will always be plenty of money for a movement which is designed to stop somebody from doing something which it pleases him to do. The watch-dogs have acquired a theatre, which is to be called, quite simply, "The Good Theatre." Already two or three productions are "in preparation." Yesterday Honeybubble took me to a rehearsal, and I was introduced to Mrs. Nose.

It was a strange scene. The Good Theatre Company were rehearsing a piece called *The Nice-Minded Milliner*, the purpose of which is to show the world what a musical comedy *ought* to

be. When we arrived the female chorus were rehearsing a dance, and I remarked that the legs of the chorus were thickly cased in black cotton-wool, and they danced (discreetly) against a background of black velvet. In all Good Theatre productions, Honeybubble explained, the female characters will be dressed in this way. And it is hoped that, as other theatres follow the lead, there will grow up a generation of young men who suppose that young women have no legs at all. "It is the same principle," said Mrs. Nose, "as Prohibition. The next generation in the United States will simply not *know* that there is such a thing as liquor. It will be a legend."

"But what a shock for them," I said, "if they should ever travel to England and see a beer!"

No answer was made.

The dance, by the way, was the Barn Dance; and the actors and actresses were not drawn from the theatrical profession, tainted with the unwholesome traditions of the English stage, but had been chosen by ballot in the villages of our land by panels elected by the Mothers' Union, the Girls' Friendly and the Rural Welfare Societies. No pretty girls need apply; personal attractions of any kind are a definite bar to an engagement, while a pair of thick ankles is a certain recommendation. During the rehearsals a special committee of spinsters and divines sits in the stalls on the look-out for unsuitable performers, and any actor or actress showing the faintest signs of personal charm is instantly dismissed.

The Nice-Minded Milliner has been "adapted from" a musical comedy of the ordinary wicked type, concerning mannequins and similar atrocities. Few, however, would recognise the original play. The working principle of the "adaptation," as of all the Good Theatre productions, has been to exclude all mention of love, marriage, and kindred themes. For Mrs. Nose has come to the conclusion that love is the root of all evil. It is love that leads to marriage, and marriage to intrigue, and intrigue to divorce. "So cut out love," says Mrs. Nose, "and you get the Clean Stage."

"Why should love be the theme of every drama?" says Mrs. Nose. "Look at me. Am I always thinking of love? I am far more keen on Proportional Representation. One of our members is at this moment writing a play for us, the whole *motif* of which is the Reform of Municipal Politics. Meanwhile, of course, we have to be content with adapting the Unwholesome Drama to our own purposes. Archdeacon Trupp, for example, is busy rewriting *Othello* for us, cutting out the love-interest entirely. We expect a very remarkable play, instructive, elevating and clean."



Nerve Specialist. "You must give up your cocktails and night-clubs, and you must stop smoking."

Lady. "But I don't do any of those things."

Nerve Specialist. "And I will give you a letter to my friend, Sir Julius Bronson. He will prescribe for your loss of memory."

The Nice-Minded Milliner is certainly remarkable. I happened to have seen the unwholesome original, *The Merry Mannequin*, not long before, and I particularly remembered the following suggestive passage:—

Hector. I love you, Margaret.
Margaret. Oh, Hector!
Hector. Will you kiss me, Margaret?
Margaret. Alas! I am another's.

In the adaptation these lines were very different:—

Hector. Miss Wilkinson, it appears to me that our views on public affairs coincide to a remarkable degree.

Margaret. I am gratified, Mr. Fortescue, by this evidence of an intellectual sympathy between us.

Hector. It would give me pleasure, Miss Wilkinson, if you would outline your position on the Tariff question.

Margaret. Unfortunately, Mr. Fortescue, I have already explained my opinion of the fiscal problem to a Mr. Tooth, and it does not bear repetition.

I hope in a week or two to attend a rehearsal of the Watchdogs' *Othello*.

A. P. H.



Italian Jehu (who has been asked by nervous English lady not to drive her recklessly). "'AVE NO FEAR, SIGNORA; VITTORIO 'E NOT MAKA THE GALLOPA."

HATS OFF TO FORTUNE.

UNTIL I met Jubson no one could have called me superstitious.

Of course I knew, as everyone knows, that it does not do to spill the salt without going through the penitential ritual ordained for that offence, and that it is simply foolhardy to walk under a ladder without immediately crossing the first two fingers of one's right hand and keeping them crossed until one sees a black-and-white dog. Beyond these pardonable foibles and a few others of the same kind I was as careless as the average man in the average street—until I met Jubson.

I liked Jubson from the beginning. He is one of those men who talk clearly and authoritatively of recondite subjects, such as the Gold Standard and Relativity. I should like to tell you what he thinks of Relativity, but, although I always feel that I know all about it while he is talking, I find on thinking it over that there are one or two points upon which I am not quite clear. As far as I can make out, both Jubson and EINSTEIN hold that there is neither time nor space, though, judging from Jubson's taste in easy-chairs and punctuality at meals, his sense of space and time seems singularly well developed. All this, however, is by the way and merely to explain the kind of man Jubson is—a reasonably inconsistent man, a distinctly human person. You would like Jubson.

I was leaving the club one day with him—we were in fact standing in the porch—when I noticed that he raised his hat with every mark of respect; and as there was nothing in sight but an old four-wheeler I asked Jubson why he had saluted. He looked at me in amazement. "Didn't you see?" he exclaimed. "My dear man, your luck 's out for the day. That horse had a wart on its near foreleg—a very lucky sign indeed. You should always raise your hat when you see a horse with a wart on its near foreleg."

As I have said, I am not superstitious, but I couldn't help feeling depressed. We moved on, and presently Jubson raised his hat again, and again I had to ask why. "Surely," he remarked, "you saw that man who passed. He was wearing a frock-coat, a bowler hat, spats and brown boots—a very rare combination. You should keep your eyes open." And then I got it out of Jubson that whenever he saw anything at all out of the common he raised his hat.

Our ways then parted, he going to the City, where he is the chairman and probably the mascot of many Boards; I for my afternoon constitutional up Bond Street.

Although, as I have pointed out, I am in no way superstitious, Jubson's behaviour had profoundly moved me and I walked along Pall Mall deep in thought. Fortunately I looked up just in time to see Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL come out of the Carlton Club. This I felt was a Jubson occasion. I raised my hat. Mr. CHURCHILL, smiling, raised his. I feared at first that there might be something peculiar in my appearance also; then I remembered that very likely Mr. CHURCHILL did not know Jubson and had mistaken my formal salutation for party politics. Well, anyhow I had done the right thing. I could see already that on Jubsonian principles no chances could be taken. Safety first.

Pondering deeply I turned up St. James's Street and without realising what I was doing I walked under a ladder. Happily I saw at once what I had done, and, crossing the first two fingers of my right hand, I kept my eyes on the alert for the sight of a black-and-white dog. Perhaps you have not noticed how scarce black-and-white dogs have become. Still, I knew that if the worst came to the worst there was a dog-shop in Soho, where the mischief could be repaired.

Stepping a little more briskly I passed on, and at the corner of Piccadilly I met "Jungle" Jackman. You know "Jungle" Jackman, of course, the big-game man; always just off or just home. This time he was just home, and, seizing my hand, he wrung my crossed fingers till I thought I should have to howl. After arranging a meeting to talk over his latest exploits, Jackman left me, and, crossing the road, I entered Bond Street.

At the corner of Grafton Street I caught the eye, the spirituous and malevolent eye, of a seedy-looking ruffian with a great red beard. Surely there was something significant about a red beard! I had it: a few years back, a popular sport, a young nephew. The man was a King Beaver. I raised my hat. Rufus made a snatch at my tie-pin and dashed off towards Dover Street. I saw that a chase was hopeless, for you can't run really fast with your fingers crossed and your attention distracted by the necessity of keeping a sharp look-out for a black-and-white dog. However, there was a constable on point duty, pointing, and to him I told my tale.

I explained that a King Beaver had snatched my tie-pin and was now escaping *vid* Dover Street, and that if he sprinted a bit he might catch him, while I looked about for a black-and-white dog. The constable seemed puzzled, and he expressed bewilderment in rather an unusual way, for I noticed that while he kept one eye sternly fixed upon me he allowed the other eye to glance in the direction of Dover Street. At once I remembered some old saying about a cross-eyed woman, and surely a cross-eyed constable would be much more important. I raised my hat. The constable seemed annoyed and, beckoning to a uniformed friend who was passing, said something that sounded like "Interfering with me in the pursooance of my dooty; looks as if he'd been drinking;" and in reply the other constable suggested that I should step round with him to Vine Street.

I never dispute with persons in authority, so I hailed a taxi and we both got in. I told my companion that I would explain everything to the sergeant in charge and that meanwhile I should be much obliged if he would look out for a black-and-white dog. He replied that he wasn't taking his eyes off me for no dogs nor nothing. So I left it at that. And then my luck turned. The first thing I saw on entering the police-station was a black-and-white terrier that had just been brought in. I uncrossed my fingers and raised my hat. I was explaining the whole thing to the sergeant, who was good enough to say that he quite understood, because his missis was took like that at times, when two policemen arrived with the King Beaver, who had been caught picking pockets in Piccadilly. He had my pin on him, so I shall get it back eventually.

You can say what you like about Jubson's ritual, but I maintain that there must be something in it. Look how it worked.



Sylvia (very sorry for herself on morning after her birthday). "MUMMY, ISN'T THERE ANY WAY OF STOPPIN' BIRTHDAYS?"

Riviera Intelligence.

Under a picture of Villefranche Bay:

"The water carnival. A general view of the scene on the River Saone."

Under a picture that appeared during the heat-wave of February:—

"The Riviera season is now at its height, and very large numbers of well-known English Society people are basking in the sunlight and taking refuge from the March winds at home."



FANCY DRESS OBLIGATORY. THE SPIRIT AND THE LETTER.

ANCIENT PASTIMES.

III.—MALL, 1667.

UPON the turf beneath the trees
Beribboned courtiers take their ease;
Reluctant is each sauntering lord
To leave the shadow and the sward.
Not so their sovereign lord the KING;
With languid eyes they see him swing
The mallet that shall send the ball
From hoop to hoop along the Mall.

To study how the stars are set
The Royal Society is met,
To track ringed Saturn in his course
And test a swimming lamprey's force.
Not so their Founder; while indoors
Each solemn Fellow nods or snores,
In a green park a league away
With painted globes he loves to play.

A far faint throbbing seems to shake
The apple-trees beyond the lake.
It is DE RUYTER'S guns men hear,
And all the ducks are filled with fear.
Not so their dark-browed royal friend;
Calm and amused, from end to end
He steers the balls (yet one or two
Strike hoops he thought to send them through).

The courtiers quail to hear the guns;
The Fellows prate of moons and suns;
But, reassured, the ducks compose
Themselves anew to dream and doze.
Not so the KING; his will and mind
Are in one earnest aim combined.
To beat DE RUYTER and his troop?
To get the ball through every hoop.

He waves his watchful lords aside
And mutters, as the globe goes wide,
"Oddsfish! the Royal Society
Must solve this knotty point for me:
When no one scans my stroke I smite
The ball a dozen times aright,
Yet if I bid some courtier mark
It rolls all round St. James's Park."

D. M. S.

From the report of a Rugby football-match:—

"One of the features of the game was the work of the Keio back who heeled out with the precision of clock work."—*Japanese Paper.*

But the West also has its versatile performers; witness the following:—

"—— was the best of a sound set of forwards, and was very safe at full-back."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"The use of sound as a fire extinguisher has been demonstrated in New York before a fire company by Mr. Charles Kellogg, of California, who predicts that if his invention is perfected firemen will be able to put out blazes without stirring out of their quarters."
Manchester Paper.

It is now thought that when NERO fiddled during the burning of Rome his motive was purely humane.



"KAMERAD!"—THE NEW GESTURE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 1st.—"Things as doesn't consarn 'em" have a fatal attraction for certain Members of the House of Commons, and it generally falls to the lot of the Foreign Secretary of the day to restrain their "'satiable curiosity." The *rôle* of Elephant's Child was first assumed by Mr. Trevelyan, who was firmly told that the order in which the League of Nations Council conducted its business must be left solely to the discretion of that august body. Sir Austen Chamberlain's "hard horny hand" next fell upon Viscount Sandon, who was crisply informed that the publication of the new Franco-Turkish Treaty rested with the nations primarily concerned.

Mr. Dixey, undeterred by the fate of his fellow-Members, wanted particulars of the case of the Englishman in Florence who has been sentenced to eight months and five days' imprisonment and fined fourteen hundred lire on charges of being drunk, omitting to register as a foreigner and speaking rudely of Signor Mussolini. Sir Austen said the case was under appeal and His Majesty's Consul was watching it. He refused to accept the assumption of Opposition Members that the third part of the offence was what caused the Bench to pile on the agony, nor would he comment on the case pending the appeal. Meanwhile the prisoner remains pent, crying, like Robert Browning from an adjoining site, "Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" March, of course, is what he means.

Lastly the Foreign Secretary explained to Mr. Pethick-Lawrence that the temporary closing of the Chinese Maritime Customs at Canton was a domestic concern of China, and that Britain was "only indirectly interested."

To the House in Supply Mr. Samuel administered a mild shock by announcing very categorically that he would veto any proposal to assist persons or companies desiring to trade with Russia, even if the Exports Credit Advisory Committee recommended it. A number of Conservative Members joined in the ensuing assault, claiming that every case should be judged on its merits and asking if the Minister had, in fact, any power to prejudge such cases. Mr. Samuel defended himself with only tolerable success; but the Home Secretary, rushing to his aid, declared that if the Soviet Government altered its economic system—rather a large "if"—he for one would be quite ready to extend the Exports Credit system to Russia.

This conditional assurance was of no use to Mr. Maxton. With a confused recollection perhaps of the Danish proverb which says, "You may take spoilt herrings of bad debtors," he pleaded the case of the Scottish fishermen, who were starving because the Russian market



Sir Austen Chamberlain. "I may look like a Mandarin, but my interest in Chinese customs is only indirect."

was closed. But, although this intrusion of the "Red" herring was endorsed by Mr. Templeton, a Scottish Unionist, it did not prevent the Government from obtaining the Vote.

Tuesday, March 2nd.—The House of Lords added to the Moneylenders Bill a clause requiring the financial philanthropist to exhibit on his perfumed stationery not only his real name but any other name under which he has endeavoured to smell as sweet before the passing of the Bill. This proposal to expose the mute inglorious Shylocks, guilty of their clients' blood, to the desert air, instead of letting them blush unseen, emanated from Lord Desborough on behalf of the Government.

Lord Bledisloe, moving the Second Reading of the Land Drainage Bill, discoursed on mares'-tails; and his peers, delighted to learn that these inimical marsh-plants have no connection with mares'-nests, listened attentively.

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister told the Commons that a Government Bill for swatting the purveyors of short weight and inadequate measure would be introduced, but declined to say when. The Postmaster-General, more specific, gave an assurance that the first automatic telephones would take the winds of Holborn and Bishopsgate with beauty somewhere about May, 1927.

Captain Brass, who certainly has not earned the title of Sounding Brass, asked leave to introduce a Bill to make cyclists carry rear reflectors. Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, a veritable clashing cymbal by comparison with the gallant Member for Clitheroe, opposed, apparently on the ground that the Bill would encourage scorchers. Leave to introduce the Bill was given.

The Minister of Transport came under fire from a number of Members with regard to the irregularity of goods transport, Sir Cooper Rawson citing the case of a railway company which had taken fourteen days to convey a truck of coal five miles.



The Pro-Russian Herring That Failed.
Mr. Maxton.

Wednesday, March 3rd.—The aggregate salaries of the Diplomatic Service have increased since the War because the diplomats are now supposed to live on them and the cost of living has increased. All this the teacher, otherwise the Foreign Secretary, explained at great length and in words of one syllable to Master Harmsworth, while Master Kirkwood fidgeted uneasily.

Mr. Grace, who will certainly go down to pedestrian posterity as Mr. Saving Grace, asked the Minister of Transport to compel all motorists to insure against injury to third parties. If a pedestrian was knocked down by a rich motorist, he explained, he got compensation, but if he was knocked down by a man of straw he got nothing. Colonel Ashley promised to consider the point

before introducing his promised Bill. Meanwhile the pedestrian should if possible ascertain his pursuer's balance before being knocked off his own.

It was hard on Mr. WILL THORNE, who is a mild man and fond of children, that he should be reported for speaking in the Library when he was merely explaining to a party of little ones the names, dignities and manifold virtues of the SPEAKER'S predecessors in office. The SPEAKER, unwilling to check the dissemination of knowledge but anxious to maintain the status of the only place in the House where the pen is mightier than the lung, compromised by assuring the Hon. Member that he would deal leniently with him.

The House then debated steel houses, the Government being roundly denounced by Mr. THOMAS JOHNSTON and others for conspiring with the firm of G. AND J. WEIR to depress wages. If the Government continued to grovel before Lord WEIR it was riding for a fall, declared Mr. NEIL MACLEAN roundly. This picture of the Government grovelling on its high horse came to some of the older Members as a sad reminder of the dear old Irish bulls of other days. Firm and erect, however, the Caledonian —in the person of Sir JOHN GILMOUR— stood, and, despite the attacks of his compatriots, he carried his estimate by 294 to 124, and so added another feather to his bonnet.

The Lords were invited by Lord DANESFORT to consider the proposal of the Government of the Free State to abolish the right of appeal to the Privy Council in Irish Land cases. Both the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord HALDANE were reluctant to come to renewed grips with the Irish hedge-pig; and Lord CARSON, though he thought the action of the Irish Free State foolish and likely to diminish its already dwindling credit, reserved most of his wrath for the British Government, which, as he had prophesied—"but they wouldn't believe me"—was again deserting its friends.

Thursday, March 4th.—A proposed ecclesiastical operation, to wit the excision from the see of Lichfield of "the geographical excrescence of North Shropshire," occasioned a lively debate in the Lords. To make this excrescence a protuberance of sufficient magnitude to have a Bishop of its own, the measure also proposed to excise South Shropshire out of the ancient see of Hereford. Salopians present rose as one man and said it must not be. Shropshire may be

> "The country of easy livers,
> The quietest under the sun,"

but let an assault on its ancient ecclesiastical dignities be mooted

> "By bridges that Thames run under,
> In London the town built ill,"

or anywhere else, and your Shropshire lad becomes a terrible fellow. Against the trenchant strokes of Lords FORESTER and SOMERS and the Bishops



A FEATHER IN HIS BONNET.
SIR JOHN GILMOUR.

[The vote for Steel Houses in Scotland was carried by 294 to 124.]

of DURHAM and NORWICH, the PRIMATE and the Bishop of MANCHESTER were unable to prevail, and a motion to present the proposed measure for the Royal Assent was refused by the narrow majority of one vote.



CARSONDRA.
"THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME."

Much has been said about the fury of a woman scorned and other formidable natural forces, but too little attention has been paid to the persistence of an inquisitive Scot refused an answer to what he conceives to be a reasonable inquiry. Mr. NEIL MACLEAN got upon his hind legs because the MINISTER OF PENSIONS could not give him at that moment an immediate answer to one of his questions, and he refused to get off them at the SPEAKER'S bidding. The House having voted his temporary expulsion, the Member for Govan stalked out, cryptically observing, in the manner of a stage-villain, that the matter would not end there.

Mr. DENNISON wanted to know what action would be taken about the Highbury football-grounds, where it is the custom—or so the question seemed to suggest—to open both entrance and exit gates and allow the public to take its course, thoughtfully extracting the price of admission at one opening and leaving such as had no stomach for the squash to trickle out of the other as best they might. The HOME SECRETARY seemed to think that nothing much could be done about it.

The cry of "All abcard the League of Nations Council!" is disturbing the pleasant waters of Lake Geneva. Should the gallant British tars told off to man the ark of peace be instructed to haul in the gangplank, having first allowed able-seaman Fritz to come aboard, or should they consent to the signing on of all and sundry? Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN asked the House to leave him with a free hand. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD said he ought not to want a free hand. Lord HARTINGTON said he ought not to have a free hand. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE intimated that the FOREIGN SECRETARY had already tied his own hand. Sir ALFRED MOND said if it was tied it was tied to our allies in the War and not to Germany. Mr. BALDWIN said everybody was really in agreement on the question. Let them leave the FOREIGN SECRETARY to his own devices and he would deliver the goods to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. By 224 votes to 124 the House agreed with the PRIME MINISTER.

"HaHndling was difficult and the tackling sure."—*Evening Paper.*

We think the difficulty has been exaggerated.

"In typing always leave a space between each line."—*Literary Paper.*

Though less economical, the result should be more legible.

"A Suggestion to Kidney Disposed Persons.—I bequeath to the —— Benevolent Society the sum of £—— free of all death duties."
Australian Paper.

Nothing doing. We only have a touch of liver and our doctor assures us that it is not serious.



"Oh, George, mother has sent us her photograph. Where do you think we'd better put it?"
"I don't know that it matters, dear, provided you remember."

WHAT TO DO WITH WINNINGS.

(A Dream of "Monte" Generoso.)

["The Duke of Westminster, who has been having excellent luck at the tables recently, seems to be turning his winnings to good account, for I hear from a friend on the Riviera that he has just presented his aunt, Elizabeth, Marchioness of Ormonde, with a beautiful residence in the most picturesque part of Mentone."—From "Gossip of London," *The Daily Chronicle*.]

Now, if I visited the gambling-tables
And got away with, well, a million pounds,
I should not think of starting racing-stables,
Or laying out golf-links or polo-grounds,
Or give my wife a sumptuous suit of sables,
Or excavate remote Sumerian mounds;
Nor should I found a Chair of Psycho-botany;
While, as for helping aunts, I haven't got any.

I'd rather help, not grudging what I gave,
All grandmothers who still refrain from flocking
To dancing-halls, who neither "bob" nor "wave"
Their hair, nor patronize the rainbow stocking;
All grandfathers, with one foot in the grave,
Who wisely yield to Fate's insistent knocking,
And do not seek to camouflage senility
By painful exhibitions of agility.

Again, I should be generous in subscribing
Funds to enable certain folk to stay
As far as possible from England, bribing
Them to deport themselves and keep away
In countries where facilities for imbibing
Are limitless, or dangerous beasts of prey
Are rife—providing bungalows or villas
In regions stiff with lions and gorillas.

I'd also gladly spend a liberal sum
In buying up, upon a scale gigantic,
Those instruments, the saxophone and drum,
Which desecrate our nights and make them frantic,
Sinking them in the depths no man can plumb
In mid-Pacific or in mid-Atlantic,
Or dumping them, to comfort with their squealing
And throbbing din the Isles of Cocos-Keeling.

I'd offer prizes, handsomely inviting,
Out of my large and unexpected loot,
Our modern Miltons to refrain from writing
And thus continue gloriously mute;
Finance our Pepyses, if they ceased inditing
Of traits that link them closely with the brute,
Proclaiming to the world in all their bareness
The porcine squalors of their souls' "awareness."

Let others build, establish and endow
New temples and religions for the creedless;
I'd rather spend my surplus here and now
In the elimination of the needless,
Checking the tyranny of the higher-brow
Over the young, the half-baked and the heedless;
Performing, with the funds in my exchequer,
The function of the philanthropic wrecker.

"St. Paul's?" said a merchant of Kingsway;
"Well, to hope for the best may be Inge's way;
But, on leaving for home,
I looked up at the dome,
And I'll swear that I saw the whole thing sway."

SOMNOLENT SCHOLARS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do the young people of the present generation recognise all the advantages they enjoy over their parents and grandparents in regard to dress and diet? I doubt it; but I cannot sufficiently congratulate them when I read such addresses as that of Dr. W. S. FENWICK at the Institute of Hygiene on March 3rd.

The subject of his discourse was "Disorders of Digestion during School Life," and the report, though necessarily condensed, is full of illumination. But it arouses mingled emotions in my mind, for when I was a boy at school the blessed word Hygiene was practically unknown. There were no Fenwicks to proclaim on the house-tops that "the statutory cold tub may induce digestive disturbances, and is therefore only good for those with whom it agrees." I am now (retrospectively) certain that it never agreed with me, for the excellent modern reason that I never liked it.

In those far-off days I habitually suffered from somnolence during morning school, and vaguely imagined that this was due to an inadequate allowance of sleep. Now I know better:—"Such manifestations," says Dr. FENWICK, "might be due to maldigestion of the last meal, or idiosyncrasy, whereby poisons generated in the stomach were absorbed into the general circulation, and exerted a specific influence upon the higher centres of the brain (thus causing drowsiness or inattention), or upon the respiratory centre in the *medulla oblongata* (thus causing deep sighs, incessant yawning, or frequent short barking coughs).

"Somnolence and yawning," he adds, "are particularly apt to occur on those days when pea-soup, custard or suet-pudding have been supplied at the mid-day meal to a sufferer from indigestion or food idiosyncrasy."

It may help you to understand the powerful impression created on me by these remarks when I tell you, Mr. Punch, that I belonged to the Hamper Age, to an age in which I don't know what we should have done without hampers. At my private school we were given enough to eat, of a sort. But already (without knowing it) I was a sufferer from "food idiosyncrasy"—blessed phrase. At our midday meal on Sundays we were almost always given cold boiled pork. Some people associate Sundays with sausages. As long as I live I shall never be able to dissociate Sundays from cold pork and its *sequelæ*. In the morning we attended service at the parish church. In the evening we had prayers in the dining-room, and the new boys sat close under the eye of the headmaster, a most formidable eye, and under the rays of a large Moderator lamp. What with the "specific influence" exerted by the violence of the cold pork on my *medulla oblongata* and the glare of the lamp, the ordeal was most oppressive. Somnolence was inevitable, yet sleep was a crime, rebuked by the headmaster in his favourite formula, "Is this what you would do in your Christian father's drawing-room?"

For my public school I have, on the whole, none but grateful feelings, but, while I can never discharge the debt I owe to the masters, I have no such feeling towards those who were in charge of our commissariat, or any impulse to pay *θρεπτήρια*, or "rewards for rearing," in so ar fas diet was concerned. Our dinners were a disgrace, and the constant recurrence of suet-puddings, though mitigated by treacle or currants, imposed a heavy strain on our respiratory centres. It is all changed now and for the better. But it would be a mistake to imagine that we were miserable, or more somnolent than the schoolboys of to-day. We had our alleviations. Hampers I have already alluded to. But there were also the blessings of ignorance. We were, most of us at any rate, entirely ignorant of the existence or whereabouts of our *medulla oblongata*. We knew no more of "food idiosyncrasies" than of the meaning of Abracadabra, and some of us were so lost to the true functions of medicine as to make a point of sampling the cough-mixture "on tap" in the winter terms, whether we had coughs or not. I can remember the taste of it to-day.

So, to sum up, let us respectfully acknowledge the advances of medical science in the domain of dietetics without unduly commiserating a generation who were immune from the anxieties of digestive introspection.

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
Yours respectfully,
OLIM PUER.

"Iceland Freezer, nearly new: what offers?"
Provincial Paper.

We offer an English north-easter in exchange.

"Wanted, Substitute for J.A.M. for coming three months; Irish and Music essential."
Irish Paper.

We should have suggested marmalade but that the Orange flavour might spoil the harmony.

Agecroft Hall, an Elizabethan manor-house on the banks of the Irwell, is to be removed to Virginia, U.S.A.

It moves, the Tudor Agecroft Hall,
Across the world's wide stage.
Is this what architects would call
A new "Transition Age"?

A BLOW FOR ENGLAND;

OR, THOUGHTS ON THE P.L.M.

A CURSE on *cet homme* in the train,
And a curse on the life
Of the lady—his wife?
Let us say his adored;—
Since coming aboard
She has slumbered and snored
Through the bulk of the Burgundy plain.

Three hours and a quarter ago—
As we plunged with a crash
Out of Lyon-Perrache,
He arose in his might,
He asserted his right—
Could I fight
When he turned the *CHAUFFAGE* on to *CHAUD?*

Three hours and a quarter—a trance—
Their visages gleam
Through the mist and the steam.
Should I open the window and dare
To let currents of air
On his fair?
No; one cannot do these things in France.

A curse on the shape and the form
And the clothes and the voice
Of *cet homme* and his choice,
His beloved one, his sweet;
They have put up their feet
On the seat,
Et, mon Dieu! it is dreadfully warm.

She has waked.
He has patted her hand,
He has started to speak,
He has cherished her cheek,
He has thoughtfully fed
Her with *bonbons* and bread,
He has said——
What was that? No, I don't understand.

My word, it is fearfully hot.
She has rather nice things,
Such as diamond rings,
And red paint on her phiz,
This dear housewife of his—
If she is—
Mais je crois on the whole she is not.

He has made a loud noise with his nose,
He has ceased to be fond
With the beautiful blonde,
They have gone off to sleep,
Ces terribles types . . .
Hours creep.
They are both of them lapped in repose.

* * * * *

O'er the slumbering avoirdupois
Of *cet homme* and his dame
Without fear, without shame,
In an alien land
I have stretched forth my hand
To the deed I have planned;
I have turned the CHAUFFAGE back to FROID!

EVOE.

JAPANESE STUDENT EXCEEDS SPEED LIMIT

Yokio Loki, son of wealthy Tokio Toy-Manufacturer, an undergraduate of S. Jude's College, Cambridge, was fined £15 at Cambridge Police Court yesterday for driving his car to the public danger



Distant View of Fujiyama

OPENING OF LUXURIOUS GOLF LINKS IN NEW FOREST

MAGNIFICENT NEW CLUB HOUSE

GARAGE ACCOMMODATION for 500 CARS

Famous Professionals superintend planning of Links



THE FINDING OF KING RUFUS, at a spot which almost coincides with the seventeenth hole. From the painting in the Tate Gallery

EXTRAORDINARY OUTBURST

OF RELIGIOUS FERVOUR IN U.S.A.

AGGRESSIVE FUNDAMENTALIST CAMPAIGN

MASSED ATTACK ON EVOLUTIONISTS

DARWIN DELETED FROM ALL TEXT BOOKS

KU-KLUX-KLAN ASSISTS REACTIONARIES

MOB HOUNDS PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY

NEW SLOGAN

"ALL FOR ADAM"



Portrait of Ex-keeper of APE HOUSE at the Zoo

NAPOLEON RELICS BOUGHT

BY RUBBER MAGNATE

WAISTCOAT REALISES £50,000

Three Buttons missing, otherwise would have fetched higher figure.

THIRTY FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS for Cocked Hat worn at Waterloo



Scene on Bakerloo Tube during a rush hour

WONDERFUL BILLIARDS

ROBINSON IN FORM

At the halfway stage of his match of 250,000 up with Snookerson yesterday, Robinson had gained a lead of 10,000 Snookerson scored 12 for an average of 2 while Robinson made 957 for an average of 165 etc. etc



THE MAMMOTH, remains of which are frequently found in London Clay

WINDOW CLEANER FALLS 90 FEET AT QUEEN JANE MANSIONS

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM DEATH

Fall Broken by Branch of Tree.

Suffering from Shock and sprained Finger

Yesterday morning at 10-15 a window cleaner—etc



SIR ISAAC NEWTON who discovered the law of gravitation.

THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

(With acknowledgments to our contemporaries.)

AT THE PLAY.

"LE MIROIR JUIF" (PAVILION).

As we settled into our stalls we all looked furtively round to discover to what race our neighbours belonged. Sometimes this was easy to determine; sometimes not. An engaging *apéritif*, this exercise, however.

I had cherished lively expectations of sound and intelligent entertainment from this intriguing business of the two associated *entrepreneurs*. Mr. CHARLES COCHRAN has vision and Councillor ROSENTHAL is responsible for the Yiddish Theatre of happy fame. But I confess, as a Gentile not knowing any Yiddish, I felt a little out of it, and so I gathered did my co-religionists (as we phrase it).

For *The Jewish Looking-glass*, which inevitably forces comparison with the *Chauve-Souris* and *The Blue Bird* enterprises, depended much more on the words than those two admirable alien diversions, and it is a rather depressing thing to sit mumchance while others are laughing uproariously at jokes which are obviously amusing and in all likelihood entertainingly indecorous—one knows that particular laugh.

The promoters, following a notable precedent, kept the best wine to the last, and I would gladly submit to many puzzled moments of boredom to have the chance of seeing so admirable, so superb a technical accomplishment as the last number, "A Jewish Wedding." Here the whole cast was assembled in a scene which represented, not, I take it, the wedding itself, but the preliminaries or supplement to the synagogue ceremony; and though, when I had got into the spirit of the thing, I deliberately set myself to detect any case of under- or over-playing on the part of any of the participants, I could not mark a notch against a single actor. This is more of a feat of accomplished production and skilled team-playing than to the casual playgoer may seem apparent. Nothing that the *Chauve-Souris* has given us was better than this. Happily the lively race responsible for this show didn't mind laughing at itself, which is one of Heaven's best gifts and incidentally relieves the stranger from his embarrassments.

The designers, not unexpectedly, sandwiched into their medley three perfectly serious, indeed noble pieces, informed by religious fervour, which were most enthusiastically received by that portion of the audience which could follow the words, and received with respect by even the most ignorant and abandoned Gentile: "The Wall of Lamentation," a lament for Israel and



MR. VICTOR HENKINE (NOT OUT OF THE ARK) "EXPRESSING GOOD HUMOUR AND JOY."

the expression of the hope of a redeeming Messiah; the old Jewish song, "*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?*" movingly sung by Madame KORN and vociferously encored—an odd circumstance in these Delysian fields, perhaps—and a well-decorated tableau in silver and greys, with commentary by a bearded elder, of the finding of REBECCA by ELEAZAR at the well-side. I also, though understanding nothing but the admirable technique of an accomplished singer and *diseur*, derived great pleasure from the Hassidic Songs by Mr. VICTOR HENKINE.

We had also an Hebraicised version of the ever popular *Katinka* of M. BALAIEFF'S Company. Madame SELINSKAIA'S heroine was a very plausible persuasive puppet indeed.

The farce "Mozeltoff," which, to judge by the laughter of the instructed, contained much gravity-removing and (probably) virtue-shaming matter, was too long for comfort in the circumstances, but one could appreciate the admirable playing of a drunken part by the accomplished Mr. VICTOR HENKINE.

A rather unintelligible dance by two Hebrew lovers, who seemed to me now to be having scruples and now to be afraid of snakes, diverted as much as it puzzled me; and a grotesque of six brothers who die and rise again was evidently very funny if you could guess what it was all about.

Probably the skilled showman in Mr. COCHRAN will modify this programme towards more miming and less talking. But even with its drawbacks I would recommend the show as well worth seeing by the stranger. Possibly however there are more than enough of friends of the family to fill the seats for some time to come—which, I take it, is the main calculation of the promoters. The number of terminal *skys* and *koffs* in this programme leads us to realise that the Russian ventures that have so entertained us have owed much to the artistic and talented cosmopolitans who contribute this latest variation on a now familiar theme. A good, indeed a brilliant, show. T.



A HAPPY COUPLE.

FROM *THE DAILY MIROIR JUIF*.

"PALLADIUM PLEASURES" (PALLADIUM).

Mr. CHARLES GULLIVER and his lieutenant, Mr. HARRY DAY, offer us twenty-two of these pleasures—which in general would seem to be too much and apt to pall and cloy the palate. But they swing by at such a pace, there is so much genuine invention, sound if not subtle, in their contrivance, while there are at least three comedians, Mr. BILLY MERSON, Mr. GEORGE CLARKE and Mr. JOHN KIRBY, with so notable a sense of

fun and such commendable versatility, that we had little time or reason to be bored.

There was also a rather jolly old-world—that is pre-War world—flavour about the show. First, in the matter of legs. There must have been about two gross of these in the Beauty Chorus, and they waggled more or less in tune, with that little kick, half-left, half-right—one of the least lovely movements which can be executed with nether limbs—reminiscent of the charmingly ingenuous technique of the old Empire. Then we had a very pleasant interlude—Mr. Leslie Stuart's dream songs, old favourites of that popular composer, which took us back thirty years and more to the days before jazz broke in and hid melody in the mazes of rhythm. Mr. Stuart himself presided over the piano, and with a stony gravity, but, I suspect and hope, a very genuine pleasure, took the tributes of a public which proved that it had not the short memory with which it is usually credited. Although in these three decades the "Soldiers of the Queen" brand of patriotic song has given place to the "I Want to go 'Ome" variety, the roof shook with the enthusiasm which greeted this interesting but scarce credible survival, which was accompanied by three brace of pipers, a wonderful drummer, a "band of the Guards" and several platoons of young Guards-women—in busbies which would have thrown any British colonel into a fatal apoplexy.

Mr. Billy Merson appeared before us as an Australian cricketer (so-so), an insurance agent with an ingenious technique of salesmanship (distinctly good), an umbrella merchant (very good indeed), an op-erratic taxi-driver (excellent); as Sir Gerald du Maurier in "The Cast of Mrs. Cheyney" (not so good); the husband in a blandly foolish true-to-nature playlet, "Unnecessary Remarks," and a distinguished Scotch comedian whose alleged foibles were castigated with friendly malice—this last a turn quite admirable both in matter and form.

Mr. George Clarke worked out very pleasantly and very competently variations on the theme of the British silly ass, and danced in an accomplished manner with a clever little lady, Tiny Mite, who is also an actress of parts.

Sentiment was provided by a peculiarly British exhibition, "Mothers of the World." Why this series of lullabies was introduced by a white-robed nun (Miss Toots Pounds), and why it all took place in a cathedral with New Art stained glass, the stone cubicles of the mothers of Ireland, Russia, Honolulu, black America, Japan and Italy being guarded by men in full armour, was not quite clear to me. But as an audience we took the nun and the mothers and the property babies to our bosoms. A pleasant scene for cynics.

Somebody who deserves great credit had devised a most ingenious snake dance for the ladies of the Chorus, which will be better when the snake knows how to control its muscles and the general timing of its squirms. A "March of the Crusaders," the young ladies looking less like Crusaders than would have been believed possible, had for its chief virtue a clever lighting effect.

Mr. Anton Dolin and Mr. Rupert Doone had contrived an all-British ballet in the Russian manner on the theme "A Flutter in the Dovecote," in which Mr. Dolin was the bold gentleman-dove who frightened away a threatening eagle from the bevy of fluttered hen-birds by his aggressive (and competent) gymnastics, and danced himself into love with the Principal Hen, Miss Iris Rowe, a talented and graceful lady with the supple-steel sinews of the authentic *danseuse*. The ballet, well designed, dressed and danced, included some charming minor doves.

A sound and healthy show. There was less than usual of the ribald *double-entente*, and if any worldly-minded person should be discouraged by this let him console himself with the thought of those two hundred and eighty-eight (or so) silk stockings; though perhaps, in these days of modish abbreviations, we are all more or less in the position of the bus-conductor, to whom ankles and the like ain't no treat—which indicates a wholesomer state of society, on the whole, I think. T.



"THE CAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY."
(So like the original.)

Gerald . . . . . Mr. Billy Merson.
Gladys . . . . . Miss Toots Pounds.

The Queen has consented to attend a special matinée at the Scala Theatre, in aid of The Mary Macarthur Holiday Home for Working Women, at 2.45 on Wednesday, March 17th, when *The Blue Stockings*, adapted from Molière's *Les Femmes Savantes*, will be presented. The artistes include Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Dorothy Silk, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Mr. Russell Thorndike and Mr. O. B. Clarence.

* * *

At the Scala Theatre, March 23rd to 27th, The Mayfair Dramatic Club, which revived *Lionel and Clarissa* in May, 1924, is to revive another eighteenth-century opera, *The Siege of Belgrade*. The music has been arranged by Mr. Alfred Reynolds. The production is for the benefit of the British Empire Cancer Campaign.

* * *

In aid of the Holiday Home, North St. Pancras School for Mothers, Mr. John Buchan will give a lecture on "The Pen of a Ready Writer," at 5 p.m., March 11th, at 18, Carlton House Terrace. Tickets, £1 1*s*., 10*s*. 6*d*. and 5*s*., may be obtained from Countess Grey, 9, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

From "Answers to Correspondents":

"Fine emery paper will sometimes remove the worst of the shine. Try this, and afterwards sponge the place with warm water to which has been added a spoonful of ammonia."
Australian Paper.

And then see what your nose looks like.

"Young gentleman desires any post; titled references; willing to risk life if necessary."
Irish Paper.

It will be recalled that the *Captain* of the *Pinafore*, "though related to a peer," could "hand and reef and steer," and was "never known to quail at the fury of a gale."

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

Red Wine and Melon-Seed.

(*After Mr. E. Powys Mathers.*)

I.—Annam Breakfast Song.

Come, my Delight! and I say again, Come, my Delight!
The hens are clucking and scratching and will not cease.
Come, my Delight!

There are strips of bacon like the thighs of Tuan San;
They shine as the sleek flanks of Abu Soola.
Come, my Delight!

Under the bamboo spines by the edge of the rice-field
Sudusi the hen has laid twin eggs for us.
Come, my Delight!

They are warm as sleep, they are like your little elbows;
Within them is the sun, and the moon's pallor.
Come, my Delight!

Put on your lemon shoes and saffron garment,
And set Chi-gumi the dark pot over the flame.
Come, my Delight!

By ways of almond-blossom, by tall green rushes,
We will go to the rice-field where the eggs are waiting.
Come, my Delight!

And the thighs of Tuan, the sleek flanks of Abu Soola,
Shall melt in a dish of fat on a golden tripod.
Come, my Delight!

Rice-bread shall be toasted, and kidneys of young lambs,
And the sun and moon shall mingle on Nankin plates.
Come, my Delight!

Open your lattice, Belovéd! I have heard Sudusi;
There are eggs by the rice-field, and my stomach is crying.
Come, my Delight!

From the Annamese of Na Poo (18th Cent.).

II.—Szasouan.

A wart shows brown
Between her eyes and hair.

As if a water-rat,
Peeping from a still water at sunset,
Paused between two purple lotuses
And a tangle of eels.

From the Arabic.

III.—We Two by a Lake.

We have trudged over the wet paths under the tall bamboos
To the lake where flamingoes fly in fans of scarlet.
There is a sound in the evening as of a usurer's shutters,
The scud and hiss of waters and again sudden shutters falling.

Six crocodiles slide one by one into the steaming lake;
They say "Ank," and then, after a long time, "Oosh,"
Sliding down darkly from the glistening mud.

Three of the sliding beasts are old and black,
And three are young and green with yellow bellies.

Once I saw three tax-collectors with their three assistants
Entering a poet's house in Kwang-tsu.
They made sharp sounds with their broken teeth.

From the Chinese of Ping Pong (19th Cent.).

W. K. S.

A New Terror for Editors.

"Riding down —— Hill this afternoon I nearly heard the cuckoo. Such early evidences of spring are perhaps worth recording."

Letter in Provincial Paper.

WHAT THE SUN SAW.

"The other day," said the sun, "I had one of my rare glimpses of your country. In fact, except for an hour or so, I think it was the first real look at you that I have had since October."

"It 's our loss," I said.

"And mine too," said the sun. "No doubt you blame me for it, but it 's nothing to do with me at all. That rain and those clouds that you specialise in are not of my making. Do you suppose that if I had my way I should spend most of my time with my eyes concentrated on Africa and dull countries like that? I 'm fed up with tropical sights. It 's a real privation not to see any pretty English girls from October to March. I have a child of my own, I admit—Violet Ray she 's called, and I 'm very fond of her—but I 'd like to see more of those others too. But what 's the use when you 're always behind a screen of vapour?"

"How strange!" I said. "I had never thought of you wanting to see us and being prevented by greater powers. It 's a new idea. You see, we 're in the habit of pitching into you whenever it rains too much and scolding you for not appearing. The newspapers are full of it."

"I know," said the sun. "It 's very unfair. I assure you I 'm devoted to England, and nothing is so disappointing as to be shut away from you all in the way I am. As for cricket—it 's heart-breaking. I have a passion for that game, and again and again I get no glimpse of a match at all. Let 's hope there 'll be better luck with the Tests this year. I may be the Lord of Light, the centre of the solar system and all that kind of thing, but I can assure you that I too have my crosses to bear, and not the least of them is the constant obscuration of the British Isles by vapour."

"It is extraordinary," I said. "Fancy that you too—you of all creatures—should have trials and worries! But you have been getting a sight of us lately, I 'm glad to say. Still, the pleasure is probably greater on our side. Howsoever it may amuse you to see us, I assure you that it does more than amuse us, it absolutely thrills and invigorates us, to see you. And how do you find us this time?"

"Oh," said the sun, "I 've been enjoying myself immensely. You all looked so happy. You always do in the first fine days after winter, even if you catch colds too. I 've been studying you from Land 's End right away to Scotland; but of course I rarely see much of that country; and, as for Ireland, it 's almost a closed book to me."

"Did anything in particular strike you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "the roads. What a lot of roads you 're making and straightening! And motors too—quantities more. Which reminds me of an odd little incident that came under my notice just outside a town where there was a big race meeting. By the side of the road an old man was resting. It was about noon, and I suppose the unexpected warmth of the day had been too much for him; he may also have been underfed; he looked like it. Anyway, there he was, in a half-fainting state by the side of the road, hoping that some passing car would have pity on him and give him a lift. But no. I watched for quite a long while, but on that particular bit of road only three cars came along. Enormous things. And what do you think they were carrying? Who do you think their passengers were, passengers that really count, passengers that mustn't be asked for a lift—far too important passengers for any of them to stop and pick up a decrepit old man? Who do you think they were? Racehorses, if you please, racehorses hastening from the trainers' to the course."

E. V. L.

"Strong new skeleton Wardrobe, 45s."—*Provincial Paper.*

We shall all want one of these.



"OH, MY DEAR, I'M SO TIRED OF WAITING FOR MY HUSBAND. HE'S OVER THERE WITH MR. MADDER-BROWN TRYING NOT TO BUY A PICTURE."

SHE-SHANTIES.

A PAIR OF GLOVES?

Phyllis kissed me while I slept
(Phyllis tells me), none perceiving.
Proof in kind I might accept,
But the tale is past believing;
For the mortal is not made
And the monster is not known
But, if those sweet lips be laid
Light as blossom on his own,
Be his sleep as deep as death
He must feel that magic breath;
In his soul will trumpets bellow,
"Angels kissed me, happy man!"

Phyllis, if your tale were true,
Surely I had dreamed of you!
I was dreaming, lucky fellow,
But I dreamed of Ann.

Drowsing in the leather chair,
Horrid visions filled my mind;
I was hunted by a bear,
And the bear was close behind.
Sudden, for no certain cause,
Rapture banished all alarms,
Dodging my pursuer's jaws
I was in my darling's arms.
Over the sea we went together
Hand-in-hand, and, oh, what weather!
Charming Ann could not resist me
(Which, awake, alas! she can).

Phyllis, if your tale is true,
These delights I owe to you;
I am very glad you kissed me,
Since I dreamed of Ann.

A. P. H.

"Dr. —— will speak on 'Posey in Life,' 'Posey in Religion,' 'Posey in Art,' 'Posey in Nature,' 'Posey in Personality.' He will also discuss problems in English literature."
Canadian Paper.

We hope they will include spelling.

"When the firemen arrived they were delayed in reaching the fire by scores of charwomen who came rushing out of the building."
Evening Paper.

It seems to have been very thoroughly charred.



THE THRUSTER'S DREAM.

"END OF A GREAT RUN; ONLY TWO IN IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAD an idea that etiquette was on the wane, and that particular enunciations of the social difficulties of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. were ceasing to occupy ladies' papers. "In a few years," I said, "etiquette will be a lost art, like morris-dancing. Then there will be an Old English Etiquette Revival Society, and ardent members will take you to romantic places like Oxford Town Hall to see octogenarians from the Banbury Road turn down the right-hand corners of visiting-cards—with a City Councillor in the Chair. Probably it will be done to soft music, traditional tunes like 'The Old Man Can't Keep His Wife at Home.' And probably I shall be so fascinated that I shall come back to my own corner of England, which cares for none of these things, and practise turning down the edges of cards myself." This bright dream however has been completely dissipated by the publication of *The Book of Etiquette* (ASSOCIATED BOOKBUYERS Co.). Apparently there are still whole stretches of country where the visiting-card with the turn-down edge is still in lively use. It is "never left by a servant" and "the turning down should be done inwards." What a quantity of things Lady TROUBRIDGE knows for certain that I should only have guessed at! I suppose I ought to keep her two compendious volumes as a final court of appeal, so that whenever I waver about which of my decorations to wear at a *levée* or when to arrive at a cremation or how to pronounce Leveson-Gower I can go straight to a source of sound doctrine. This, though, is a little hard on a book which, apart from its subject, it would have been entertaining to read through. Perhaps my best course is to recommend it to the climber who has just started climbing—if, in fact, any climber stops to listen to cultural directions.

"What 's your book, dear?"

"*Masterson.*"

"Who 's it by?"

"Mr. HUTCHINSON. No, that 's the publisher; Mr. FRANKAU wrote it."

"What 's it about, dear?"

"Oh, I couldn't hardly tell you, dear. It 's all about an Englishman, a reel gentleman, he was; he had five million pounds and eyes of that pale peculiar far-away blue colour, if you know what I mean, and a down-curling moustache and a strong well-cut nose, and a white tough-sinewed neck; and all about a girl, Ireen she was called, who wanted to marry a cave-man. She said so out loud just when she was crossing Bond Street, and she had jade eyes and reel furs. But she was no good, and carried on with another man, a lord he was, after this man Masterson had married her, if you know what I mean. And there 's a man in the book called Adrian Rose, a Jew he was, perfectly sweet, with a jet-black clipped moustache. And he started a thing called the Fellowship of Loyal Citizens, saying everybody was Bolshevists except them; and they had a dinner and he made a speech. Oh, and then this man Masterson, he nearly won the Grand National with his horse, The Animal they called it, only it fell and had to be killed; and Ireen never came and looked when it was dying; but this man Masterson he never forgot the stare of its eyes. But the lord I told you about got into her cabin on Masterson's yacht in the middle of a great storm, when Masterson was telling them what to do with the ship. But Masterson came in and found them there and fought the other fellow and knocked him half silly. Perfectly sweet that bit is, too. Let me read you what the book says, dear:—

'And always the dawn grew—grew in on them—lighting up the cabin, the disorder of it and the uncleanliness of it,

the bed whereon she had lain with her paramour, and the gouts of blood he had drawn from her paramour, and the horror—the sheer abysmal hell-horror—of her malicious eyes.'

"Wonderful how he makes you seem to see it all. Almost like the pictures, isn't it, dear?"

"Tell you what it reminds me of. It reminds me of the Sheikh, almost."

"Ah, but this one was a reel English gentleman, if you know what I mean. He had five million pounds."

Mr. FRANK H. COLLER has realised that in telling the story of Food Control during the War he is serving a course that might easily become unutterably insipid as a *réchauffé*, though originally, one remembers, only too piquant. So, in *A State Trading Adventure* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS), he has wisely, as Mr. Punch cannot but agree, though with some twinges of modesty, invoked the aid of this journal, making use of half-a-dozen or more Food Control cartoons to illuminate his arguments. Having secured this powerful ally against the threatening forces of boredom—his own boredom, perhaps, rather than his readers'—the author has further armed himself with a certain flippancy and freedom of manner, so different from normal official discretion that the seeker after serious information may be apt to be a little bewildered. The serious information is there all right, but when Mr. COLLER assures us with a straight face, for instance, that the suggestion to ration American bacon "was readily disposed of by pointing out that no one would eat more of it than he was obliged" there is some danger possibly, not that he will be misunderstood in regard to the bacon, but that some of his more responsible *dicta* will be interpreted as having been offered in a similarly lively spirit. The sober progress of his serious statements is in fact varied, in the mood of adventure, by wholly irrelevant literary joy-riding—his account of the Peace Conference proceedings, for example—not to mention little wayside tiltings against sundry political champions whom he goes out of his way to encounter. All the same he does here provide, along with one or two main conclusions, all the material that could possibly be needed to confirm almost any desired opinion on what was a truly amazing piece of State organisation.

Modern progress has been unsympathetically defined as "the multiplication of means to no end," and the typical literary expression of this disinterested activity is, I take it, the modern realistic novel. The ostensible end of *The Job* (CAPE) is to portray a representative New York stenographer and find out "what women in business can do to make human their existence of loveless routine." This might be extremely interesting if Mr. SINCLAIR LEWIS had any exhilarating views on business or any clear notions on love. But apparently in 1916—for this is the first English publication of his third American book—he hadn't. His characters are in the same predicament; so, though the majority of them are wholly given over to getting on and having a good time (business being synonymous with the first and love practically conterminous with the second), the chronicle of their fortunes as a whole is anything but illuminating. Its artless Pennsylvanian heroine, *Una Golden*, crosses "blessed matrimony off the list as a commercial prospect" on her father's death and, realising that no other opening is available in her native town, transfers herself and her mother to New York. The life and death of the uprooted *Mrs. Golden*, who waxes increasingly futile in a small flat while *Una* forges ahead in a commercial college, have a certain ignoble pathos; and the most memorable passage in the book depicts the girl's acute embarrassment on being left alone, on her mother's death, with the latter's aged canary. For the rest, neither the flighty youth she loses and ulti-



The Large Lady. "YUS, SOMEBODY *DID* MAKE A MISTAKE. THEY OUGHT TO 'AVE PUT POISON DOWN FOR YER!"

mately recaptures, nor her interim husband, a middle-aged vulgarian, is an attractive portrait; and her final apotheosis as a big business-woman with a "crackajack maid at forty a month to mind the cat" (and a possible baby) seems a poor return for the professional drudgery and emotional outlay involved.

It is quite a long time since such a strange mixture as *Laughter and Tears* (JOHN LANE) has come my way. The title suggests sharp contrasts, but nothing like the jazz effects which the Hon. Mrs. LIONEL GUEST has prepared for her readers. In her eleven stories there are crudeness and simple pathos, real fun and cheap facetiousness; characters and lay figures are indiscriminately mixed. Some are sketches; one has a melodramatic plot; two are allegories, and one retells an ancient ugly snake story which has been told so many times already that only the most obliging reader will find his flesh creeping at the *dénouement*. The best story is "The Müllers' Farm," which shines among its companions like gold amongst dross—an almost perfect thing of its sort. Next best I liked three stories which are linked together by the fact that they all deal with the same queer boarding-house in a mining-district of South Africa; they are often exaggerated and improbable, but full of high spirits. It was a pity to put first in the book "The Pugilist and the Cook," a story full of much badly-observed detail, in which Mrs. GUEST'S attempts at fun have sometimes achieved something quite different, as in the sentence, "he removed the rest of the lip-stick and mayonnaise off her lips with burning kisses." Quotations from CONFUCIUS, SWEDENBORG and other sources will probably raise entirely false expectations in people who just glance through the book before taking it out of the lending library.



NOT A "HUSH-HUSH" CAR.

If *Firefly* (HUTCHINSON) were a first novel I should be inclined to give it high marks. Its virtues are many and its faults are in the main those for which a gifted amateur is readily excused. But with seven published novels behind her Miss DIANA PATRICK is beyond the stage of promise, and as an achievement this eighth book of hers must be accounted only second-rate. With admirable foresight *Mr.* and *Mrs. Gay* had christened their daughter *Helen Penelope*, being uncertain whether she would launch a thousand ships or wait patiently at home. In the event she did something of both. With money she had won in a newspaper competition she launched her foster-brother *Paul* on a literary career, and then she waited at home until Circe and Calypso had done with him, in the meantime rejecting at least one eligible suitor. Miss PATRICK'S narrative is always good. So also is her dialogue, except for one extraordinary lapse where *Helen* is made to talk, for a whole page, like the worst of literary prigs. There are also one or two lapses in the book of another kind. As a seductress *Sybil Watson* could boast a very efficient technique, the details of which I would gladly have taken for granted. Even in these starkly realistic days there are right and wrong ways of handling such episodes. Miss PATRICK this time has chosen the wrong one.

The Divine Spark (FABER AND GWYER), by PETER TRAILL, should appeal to those who like to wonder what they would do in difficult situations. *John Dehan*, of Bewlay, had been a cripple from his childhood, and his main desire in life was that his younger brother, *Evelyn*, should return from the War and look after the family place. While on leave *Evelyn* had married a neighbour who was in close sympathy with *John's* pious devotion to Bewlay, and a happy if uneventful future seems to await all three of them—all four, if you include Bewlay. But within a year of the coming of peace *Evelyn* had fallen into the hands of a vampire of a woman and proceeded to neglect both his wife and Bewlay. After argument and expostulation *John* finally expressed his determination, if the vampire was not dismissed, to undergo a dangerous operation on the off-chance of recovering the use of his limbs. *Evelyn* refused to disentangle himself, and the operation ended fatally. But the aim which *John* failed to realise in life is realised by his death. It is a powerful tale, in which pride of birth and love of home do strenuous battle against irresponsible indulgence. The concluding scenes might have been curtailed, but that is my sole complaint.

After reading *The Stranger Within the Gates* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) I rejoice exceedingly that I have not a dual personality. *Watto Southern*, born of extremely respectable parents, was generally a rather timid fastidious youth; but at intervals he was overpowered by what he called his "states," and then he became a dare-devil ready to risk his life, engage in devastating amours and fracture the Ten Commandments. During these visitations he invariably disappeared and left his unhappy relations in a condition (for they would never describe it as a "state") of the utmost anxiety. Presently he would recover and return to his harassed family without remembering anything that he had done in the interval. So deftly does Miss NINA BOYLE tell her story that its improbabilities do not obtrude themselves, and, although I was once or twice a little bewildered by the multitude of complications, *Watto* secured my attention throughout his unusual career.

In *Full Sail* (METHUEN) Miss C. FOX SMITH ("C. F. S." of *Punch*) has collected some more of her sea songs and ballads, most of them from these pages. Lest Mr. Punch should seem prejudiced in her favour if he gave his own opinion of her work, he will give that of JOSEPH CONRAD, as quoted on the wrapper of this charming volume: "In her I verily believe the quintessence of the collective soul of the latter-day seaman has found its last resting-place, and a poignant voice before taking its flight for ever from the earth." Mr. PHIL W. SMITH again lends her the aid of his delicate and understanding art.

CHARIVARIA.

SOMEBODY recently said that M. BRIAND has the political life of a cat. We sincerely hope that there is no significance in the fact that this is his ninth experience of the Premiership.

* * *

MUSSOLINI is going to try to form a colonial conscience in Italy. Apparently he considers that Soho is a failure.

* * *

"What will the Budget contain?" asks a headline. Without pretending to inside information, we venture to predict that it will contain some reference to taxation.

* * *

It is announced that Mr. and Mrs. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS may possibly be coming to England before long. We find this uncertainty very unsettling.

* * *

A lecturer recently stated that some people have a muscular tendency to let small articles slip from their fingers. We trust nobody like this is selected for the test team.

* * *

It is said that carp come readily at the sound of a bell. This habit prevents them from ever making good tea-shop waitresses.

* * *

It is rumoured that a well-known Society woman has come home from the U.S.A. very disappointed because they refused to refuse to admit her on the grounds of moral turpitude.

* * *

Immigrants to the U.S.A. are in future to be judged by the standards of moral turpitude usual in their own countries. Head-hunters from Borneo will be glad they haven't to conform to Chicago.

* * *

A critic asks, "Can atmosphere make a play?" Well, the decision to allow smoking has saved many a production.

* * *

Some of these small cars are getting so very small that the only way they can deal with a refractory pedestrian is to sting him.

* * *

A music publisher alleges that broadcasting has the effect of shortening the life of a popular song. We have all along been ready to believe that broadcasting would be found to serve some useful purpose.

A Birmingham dentist was recently discovered to be a burglar by night. The danger of this double life is that you may absent-mindedly try to displace a tooth with a charge of dynamite.

* * *

An automatic piano has been presented to a convalescent home at Walton. This will be useful in case any of the patients happen to be suffering from savage breasts.

* * *

In view of recent events it seems that country mansions are peculiarly liable to catch fire. And the hunting-seats of the mighty are not always as safe as they might be.

* * *

A man sentenced at Brighton for forgery was said by the police to be the most expert forger of Treasury notes they had ever dealt with. It is expected that when he sets up in business again he will use this testimonial on his notepaper.

* * *

A man is reported to have been cured of asthma by getting rid of his parrot. Some parrots do take one's breath away.

* * *

We see one of the 'Varsity coxes described as "a perfect little dear." This is the sort of thing that inspires a crew with the will to win.

* * *

A man convicted at Paisley of stealing golf balls was caught through trying to sell them to two detectives in plus-fours. Men in plus-fours are often mistaken for golfers.

* * *

Mr. T. A. EDISON is still hard at work at the age of seventy-nine. The case of this famous scientist shows that the road to longevity is paved with good inventions.

According to a personal paragraph Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN at moments of crisis has a habit of shooting his cuffs. It is to his credit that he doesn't shoot some of the other delegates.

* * *

"The wine of Locarno is already corked," says Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Still, at the worst it wasn't made from sour grapes.

* * *

From Colonel HOUSE's book it is evident that he played a great part in bringing America into the Peace.

* * *

There is some talk of calling a mass meeting of ex-Premiers of France to consider the case of the falling franc.

* * *

A correspondent writing to the Daily Press declares that he saw four glow-worms in Hyde Park last week. The Brighter London Society must have started its Spring campaign.

* * *

At the London Musical Competition Festival hundreds of children executed the set pianoforte pieces. We are unable to repress the thought that each of them lives next door to somebody.

* * *

"If someone steps on your foot and you become abusive this is probably due to the fact that as a child you had scarlet fever," says Dr. GEORGE M. STRATTON. In that case the man whose foot we stepped on the other night must have had a serious illness with complications and several relapses.

* * *

The mystery of the artificial leg which was picked up on the road outside Broadstairs has now been cleared up. It appears that a pedestrian had dropped one of his spares.

* * *

At the Hamburg Zoo the other day a boa-constrictor tried to swallow its tail and died. What an object-lesson for the Liberal Party!

* * *

While being driven through a street at Walmer last week a bullock ran into a tailor's premises. It probably mistook them for a china shop.

* * *

"There is an indefinable joy in anticipation," says Lady HOVE. That settles it. We shall not rob our tailor of his little sunshine.



Lady Diner (as a new arrival skids on a piece of ice-cream). "I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD A CABARET SHOW HERE."

MILITARY DRAMA.

II.

THE last play Private Pullthrough and I wrote together with the idea of bringing before the public various scenes of everyday Army life proved such a success that we have written some more. In deference to many correspondents we have this time introduced a love interest. Private Pullthrough assures me that even in the Army this is quite usual.

In this play all the food eaten behind the scenes is by Foughtem and Bastem, with the exception of the Army biscuit employed as a missile in Act I., which is by the Army Service Corps. The pay used in the pay scene in Act III. is by somebody or other—the Army Pay Corps, I suppose—certainly not by me. The language used by the platoon-sergeant in Act II. is by mistake and should be slurred over.

ACT I.

A typical Barracks scene. Blocks of buildings looking like converted prisons; acres of much-worn asphalt stretching away into the topmost corner of the back-cloth, and a sign-board reading "To the Guard-room" on one side and "To the Incinerator" on the other. To emphasise the fact that it is a military barracks a rifle or two may be left lying about. Two privates are strolling up and down and chatting.

First Private. Well, Charles, I agree with you. In my opinion the Colonel has not the necessary qualities which should go to make——

(*This space reserved for the airing of any private grievance against the* Colonel *by whoever takes the part of* First Private.)

Second Private (*hurriedly*). Yes, yes, quite right, Richard. But personally I think the Adjutant's foibles——

(*Space reserved as above for grievances against the* Adjutant.)

F. P. I notice that our friend, Private Montmorency, is not his usual self. He was two-and-a-half minutes late for tea to-day.

S. P. (*lowering his voice*). It is an affair of the heart.

F. P. (*lapsing into vernacular*). Lumme, you don't say! Who 's the fairy?

S. P. The Quartermaster's daughter.

F. P. Sweet Minnie, the Quartermaster's daughter! Is this true?

S. P. Yes; but she said she would not look favourably on him till he has done something for the Regiment (*both men stand to attention and salute respectfully*), and till he has got some money.

F. P. Poor fellow! and he must wait till Friday for pay parade. (*Both men stand to attention again and salute even more respectfully.*) But hist! he comes.

Enter Private Montmorency.

Private Montmorency (*to himself and the audience*). Not till Friday shall I get my pay and be able to take sweet Minnie, the Quartermaster's daughter, to the pictures. But can I by then do something for the Regiment?

[*Pulls copies of "Infantry Training," "King's Regulations" and "Manual of Military Law" from his pocket and starts studying them. Enter an officer,* LEFT; *preceded by several privates going rapidly across stage* LEFT *to* RIGHT.

Officer. Ah, Montmorency, my fellow, studying the drill?

[Private Montmorency *drops books with crash, stands to attention and salutes. This will have to be practised correctly, the right hand being brought smartly with a circular motion to the head, palm to the front, fingers extended and close together, point of the forefinger an inch . . . but see "Infantry Training," p. 91.*

Private M. (*facing front*). Yes, Sir. Every private wears a subaltern's Sam Browne beneath his tunic.

[*They shake hands.*

Officer (*hoarsely*). On you and men like you hangs the honour of the Regiment; for to-morrow there is a full Battalion Parade and the General has been asked.

Private M. (*murmurs*). The General will watch the Regiment drill. The honour of the Regiment!

[*Officer pats him on the shoulder, swallows twice and exit.*

Private M. The honour of the Regiment!

[*Someone* (OFF) *throws an army biscuit at him, but only registers an outer.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

To-morrow afternoon. A parade ground with all the battalion drawn up in close column for inspection by the General. *This may need careful staging.* Private Montmorency *is seen No. 4 of the rear rank of No. 9 Platoon, "C" Company.*

Enter the Colonel.

The Colonel. Good afternoon, all.

The Battalion. Good afternoon, Sir.

[*Enter the* General. *Introductions are effected and he takes a stage-box to watch the drill.*

The Colonel. Now, men, I want you to drill very nicely because the General has come to watch you, and the honour of the Regiment is at stake.

Private Montmorency (*starting*). The honour of the Regiment!

No. 9 Platoon-Sergeant. Stop that —— talking in the rear rank!

[*The* Colonel *drills the Battalion. At the end of ten minutes they are completely tied up. "A" Company has at the halt on the right formed "diamond." "B" Company has echeloned outwards. "C" Company is in line of sections in fours at twenty paces' interval, facing the O.P. side. The right half of "D" Company is heard marking time* (OFF); *the left half has piled arms and is doing "Knees raise."*

The Colonel (*aghast*). Where 's my drill-book?

The Adjutant (*always the little helpful*). In your office, Sir, third from the end on the second bookshelf.

The Colonel (*muttering, loud enough for the rear rank of No. 9 Platoon, "C" Company, to hear*). What shall I do? In another moment the General will notice something is wrong.

Private M. (*taking a smart pace to the rear, sloping arms, doubling round, halting, saluting and speaking*). Please, Sir, I know the right command to give.

The Colonel. What?

Private M. It is "Carry on, Sergeant-Major!"

[*The* Colonel *passes this on. The R.S.M. in two minutes has them back in close column on the stage, except the left half of "D" Company, which has made a get-away and, with arms still piled, is now doing "Elbows raise" in the bar. The situation is saved, for the* General *was preoccupied with a programme and has not noticed anything.*

The Colonel (*shaken with emotion*). My boy, you have saved the Regiment! Your pay is doubled, with effect from fourteenth instant.

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Barrack square. Friday afternoon. Two privates talking casually.

First Private. . . . and whereas to me the various theses advanced by HAECKEL appear . . . .

Second Private. Hark! Is not that the distant sound of the Pay-parade bugle-call? [*Silence.*

S. P. (*again, much louder this time, and going* LEFT). Hark! Is not that the distant sound of the Pay-parade bugle-call?

A Voice (OFF). Oh, sorry.

[*A bugle sounds three feet away. Exeunt both privates at speed. A*



WANTED—AN IDEAL HOME.

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE. "MY COUNTRY PLACE HAS CAUGHT THE EPIDEMIC AND BEEN BURNED DOWN. CAN YOU DO ANYTHING FOR ME?"

JOHN BULL (*House-Agent*). "CERTAINLY, SIR. IF I MAY ADAPT YOUR OWN CATALOGUE FROM *THE TEMPEST*, WE CAN OFFER YOU A CLOUD-CAPPED TOWER, A GORGEOUS PALACE, A SOLEMN TEMPLE, OR THE OLD 'GLOBE' ITSELF."



TRIALS OF A MILLINER.

"WHAT KIND OF HAT DO YOU REQUIRE, MADAM?"
"OH, ANY KIND OF HAT. THE ONLY ESSENTIAL IS THAT IT MUST EXPRESS ME."

crowd of privates and N.C.O.'s pours rapidly across the back of the stage, RIGHT *to* LEFT.

Enter Orderly Officer *with sack of money.*

O. O. Good pay, good food, good friends; everyone should join the Army and see the world . . .

(*This space reserved for recruiting propaganda.*)

[*Exit* O. O.

Enter, later, Private Montmorency, *counting pound notes.*

Private Montmorency. All heaven smiles on me. I have saved the Regiment and my pay is doubled. Now, at last, for the pictures in the company of Sweet Minnie, the Daughtermaster's Quarter.

CURTAIN. A. A.

"White Wyandotte Eggs for Hatching (under the Ministry)."—*Advt. in Ulster Paper.*

A truly maternal Government.

"THE OTHER WOMAN.
SEPARATION ORDER FOR LITTLE SNORING WIFE."
Headlines in East Anglian Paper.

Did the husband plead extenuating circumstances?

IRENE AT THE PICTURES.

An emotional spasm, after "Masterson," Gilbert Frankaustein's Monster.

THE car decanted them at the entrance to the Nonpareil Cinema. Irene, who had a premonitious mind, felt sure that she was going to enjoy herself. They trooped in noisily and settled in their places. The women powdered their noses. Irene tense with expectation, her hands clenched in their suède, her ankle muscles arched under their silk. "I 've got to be calm," she thought.

The lights went out, leaving only a red glimmer over each of the emergency exits. One would get out that way if there was a panic among that crowded audience. One would be saved, of course. Her cave-man would see to that. Her scarlet lips curled, her green eyes glittered.

Her cave-man. She had always had a weakness for outsizes. They were as a rule of a convenient density. Her little hand made the tiniest of tiny movements towards him. She remembered just in time that he was not sitting next to her. Rupert was her neighbour on the right. On the left a stodgy young woman whose name she had forgotten. Rupert would do equally well, but lights went up so suddenly in cinemas.

The orchestra was playing. She loved this place. How the sights and sounds and perfumes of it intoxicated her senses! The woman in front of her diffused a mingled odour of eucalyptus and moth-balls. Ripping.

The Pathos Gazette. Student Revels in Glasgow. Incidents on the Poulterers' annual walk to Brighton. The Obstacle Race at the Poppleton Police Sports. They were starting. The shortest policeman was leading. Irene's black lashes fluttered like butterflies. She could actually feel the pupils of her eyes swelling to the rim of the iris. Her ankle muscles too were taut under their silk again. Rather tiresome that, perhaps. It sounded so like the sort of thing that happens to charwomen. "My legs they do swell up something crool, M'm." But of course it was quite different really. This was, so to speak, a temperamental bulge.

There was a stoutish policeman, tragic and absurd in his running-kit,

panting along behind all the others, wallowing in the net, wriggling through the barrels. The audience laughed at him, and Irene laughed too, shrilly. In the picture the crowd surged against the ropes, cheering. A tall young policeman had outstripped the little one. Irene's nostrils quivered, her eyes were smarting under their twitching lids, she was biting her lips hard. She had taken off her gloves and her hands showed ivory to the tiny knuckle-bones.

The tall policeman put on a spurt. Every fibre in Irene's body had begun to quiver. Her knees were wobbling, her tiny ears waggled and her toes curled and uncurled convulsively in their patent kid.

It was over. No, not yet. There was a close-up of the winner, grinning bashfully and nursing his trophy, a case of plated fish-knives and forks. Irene gasped. The girl on the left turned to her.

"Rather dull, I thought. The star picture comes next."

It was obvious that *her* ankles were not expansive. She was totally lacking in temperament. Irene hated her.

The star picture began. When the hero jumped over the cliff the pupils of her eyes contracted to pin-points, dilating again when he landed safely on the roof of a passing train. Her shingled hair now stood on end, her ears, nostrils and eyelids were never out of action, while her stockings had split under the strain of registering her emotions.

No matter; she didn't care. The show was over. They were all going out. Someone suggested tea at the Rumpelritz.

"I shall go home," said Irene.

She wanted to get into a scented bath and a purple tea-gown. Because—oh, well, just because every fibre of her being ached.

And no wonder.

Another Impending Apology.

From a notice of the Cathedral services:—

"Evening, The Very Dev. the Dean."
Colonial Paper.

"General Maid, 19 to 29 in family; good wages given; liberal outings allowed."
Daily Paper.

All the same we should advise any intending applicant to find out the exact number of the family before taking the post.

"A Booll y Vileses condemeath the Bough of Nine, a Loof of Blead—audthon, Besideme singina in the Nildemeso o, Nildemeso crece Pacadise enow! Omar Khagejam."
Spanish Paper.

With all due deference to our contemporary this is not "O. K."



Host. "Try a glass of this huntin' port, old man."
Scrupulous Guest. "I hardly like to. You see, I don't hunt."

NEGATIVE EVIDENCE.

[The latest theory is that a person's character can be deduced from the tone of his or her laughter.]

When Jean and I were introduced
(A privilege I sought),
The wish to hear her laughter loosed
Became my leading thought;
I'd judge her—'twas but common-sense—
From cachinnatory evidence.

To make her nature clear to me
I started on a flow
Of scintillating repartee
And sparkling *jeux de mots*;
And when it comes to wit and fun
I am admittedly a one.

I doubted not that peal on peal,
Escaping her control,
Would greet my sallies and reveal
The nature of her soul;
And by their tone I hoped to spot
Whether the girl was nice or not.

But, after labouring long and sore
In an attempt to win
The revelation of a roar,
The guidance of a grin,
I found the test began to pall;
She never even laughed at all.

From a newspaper controversy on syncopated music:—

"Mr. —— also suggests hissing! What would he say if I hissed Wagner's Moonlight Sonata or something, whilst he was rapturously absorbing every note?"
Letter in Manchester Paper.

Mr. —— would probably say, "You remind me of the Goose in Beethoven's *Lohengrin*."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XVII.—THE SCHOLAR.

Emanuel Fox when at school was so good
That he won every prize that he possibly could;
He won a fine scholarship at a fine college
And continued amassing remarkable knowledge.
In each subject he took he became so immersed
That he always succeeded in getting a first;
He was learned and bright as a scholar can be
And took an amazingly brilliant degree.
And everyone said, "Clearly Fortune ordains
That a man who has got such exceptional brains
In process of time will become very great
And play a pre-eminent part in the State.
Before he has finished no doubt he'll have been
A Cabinet Minister, Judge or a Dean."
But in any profession, in trade or in art,
Private means are required to tide over the start;
And Emanuel Fox, though his honours were many,
Apart from his scholarships hadn't a penny.
His authorities knew this unfortunate fact,
So they gave him advice with considerable tact.
"Your soul's too artistic," they told him, "by far
For business or banking or even the Bar.
If you entered the House your original thought
Might lead you to say rather more than you ought;
And the same would apply should you venture to preach;
We think on the whole you had far better teach."

* * * * *

They've found him a post where the hours are so long,
The duties so dull and the pay such a song,
That he's teaching each new generation that rises
How futile it is when at school to win prizes.

G. B.

An Executant's Rest-Cure.

"All the summer he [KUBELIK] composes himself."—*Daily Paper.*

"Unfortunately, when we visited the show, Miss —— was indisposed, and several of the other members of the company stepped into her shoes very efficiently."—*Daily Paper.*

The rumour that her next *rôle* will be *Cinderella* may be confidently denied.

AERONAUTICS.

V.

"BUSY day to-morrow, my boy," observed Guns.

I sighed and waved a comprehensive arm round the wardroom of the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier. "Surely some of these other chaps would prefer to hear about it?" I suggested plaintively. All good gunnery lieutenants think that everyone should be interested in their noisy operations.

"Oh, but you're going to be busy too," Guns announced with quite unnecessary satisfaction.

I laid down my paper and rang the bell for a cocktail. "You shall tell me about it when I feel stronger," I said. "I suppose I've got to trail round the sky for you while you do your ridiculous anti-aircraft practice?"

Guns grinned. After long acquaintance I am allowed to be as offensive as I like, or very nearly, about naval gunnery. "As a matter of fact," he said, "once you've flown off to-morrow this ship will take no interest in you until you return to land on again. *I'm* only firing smokeshell to get the direction of the wind at various heights for the daily meteorological report; and, though we shall be with the fleet, you will not upset my particular plans if you fall into the water and get drowned. The rest of the fleet would be disappointed, though," he added as an afterthought.

I had a dreadful foreboding. "The rest——?" I murmured.

Guns eyed me triumphantly. "This is no mere range-finding practice, my boy," he said; "this is the real thing. You are to spend the morning towing your little drogue round the air while the fleet shoots at it."

I finished my cocktail in silence.

A "drogue" is a fabric sleeve about four foot long which is towed at the end of three-quarters of a mile by an aeroplane and which acts as a target for A.A. guns. It is a nice point, not yet agreed upon by naval pilots and observers, whether the terrible trouble with this terrific length of wire is sufficiently compensated for by the comparative immunity of the towing-machine from A.A. shells.

More often than not the drogue wire breaks, and it has never yet failed to get caught up somewhere or other whenever I have had anything to do with it; and the belief is rapidly gaining ground that the safest and most desirable plan would be for the shooting to be directed at the aeroplane itself. Trouble with the drogue would thus be avoided and the chances of the machine being hit would be, in our opinion at least, very little greater.

I did not, however, voice this view to Guns; like all gunnery officers he takes his weapon very seriously, and I am only privileged up to a point. Besides, he was already deep in a discussion of times and heights, through which I followed several thousand feet behind.

The fleet was at sea, and the next day Charles and I duly soared forth from the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier and climbed laboriously up to our appointed height. Charles was busy piloting the machine and took very little interest in the proceedings. The drogue lay coiled innocently at my feet; but even as I thrust it gingerly over the side and began to reel off the wire some of the slack got mixed up with the wireless instruments and put them completely out of action. My time was fully occupied in trying to frustrate the efforts of the wire to get itself kinked and broken; and when at last I came to the end the drogue was a mere speck almost out of sight. However, it was there somewhere behind us, as I was able to verify when I got my glasses to bear, and I couldn't refrain from a shout of triumph down the voice-pipe to Charles.

"It's bound to break when you haul it in, anyway," observed Charles without emotion.

There are few things more irritating than flying amongst clouds. Just as you are about to focus your glasses on the tiny ships far below, a sheet of impenetrable vapour slides underneath you or you run into a bank of grey fog which completely envelops you. I ceased bothering about the ships below and tried to watch the drogue. I soon gave this up, however—the little speck was hard enough to find in a clear sky without its playing hide-and-seek among the clouds. Anyway, it was no business of mine, for as long as we kept the thing moving about above the fleet we were doing all that was required of us.

We had been flying for over half-an-hour when I finally despaired of repairing the wireless, and Charles was getting very bored.

"How's the shooting?" he demanded.

"Haven't seen a thing," I answered cheerfully. "Much the same as usual, I expect. Wonder they didn't cancel it with all this cloud about."

At this moment we emerged into a patch of blue sky and I cast a glance astern, to find the drogue still faithfully following us. Even as I looked a puff of smoke appeared below, then another nearer, and then a third, as it seemed, right on top of the target. I couldn't see which ship was firing, but there was no doubt the shots were a good deal



Doctor's Wife (meeting one of her husband's patients). "I 'M SO GLAD YOU 'RE BETTER. I HAD NO IDEA YOU 'D BEEN SO ILL UNTIL THE OTHER DAY WHEN I WAS GOING THROUGH THE ACCOUNTS."

nearer the drogue than I 'd ever seen on former occasions.

"If the rest of the shooting 's been anything like this, Charles," I shouted enthusiastically, "the fleet must be improving."

A fourth and fifth puff appeared above the drogue; then once more we were among the clouds, and, looking at my watch, I found it was time to haul the thing in and come down.

The wire snapped, of course, just as I thought we had it, though for once that didn't worry me very much. I had been too busy with the hauling-in apparatus to see the drogue itself, but I imagined it must have been pretty well torn to ribbons.

"Guns," I said when we got down to the wardroom, "you shall on this one occasion drink with me. For to-day I take back all I said about your branch. The shooting, what I saw of it, was excellent. I say this reluctantly, Guns," I went on as I handed him his drink and signed the chit, "because I have always held that no gunnery officer could hit a haystack at ten yards' range, and I am loth to change so fixed an opinion."

Guns smiled.

"I pass by the insult," he said, draining his glass. "As a matter of fact the fleet shoot was cancelled shortly after you went up, and by a fluke you ran into my efforts for the meteorological people. And, if you're kind enough to stand me a drink on the strength of having mistaken my smoke-shell for shrapnel fired by the fleet, the joke, I take it, is on you."

* * * * *

I no longer chaff Guns about naval gunnery.

[With the appearance of the last of this series we take occasion to express our deep sorrow at the death of its author, Lieutenant H. R. Hancox, who was recently killed in a flying accident at Malta.]

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

VI.—*Le Soleil.*

"*Il fait beau temps*," said the manager.

It did. The sun was sparkling on the sea and on the verandah and the balconies of the hotel. The surroundings were uncommonly beautiful. The building was embowered with lemon-coloured mimosa; the air was thick with its scent. On the hillsides the pine-trees erected themselves, as it said in the French novel which Natacha insisted on reading, with their shade mysterious and profound. (I call her Natacha, not because it was her name, but because it was the name of one of the characters in her novel, which appeared to me, whenever I happened to glance at it, to consist entirely of descriptions of natural scenery and parts of the human frame.) There were also around the hotel cork-trees producing the well-known cork of commerce, eucalyptus-trees producing the notorious eucalyptus of influenza, and cactus plants with their graceful lobes. Under the trees grew irises purple and white. The franc was falling steadily, but all Nature smiled. The advertisement of the hotel, posted abruptly at a bend in the road where the motor-cars were invited to relent their speediness, announced:—

TO THE PARADISE OF FLOWERS.
FOINE ENGLISH WISKY.
TENNIS. MARMELADE. THÉS.
ENGLISH SPOKEN AND UNDERSTOOD.

And what more could one desire? though the last sentence was a deliberate lie, and the tennis-court would possibly have been better if the floor had been cemented and if there had been any net. I said possibly. It was however a good place from which to observe the Golden Islands and the French Fleet manœuvring languidly off Toulon.

There was not a single cloud in the sky. Nevertheless I was a little flustered, as I always am, by that remark of the manager's, because it reminded me of a day when I followed an American, a large and important-looking man, into a French hotel, and the manager opened the conversation in a precisely similar way.

"*Il fait beau temps*," he said.

"Attaboy," answered the American with the simple dignity of his native tongue, and since then no other neat reply to the Gallic idiom has come readily to my lips.

"What are you going to do to-day?" inquired Natacha.

I had made up my mind what I was going to do. I had made it up the day before, whilst I was shaving on the balcony. I did this dressed, as in England, in my mauve slumber-wear, but with the difference that I was compelled to put on a soft hat, because the sun, which had come up out of the Mediterranean like a tangerine orange, was already overpoweringly warm. From my eyrie I had seen rather an interesting sight. I had seen the head-waiter, dressed in mufti, descending the rocky path to the sea. Mufti, it must be understood, only applies to the lower part of the head-waiter. His upper clothing was unchanged, but he wore a pair of lavender-coloured trousers, rather full at the bottom in the undergraduate mode, and green carpet slippers. On his right shoulder he bore an eighteen-foot bamboo pole, tapering to a point at the top. In his left hand he carried a small canvas bag.



Voice over Phone. "TWINS—ALL DOING WELL."
Harassed Father. "ER—SURE YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE WRONG NUMBER?"

My instinctive *flair* for sport made me suspect instantly what the head-waiter was about to do, and at lunch-time my suspicions were confirmed. It was his wont of a morning to fish for mullets in the Mediterranean Sea, thus assisting the hotel *cuisine*. I had made it clear to him, not without difficulty, that I should like to accompany him and try my hand. There seemed to me to be something Homeric about the idea of catching mullets in the Mediterranean Sea.

"I have arranged," I said to Natacha, "for a little expedition on my own."

Some time later we might have been observed, the head-waiter and I, descending the steep path to the coast amongst the cork-trees and the pines. The head-waiter went in front dressed as I have described, and I followed after in flannels at a leisurely pace, but with the fire of the Norwegian salmon-fisher in my blood.

It was exceedingly warm upon the rocks.

"What kind of bait do you use?" I inquired. I had very craftily looked up the word for bait.

The head-waiter made a short fiery speech in the French tongue. He then lay down on the rocks, extracted a number of spiral shellfish from the edge of a pool and began to break one with a large stone. Something like a malevolent green beetle with a long soft red tail emerged. It had long feelers and black buttony eyes. He put it in my hand. My face fell like a franc. I was horrified at the thing.

"You put it on the hook," I said.

He did so.

"Where does one stand to fish?" I asked him.

He showed me the place.

"You stand there," I said.

He stood there.

"What does one do now?" I asked.

"It is necessary to throw the line."

"You throw the line," I said.

He threw it. He then handed me the rod. As I mentioned before it was exceedingly warm upon the rocks. A little way further back I perceived the grateful shadow of a pine growing close to the shore.

"You hold the rod for a moment," I said to him and went and lay down under the pine. I considered it wiser that this man, who had had so much previous experience, should be the one to inaugurate the battue.

I had arranged for myself a place where I could see not only the head-waiter standing on the rocks but a rather pleasant rural idyll upon the land. A shepherd of Provence was commencing to pasture his flock (which he had just driven along the *plage*) in a little orchard of cherry-trees. Some of his



"Go away! I ain't got the ball."
"But you *had* it—the last I saw of yer."

sheep were brown and some white, and amongst them was a single goat with a bell. The shepherd himself was less like a Northern shepherd than, without description, one could imagine. He was a vigorous middle-aged man with a bright red face, a large moustache curling upwards in a military manner. He wore light-coloured velveteen trousers, on each knee of which was a large rectangular patch of dark velveteen. He had fallen, or perhaps I should rather say he had burst violently, into conversation with two friends, one in a green and the other in a yellow tunic, who were arduously engaged in collecting pine-cones for fuel. Whenever the shepherd turned his back on his flock, the goat with the bell would immediately elevate itself upon its hind legs and put its front feet on the bough of a cherry-tree, from which it applied itself to devour the blossom. Every now and then the shepherd would turn round and, observing this action on the part of the goat, would put himself to pick up a stone, whereupon the goat would arrange itself upon its four feet once more and commence to nibble quietly at the herb.

There was something very restful about this pantomime. . . . The sun, I noticed, was growing warmer and warmer still. . . . I awoke with a slight start. The head-waiter was standing, as I had left him, on the edge of the rocks. He was addressing himself to throw the line.

"Hullo!" I cried to him, "how goes it?"

"*Cinq!*" he cried.

"Did they?" I murmured, re-closing my eyes. "You must charge yourself to recover them again."

When I awoke once more I looked at my watch. "We cannot spend all the morning fishing," I said to the head-waiter, "or we shall both be late for *déjeuner*."

Together we made the re-ascent to the hotel. I was half dazed by the heat of the day and the toil.

"Where ever have you been?" asked Natacha, leaning over the balcony. She still had the French novel, I noticed, in her hand.

"I am returning from mullet fishing," I said.

"How many have you caught?" she cried with a woman's inquisitive mind.

As a matter of fact I found that I had forgotten to count the haul. It turned out that there were seven, and several of the guests thanked me heartily for my mullet at dinner that night. The *chef*, as a delicate compliment, had created a new style for it on the *menu*. He had christened it *à la pêcheur Anglais*. There was, I remember, rather a good kind of sauce.

* * * * *

It was still making beautiful time at the Paradise of Flowers next day.

"Are you going to fish again?" said Natacha.

"I think not," I answered. "We will make the expedition to the tennis-court and look at the French Fleet instead."

I feel sure that I was right. Even in the more rustic parts of the Riviera it is dangerous to exert oneself too strenuously at first beneath the February sun.

Evoe.

From a recent novel:—

"They were overlapping the boat ahead. He missed the water with one stroke, but rectified matters by scratching the bottom of the river with the next. . . . He knew he had never rowed so well as in his last race. If he stayed up he might be tried in the 'Varsity boat."

But we doubt if this style would suit the tideway. The Thames Conservancy would probably object.

MORALITY AND A BETTING-TAX.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—Really, Sir, one will have to give up reading the newspapers. At every breakfast I am in danger of an apoplexy over the folly of mankind. I have just been reading a letter to *The Times* from the Rev. G. ESTWICK FORD, who, though he writes from The Vicarage, Bilston, represents politically, I suppose, that menacing force to which Members of Parliament refer (in whispers) as "the Nonconformist conscience." I respect the reverend gentleman's motives, his character, his sincerity, but, O Heavens, his mind! Now, in the twentieth century he writes three-hundred-and-fifty words to show that a tax on betting will "raise the status of betting" and hence be bad for national morality. For "there can be little doubt," he says—mark that "*there can be little doubt*"—"that to make betting a source of revenue will so alter its status that within a short time . . . there will be a great addition to the already enormous number of people who practise these things."

"There can be little doubt . . ."

But by what reasoning, if any, does the Rev. G. ESTWICK FORD arrive at this relative certitude? In 1923 a Select Committee exhaustively examined the whole subject, and in the Chairman's Draft Report (never, unfortunately, voted upon owing to a Dissolution) it is written:—

"The Committee reject the view that the State by registration or taxation is giving any *imprimatur* to betting . . . They believe that a tax on betting will *go a considerable way in decreasing it.*"

This of course is speculation on both sides. But to turn to experience—is Mr. FORD's certitude based upon the practical effect of the liquor-taxes? Has the whisky duty improved the "status" of intemperance or increased the excesses of the poor? Do life-long teetotalers flock to the public-houses on the information that the beer duty has gone up? The evidence on the whole is quite the other way. It would be as sensible to say that the maintenance of the police puts a premium on crime. Moreover, so far as the contribution of revenue can give a moral *cachet* to a vice, the mischief in this case is already done. For the State is not ashamed to exact income-tax, super-tax and Death Duties from the abandoned bookmaker, illegal or not (and, by the way, in either case it appears that, for estate duty purposes, he invariably dies "a gentleman"). But it would in this pious land be immoral to register or license him or put a twopenny-stamp on a betting-ticket, as they do in our corrupt Dominions. "The gambling habit in a nation," says the Reverend G. ESTWICK FORD, "will inevitably have the effect of undermining honesty and promoting various forms of robbery." Possibly; but the only logical conclusion of his argument is that in the benighted countries referred to the whole moral tone of the populace has taken a tumble since betting was taxed; that with every penny so extracted there has been a new outbreak of murder, rapine and petty larceny. What one does hear, in fact, is that in Australia, where the bookmaker is licensed, registered, taxed and disciplined, there are no "welshers" or disorderly racecourse gangs, and he has to behave himself, like a publican. Here, where betting is legally neither fish nor fowl, it cannot be controlled or its worst evils, such as the employment and corruption of children, diminished.

Has the Rev. G. ESTWICK FORD, have any of the moralists, I wonder, given a moment's real thought to that nasty compound of hypocrisy and injustice which we charitably call the "law" of betting to-day? The rich can bet freely, on credit, through the King's mails or over the King's telephones. The poor man and his ready-money bookmaker are hounded along the back streets (or winked at) by the King's police. That bookmaker is compelled to employ a cloud of scouts, runners and spies, including many children, who grow up masters of subterfuge and devoted gamblers. Every soul in the poor street in this respect is an enemy of the law, active or passive. And the bookmaker, his staff, his clients, his neighbours, and even the police, daily looking on or assisting at the successful evasion of the law, can scarcely be blamed if they learn to despise it for its impotence as much as they detest it for its irregularities. I mention these things because it may be that at the Vicarage, Bilston, they are not known.



AT THE MUSEUM.

"MUMMIE, WHAT ARE THESE?"

"THOSE ARE ASSYRIAN TABLETS, DEAR."

"WHAT FRIGHTFUL HEADACHES THEY MUST HAVE HAD TO SWALLOW THINGS THAT SIZE."

Now what we wicked ones propose is that the poor man's bookmaker should be as legal as the commission agent, that he should practise in an office instead of the street, pay for a licence, pay stamp-duty on his betting-cards, and become, like the publican, an amenable friend instead of an enemy of the law. And does anyone seriously say that this is going to increase the temptation to bet? Had I the enviable confidence of the Rev. G. ESTWICK FORD, I would say, "There can be little doubt that half the attraction of street-betting is that it is against the law." And I should at least have the positive evidence of Prohibition to support me. Indeed, it must be the greatest fun passing betting-slips under the nose of a policeman. Like many young girls, Sir, I developed a taste for whisky in America, and were there a street-bookmaker in this street I should certainly bet every day.

Now this licensed bookmaker will be under no temptation to employ children as his allies, though in the scales of "morality" perhaps this has little weight. The unlicensed practitioner must of course be jumped on heavily, but this should no longer be difficult, for now few people in the street will be on his side, and the police will no longer have an excuse for winking at him.

All this, one would think, was obvious, but only one or two of the distinguished and worthy gentlemen who write to *The Times*, for or against, appear to have given these matters a thought.

For the rest, the octopus of taxation

THE ETERNAL HOUSE GROUSE.



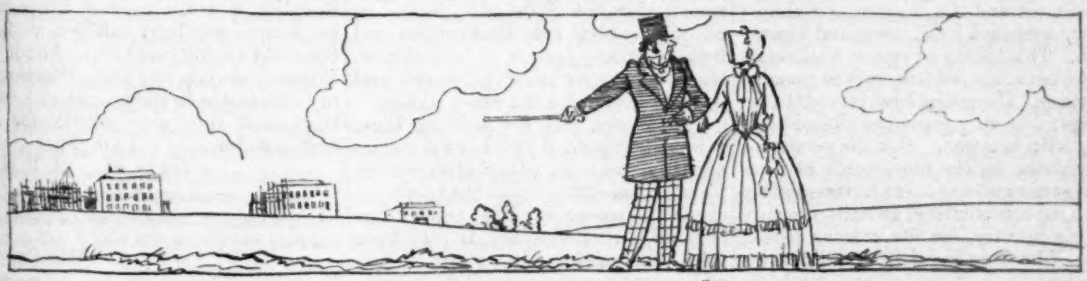
"A murrain on these house-builders. I like them not."



"Truly 'tis a foul sight. The country is being ruined."



"Zounds, Madam! Come away. I cannot bear it."



"No gentility—no love of beauty."



"Ugh!"



"A POWDER-PUFF, ARE YOU, MY DEAR? BUT HOW CHARMING! AND I SUPPOSE YOUR HUSBAND'S A LIP-STICK?"

sucks and squeezes productive industry, music, art and the theatre, and almost every innocent indulgence and recreation. This luxury or vice or wholesome exercise in faith, whichever it be, remains immune. The genial bowl is taxed to the dregs; our very pipes are clogged and foul with taxation. But the persistent speculator on the movements of race-horses can make or mar a fortune weekly without contributing, as such, a penny to his country, for the curious reason that, if he were taxed, it would encourage him to do it again; and, while we must pay Entertainment Tax for innocently *looking on* at a horse-race, the guilty punter can bet on it for nothing. If a man clears a thousand pounds a year by making a book it is virtuous and taxable; if he wins it by making a bet it is immoral and he goes free. The street bookie is prosecuted one day and taxed the next. Is this morality or Bedlam?

In case it may be thought that these are but the vapourings of levity, I refer all "consciences," with the utmost deference, to the Report mentioned above, in which it is written: "The Committee are satisfied that under this system of registration the State will obtain an effective control over bookmakers and betting-offices, just as it has now an effective control over publicans and licensed houses for the sale of liquor."

Pardon me, Sir, for pressing these tedious truths upon you, but the serious papers are so much occupied with other people's consciences that they seem incapable of seeing straight; and not one of them has dared to say, if they have seen, that public policy, social justice, and indeed morality are all on my side and not on the other.

Further, Sir, the tax has this unique virtue, that few of those who pay it will notice or resent it, and, *ex hypothesi*, no man can say that he cannot afford it. To the happy winner it is a bagatelle, and to the patriotic loser almost a consolation.

Finally, Sir, may I say that the Fathers' Income-Tax Resistance League is rapidly gaining ground in this district. The Parental Conscience will no longer permit us to send most of our earnings to Westminster and America while the punter takes his, intact, to Brighton. Neither, according to our notions of morality, is an allowance of five pounds per annum per baby sufficient to keep the child sanitary and well. And if the Treasury do not pay some attention to my conscience in these matters I warn them that they may whistle for my next instalment.

I am, Sir,
Yours, etc., A. P. H.

"GUILLOTINE.—Head Cutter for Provinces. Accurate and used to fine work."
Daily Paper.

Comrade COOK might like to engage this artist for his coming revolution.

At a concert:—

"Miss B—— sang very feelingly, 'There's Nae Luck Aboot the Horse.'"
New Zealand Paper.

We know that horse.

"Sir,—By post this morning I received one of those accursed 'chain' letters. I immediately put it in the fire.

Will you kindly publish this letter, in the hope that the imbecile sender will see what has become of it?"—*Letter in Provincial Paper.*

The editor could hardly have resisted such engaging candour.

TREES AND TRAFFIC.

I HAD a controversy a few days ago with a man on a bus. I was on another bus, and we got side by side in a jam opposite where Devonshire House recently stood, which is as good a place for a jam as there is in London. He wanted the old house with garden complete. He was wrong, and, as nobody on his own bus appeared to be inclined to tackle the fellow, I told him so. Unfortunately his bus moved on before I had time thoroughly to flatten him out, so we parted with mutual expressions of loathing. But, as the incident reminded me that I had long meant to have a look at the new system, I got off and explored. And I hope the other man will read this article.

Devonshire House was ugly and unromantic, and only interesting from the memory of a fancy-dress ball that took place in the Edwardian area, an occasion on which Sir HENRY IRVING is said to have swept up the big staircase in the robe of a cardinal and obliterated the entire company. If you think of it, give that majestic personality so gorgeous a garment, and add his knowledge of how to wear it, and there wouldn't be much left for anybody else. I wonder if any real cardinals were present.

As for the garden, it would have been a grand spot for a Londoner. What I could have made of it! The fruit I could have grown, the flowers I could have raised, perhaps even the onions! And what eggs! But it was thrown away on a duke, who had other places from which to draw such amenities, and it was little more than an exaggerated cat-run. Of course there were trees, but what good were they with all those parks about? And, after all, the noblest London scenery is shops. In London we study shop-windows as in the country we study glades, valleys, cattle, and for bluebells we have socks, ties and fair-isle jumpers. So the change is all to the good. There should be lots of new shops, especially, let us hope, bootmakers', places for shirts and things, old furniture and rugs and books. Give me those and you can have trees.

One is bound to admit that at first sight the local residents have something to grouse about. Their privacy is threatened. Till now, except for pigeons and people some way off with glasses, the windows of Stratton and Berkeley Streets couldn't be looked into. There won't be much of that soon. Still, with rows and rows of new windows just opposite, the owners of the old houses, if open to the curiosity of others, will have lots to look at themselves, so they are all right on the balance. I'm afraid Berkeley Street will have to make up its mind to the motor-bus; if it isn't down there before we're much older I shall be surprised. I don't live there and I don't care. But it may lead to an invasion of Mount Street, and there I do own to a sentimental regret. Mount Street used to be my Mecca, and, though I've long given up the hope of one day living there, I still like to wend through that dignified thoroughfare and steep my brow in its holy balm.

There are two places that come badly out of the change. Stratton Street is one. It was, as house-agents say, quite unique. Millions of feet must have passed for one pair that went up it. One could walk Piccadilly for years and never turn that corner. I walked up there once just to see what it felt like, and I tell you there was a character, a gravity . . . But now, when you get to the end, instead of reversing gear and going back, you turn to the right and there you are in Berkeley Street. As for Curzon Passage, it is worse off still. I never used to walk through it without a thrill of romance. To-day it is merely a paved narrow ditch. There is no highwayman, no ghost.

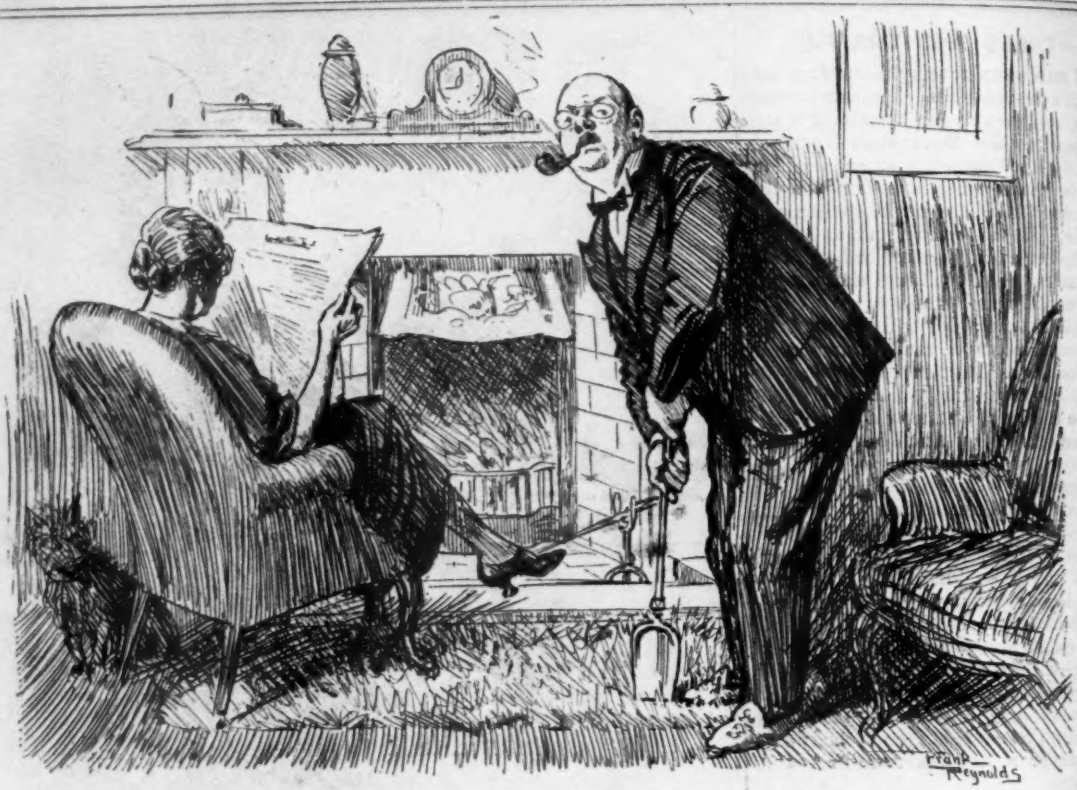
But the greatest change of all has come about from the widening of Berkeley Street at the Piccadilly end. This was one of the most sporting points in London. The channel was narrow and appeared harmless. But motors wanting to get out of the bottle-neck into Piccadilly used sometimes to go wild from despair, and those that wanted to get into it out of Piccadilly had a reckless trick of swooping suddenly down on you from behind from nowhere, and having a dash at you just as you had got half-way across. When a taxi was clever and keen one had to be pretty nippy to escape. But they have stuck an island up in the middle of the fairway, and the whole character of the crossing from shore to shore is changed. There's nothing in it now. The distance from bank to island is so small that the wiliest taxi hasn't a reasonable chance. Any idiot could dodge it. I am no taxi myself, but I do feel that they have a just complaint against this tame and spiritless innovation.

DUM-DUM.



SHAKESPEARE IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

"EYES, LOOK YOUR LAST! ARMS, TAKE YOUR LAST EMBRACE!"—*Romeo and Juliet.*



WHAT OUR WIVES HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

Cricket Enthusiast. "GO ON READING ABOUT THE AUSTRALIANS, DEAR."

A NEW CURE FOR AN OLD COMPLAINT.

[*The Sphere* of March 6 publishes an account, with photographs, of a discovery by Dr. BISSKY, a Ukrainian physician, who professes to have succeeded in analysing the character, gifts and faults of any human being by a method of electric phrenology.]

I'M no longer bright or merry, though I own I find it very
Hard to diagnose the cause of my complaint;
But on rising in the morning to proceed to my adorning
I never, never feel "as fresh as paint;"
I am *not* exhilarated, but profoundly irritated,
By the piffulent parade of Russian boots;
And my eyes no longer glisten as I sit at ease and listen
To the pleasantries of LORNA and of TOOTS.

I skip the sparkling leaders of the brilliant special pleaders
Who illuminate the columns of *The Post*,
I even have forsaken the delights of breakfast bacon
And only toy with marmalade and toast.
Once I found the dance resistless, now I'm grown lethargic, listless,
Like the melancholy vulture at the Zoo—
Why, I'd sooner study MILTON than hearken to JACK HYLTON
And the squealing of his syncopating crew.

I am tired of Oxford trousers, of the truculent carousers
Who are howling for the head of JOYNSON-HICKS;
I am tired of Maraschino, Cointreau, RUDOLPH VALENTINO,
CHARLIE CHAPLIN and the jocund Sisters TRIX;
I am tired of the mephitic psycho-analytic critic;
I am weary of the *précieux* who boost,
As they wander in the mazes of their fine falsetto phrases,
The amazing virtuosity of PROUST.

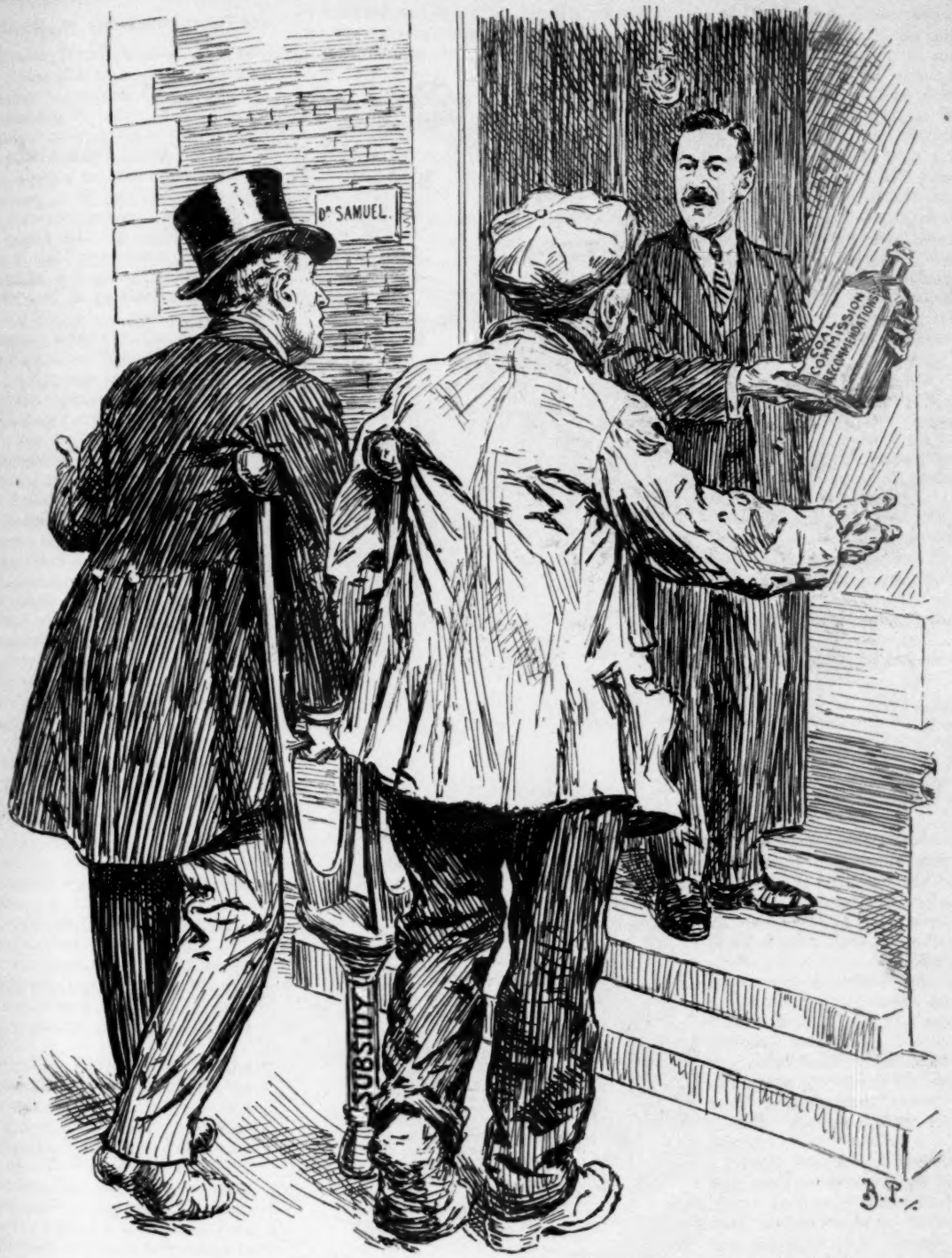
I find no inspiration in the tintinnabulation
Or the bounteous bombination of CLIVE BELL;
And, though I strive and strain hard, fail to keep up with JOHN MAYNARD
As he stoops from his Olympian citadel;
I've no appetite for dinner, I'm daily growing thinner,
And so utterly enveloped in despair,
That, if asked to ride with LILLIAN GISH behind me on a pillion,
I shouldn't turn a solitary hair.

In the sombre street of Harley I will hold no further parley
With the medicos who tinker at my case;
Doctors orthodox and formal with the needs of the abnormal
Are obviously unfitted to keep pace;
Since the finest pre-war whisky fails in making me feel frisky,
Cannot free me from the doldrums and the dumps,
Though the treatment may be risky, I am off to Doctor BISSKY,
To get him to electrify my bumps.

The Dangers of Football.

"RUGBY.—A fine match, witnessed by a large number of spectators, was played at Underberg recently, Ixopo facing the local players. The teams lined up as follows:—Ixopo.—Barnard (capt.); Rodney Gold, F. Breden, W. Breden, Hinton, Muirhead, Hartley, Collett, Knight, Gordon, McArthur, Thung and Ronald Stone (two men shot)."
South African Paper.

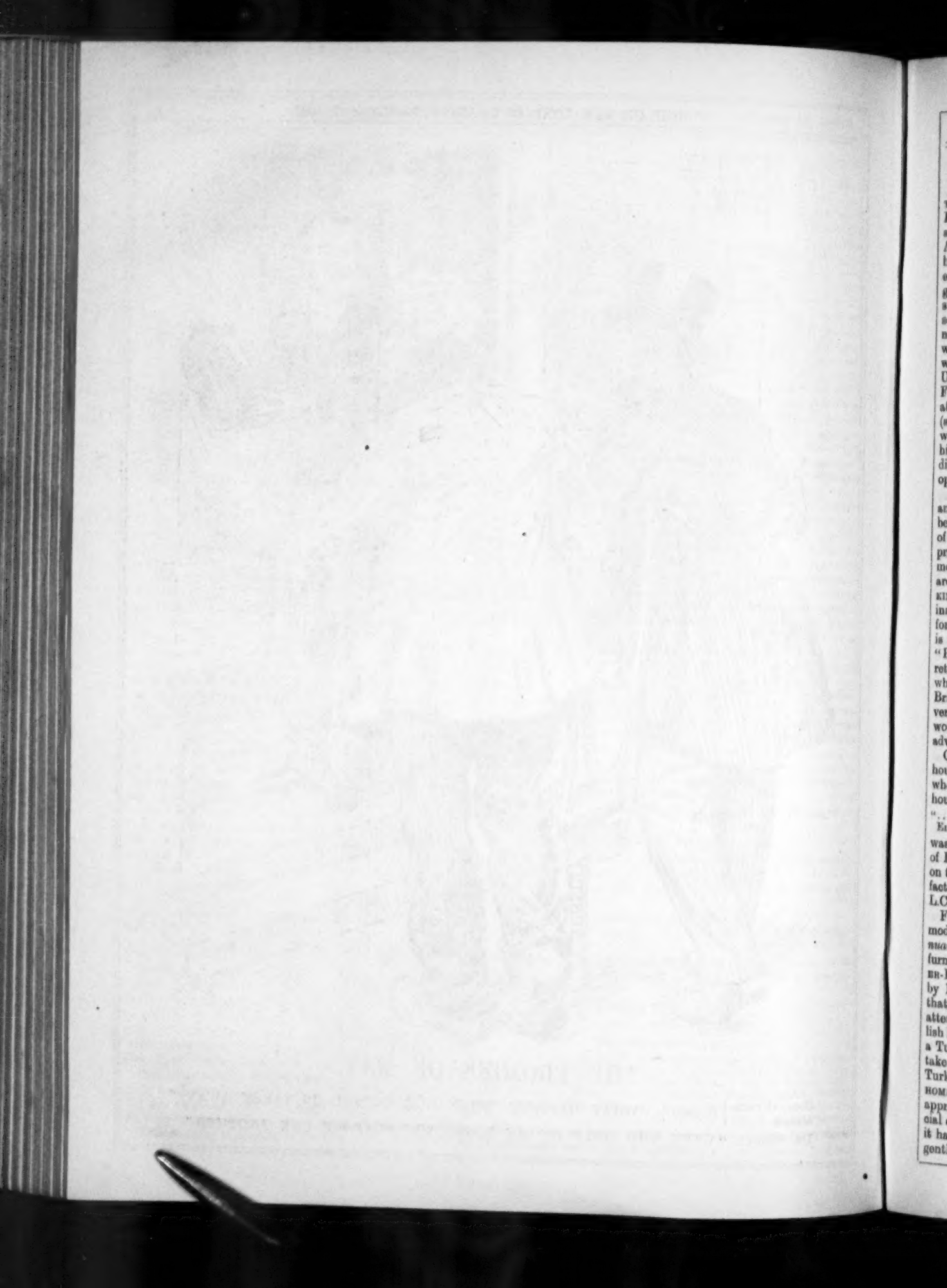
The names of the victims should, we think, have been given *pour encourager les autres.*



THE PROMISE OF MAY.

COAL OWNER / MINER } (*together*). "WHAT HAPPENS WHEN OUR CRUTCH IS TAKEN AWAY?"

DR. SAMUEL. "WITH THE HELP OF MY TONIC YOU SUPPORT ONE ANOTHER."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 8th.—Lord WINTERTON informed Mr. CAMPBELL that India has decided to abolish, gradually but finally, her opium trade. As this drowsy syrup of the East brings in a tidy sum to her revenue, many a crore of rupees will go bhang, so to speak, as the result of its suppression. Mr. HUDSON hoped that the highmindedness of the Government of India would be well advertised to the world, and in particular to the United States. Lieut.-Colonel FREMANTLE, less enthusiastic, was afraid that the "keys of Paradise" (as DE QUINCEY called the drug) would be dispensed from some less highminded source, and that India's sacrifice would be China's opportunity.

Mr. AMERY'S new Ceremonial and Reception Secretary, who will be charged with the delicate task of seeing that Dominion Ministers present themselves at official ceremonies in the right kind of clothes, aroused the curiosity of Mr. MACKINDER. "Are we to understand," innocently inquired the Member for Shipley, "that this gentleman is to advertise British goods?" "He is a distinguished British officer," retorted Mr. AMERY in a crushing voice, which clearly indicated that a British officer might properly advertise British deportment but would never sink so low as to advertise goods.

One gathers that the factocrete house has come to stay, though whether it is only a ferro-concrete house or a

"... dear little castle just fifty feet high
Entirely constructed of cranberry-pie"

was not made plain. The Ministry of Health, however, has his eye on the batch that is being manufactocreted at Downham by the L.C.C.

Further evidence that the modern Turk is quite alive to the *nuances* of Western culture was furnished in Mr. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON'S reply to a question by Mr. RUNCIMAN. It was true that the Angora Government had attempted to force upon the English High School for Girls at Pera a Turkish ex-officer who came to take up his duties as a teacher of Turkish in a condition that MAHOMET would certainly not have approved; but there was no official confirmation of the story that it had attempted to condone the gentleman's offence by presenting a medical certificate to the effect that he was "a chronic epileptic."

Governments have been known to run before the Back Bench storm, but a hefty hurricane will have to blow before the captain of the Ship of State jettisons two mates and a whole fo'c'stle full of Under Secretaries in order to make port. The gale did not quite reach those proportions during the Report stage of the Air Estimates, but there were moments when the elements, with Commander BURNEY in the *rôle* of *Aeolus*, became tolerably inclement. Whether or not, as Admiral SUETER averred, between two and three hundred Members would vote for a Ministry of Defence is problematic, but the PRIME MINISTER is taking no chances. While assuring his supporters that he would welcome a debate on the matter, he declined to leave the decision to a free vote of the House. The rumour that Mr. CHURCHILL is already busy designing for himself a new headgear of triple brass is probably premature.



WINTERTONIUS SUPERBUS GETS BUSY WITH THE POPPIES.

Tuesday, March 9th.—In the debate on Scottish housing—that inexhaustible topic—Lord SWANSEA committed himself to the opinion that the steel-house was "not an economic proposition"; Lord NOVAR retorted that it was something much better, namely a practical success; and Lord HALDANE, chivalrously dashing to the defence of the Government, which Lord SWANSEA had accused of adopting Socialist methods, declared with his customary clarity that "Socialism is a spirit, not an abstract proposition."

Brigadier-General BROOKE expressed concern at the proposal to supply the Brigade of Guards with "lounges, arm-chairs, lawns, fountains and bars *de luxe*" out of the public funds. The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR declared the hon. Member to be imagining a vain thing. As to the alleged "bars *de luxe*," he was not acquainted with them, but if they resembled those of the House of Commons ("where the young asses quench their thirst") he thought the description a misnomer.

Cheers encouraged the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT when he declared in ringing tones that private motors would be parked in the Horse Guards' Parade over his dead body first, and that of the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS second. Not by him, he declared, would the amenities of St. James's Park—this is presumably the official designation of the pelicans—be destroyed. A suggestion



THE LATEST CHIMÆRA.

[Proposals for a single Ministry of Defence have been supported by members of all parties in the House of Commons.]

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, SIR LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS AND MR. BRIDGEMAN.

that he should consult with the HOME SECRETARY, who has lately talked of relieving street congestion by "cutting slices off the Parks," was loftily ignored.

Mr. BECKETT, the poetical-looking young man who represents Gateshead in the interests of Labour, sought to bring in a Bill to allow municipalities "to produce and supply milk." Sir FREDERICK HALL suggested that milk was produced by cows, not by municipalities, thereby displaying the most elementary ignorance of the diversified services rendered by the Metropolitan Water Board. Captain GEE opposed, and the House decided by a substantial vote that the milk of municipal kindness shall not flow.

"I am one of the few individualists living," declared Mr. HOPKINSON in the course of an adjourned debate on ex-Service men's pensions, and the House studied the political museum-piece reverently. They had gazed almost as attentively at that independent spirit, Mr. MAXTON, when, not long before, he had spoken in support of the Government's grant-in-aid to Ulster in the very teeth, as it were, of Mr. SNOWDEN, and after Mr. JACK JONES (officially of Silvertown but spiritually of Blarney Lane) had declared that the money was paid to "subsidize bigotry."

Wednesday, March 10th.—Lord THOMPSON stoutly defended the Air Ministry against its traducers and roundly declared that sneering remarks about "The Royal Ground Force" were malicious, uncalled-for and beneath contempt. The former SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR made their Lordships "go all goosey," as CONNIE EDISS used to say, by declaring that if people knew what was in store for them in the next war there would be no war-talk outside of lunatic asylums.

"Why should women be turned out in order to provide men with a job?" asked Miss WILKINSON, supplementing a question suggesting the replacement of lift-girls by disabled ex-Service men. "That raises a large question," replied Mr. BETTERTON in the cautious tones of one who has no wish to embroil himself with the stronger sex.

Mr. CHURCHILL formally introduced his Economy (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill. As the Miscellaneous Provisions relate to subjects as various as health and unemployment insurance, the registration of electors, education, bankruptcy and postmarks, they will furnish some fine confused feeding for a hungry Opposition; and the measure, if thoroughly debated, though it may save public money, is not likely to result in an economy of Parliamentary time.

Mr. DENNIS HERBERT, Unionist Member for Watford, though himself a loyal son of the Church of England, objects to the retention on the Statute-book of laws passed in less tolerant days against members of another communion, and was granted leave to introduce a Bill to enable the Roman Catholic clergy to officiate in churches with steeples, and otherwise to function unmenaced by long obsolete restrictions. Mr. TAYLOR was equally fortunate with a Bill for fixing the hours of shop employees; Mr. MACQUISTEN, who presumably contests Mr. HOPKINSON'S claim to be the only living individualist in captivity, withdrawing his opposition in the hope that there would be included in the Bill a clause allowing the individual shop-



THE KNIGHT-ERRANT.
LORD HALDANE.

keeper to work as long as he jolly well pleases.

After dinner the House proceeded to discuss fish. All sides of the House—all, that is to say, except Mr. HOPKINSON'S side, which, if present, would no doubt have pleaded for the pursuit of lobsters on more individualistic lines—agreed that the fishing industry needs the closer co-operation of all the Government Departments. The duty of each Department was laid before the House *seriatim* by Mr. WILLIAMS, Member for Torquay, but the possibilities were by no means exhaustively canvassed; nothing, for example, being said about what the Ecclesiastical Commissioners could do by reviving the ancient practice of eating fish on Fridays.

Thursday, March 11th.—The HOME SECRETARY does not assume the lion's share of the Government's not too plentiful sense of humour, but he did his best with the questions of a large number of Unionist Members, who wished to know what he was going to do about Mr. LANSBURY'S Kensington speech. Mr. LANSBURY would not hurt a fly—he says so himself—but the representation of Bow and Bromley requires him to go through the motions of being carnivorous when on the platform, and his simulated roars of bloodthirst, if not convincing, are at least loud. The HOME SECRETARY assured the offended Members that Mr. LANSBURY'S silliness did not really constitute a menace to the loyalty of the Forces of the Crown and declared that the motion carried by the meeting, at which Poplar's stuffed man-eater had been the piece of resistance, was so ridiculous that it would be equally ridiculous of him to notice it.

In reply to the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, who had asked if the PRIME MINISTER had anything to say about the Report of the Coal Commission, Mr. BALDWIN revealed the remarkable fact that he had asked the Members of the Cabinet to study it carefully—a thing which, one inferred, they would not have done without this prompting—and advised the House to take the same course and "avoid commitment." This he said rather with the air of *Pandora* when she looked into the box again to see if there mightn't, after all, be something more substantial in it than Hope.

On the motion to go into Supply on the Navy Estimates, Mr. BRIDGEMAN had no great difficulty in satisfying the House that the Admiralty had really been the good boy of the Departmental family, denying itself all manner of little luxuries in order to keep the old homestead going. Mr. AMMON and others sought, not very successfully, to belittle the Admiralty's virtuous self-abnegation, but could not keep pace with Mr. LANSBURY, who, smarting, no doubt, beneath the HOME SECRETARY'S refusal to take him, so to speak, at his mouth value, moved to abolish the Navy altogether, and delivered a hectic but wandering speech, which reached the heart of Mr. MAXTON, but had no message for Mr. JACK JONES or the Labour Front Bench.

Commercial Candour.

"Tips given to individual servants of the hotel are their own property; but if the patrons prefer, 10% may be added to the bill and will be scrupulously distributed among the employers."—*Notice in Belgian Hotel.*

"Good Run.

'The Farmer's Wife' at the Court Theatre."
Daily Paper.

By no means her first good run, but we hope she won't cut off the queues with a carving-knife.



Belated Plumber (reprovingly). "'ERE, 'OW LONG 'AS THIS BEEN GOIN' ON?"

SHE-SHANTIES.

PRIMITIVE PRIM.

Miss Primrose looks so soft and sweet
That strangers wager in the street
She must be took
From a picture-book
Of the Period Crinoline;
Her voice like some shy bird
Which hopes it won't be heard;
Her eyes are fixed upon her feet
In case they might be seen.
But deep—deep—deep
The stream is dark and grim,
And deep within that limpid minx
(Or so at least she fondly thinks)
Is a powerful, passionate, pre-primordial, pagan, primitive Prim.

For her no sentimental stuff—
She hoped that men would treat her rough;
No sugary tune
About the Moon
Affected her a bit.
In vain was Primrose wooed
With flowers and fruit and food,
In vain men planned to hold her hand,
She wanted to be hit.
Ah, deep—deep—deep
The verdant woods are dim;
But then her lovers never guessed
The furnace in the tender breast
Of pulsing, passionate, pre-primordial, pagan, primitive Prim.

At length she met, to her delight,
A man who hated her at sight,
Though now and then,
Like complex men,
He loved her more and more.
His courting ways were queer:
He used to bite her ear,
Or threw, as though his love to show,
Whole tea-sets on the floor.
And deep—deep—deep
She loved that forceful Him,
And loved him best when by the hair
He dragged her backwards down the stair,
That palping, passionate, pre-primordial, pagan, primitive Prim.

Too late she learned this kind of spouse
Can be a nuisance in the house;
'Twas not enough
To treat her rough—
He knocked the cook about.
These little habits grow,
And Prim disliked it so
When Walter to the window flew
And flung the goldfish out.
Ah, deep—deep—deep
The slaughtered fishes swim,
And Primrose, I regret to say,
Divorced him in the usual way,
Poor, pulsing, passionate, pre-primordial, pagan, primitive Prim.

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"Large skunk wrap, cape shape, 6 strands, £6 10s.; worth 35s."—*Scots Paper.*

"SPECIFIC ARTICLES FOR SALE.
Table or house tablemaid (experienced)."
Scots Paper.

As no price is mentioned we conclude that it is above rubies.

THE UGBED.

THE advantage (and this is well known) of founding a great national movement after an excellent dinner is that enthusiasm runs so high. The disadvantage is that we are apt to forget to a certain extent those details of practical whatever-you-call-it that constitutes the thingumbob.

I am afraid that this is so with the Ugbed.

I cannot remember at the moment to what steps we members of the Ugbed are definitely pledged in order to bring about our great reform. I do know that we are convinced of the crying need for that reform, that we have our watchword, and that we mean to fight for justice, if necessary, to the death.

This is not a party matter. It cuts across all party divisions. Or, if you like to put it so, it embraces men of all parties and all creeds. We did not go quite so far as embracing after the recent dinner, which was held at Cambridge—and where better?—but we parted sworn comrades, and every one determined to do battle for the right.

Prominent politicians, beginning, of course, with those on the Government side, will, I suppose, be approached in turn. If the Government refuses to take the matter up, we shall be obliged to look to the Left. But justice in the end we will have.

The Ugbed is the Union for Getting Back the Eleven Days. The eleven days were filched from the people of England in the year 1752, under an infamous Act of 1751 (24 Geo. II.), and have never been restored. It was then enacted that eleven days should be omitted after the 2nd of September, 1752, so that the ensuing day should be September 14th. The wretched people of England, that is to say, woke up on what ought to have been Thursday, the 3rd of September, and found it to be Monday the 14th. They have never really recovered from the shock. There was a great popular *émeute* at the time. Demonstrations of protests were made. You may have seen that picture of HOGARTH'S in which a poster is exhibited bearing the words

GIVE US BACK OUR ELEVEN DAYS!

Fury raged throughout the land. Strong men shook their fists and women wailed. But the tyrannous Whig Administration of the PELHAMS over-rode the national will. So now every true Wednesday is a Sunday, and *vice versâ*. We are doomed to the Gregorian calendar. It is a sad thought.

The witnesses called to give evidence before the Court of Enquiry at Cambridge would perhaps have given it more clearly if their remarks had not been punctuated by continual blasts from a coach-horn. But a good deal of important information was obtained. England, for instance (this was amply demonstrated), has never been what she was since the eleven days were unrighteously stolen from her calendar. A whole series of calamities followed the impious deed, not the least of which are to be counted the Gordon riots, shingled hair and the loss of our American colonies. One has also to consider that every single Wednesday the whole of the people of England now break the Sabbath day. We have lost eleven days of work. We have lost eleven nights of sleep. We have lost forty-four meals. We have lost who shall say how many hogsheads of beer.

A still graver aspect of the affair was established by a witness wearing a large red tie, who demonstrated conclusively on a black-board, by means of algebraical formulæ, the amount that every one of "we-workers," as he called them, has lost in wages since 1752. I think it was £306 7*s.* 8*d.*, but my memory may have played me false. It was a difficult calculation, I know, because it had to take into account the change in the value of money, the altered industrial conditions and the increase of population during the last hundred-and-seventy-four years.

The Court of Inquiry were much impressed by the testimony of this witness, who sat down having shown conclusively that, whether the coal subsidy is continued or not, the claims of we-workers can only be satisfied by the immediate present to each of £306 7*s.* 8*d.* Asked by the President of the Court—a gentleman in a skull-cap and white whiskers—how a claim could be established for wages without work, witness replied simply—

"I don't think you understand what I mean. I'm talking about we-workers. We-workers don't work. We're workers."

Eleven blasts on the coach-horn.

Still more remarkable evidence was given by a Mr. Postlethwaite, a gentleman in dark-coloured spectacles, adorned by a flowing beard and supported by a mahogany cane. Owing to a remarkable and providential longevity he had been enabled, he told us, during his youth, when he was an eleven-bottle man, to hold numerous conversations with the great Lord CHESTERFIELD, Dr. JOHNSON, with GOLDSMITH, with Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS and many other notable persons on the subject of this national disaster. He made it quite clear that the Eleven Days Bill had been a leaven of unrest in England. He made this quite clear several times. He was called to order in the midst of a conversation with BOSWELL of a slightly unedifying kind, and sat down with great suddenness, inadvertently breaking his clay-pipe into eleven pieces on the floor.

Another witness pointed out that Greece, almost the only European country to preserve the old style and retain the eleven days, was the first to begin paying her war debt to us, and, still more significantly, that Bolshevist Russia had signalised the beginning of a new era of bloodshed and crime in Europe by adopting the Gregorian calendar. . . .

The room was now pretty full of tobacco-smoke. The gentleman with the coach-horn arose and announced that the Court would now confer for a few moments, after which the President would declare its finding. He then blew his coach-horn. He continued to blow it. The horn having been forcibly removed, the President stood up and—and . . . .

The fact is, I should be better able to remember what the finding of the Court, delivered by the President, actually was if the enlightened public, as they were called, at the back of the hall had not all been shouting at once, and if I had not inadvertently entangled one of my sleeve-links with the beard of my good friend, Mr. Postlethwaite, which came off and was annexed by the gentleman with the red tie, who proclaimed with some *empressement* that he was Mr. SIDNEY WEBB; and if, finally, the owner of the coach-horn, having recovered his instrument and fisting off all tacklers, had not leapt up on the table at which the Court of Enquiry was sitting and began to re-encore his tally-ho's.

But—and make no mistake about it—we, the members of the Ugbed, do intend and propose, and are resolved to

GET BACK THE ELEVEN DAYS.

EVOE.

On Tuesday, March 23rd, at 8 P.M., a Concert will be given in the Inner Temple Hall by the Past and Present Choristers of the Temple Church, in aid of the Choristers' Camp Fund and the Inns of Court Mission. Tickets, 10/6 and 5/-, including tax, may be obtained from the Sub-Treasurer, Treasurer's Office, Inner Temple, E.C.4, or from Lady BANKES, 45, Eaton Square, S.W.1.

From a speech in a West Indian Legislature:—

"His Excellency was standing on the banks of the rubicund."—*Local Paper.*

We understand that H.E. entirely repudiates the suggestion that there is anything "Red" about his policy.



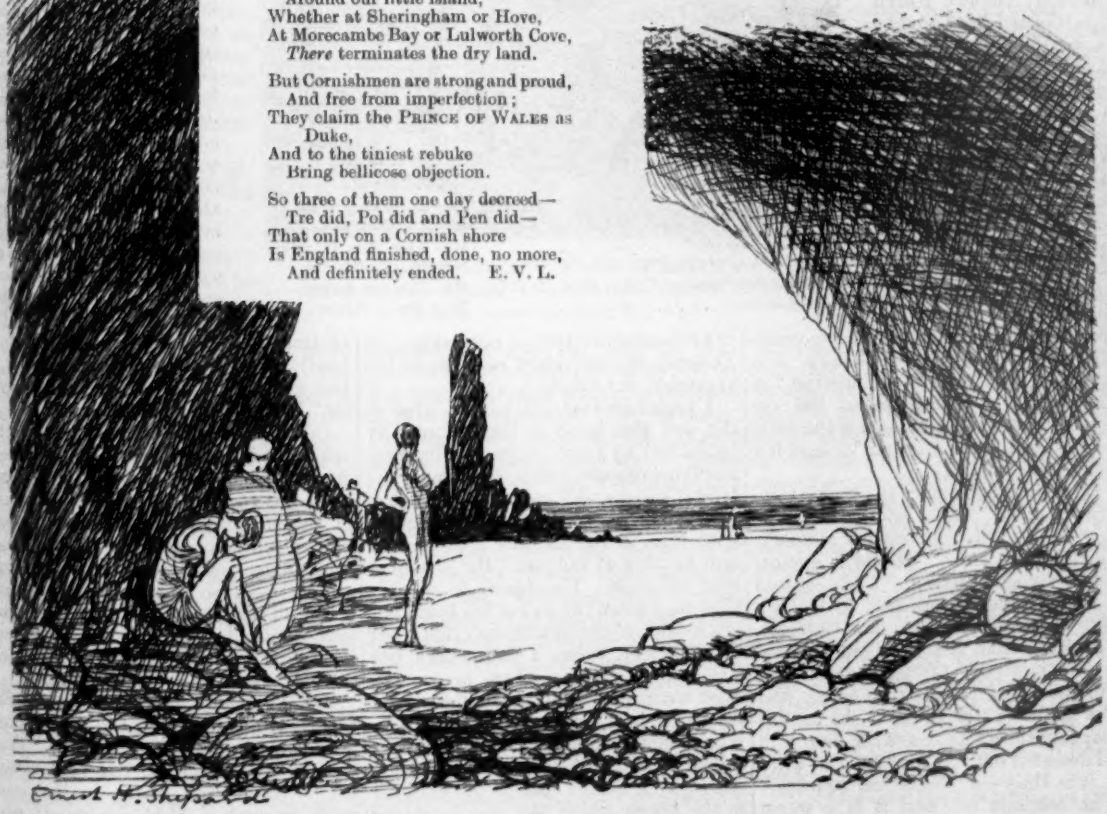
COUNTY SONGS.

XII.—Cornwall.

Wherever breakers meet the shore
Around our little island,
Whether at Sheringham or Hove,
At Morecambe Bay or Lulworth Cove,
There terminates the dry land.

But Cornishmen are strong and proud,
And free from imperfection;
They claim the Prince of Wales as Duke,
And to the tiniest rebuke
Bring bellicose objection.

So three of them one day decreed—
Tre did, Pol did and Pen did—
That only on a Cornish shore
Is England finished, done, no more,
And definitely ended. E. V. L.



AT THE PLAY.

"The Widow's Cruise"
(Ambassadors).

Maurice Varden had begun by loving his wife, *Cesca*, for her beautiful body when she wanted to be loved for what she thought was her beautiful mind. He had been bored stiff with her "snippy bits from *The Bystander* and Bernard Shaw," and his "artistic temperament" (he had written poems) couldn't bear it, so he had left her. When the War came he took a civilian job in preference to joining up, and became an expert at card indexes. Sent on a mission to the Italian Front he found himself in a tight corner at Caporetto, from which he came out a hero *malgré lui* (compare *Arms and the Man*), with a commission in the Italian Army and the loss of his memory. All Italy rang with the prowess of *Il Capitano "Ignoto"*—for he had gone so far as to let his own name escape him.

Meanwhile *Cesca* (her husband having been reported dead) meets a nice clean English soldier of the standard Aubrey Smith type (*Colonel Sir Theodore Frome, Bart., D.S.O.*), who has honest love, and a villa on Capri, to offer her, and is not too clever to find her "interesting." The War is over when the curtain rises on the Villa Santa Margherita, with a nice view of Vesuvius across the blue of Naples Bay. They have been married three months, and all is bliss, except for the presence of *Jill Lambert*, an eighteen-year-old ward of the *Colonel's*, who says pert things and is "impatient of adolescence." Her guardian has decided that the Italian climate is too warm for her and thinks it time to send her home to be cooled.

Into this Eden comes the snake, *Captain "Ignoto,"* on a brief visit. The sight of his wife restores his memory. He takes it calmly, having a cynical eye for a good situation. *Cesca*, scared at first and feebly resolved to make a clean breast of it to her new husband, is diverted from this excellent purpose by two motives: (1) jealousy of *Jill*, who makes brazen love to the hero, and (2) a feminine itch to see if she cannot recapture the affections of the man who had deserted her. As for *"Ignoto,"* after all, it is Italy—a "theatrical country," as he reminds us—and it is a warm night. A temporary spasm of the old desire overtakes him and he carries her off, consenting, to his "Pavilion" suite. Here they collide with *Jill*, in a jazz dressing-gown, engaged at the moment in leaving a note on him (presumably of assignation). Enter *Sir Theodore*, returned unexpectedly from what was to have been an all-night fishing expedition; and the facts "emerge."

Whose wife is she to be in this earthly resurrection? *Cesca's* so-called mind remains open: she has no more idea of the answer than you or I. But next morning *Jill*, who soon recovers her aplomb, a little shaken by the escapade of last night, has a brain-wave. Let them each compete for *Cesca's* heart in a ten-minutes' turn of courtship. To *Theodore* she privately commends the argument of "babies."

I began to fear the worst. But in the end the issue is decided not by babies but by a hat. *"Ignoto,"* indifferent to his success—for he only wants the lady if she doesn't want to come—has won the day. She is prepared to go off with him, in the steamer that is even now hooting at the pier. But she must first get a hat. He objects to a delay that may mean the loss of the boat; but she insists on the hat, though this is not Bond Street, where a hat counts, but the Bay of Naples, where no woman need wear one. His attitude causes a revulsion in *Cesca's* feelings. A man who would grudge her a hat must be a selfish brute. *Theodore* the faithful—the sight of an old coat of his hanging in the house which she was deserting had helped to change her mind—would never have done a thing like that. So we leave her in his arms and wish him joy of a triumph earned for him by a hat and an old coat.

The chief attraction of the play lies in the cynicism of *"Ignoto."* He is pure egoist, this hero by accident, and never minds letting you know it. "When I see myself as the chief figure in some fantastic drama, then only," he says, "am I happy." He is frankly bored with any conditions that demand the possession of a heart, for he has none. His apparent inconsistencies may always be explained by that "artistic temperament" which is commonly employed to cover a multitude of them. The part was delightfully played by Mr. Nicholas Hannen on a very quiet note and with an unfailing slow smile.

The character of *Cesca* was less seizable, and I am not sure that Miss Joan Temple, who wrote the play, had seized it herself. *Cesca* is described as "essentially feminine" (so many women are that); and she is a bit of a fool. She yearned for her intelligence to be appreciated, yet couldn't make up her mind over the easiest dilemma on record. She sat mum for whole minutes while *Jill* and *"Ignoto"* talked across her in the Pavilion scene as if she weren't there. And then suddenly she became articulate and burst out into literary drama, ending a long passage of self-analysis with the stock announcement that she had "found her real self" at last (she had done nothing of the kind) and wanted to be "true to it." Did she pick this up from a "snippy bit" in *The Bystander*?

I shouldn't have cared to play the part; with its incongruities and its rather contemptible aspects I should have been hard put to it to keep a good conceit of myself; and Miss Laura Cowie, for all her subtlety, could not persuade me that *Cesca* corresponded to anything on earth—even Capri. Knowing her sense of humour, I suspect that she was longing half the time to burlesque her part. Certainly the revue-merchants have a great chance here.

Jill Lambert was supposed to mark a great advance on the ingenuous licence of the war-time flapper. "The flapper," she told us, "is very *vieux jeu*." Advertised, then, as the last word in modern girls, you would ex-



THE WOMAN WITH A LOAD OF HUSBANDS.

Captain "Ignoto"	Mr. Nicholas Hannen.
Lady Frome ("Cesca")	Miss Laura Cowie.
Colonel Sir Theodore Frome, Bart., D.S.O.	Mr. Aubrey Smith.
Jill Lambert	Miss Joan Maude.

pect her to be hard, smart about matters of no importance, shingled, sexless, a mocker at romance as being a "soppy" business. Well, she was some of these things, but her talk was too informed for her type, and she was far too emotional. She took a great interest in her "white body;" she was blatantly conscious of her sex. The climate of Capri might have borne the blame of this; but she goes out of her way to absolve it. It is a little curious that the author, while insisting on her modernity, should have given us a girl so unlike the younger generation in the most typical of its qualities—sexlessness. Miss JOAN MAUDE, in the part of *Jill*, looked as charming as that kind of girl can hope to look, and she spoke her rather jarring words intelligently, but she must try to be less staccato in her gestures, and (if she will forgive me) to modify that spasmodic grin which spoils her nice face.

The character of *Theodore Frome* may have seemed a little too obviously forthright, but it served as a good foil not only to the casual cynicism of his rival, but to the unstable qualities of his wife. Mr. AUBREY SMITH has so firmly established his reputation in this sort of part that one was apt to take for granted the excellence of his performance.

Miss MAY CONGDON as *Maddalena*, gave a delightful little study of an Italian serving-maid.

In writing *The Widow's Cruise* (a pity, by the way, to have used so old a wheeze in the title) Miss JOAN TEMPLE has clearly aimed to attract a more sophisticated audience than the sort which is content to see the heroine left in the right man's arms. But the flippant treatment of serious themes—we are here on the brink of tragedy all the while and only escape it by a frivolous accident—is not an easy thing to carry to success. *Theodore's* pathetic appeal to his wife may have been meant to move us, and would have moved us in the right context, but its effect was sacrificed to the absurdity of the situation. You can't have it both ways—unless you are Sir JAMES BARRIE, and not always even then. Indeed, if it had not been for the excellent acting Miss TEMPLE might well have failed. As it is, the play commends itself by its happy dialogue, its situations (after a tame start) and its way of keeping curiosity intrigued to the end, rather than by any great virtue in its general motive. For myself its chief interest lies in the question, which Miss TEMPLE alone can answer, whether it is an unconscious imitation of Mr. BERNARD SHAW or a deliberate parody. O. S.

"FROM MORN TO MIDNIGHT" (REGENT).

I suppose there is no critic of the theatre, however honest, who does not occasionally, when offered something new and strange, take refuge upon a fence, or, if he has time, ponder what some veteran has to say about it. I found no such necessity, however, in the matter of GEORG KAISER'S *From Morn to Midnight*, presented by Mr. HAROLD V. NEILSON at the Regent Theatre, through the medium of a spirited and intelligent translation by Mr. ASHLEY DUKES and the production of Mr. PETER GODFREY. And, naturally, I like disagreeing with A.B.W. I don't say that I should like to go to an "expressionist" play every other evening (any more than to a prize-fight), but I found myself challenged and stimulated, indeed excited, throughout the whole of this evidently sincere and passionate piece of work. To be genuinely excited, to have one's wits spurred out of a trot to a canter, to be delighted and puzzled and annoyed in turn—surely no one can ask much more of three hours than that!



GAY LIFE AT THE RACES (BICYCLE).

Bank Cashier Gabriel . . . . . MR. CLAUDE RAINS.

[Nobody knows who the others are.]

The story of Herr KAISER'S absconding bank clerk's hectic day is soon told. To him behind the prison of his counter grill enters a beautiful lady asking money on a letter of credit. Something wakes in the prisoner's mind. The scent of this gracious lady, whom characteristically the fleshly manager and a gross customer of the bank have set down as a "pretty lady" and a swindler, has bemused the poor man's wits. Seizing sixty thousand (we are never told the unit) he rushes to her hotel, urges her to fly with him. Dashed by the fact that she is mother of a grown-up son, and virtuous at that, he rushes out into the snow-clad fields and, after a soliloquy of wild and whirling words, back to his squalidly comfortable home and those dreary automata, his mother, wife and daughters; thence to the velodrome, where he offers large money prizes to the competing athletes.

In the evening, in admirable newly-bought clothes, he engages a *cabinet particulier* in an expensive cabaret, tries to buy his hour from a girl who is too drunk and sleepy to respond; from two masked women who, first making sure of his money, unveil their revolting faces; and from a fourth, from whom he demands a dance, only to find she has a wooden leg and wooden wits. In a final scene, in a Salvation Army hut, inflamed by the inspired egotism of many confessing sinners at the stool of repentance, he makes his own confession and, with the half-strangled words "*Ecce homo*" on his lips, shoots himself; while the Salvation lass who has brought him to repentance claims the reward from the police for betraying him.

A mad and mournful Odyssey! A human life seen through the refracting medium of bitter disillusionment and anger with life. But a noble anger. And, though I should not perhaps recommend it to the morbidly introspective or as a cure for insomnia, sane and wholesome folk will, it seems, do well to submit to this new treatment.

The puzzles are frequent. When does reality end, fantasy begin? Is the theft merely a dream-theft and the succeeding scenes merely the imaginative sequence of the dream? Or is the hero real and his actions, while the surrounding puppets are merely phantoms on the screen of his hysterical egomania. I need not say that I do not suspect Herr KAISER of so commonplace a purpose as the demonstration that it really does not pay to steal sixty thousand from a bank!

The producer seemed to me to make some obscure things more obscure by

retaining the text while eliminating the scenic commentary. There are references in two scenes to a skeleton, which in the author's intention is to be contrived on the back cloth by one of those tricks of lighting to which the progressive producers of the Continental stage are so much attached. Without this effect the words become a mere confusion and are needlessly exasperating. Neither do I see the necessity of attributing so much significance to the chops (without tomato-sauce) in the domestic scene. This makes the ungodly scoff, to no sound purpose, it would seem.

Unquestionably the snow scene, with its violent angular lines and its green and orange shadows, heightens, as is meant, the passionate inconsequences of the soliloquy; noise, deafening noise, is used with a semi-magical drugging effect in the velodrome and the confession scenes; while the sombre black of the austere setting throughout brings out the macabre vision of the playwright.

Mr. CLAUDE RAINS, perhaps the best possible choice for this fantastic character, used his accomplished flamboyant technique with admirable effect. A masterly performance and a veritable *tour de force* of endurance. Many of the subordinate characters were insufficiently audible—a very serious defect in so difficult a play. Miss COLETTE O'NIEL avoided this disastrous fault and showed explicit qualities of her own. Mr. HENRY FORD gave us an excellent study of a waiter, a thumb-nail sketch perfect in detail. I liked Miss IRENE BARNETT'S dancing girl and Miss BETTY POTTER'S mother. And of the whole company it may be fairly said that all the members had successfully disciplined themselves into subordination to the principal character and the dominant mood of the play.

Perhaps the best testimony of all to the qualities of Herr KAISER'S work and the general success of the production was that the audience (a second, not that rather specialised entity, a first night audience) sat still as a mouse—a mouse with a slight cough, it is true, but quiet and attentive—through the whole evening, which reinforces a view to which a perceptive onlooker is often compelled, that the less sophisticated will oppose less prejudice to interesting new experiments than the sophisticated. Let me urge theatre-goers towards this Regent adventure even if they be only prepared to scoff. Many of them, I hope, will be induced to refrain from braying and the rest will thank me for the tip. T.

Fair Warning.

"School teachers under the Glamorgan County Council will have to be able to teach Welsh by 1927."—*New Zealand Paper.*

BRIGHTENING THE CLASSICS.

IN the "Week-end Wireless Programmes" recently published in a leading Scots daily there occurs an entry of epoch-making importance which has nevertheless so far failed to attract the attention it so richly deserves. It runs as follows:—

"8.30—Orchestra—Selection, 'Tails Up' (*Brahms*)."

BRAHMS, as our readers need not be reminded, was a meritorious composer whose recognition by the million was impaired by the austerity of his genius. The practice of popularising standard works by re-scoring them on the principles of syncopation has already met with gratifying results, and in the case of SCHUBERT has triumphantly finished his "Unfinished" Symphony. But it has been reserved for Scotland, now as ever in the van of progress, to carry this method to its logical conclusion by revising the nomenclature of the old musical masters in accordance with the spirit of the times.

The conversion of gloom into gaiety is a great achievement, but it needs to be driven home in the mind of the "listener-in" by appropriately exhilarating titles. The virtue of a name is notorious, and the removal of such unfortunate epithets as "tragic" and "academic," with which BRAHMS saddled two of his works, is an essential preliminary to the due appreciation of his talents.

Once adopted, the new method is capable of infinite extension. Take BEETHOVEN, for example. His massive and monumental Ninth or "Choral" Symphony has been cruelly handicapped by the lack of an inspiring title. As the concluding movement was based on SCHILLER'S "Ode to Joy," what better name could be given to the symphony than, let us say, "Old Beet's Joy-Ride"?

WAGNER, again, was singularly unfortunate in the choice of his names. What does "Lohengrin" convey to the average man? I should like to see the whole work re-orchestrated by our greatest British composer, and given to the world under the new and captivating title of "Swan and Elgar."

The popularity of "Carmen" would, I feel sure, be still further enhanced by the substitution of a more illuminating title. In view of the favourite flower of the heroine and the calling of the principal male character, "The Rose and the Ring" would seem to fill the bill to perfection. TCHAIKOVSKY'S unhappily named "Pathetic" Symphony clamours for similar treatment, and might gain a new lease of life if the dismal movements were cut out and the splendid and invigorating March were given separately under the title of "The March of the Russian Boots." The effect of this change on the staple trade of Northampton cannot easily be overestimated.

THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(*After* THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

[Sir HENRY SLESSER has introduced a Bill to prevent the removal of old buildings from the country.]

WHEN stately homes of England
That grace our native land,
Whose towers have braved the ages, can
No more afford to stand,
Their glorious gables grow again
In other climes than this,
And rise to the skies
In Penn. or Conn. or Wis.
(Though battered age looks somehow wrong
In Penn. or Conn. or Wis.)

The spirit of our fathers
Still starts from every stone;
The very lichen on the walls
Was ours—our very own!
And still it 's there (the stones were packed
With all the lichen on),
And it sticks to the bricks
In Wis. or Penn. or Conn.
(Though a Tudor brick looks rather odd
In Wis. or Penn. or Conn.).

Britannia needs her mansions,
Her terraces and towers;
Why send them piecemeal o'er the pond
To a land that isn't ours?
Her storied halls, her native oak,
The pride of Englishmen—
Why should *they* pine away
In Conn. or Wis. or Penn.,
Unrooted in the newer soil
Of Conn. or Wis. or Penn.?

The lamp of England's honour
Shall never burn out clear
Till SLESSER'S patriot Bill be passed
And our buildings anchored here.
Then, then, High Court of Parliament,
Our English ale shall foam
To the fame of your name
Who kept our homes at home,
When the stranger's voice shall not be heard
In the homes you kept at home.

From an appreciation of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON:—

"Né en 1878, il fut élevé dans l'atmosphère de ce qu'on appelle en Angleterre *Broad Church*."—*French Paper.*

That no doubt accounts for much of his subsequent development.

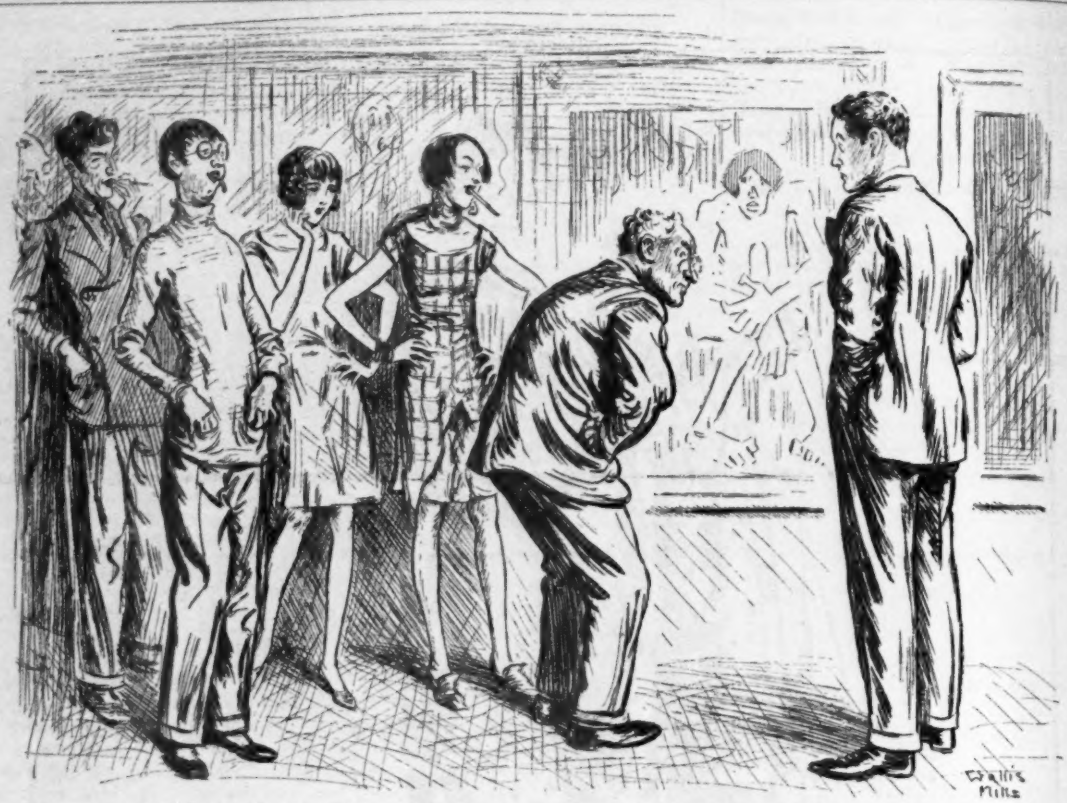


Mr HENRY AINLEY

by George Belcher.

Francesca's lover—so we saw you first
When on the Great Adventure's track you burst;
Slim were you then, but, having won the quest,
Threw off your passion from a stouter chest;
Till (lastly) Beatrice, laying down her arms,
Made chaste surrender to your ample charms.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XII.



Expert (visiting Art School, to young man of perfectly sound appearance). "WHOSE IS THIS?"
Art Student. "MINE, SIR."
Critic. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE IT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FROM what I saw of his last work I was pretty confident that *The Letters of Maurice Hewlett* (METHUEN) would reveal a rare personality. They do, and luckily they have been edited and prefaced by a man supremely competent to handle them. If any but a fellow poet had praised HEWLETT for subordinating letters to life, our *literati* might have shrugged their shoulders. But when Mr. LAURENCE BINYON does it the aberration may not only be allowed to pass but even to make its mark in passing. To a certain extent HEWLETT sacrificed a born artist to an ethically self-made man. Usually of course the sacrificing is the other way. Yet HEWLETT's wave may perhaps carry us further in the future, though he himself, like all pioneers, died in the trough and not on the crest of it. Apart from disquisitions on his craft, his letters have no great literary interest. They are simple and forthright, unaffected by either the vices or virtues of his early prose style. But they trace his spiritual progress from the "moody, irresolute and hatefully reserved" schoolboy, through the purveyor of "pure entertainment," to the almost Franciscan advocate of the English villager—the poet of "The Song of the Plow." On the domestic side their revelations are all lovable, and you learn to share HEWLETT's own devotion to "the dear old stained house soaking in the sun" at Broad Chalke, and the garden he made and abandoned and got back and abandoned again. When he finally forgoes house and garden it is because "happiness lies in having as little as possible, not as much." Personally I would rather have lived this sentiment than written "Richard Yea and Nay." But buy the book and take up the challenge for yourself.

A perusal of *The Sacred Tree* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) has left me wishing for yet another volume from the enthusiastic and delicate pen of Mr. ARTHUR WALEY. But this, I rather regret to say, is not that third portion of *The Tale of Genji*, which the abrupt termination of the present instalment promises, but a critical history of Japanese fiction. If on being asked to admire an unprepossessing child you have ever consoled yourself by marking the grace and good faith with which the mother exhibits it, you will appreciate the relief with which I re-read Mr. WALEY's introduction after paying my service to his text. I still consider Lady MURASAKI's novel a portent rather than a work of art, but I am quite extraordinarily interested in Mr. WALEY's reasons for thinking otherwise. These and his essay on *Genji's* literary predecessors are models of argument and exegesis. But *Genji* himself is a poor puppy—a toy for any and every lady's sleeve. His wife, the delightful *Murasaki*, almost disappears in the present volume. She is childless and obscure. The death of the old Emperor, his father, endangers *Genji's* position and that of his paramount idol, *Fujitsubo*. *Fujitsubo* "enters religion," *Genji* goes into exile. But both return to Court, the lady intermittently, her lover for good, before the close of the volume. This sees *Fujitsubo* assisting at a picture-show at the palace and *Genji* characteristically urging on *Murasaki* the adoption of his illegitimate daughter. Mr. WALEY claims that the construction

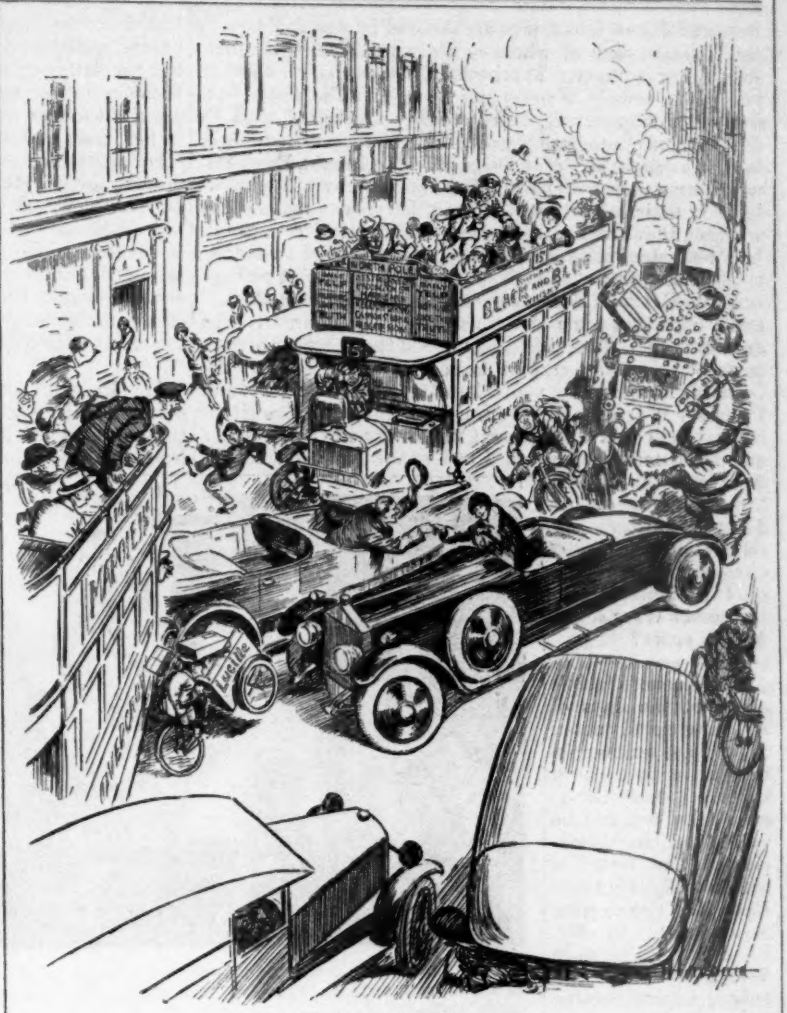
of the whole novel is classical. It has, he says, elegance, symmetry and restraint. I should deny the symmetry, challenge the restraint—there is no sign that I can see of the canalization of great power or passion—and allow the elegance. A periwig classic perhaps, a garden temple in stucco. Certainly no relic of the golden age.

This book, by Mrs. COMYNS CARR—
  The wife of "JOE," whose versatility
Carried him nothing like so far
  As men with half of his ability—
Relates the story of a life
  Whose hours were generally sunny,
And gave her, both as girl and wife,
  Plenty of fun on little money.

Here you will find amusing tales
  Of cranks and Admirable Crichtons,
Of sprats pretending to be whales,
  Of minnows striving to be Tritons;
Sketches by SARGENT, facts in proof
  Of his magnanimous humanity;
Stories of TOOLE'S delight in spoof,
  And PELLEGRINI'S weird profanity.

Here you will read of golden dreams
  Of fortune, vistas most alluring,
Materialised in sundry schemes
  That proved more brilliant than enduring;
Of neither "cabbages nor kings,"
  But yet of salads and princesses,
Of WHISTLER'S impish flouts and flings,
  Of ELLEN TERRY'S hats and dresses.

These *Reminiscences* I find
  Full of good sayings, wise or witty,
And revelations of a mind
  Untainted by the least self-pity;
Loyal to friends, yet not their slave,
  Weaving a multi-coloured tissue
Of happy memories, gay or grave,
  For Messrs. HUTCHINSON to issue.



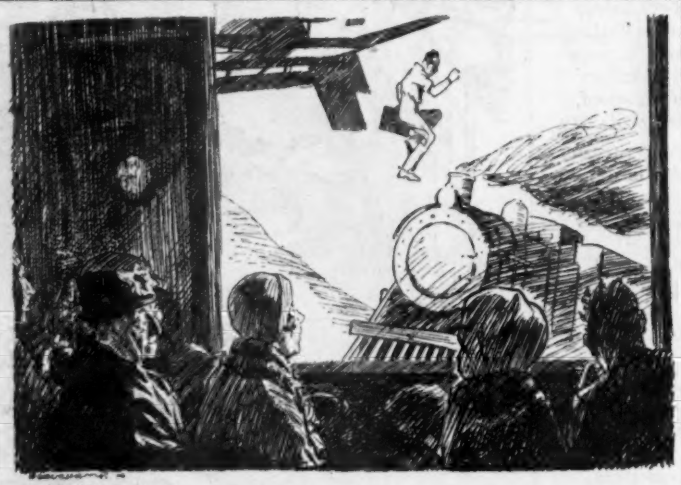
THE MEETING.

I do not know if Mr. RICHARD HOPE, whose name appears on the title-page of a rather remarkable work called *Love Letters of an Anarchist* (CECIL PALMER), has committed any previous indiscretions in the way of writing books. He has taken some pains to disguise his connection with this one, providing us not only with a Naval Commander, one *Richard Trefusis*, who is supposed to have written the letters in his scanty intervals off duty in war-time, but making him hand over the manuscript on his death-bed to a more sober-minded mess-mate called *Wilfred Lamb*, who signs the few pages of introduction and professes to have edited and arranged the volume. *Commander Trefusis*, one gathers, was not exactly typical of our younger officers of the Senior Service. It is true he was a great lover, but he was also a man of ideas, endowed with a more than common faculty of expression. *Mr. Lamb*, I perceive, characterises him as "self-centred, egotistic, conceited, truculent, inconsistent, childlike, intensely irritating," and Naval officers do not commonly merit these adjectives; but then his friend had just accused him of being not only a fool but a careful fool, and the words had no doubt left a sting. Still, the supposed editor has arranged his commander's love-letters so as to leave a tolerably favourable impression of *Dick Trefusis*, and has contrived to weave them into a fair exposition of a reasoned philosophy and, incidentally, to tell a sort of story in the process. The late Commander's views are of the sort that publishers love to placard as provocative, challenging, paradoxical; and they are expressed in these pages with quite sufficient force and fire. He has a lot to say on Sex, and the Theatre, and Equality and (naturally) on the various aspects of Marriage. And he has a very sound idea of the position of *Punch* among the humorous papers of the world. On the whole his bashful introducer, Mr. HOPE, may be encouraged to come forward next time in the first person.

The Blighty Industries Association has hit on an excellent and novel method of assisting the severely disabled soldiers for whose benefit it exists: it intends next autumn to hold a loan exhibition in London of trophies from Scottish deer forests, along with a special display of the products of the Association, particular among which is, as everyone ought to know, Scotch homespun. As a preliminary to this exhibition and in aid of the Association, Messrs. SIMPKIN MARSHALL have just published *The Book of the Red Deer and Empire Big Game*, admirably edited by Messrs. JOHN

Ross and HUGH GUNN, who are assisted by a staff of twenty contributors, each of whom is a distinguished sportsman, scientist or explorer. The book, which can be obtained in two parts, namely, *Empire Big Game* and *The Book of the Red Deer* respectively, is very finely illustrated both by sketches and photographs; and there is moreover an *édition de luxe*, in a delightful jacket designed by Mr. LIONEL EDWARDS, which comprises both parts. The articles are all that knowledge of their subject and the art of letters can make them, whether they treat of sport from an historical or natural-historical standpoint, and equally when they look at it along the barrel of a rifle; though not the least interesting perhaps is Mr. V. BALFOUR BROWNE'S "Stalks with a Sketch-Book;" and I hope that some of the trophies thus secured will be on exhibit too. I cordially recommend the purchase of both parts of this really graphic book, for, if you support the Overseas Empire only, you 'll lose COLQUHOUN OF LUSS and Professor WATSON, and, if your heart is entirely in the Highlands, you 'll miss both General WOODYATT on Indian shikar and Dr. CHRISTY on pigmies and okapis, which I should hate you to do. By the way, why are Sir JOHN GOODWIN'S excellent photographs of obviously Indian game used to illustrate Sir LAWRENCE WALLACE on African sport?

The "bluenose" ship's officer of the days of sail was generally noted as a fine seaman, a hard driver and a hard hitter. I doubt, however, if in real life he was often so blood-stained and brutal a ruffian as *Captain Anson Campbell*, whose career is described by Mr. FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE—himself, I believe, a Nova Scotian born—in his novel, *Captain Salvation* (T. FISHER UNWIN); and I am quite sure he did not usually trouble to discourse about his amorous diversions ashore in a vein of pseudo-classical bombast. But then, of course, not many master mariners are ex-divinity students, though the converse case, curiously enough, is by no means so uncommon. Mr. WALLACE writes of the sea and of ships so well and with so much genuine knowledge and feeling that it is a pity he should have managed to convey so repellent an impression of his central character.



The Mother. "YES, YOU MAY THINK HE 'S YOUR IDEAL MAN, FLO, BUT HE 'S NOT THE SORT TO MAKE A WOMAN HAPPY. HE 'D ALWAYS BE TAKING UNDUE RISKS."

In writing his *Letters to a Friend* (HUTCHINSON) M. ALEXANDRE RIBOT, true friend of the Entente, has availed himself of a means of expression more convenient to handle, perhaps, than formal "memoirs," yet his subject-matter is not at all the kind of easy or confidential talk one associates with the sympathetic hearing of a friend. Being concerned as they are with the inner history of France during the War, and defending, as far as it has been challenged, his own action on several critical occasions, these letters are personal only in so far as the writer was himself the central, though very modest, figure in the historic scenes described. For a third of his pages indeed, while recording the vital operations of French and Allied finance as part and parcel of the War problem, he is so technical that readers unaccustomed to thinking in milliards of francs may reap little beyond a certain degree of mystification; but once he has left the Ministry of Finance and its intricacies M. RIBOT becomes rather more human and he gives clear impressions of the men chosen by fate to be the leaders of France in her hours of destiny. BRIAND, PAINLEVÉ, POINCARÉ and other statesmen are all drawn from close and continued observation, together with soldiers such as FOCH, PÉTAIN and NIVELLE; yet, in spite of much accomplished portraiture and of the author's captivating frankness where he himself is concerned, one cannot help feeling that the things he refrained from saying, even between the lines, loom large enough behind the veil of his discretion to throw some considerable shadow over his pages. I think that his book loses more than it gains from a rather over-literal translation.

Mr. RICHARD HUGHES is, as well befits a young man, before all an experimentalist. Of the twenty-two pieces that make up *A Moment of Time* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), from the long short story "Lochinvárovič," a whimsical account of a Balkan lover who with the courage born of liquor stole the bride from her groom at the church door under the rifles of the wedding guests, to the "Diary of a Steerage Passenger," which, among other things and with others of these sketches, shows that the author has chosen to suffer harsh experiences for copy's sake, every one has almost a radical distinction of treatment or viewpoint. The link is a poet's vision and a craftsman's fastidious sense of word-values. Of two ghost stories, each makes its effect in a different way; there are dream pieces and fantasies, queer essays in metaphysics which I could not follow; in fact, an engaging pot-pourri of which it is difficult not to attempt to snatch all the essence at a sitting, not perhaps the best way with this delicate kind of thing. Mr. HUGHES also is one of a small band of writers who understand the art of their brothers, the painters, though I do not think the blackguard artist who stole young *Martha's* drawings would have turned her adrift so harshly, even to save his own soul. However, likely enough, the author knew his creature better than I.

Winter Wheat (FABER AND GWYER) has introduced me to a novelist whose future work I mean to follow curiously. It is a story of peasant life, and henceforth, as far as fiction is concerned, I shall rank Buckinghamshire among the first-class counties. In telling her tale of a handsome love-child, at once a determined wooer and an arrogant bully, Miss ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK has had the courage to face the truth, which is tragedy, and could have been nothing else. Those who expect novels to be merely amusing are warned not to approach this history of *Jason* and *Nancy Unthank*. But, if you are looking for a tale whose characters are drawn with deep understanding, here is your desire—and a real work of art.

CHARIVARIA.

A WRITER says that, whatever the result of the Boat-Race, both crews will uphold the usual traditions of English sport. But they can't *both* lose.

* * *

According to a Belgrade message there is a young man living in Inspalato, Dalmatia, who thinks he is a racehorse. The animal we put our money on the other day seems to be labouring under the same illusion.

* * *

A critic described VERA Lady CATHCART'S play, *Ashes*, as being as bad as a play could possibly be. This is the sort of sweeping statement that puts our amateur dramatists on their mettle.

* * *

"The trombone is a noble instrument," says Dr. HENRY COWARD. The trouble of course is that people won't leave it alone.

* * *

"I ran against pretty little Angela Paget," says a gossip writer. These gossip writers should look where they are going.

* * *

It is said that there are fewer English sparrows in America than there used to be. Ellis Island again, we suppose.

* * *

Convicts in certain prisons are being taught French, but the only answer some of them will give to "*Où est la plume du jardinier de ma tante?*" is "Not guilty."

* * *

It is reported that a shepherd's hut has been fitted with wireless during the lambing season. Now that we have aerials in Arcady the next thing will be that sheep will insist on an Eton clip.

* * *

A firm of ink manufacturers declares increased profits owing to the popularity of the fountain-pen. But it 's not the amount used in entering the figures in an income-tax form that counts. It 's what 's left behind in the waistcoat-pocket.

* * *

The real reason the companies have started covered-in buses is that since the introduction of the gyratory traffic system they are afraid passengers will get giddy and fall off before they 've paid their fares.

* * *

It is predicted that before long we shall see business firms called "So-and-So and Daughter." But if mother is the senior partner it will probably be "So-and-So, Sisters."

* * *

"It is disgraceful that people should be run down in public thoroughfares," says Sir THOMAS GRANGER. The answer, of course, is that motorists cannot be expected to chase persons up blind alleys.

* * *

It is said that the International Chess Players Trade Union has decided on a "go slow" policy for its members.

* * *

"Cobwebs are unhealthy," according to a headline. We have always found them rather frail.

* * *

"I suppose even professors may be regarded as human beings," said Mr. Justice MCCARDIE the other day. We agree. In fact they are so much like human beings that it often takes an expert to tell the difference.

* * *

"April will soon be here," mentions a correspondent in a daily paper. He must use the same kind of calendar as we do.

* * *

"Primarily," we read, "American films are made to cater for American tastes." This is a very comforting thought.

* * *

Official summer time will be synchronized in England, France and Belgium this year. Travellers will thus be spared the discomfort of sudden changes of temperature at the frontiers.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the number of Yorkshiremen holding prominent positions in High Wycombe. As the law stands at present we fear the inhabitants have no redress.

* * *

Steps are to be taken to do away with the rocking motion of L.C.C. trams. This will be good news to those who have been deterred by fears of *mal-de-tram* from this delightful mode of travel.

* * *

"No comedian can live and thrive in the atmosphere of beauty choruses, ukulele specialists, corps de ballets and jazz orchestras," says Sir HARRY LAUDER. He says nothing about bagpipes.

* * *

With reference to an alleged attempted burglary it is pointed out that this is a crime that cannot be committed before 9 P.M. Burglars regard it as very unfair that other criminals can begin trying to buy cigarettes an hour earlier.

* * *

The recent defeat of a team of golfers by a team of archers is not taken seriously in golfing circles. It is realised that there are plenty of golfers well able to hold their own with the longbow.

* * *

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is reported to have been seen in light-brown boots with suède uppers. In Opposition circles this is regarded as an artifice to divert attention from his Budget.

* * *

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN is mentioned as a possible guest at the annual dinner of the Critics' Circle. Assurances have of course been given him that he will not be pelted with custard-pie.

* * *

According to Professor BURNS each person's ears are tuned to a different note. We must try to discover what wave-length our restaurant-waitress uses.

* * *

A newspaper writer states that girls in America cannot marry so early as those in England. Perhaps not; but when once they start they marry much oftener.



Visitor. "DON'T YOU LIKE TO RECITE, DEAR?"
Child. "NO. BUT MUMMIE ALWAYS ASKS ME BECAUSE IT MAKES PEOPLE GO."

"The Oxonians had the assistance of a London R.C. to pull them along between Hammersmith and Putney Bridges."
Sunday Paper.

A Cambridge correspondent writes to inquire if this is quite fair.

THE WONDER OF WHITEHALL.

[In the House of Commons last week, Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, M.P., ventilated the idea of abolishing the mounted sentries at the Horse Guards.]

ECONOMY, that in the course
Of carrying out its painful duty
Has drained the Departmental source
Of Whitehall's civil strength and beauty,
Would further spoil that hallowed haunt;
But, ere its horrid scope gets larger,
We intervene and cry, "Avaunt!
Hands off the Household Charger!"

Our streets have little else but jazz,
O WINSTON, wherewithal to perk us—
Dazzle that scares the buses as
They circle Piccadilly Circus;
If from our Blues your Budget takes
Their sentries' mounts and has 'em scrapped, you're
Killing the last romance that makes
The nursemaid swoon with rapture.

I too adore those splendid twins
(Rigid as some equestrian statue),
Whose eyes, peculiar to the "Tins,"
Look into space and never at you;
And I would count that man a brute
Whose axe should lay, with sudden jab, low
The steeds that help to constitute
That titillating tableau.

KENWORTHY, who was once a limb
Of our unmounted naval forces—
Pray what should horses be to him
Or, for that matter, he to horses?
But, if this way his fancy leans
To bring the Treasury chest a slight haul,
Let him dismount the Horse Marines
And spare the Pride of Whitehall. O. S.

THE HUM OF THE HIVE.

A FUTURE FOR FAGS.

THERE has been no more sensible development in our social life than the adaptation of the "fagging" system of our Public Schools to the requirements of later years.

I am not certain to whom credit for the inception of this useful idea is due, but I could name several men in easy circumstances who have followed his lead in employing a "fag" to combine the functions of a secretary and a valet—with a few others thrown in.

I learnt something of a grown-up "fag's" life yesterday afternoon, from Rupert Fitzalgernon, when I found him occupying an hour off duty by a stroll in the Park. Lord Fitzalgernon's youngest son is employed in that capacity by Sir Aylwin Swypes, the present head of the well-known brewing family.

The versatile "Rupie," as he is familiarly called, explained to me that the life is redeemed from monotony by the multifarious character of his duties, which range from the breaking-in of new boots to the cooking of chafing-dish suppers, and include the care of Sir Aylwin's wardrobe, the typing of diplomatic answers to the numerous love-letters received by so eligible a bachelor, and the exercising of the dog.

The position of course is a confidential one, and carries a comfortable salary with all found and plentiful "perks," such as clothes that have hardly been worn and dancing-partners nearly as good as new. Altogether this seems to open up a career for the thousands of young men of good social standing but small means who are thrown upon the world with all the advantages of a Public School education except intellectual attainments that can be turned to account.

TCHEHOVITIS.

The Russian cult, which is the latest thing in high-brow circles and is of course the outcome of the TCHEHOV vogue, is not a difficult one to adapt oneself to if one has the knack of assuming a despondent fatalism, and if one can remember the Christian names of other people's fathers, so as to be able to address them in the appropriate manner.

A few evenings ago I was taken to one of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Lofthead's weekly gatherings at their flat in Hampstead. The guests assembled in a severely furnished room, at one end of which was an ikon, the decorations on the walls consisting of pictures of the Steppes in winter and of the banks of the Volga on a wet day. The central object was a samovar on a stove.

On arrival, following the example of others, I said, "Good evening, Violet, daughter of Percy. Good evening, Horace, son of Albert."

Then we all sat round the samovar and sipped tea in mournful silence for a long time.

At length a sad-faced lady in grey sackcloth said, "Excuse me, Violet, daughter of Percy, what is your theory of why we were any of us born?"

"In order that we might be miserable, Barbara, daughter of Frederick," answered Mrs. Lofthead.

There was a groan of approval, and then the lady asked again, "Excuse me, Violet, daughter of Percy, why is it that we do not all destroy ourselves? Is it because the river is so cold, or because poison and firearms are so hard to obtain?"

"Surely, Barbara, daughter of Frederick, it is because of the fear that we might be vulgarly happy in the next life," said Mrs. Lofthead. "Let us make the most of our wretchedness."

There was another groan of approval, and after that we sat and sipped and brooded in silent melancholy until it was time to go. At parting we each thanked our host and hostess for a deliciously Russian evening.

OUR BETTORS.

If the proposed Betting Tax is carried into effect and the street bookmaker ultimately receives official stabilisation we are not unlikely to see some extremely interesting disclosures.

It is commonly supposed that the street bookie is a medium of speculation resorted to only by members of the lower classes, such as charwomen and recipients of the dole. That this is far from being the case will, I am sure, be readily believed by anyone who reflects that smartness of attire does not necessarily guarantee a large supply of spare cash nor an historic surname a credit account with a firm of Turf Commission Agents.

On any morning I could point out within a stone's-throw of Bond Street a faultlessly-tailored man strolling to and fro, apparently killing time or waiting for somebody. Presently a fashionably-dressed lady approaches him. He raises his hat. They shake hands, exchange a few words and part.

In that handshake she has passed him a slip of paper recording the investment of two-and-sixpence on a horse in the Three-Thirty.

The incident is repeated again and again, and the same thing is to be observed at many a corner in Mayfair and Upper Belgravia.

It would, of course, be indiscreet to mention names. If I did so those of both bookmakers and their clients would be recognised as belonging to some of the brightest ornaments of Society.



THE SOFT-WORD PUZZLE.

Mr. Baldwin. "CAN ANYBODY THINK OF ANOTHER WORD FOR 'SUBSIDY'?"



Beggar (to lady who is a long time getting a copper out of her purse). "'URRY UP, MUM! I'VE LOST SEVERAL CUSTOMERS WHILE YOU 'VE BEEN FIDDLIN' WITH THAT PURSE."

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

ENOCH JONES: A CAUTIONARY TALE.

(*After Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC.*)

THE dreadful fault in Enoch Jones
Was his atrocious joy in bones.
When other boys were playing ball
Or sprinting gaily in the hall,
Enoch, with spectacled red eyes,
Was poring on his latest prize—
A rabbit's head, a wing or claw
Of some dead parrot or macaw,
A monkey's tail, a reindeer's foot
And similar uncanny loot.
Once the inspiring little man
Brought a new treasure in a can,
A Carib skull (authentic, quite,
And grinning in a deathly bite);
And once, the House remembers, he
Returned to school with horrid glee
Bearing a common occiput
Sold as belonging to KING TUT.
With femur, digit, spine or skull
The wretched boy was never dull,
And simple haddocks (bony things)
Lifted his spirit as on wings.
In Science, History and Art
He praised no name save BONAPARTE.
In short, with such a craze for bones,
A beastly lad was Enoch Jones.

So deep the boy's preoccupation
With his unpleasant recreation
He scarcely troubled soon to eat
And frankly scoffed at boneless meat.
He spurned potatoes and made scenes
When he was offered healthy greens;
Refused his porridge, left his tea
And grew as thin as thin could be.
His parents, who were decent folk,
Came down (his mother in a toque,
His father in top hat) to beg
The errant child to eat an egg;
But no, he pushed the food away,
Still pondering on vertebræ.
They brought him chops, but all he did
Was cut the bone out—which he hid.
Chicken they brought, but there again
His mania was all too plain.
The same with essences of beef
And jellies rich beyond belief;
For still he would not feed, his moan
Was just to look upon a bone,
A bone to handle, dandle, break.
His parents wept for pity's sake;
The Science Master took to drink
And poured his acids down the sink;
"What use," he cried with doleful noise,
"Is science when it kills our boys?"
The sequel, as you may infer,
Is rather sad and sinister.

Lacking all nourishment, young Jones
Became a pallid bag of bones,
And (this might be enlarged upon)
Died and became a skeleton.

The funeral, a grand affair
At sunny Weston-Super-Mare,
Was notable for one short speech
By the Headmaster, Doctor Teech,
Who, coughing slightly, said, "Attend
To Enoch's pitiable end.
A nice lad, Jones, but far too prone
To see this life in terms of bone."
His Pa, a kindly man, but proud
Of never thinking things aloud,
Remarked, removing his top hat,
"Er—well—ah, foolish boy, that's that."
His Mamma, in a new black toque,
Cried weakly, "Oh, my heart is broke!"
A slip in grammar which the Head
Noted but left his thought unsaid.
And so, as Pa said, that is that.
Enoch is dead—"*Requiescat.*"

W. K. S.

"During one of the attacks on him in the Chamber this evening M. Malvy fainted in the arms of M. Briand and was carried insensible from the Chamber. On his recovery he was kissed by M. Herriot, President of the Chamber, and fainted again."—*Daily Paper.*

M. MALVY has our sincere sympathy.

EXPLOSIVE GOLF.

THE recent match, in which a team of archers defeated some eminent golfers at their own game, the former being armed with bows and arrows and the latter with the usual clubs, has led to several interesting experiments with the view of varying and possibly improving the royal and ancient game. One of the most important of these has been made by the military authorities, who are notoriously eager to explore new ideas and methods. They soon recognised the possibilities of combining the competitive recreational element with practical applied ballistics and the use of ground. The details have been worked out by the General Staff and the form of training that they have evolved is known as "Explosive Golf."

Each team is armed with a field-gun, a howitzer (for high-angle shots) and a trench-mortar, and includes a bomber or grenade-thrower. The "holes" consist of prominent objects, into which each side has to hole-out with any of its weapons. Successive shots are played, or rather fired, from the actual burst-mark of the previous one. The lengths of the holes vary from a few hundred yards—necessitating only a trench-mortar and a couple of good bomb-shots—to six or seven miles, which would require two full field-guns and a howitzer before one could consider oneself to be within reasonable holing-out distance.

I have been privileged to witness a trial game between Red and Blue teams. Each side started with a good straight gunshot off the first tee and followed it up with a crisp howitzer to within a hundred yards or so of the objective. The trench-mortars both failed to get the exact range, but the bombers, using admirable judgment and perfect strength, holed out for a half in bogey four.

Going to the second hole Red sliced their tee-shot badly and Blue became one up. This lead did not last for long, however, for at the very next hole Blue's long howitzer approach-shot gave a premature air-burst, for which the penalty is the loss of stroke and distance. Steady but uneventful play continued until the seventh hole, where Red's tee-shot made such a large crater in the soft ground that neither of their long-hitters was able to take up a comfortable stance. After some thought the Red commander decided to use his field-gun again, but the effect of firing with one wheel considerably higher than the other was to impart a quick hook to the shot, which landed half-a-mile out to sea and was deemed to be lost.

At the eighth hole Blue had the misfortune to strike a factory, and this gave them an awkward second shot, since the actual burst-mark of the first was in the basement. After repeated efforts to bomb their way out Blue picked up, Red having meanwhile holed out with a lucky direct hit from six thousand yards.

With the score all square and one to play the excitement was intense, and several spectators approached much too near to the line of flight for safety. Red hit a low ricochet, which travelled quite a long way before it burst. Blue responded with a real screamer, which unfortunately hit a haystack and gave them a nasty lie for their second. However, they replied to Red's perfect pitch with a glorious drift-shot round a cathedral, and both sides were left within trench-mortar range of the hole. Neither got down in three, however, and a half in four seemed inevitable until Blue's bomber, in a moment of nervous aberration, omitted to pull out his safety-pin, with the result that his putt, though well aimed, failed to explode. Red made no mistake, and the victory went to them by the narrow margin of one up.



Hostess (to guest who has arrived in dinner-jacket). "OF COURSE I THINK IT LOOKS PERFECTLY SWEET, DEAR. BUT WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND SAY?"
Guest. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT—WE'VE EACH GOT OUR OWN."

From a general knowledge examination paper:—

"Write about ten lines on: (a) Keeping animal pets; (b) rearing silkworms on tadpoles."

With regard to (b) we never allow our silkworms to indulge in this diet; we find it is apt to produce frog in the throat.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

VII.—*Les Orateurs.*

"In the plain of alluvions," said the English guide-book sold to foreigners, "formed by the confluence of the Rhone and the Durance, an abrupt rock erects itself on the shore of the Rhone. This is the cradle of Avignon. . . . Seven French popes ruled in Avignon for seventy years, succeeded by two anti-popes. We can't think of writing even summarily the history of ours pontiffs: it is too rich."

The time was 10.15 A.M.

"We must go out instantly," said Natacha, "and see this Palace of the Popes."

"I have already seen this morning," I said, swinging myself lazily on my rocking-chair, "an omnibus drawn by three mules abreast."

"Come on," she said.

"Have you realised," I objected, "that Napoleon stayed at this hotel when he visited Avignon?"

"We must go and see the Palace of the Popes," she repeated.

I bought a copy of the Paris *Daily Mail* and went. Nevertheless I am glad now that I bestirred myself, for otherwise I should not have listened to the full unfettered eloquence of a Provençal guide.

Of the exterior of the Palace of the Papes much has been written, not only in guide-books but elsewhere. It is a fine castellated mansion, standing in own grounds many feet above sea-level and commanding a wide prospect of the surrounding country and of the river Rhone, suitable for nobleman, prelate or king. Considered as a temporary country residence, it is not one of which the Papacy need be in any way ashamed, but the fact that it was used for so many years as an infantry barracks and has never been refurnished renders the interior a trifle *triste*. It has no central *chauffage*; it has no lift. Everything that the Popes may have done to render it homelike has long since disappeared. Not for nothing, therefore, are visitors conducted over this remarkable edifice by a man who might be beaten in a contest of oratory by St. Chrysostom, but only by an adverb or two.

They say that M. Briand is a great orator, and that in a moment of time he converted Sir Austen Chamberlain to the suggestion that Nicaragua, I think it was, should have a permanent place upon the Council of the League of Nations. M. Briand is a Breton. Let us thank Heaven that he is not a Provençal, or by this time Cochin China might be the arbiter of the destinies of the world.

It was a morning when by some strange accident no other English tourists were visiting the Palace of the Papes, and when by some still stranger accident no Americans were there at all. The little crowd consisted, except for us, of pilgrims from the more northerly parts of France.

"Let us skulk," I said to Natacha, "in the offing."

We hid ourselves behind the ramparts of a tremendous Normandy dame.

In appearance our guide resembled, almost precisely, Marshal Foch. He was dressed in uniform and wore a number of medals. He conducted himself violently with a bâton. By every trick of the rolling eye, of the modulation and inflection of the human voice, by laughter, by tears, he fascinated, he compelled. There was particularly one rather dowdy and plain-featured young woman whom, if I had not known better, I should have said that he was about to carry away by storm. It was not merely that he poured over those vast spaces between those high barren walls a cascade of French history, rapid with enthusiasm, sparkling with anecdote. Not merely that he never missed a date. Only four English dates remain firmly fixed in my own memory—the Battle of Hastings, the Battle of Agincourt, the beginning and the end of the reign of King George III. Why that should be so I cannot say. Probably the Freudians would make terrible things of it. I pass it over generously to them. . . . I have heard English guides equally prolific of dates, and even heard them equally eloquent on the subject of bishops and kings; but our guide knew well enough that the infantry barracks in which the popes had lived required more than mere history to mellow it. He realised that the sun was shining gloriously outside and that inside that splendid desolation might have a chilling influence both on the pocket and the soul. At frequent intervals he led us to the parapets and embrasures and, ceasing to conduct the orchestra of history, conducted the orchestra of Provence.

How he made his transitions I never knew; I only knew that from Clement and Innocent and Urban we were suddenly swept into this:—

"And beyond"—out flew the bâton—"stretches the country, the glorious country of Provence, the land of the mimosa and the vine, famed for its poets and its troubadours and the beautiful eyes of its maidens"—(here his gaze would rest languorously for a moment upon the plain-featured young woman)—"the land where lovers wander for ever in leafy lanes (*rallentando*) listening to the nightingale and the cicale and the melodious sound of the streams—Provence, whose heart never grows old (*con amore*), into which if you wander, and to which if you give yourselves up, you will find the secret of eternal youth!"

Round swept the bâton, and we trooped in to hear about Gregorius XI.



"He's awfully cut up about that scandal. Says he'll never be able to lift his head again."

"Still, that's bound to improve his golf."

* * * * *

And all the time, so insular is the British heart, I should have been more impressed if I had not remembered the station-master at St. Tropez. St. Tropez is the terminus of a toy railway which has a junction at La Foux. St. Tropez is also a Provençal port, to which not much mediæval glory was given and in which no popes and no antipapes have ever reigned. But it was the port of Hercules. St. Tropez arrived there himself, placed between a dog and a cock, on a barge which, pushed by the winds, came to strand itself unexpectedly in the bay. He arrived without a head. This had been forcibly removed from him by the Emperor Nero. He must, however, have had a passport showing what his head was like, since it is possible to buy in the town a picture-postcard on which his features are clearly shown. By taking off my hat to the lady who sold it to me, both when I entered the shop



"We want a table to ourselves."
"Yes, Sir. There ought to be no difficulty about that."

and when I left it, I obtained a reputation for courtesy almost equal to that of a mediæval troubadour. But that is by the way.

The station-master at St. Tropez is also an orator, as is the ship's carpenter on the quay, who accompanied his oratory with his carpentering tools, a thing I should not have believed possible if I had not heard and seen it done. The station-master's trouble was about a basket, and his view was not that of eulogy but of denunciation. The basket had not been registered, or else it had been registered wrongly, or else it had been brought at the wrong time, or else it had never been brought at all. All that we wanted were tickets—which he alone could supply—the hour of supposed departure of the train being now due. But the station-master was in no mood for trifles. He was talking to a man about a basket. He was in the full flood tide of Demosthenic scorn, and I do not think the remonstrances of a pope or the arrival of a saint would have turned him from the exercise of his gift. Period followed period and gesture succeeded to gesture. He withered his opponent about the basket. The man grew uneasy and tried to laugh, attempted to catch our eyes; but the effort was unavailing. The station-master seized our eyes and held them with his voice and his hand. Just as the victory was complete and the shame-faced enemy had shuffled away, the telephone bell rang. The station-master dashed into his inner office, and from there we heard him pouring forth impassioned rhetoric into the cold transmitter's ear. Evidently they were asking him from La Foux why he had not started the train. He told them. Shutting my eyes I could picture the stricken faces at the other end, the gnawed moustache, the clenching of hands, the frenzied ejaculations of despair.

* * * * *

Who, then, can wonder if an English statesman, even when he knows the language, is sometimes swept away by the tide? Evoe.

"Shirts that laugh at the laundry."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

There's nothing so new in its being hilarious
While at the laundry a shirt abides;
For I've known my laundress return to me various
Shirts that have split their sides.

SUSAN WONDERS.

How shall I know when I'm grown up?
Will it be all in a minute?
Shall I one day look in a crocus cup
And not see a fairy in it?
Shall I suddenly slide from the garden wall
To walk like an aunt, sedately,
With never a hoop or a stick or ball—
Shall I suddenly grow quite stately?

How shall I know when I'm grown up?
Shall I whisk my Sunday dresses
Out of the reach of the spaniel pup
And his pinky tongue's caresses?
Shall I some day sit by the fire for *fun*
When the sun and the wind together
Are calling me out to run, run, *run*
Through the misty autumn weather?

How shall I know when I'm grown up?
Will it be all in a hurry?
Shall I sit quite still when I lunch or sup
And never be called a worry?
Shall I get no thrill from the postman's ring?
Shall I think that sewing's "pleasant"?
Shall I one day tidy the tangled string
Before I peep at the present?

MILITARY DRAMA.

III.

HERE is another play which Private Pullthrough and I have written in collaboration after the astounding success of our previous two. This little drama centres round the most important thing in the whole of a military career, that which makes the heart of every soldier leap beneath his tunic, that which is shared alike by all, from officer to private. I refer to LEAVE.

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*

A dark and windswept parade-ground at 7.30 A.M. on a winter morning. It is deserted. Parade is not till 7.45 A.M.

CURTAIN.

Scene 2.

The same, a quarter-of-an-hour later. "A" Company has just fallen in. The stage by the way, is still in darkness except for the glow of the Sergeant-Major's *cigar, which he is holding behind him.*

A Platoon-Sergeant (calling the roll, while privates reply, "Here, Sir!") . . . Private Palindrome. Private Rumpelstiltskin. Private Smith, A. Private Smith, A. K. Private Smith, A. W. Private Smith, C. (871). Private Smith, C. (104). Private Smith C. (543) . . .

[*When* Private Smith, C. (543), *who is the hero of the play, answers his name, there should be a pause and a spot-light should be turned full on him.*

Another Sergeant (who has had war service). Put that —— light out!

CURTAIN.

Scene 3.

A quarter-of-an-hour later still. There is more light, as during the scene the sun is switched on at the back. No. 2 Platoon, in which, thanks to the previous limelight, the audience will recognise Private Smith, C. (543), *is doing physical drill.*

Sergeant Sikiface, the Platoon-Sergeant (comfortably ensconced in a great-coat). Knees hup! Hup! Hup! Hup! Lift them hup there, Smith! 'Igher! 'Igher! . . .

[*This can go on for ten minutes or so if the stage flooring will stand it. If it doesn't stand it the play just stops at this point.*

Private Smith, C. (543) (to his neighbour, Private Smith, C. (871), in a whisper which the back row of the audience must hear above the crashing of boots, but which the Sergeant mustn't). He is jealous of us because we are going on leave to-day and he has to stay behind.

Private Smith, C. (871) (without enthusiasm). Yes.

[*He is out of breath, and besides he has heard the above information at every rehearsal.*

Sergeant S. 'Igher! 'Igher!

Private S., C. (543) (chattily). It is my opinion that he would like to stop us going.

Private S., C. (871) (shortly). Yes.

[*He is not much of a conversationalist during physical drill.*

Sergt. S. 'Alt. (*They 'alt.*) Was you talking, Smith?

Seventeen Voices. No.

Sergt. S. Smith, C., I mean.

Four Voices. No.

Sergt. S. (giving it up as a bad job). Well, don't let me hear you doing it again.

[*He scowls angrily at* Private Smith, C. (543), *and the audience can see he has it up against him.*

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

A corner of the barracks with some full kit-bags lying against a wall. Some full privates can be heard singing OFF, *"Furlough to-day. Hip-hip hooray!"*

Enter Sergeant Sikiface *very furtively, carrying a safe.*

Sergt. S. (nominally to himself, actually to the audience). I will be even with Smith yet. I will stop his going off on leave. 'Twas a good idea of mine, that it was, to secretly and without anyone noticing abstract the office safe. I will conceal it in Private Smith, C. (543)'s kit-bag and then accuse him. Hist, what 's that? I hear footsteps.

[*A loud tramping breaks out suddenly at this cue.* Sergeant Sikiface *runs to the kit-bags and hurriedly stuffs the safe into one of them.*

Sergt. S. Ah, ha! That will settle him!

[*When* Private Smith, C. (543), *who has been marking time loudly in the wings till he can come on, enters,* Sergeant Sikiface *has moved away and is innocently waving to a friend in the audience.*

Sergt. S. (in a honeyed voice, but swinging his cane nervously). Ah, Smith, just off on leave? Hope you have a pleasant time!

[*He swings his cane still more nervously, hits himself accidentally across the side of the face and goes out.*

Enter more Privates, *who pick up their kit-bags and prepare to go on leave.*

Private S., C. (543) (coming FRONT *and treading on a footlight).* The quality of furlough is not strained; It cometh, as do most things that I know, *Vid* the Sergeant-Major. It is twice . . .

[*Two alarums and excursions,* OFF, *together with cries of "Stop, Thief!"*

Enter a hatless and Sam-Browne-less Company-Commander, *running.*

Company-Commander. The office safe has been stolen!

Enter a Pay-Sergeant *and two* Clerks, *running.*

Private S., C. (543). Tut! What matter? (*Prepares to go on leave.*)

Enter a Sergeant-Major, *having run.*

The Sergeant-Major. The weekly pay was inside it.

Private S., C. (543). Heavens! This is serious. Who can have committed this dastardly outrage?

Enter Sergeant Sikiface.

Sergt. S. (dramatically). I can guess. [*Points to* Private Smith, C. (543)]. That man was prowling round the orderly-room just now. He now appears very anxious to get away. Tell him to turn out his kit-bag.

The Company-Commander (wringing his hands). Smith, do turn out your kit-bag, please, like what the Sergeant says.

[Private Smith, C. (543), *obeys. In his kit-bag are only the usual articles: Shirts, grey, flannel, 1 (and 1 on the man); socks, grey, woollen, worsted, pairs, 2 (and 1 on the man); underpants, woollen, long . . . For complete list see "Clothing Regulations."*

Sergt. S. (astounded). What—nothing there? Look again, my man. Perhaps you 'll find it in your hussif.

Private S., C. (871) (drawing the safe out of HIS *kit-bag).* Why, what 's this?

All (promptly, this being an easy one). The safe!

Sergt. S. (aside). Fool that I was, I put it in the kit-bag of the *wrong* Smith, C.

(*His words are unfortunately not far enough aside, for the* Pay-Sergeant *hears him.*)

The Pay-Sergeant. What—*you* put it in?

[*The* Company-Commander *looks at him.* Sergeant Sikiface *hangs his head guiltily.*

Private S., C. (543). Sir, I forgive him. As I am going on leave, I——

The C.-C. You are not going on leave yet. You too are under suspicion.

Private S., C. (543) (hurriedly). Oh, in that case I don't forgive him. . . But, Sir (*falls on one knee and sobs*), let me have my leave, I beg you!



Accident Case (suddenly reviving—to doctor who has pronounced life to be extinct). "I AIN'T DEAD, GUV'NOR."
Attendant. "NOW, THEN, LIE DOWN. THE DOCTOR KNOWS."

The C.-C. Why? (*Whips out a book and reads.*) "Leave is a privilege and not a right."

Private S., C. (*543*). Yes, I know; but I must——

The C.-C. Have you any good reason?

Private S., C. (*543*) (*in a low voice*). Sir, my wife is expecting——

The C.-C. (*shaken with emotion*). My boy, say no more. Go! And the blessing of your officer go with you.

Private S., C. (*543*) (*waiting till he gets to the wings before he finishes his sentence*). —expecting me back on leave, Sir. [*Exit very hurriedly.*

CURTAIN. A. A.

MARCH DUST.

ALONG the white levels
The little Dust Devils
Turn somersaults after our car,
But, though they annoy us,
At heart we are joyous
For Spring is wherever they are.

When March wind dishevels,
The little Dust Devils
Spread fingers ungallant and rude,
And, running beside us,
They mock and deride us,
Make faces and hang on the hood.

Go on with your revels,
You little Dust Devils,
We know when we watch you at play
There are violets about,
There are daffodils out,
And Summer is well on the way.

W. H. O.

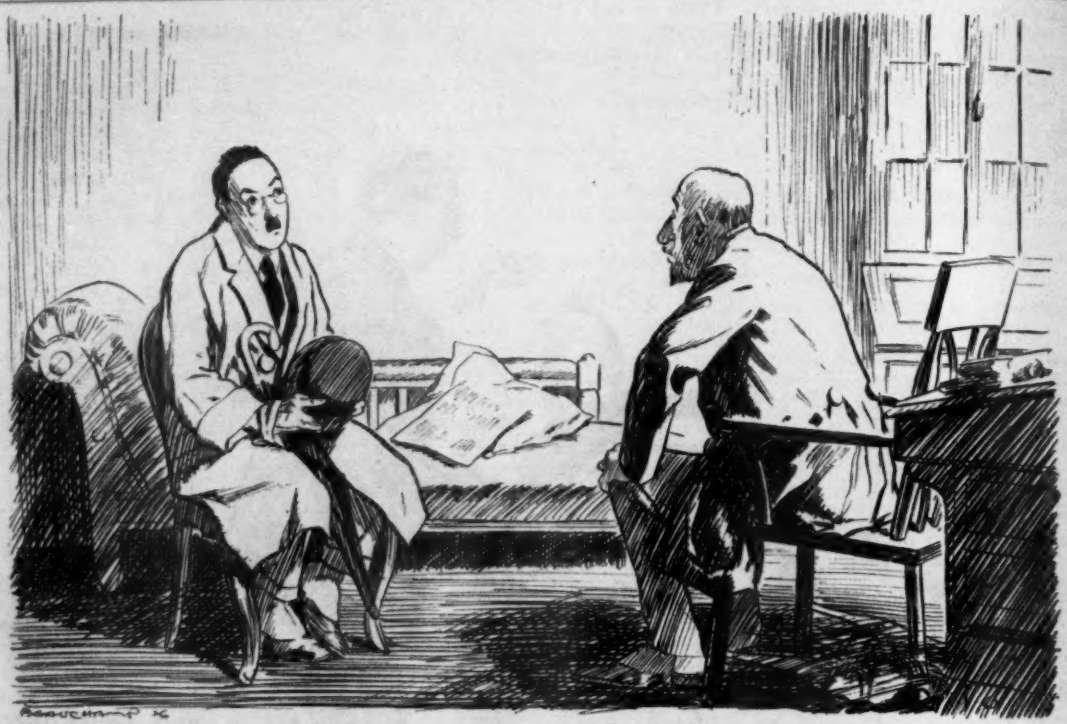
Our Erudite Parodists.

"Mr. Arnold Bennett is reported to have gone to Rome to grow a beard. Apologising to Mr. Keats, the bard is moved to sing:—

I will arise and go now, and make a stay in Rome,
Without my safety razor, for I do not mean to shave;
A long time I shall spend there, for foolish folks at home
Might not know how to behave."

Weekly Paper.

We don't remember anything like this in KEATS.



The Psycho-Analyst. "Now, tell me—do you ever remember anything? Because if so it may mean something."

HUNTING.

"Why," she said, offering me her hand with an air of some surprise, "I thought you were out of Town."

"Oh, no," I answered; "I've only been having a week-end's hunting."

"Have you?" she cried, quite excited. "So have I. How interesting! Did you have any luck?"

"Two kills," I said modestly. "I was in at the death both times."

She looked a little startled.

"I often felt like that," she confessed, "but I never really dared—not once. I thought it wasn't allowed. Tom says the police argue that a house-agent counts just like anyone else. He says it will always be like that till Parliament does something about it."

"I didn't mean house-agents," I explained. "I meant foxes."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, disillusioned. "I call that cruel."

"You should have heard," I said reminiscently, "what a fellow in a peaked cap called it when some of his dogs got in my way, or rather you shouldn't."

"Why ever not?" she asked, astonished. "I've heard Tom when we're going out to dinner and we're late and he's dressing and his collar-stud has rolled under the wardrobe where he couldn't quite reach it."

"Yes, yes," I said, "I daresay—but Tom." I dismissed Tom with a wave of the hand. "He does his best," I admitted, "but no gift, no training, nothing in fact but the will is there."

"You must remember," she protested, defending him loyally, "I called out I could hear every word, and unless he stopped that instant I would walk straight out of the house."

"What did he say to that?" I asked curiously.

"I think I forget," she answered; "just something rather silly about that if I did it would be the only time he had ever known me ready first."

I condemned this reply as obviously irrelevant, and I could see that she was pleased.

"At any rate," she said, "it showed a nice spirit on the part of the peaked-cap man to be afraid his dogs were bothering you."

"Didn't it?" I agreed. "I expect he was born with a kindly thoughtful nature. Some of us are."

"I suppose so," she agreed; "and I have always wanted to meet someone like that. But why do you take the trouble to go into the country to hunt foxes when you might stay in town and hunt houses?"

"For one thing," I reminded her, "foxes do exist and can be found; whereas houses——!"

"Houses can be found too," she insisted. "Why, I know a woman who has a friend whose cousin was told by a house-agent she went to of one that was almost quite too perfect—well-built, as dry, the agent said, as a night-club expecting a police-raid, not too big, not too small, garden, garage, a quite tame telephone and the wireless recently disconnected—everything, in fact; and a landlord with conscientious scruples about asking anything higher than a pre-war rent."

"Do you mind," I asked faintly, "saying that last bit over again, only more slowly?"

"I was surprised myself," she admitted, "but the house-agent said he was a retired baker trying to lead a nobler, higher life."

"That, no doubt," I confessed, "explains much."

"Only unluckily," she went on, "it had been snapped up by another woman just the day before."

"That house," I told her sadly, "is one that has been heard of by many people many times, but the other woman who snapped it up just the day before has never been found yet."

"Still, it's encouraging," she pointed out, "and it gives one confidence. One feels happier; one starts out to look at that agent's other houses in a hopeful mood; one wants to take something

from him so as to keep in touch with a man who sometimes hears of such good things."

"And another woman I met yesterday," she continued eagerly, "knows where there are ever such a lot of houses, perfectly sweet, with every possible up-to-date improvement, including a rubber floor to the kitchen, so that when the maid drops the dishes they'll only bounce and not break; and you only need pay a hundred pounds down to be sure of one. But they aren't built yet."

"It sounds," I confessed, "ideal, yet may remain so. But I didn't know you were thinking of moving."

"Oh, we aren't," she answered, surprised; "it's our landlord who thinks it, not us."

"An optimistic man, no doubt," I said, "like the man who told us we were sure of a good day because he had shot two foxes near his hen-run that night, so he knew there were plenty about."

"I hope," she said, "that you thanked him for letting you know?"

"The Master did his best," I assured her. "A very good best too; for the moment he was like a man inspired."

"I think," she said, looking pleased, "there must be something about hunting that makes people nice to each other. Some people are so abrupt if one tries to tell them anything; and your Master wasn't a bit, was he?"

"Not abrupt," I said; "no."

"And then there was the man you told me about who was so sorry when his dogs got in your way."

"It is like that in the hunting-field," I agreed, "a kindly thoughtful spirit. Why, almost my last run a man tried to jump a deep ditch full of water and fell in instead, and practically every man who jumped that ditch after him yelled to him to keep his head down. You see, if he kept his head up he risked having his brains kicked out."

"Poor fellow," she said. "And if he kept it down?"

"Then drowning was certain," I explained. "But at least they did their best to warn him."

"Didn't anyone get off to help him?" she inquired a little coldly.

"I did," I said proudly.

She rewarded me with an approving smile.

"I know he was grateful," she cried.

"The doctor," I confessed, "seemed to think I ought to be. You see, he broke my fall a good deal; I only sprained a wrist where I might have broken a leg. But I daresay he would have been grateful, if he had been conscious, after I came down on top of him. And as soon as some farm-labourers had got me out I told them to go on looking for him, 'because,' I said nobly, as I wrung the water out of my coat and poured it out of my boots, 'his need is greater than mine.' A sentence and a sentiment," I added thoughtfully, "that will, I expect, go for ever ringing down the endless corridors of time."

"I don't believe," she cried indignantly, "you got off to help him at all."

"But I got off," I urged; "suddenly, certainly, irresistibly, I got off; and all good moralists agree it is the deed that counts."

But she did not seem convinced, and when she bade me good-bye it was without a touch of that high approval which for a moment had shimmered in her smile. E. R. P.



Great Local Light. "SORRY TO BE LATE, BUT I'VE JUST BEEN DISMISSING THE THIRD FOOTMAN."

Somewhat Lesser Light. "REALLY! I'VE JUST HAD TO GIVE NOTICE TO THE SIXTH PARLOURMAID."

Great Local Light. "THE *SIXTH* PARLOURMAID?"

Somewhat Lesser Light. "YES, THE SIXTH SINCE CHRISTMAS."

"What is described as a sea lion, 8 ft. long, weighing about 6 cwt., has been washed ashore dead on Pridmouth Beach, near Fowey, Cornwall, knocked down and badly injured by a motor-car in London Road, Kingston."
Evening Paper.

But was it really a sea-lion? It sounds to us "very like a whale."

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

THE poster on the Parisian hoardings of a well-nourished and fearless man named Captain WALL, with practically nothing on, in the midst of ravening crocodiles, with the printed promise that these creatures performed, excited my curiosity and scepticism rather than my hope. For how, I asked myself, could crocodiles be trained to do things?

It is true that when, some twenty years ago, I first heard of performing seals I had some of the same doubts, but not so many; for, after all, seals are not, on the face of them, so unlikely to be versatile. They have pleasant reassuring contours; their skin, when dry, clothes pretty women and makes them look prettier; their great brown eyes are sympathetic, almost human.

And of course, when we saw them, but more particularly their big cousins, the sea-lions, we were astounded. Another Captain W., as it happens—Captain WOODWARD—put them through their paces, and all the world wondered. To watch sea-lions balancing a billiard-cue as they moved across the stage; to watch them playing intelligently at a ball game; to watch them tossing lighted torches into the air and catching them again—all this was amazing. After years of trying I have not myself yet mastered the art of balancing a billiard-cue on my nose—I with what are called brains, and two solid feet to plant myself on, and the best endeavour possible; yet here was a strange semi-marine monster, furnished merely with two fins and a tail, doing it with abandon and enjoying the applause.

But it is late in the day to be extolling Captain WOODWARD'S troupe; I do so only to emphasise the fact that my surmises with regard to the performing crocodiles were correct. They could not perform. The gallant officer depicted with them merely extracted a dozen of them—mute and sulky saurians—from their receptacle and placed them in the circus ring; and there they remained, either passive or slowly and aimlessly creeping, while—but let me tell you how we were repaid.

For we had our entertainment. Captain WALL is not the man to let down his audience quite so badly as that. It is true that his crocodiles could not perform—unless it be performing to acquiesce when lifted by the tail—but he himself both could and did.

I should say that, in addition to the receptacle in which his troupe reposed, there had been pushed into the arena a glass tank filled with dingy water. This manœuvre we had watched with the lively interest that accompanies all the operations of the slaves of the ring, whose preparations can even be more worthy of attention than the completed turn. Some day, perhaps, theatrical managers will realise this and do their scene-shifting with the curtains up.

I should also say that when the Captain was dealing with his animals he wore a long overcoat and a yachting-cap, making him more than a little like the Exile of Doorn in his old Cowes and Kiel days; but after a moment's disappearance he returned in the exiguous costume of the hoardings, and into the tank proceeded to lower himself. First he ate a banana there; then he smoked a pipe; then he inflated his lungs to their fullest extent and, gently subsiding to the bottom, lay on his side in the attitude of a dead pope on his marble tomb, a living reclining poet thinking of a rhyme, or Madame RÉCAMIER on her couch in DAVID'S famous picture.

We all took out our watches to time the endurance of this remarkable amphibian. The band stopped, having no pelagic accompaniments; not a sound was heard; the crocodiles lay just where they had been deposited, like out-size paper-weights. Lifetimes seemed to pass.

A new-comer to the circus, wondering why the place was so hushed and where the usual activity of the ring could be, would have had a shock—and more especially if he had come hot-foot to see the crocodiles—to find this plump and practically nude gentleman submerged at the bottom of a yellow tank, motionless and reflective, in the lime-light's full glare.

There he lay, with finger to his brow, for what was really only three or four minutes, but seemed to be eternity. You have no notion how long a minute is when you are watching a pink and portly Captain under water.

One had time to think of a thousand things, but the chief of them, in my own case, was speculation as to why the crocodiles were there at all. Was it, alas! that without them the Captain would not be able to get engagements? A bitter thought and a poignant commentary on managerial methods.

"No, we don't care for diving tricks. People are tired of them"—had the manager said that?

"But," I seem to hear the Captain reply, "suppose I could have a few wild animals dotted about the ring while I was performing, wouldn't that make a difference?"

"No doubt it would. But they must be attractive to the public. What animals were you thinking of?"

"Well, say crocodiles," the Captain would reply.

"Crocodiles? Those ugly lizardy things with big mouths full of teeth? Yes, they would do. So long as they didn't bite anyone. I mean anyone except you."

Was it on some such arrangement as this that the Captain secured his place in the bill and on the hoardings? If so, how strange an alliance between man and beast! How curious to think of these creatures being fished out of the Nile for no other purpose than to provide pretext for a variety entertainer to get an engagement in which they took no active part.

I watched them closely as, after the Captain's final emergence, he shook the water from his limbs and acknowledged with a graceful submission of his close-cropped head our enthusiastic applause. I watched them closely. Surely those tears glistening in their eyes were (for once) real!

E. V. L.



Aggrieved Tenant. "HANG IT ALL, MAN, I ONLY SNEEZED LAST NIGHT, AND PIECES OF PLASTER FELL OFF THE CEILING!"

Landlord. "NOW, MY DEAR SIR, I ASK YOU. YOU SURELY DON'T EXPECT A ROMAN CITADEL FOR FORTY POUNDS A YEAR?"



Tactful Opponent (at half-time). "I SAY, I DON'T WANT TO MAKE ANY INSINUATION THAT MIGHT SPOIL A PERFECTLY TOPPING MATCH, BUT HAVE YOU FELLOWS SEEN ANYTHING OF A FAIR-SIZED PIECE OF EAR?"

SHE-SHANTIES.

NANNY.

I SING a long-neglected dame.
Let plays and poets all proclaim
The wonder of the Mother's name
And even that of Granny;
Let others tell with loud hurrahs
The general praises of Papas—
I hymn the Mother of Mammas,
I sing the British Nanny.

Not every pink and girlish thing
That pushes round a pram,
The ancient rock-like NURSE I sing,
Britannia's virgin dam,
That, old as mountains and as stout,
From child to child is passed about
Till, childless yet, she passes out,
The lonely British Nanny.

For she it was that from the first
Refused to judge us by our worst;
We might be yelling fit to burst—
She crooned a cheerful ditty;
Our very Aunts could not deny
That we were small and ugly fry,
But she with fond prophetic eye
Maintained that we were pretty.

Alone of all the human race
She took the kind of view
Of our importance, brain and face,
That we would have men do;
And I can never quite forget
No other person I have met
Considered me a perfect pet,
So here's a health to Nanny!

The artless prattle of a child
Drives nearly everybody wild,
And who that for an hour beguiled
A babe however clever
For all the riches of the rich
Would undertake a life in which
They lived at that exacting pitch
Ten hours a day for ever?

Though even in the mother's joys
A grander cycle dawns
When we grow more like little boys
And less like little prawns,
Our Nanny, in a nobler strain,
Would have us at our worst remain,
A babe for ever pink and plain,
Herself for ever Nanny.

Alas! the twig becomes a bough;
We do not need a Nanny now;
Forgetting her who showed us how,
We walk to death or glory;
And whether Fate blows cold or hot,
Whatever women shape our lot,
It's safe to say a Nurse will not
Be mentioned in the story.

Some other baby far away
Is hers to soothe or slap,
Some NELSON's in the bath to-day,
Some SHELLEY in her lap;
And when I think on this small star
How many mighty men there are,
I call for wine and drain a jar
To England's noble Nannies.

A. P. H.

A FAR BETTER WAY.

IN his search for national wealth in order that his forthcoming Budget may be a success, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL seems to have overlooked the recent discovery of gold in the Red Lake region of Hudson's Bay.

Why in his quest for money does he confine his attempts to this country, where his claim has just about petered out? Has it not been brought home to him that his best plan is to strike another?

We all recognise, of course, that, given two alternative tasks, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is the sort of man to choose the harder; and that may have been his reason for staying at home to extract more money from such as you and I instead of going into the Great White North to dig the good red gold out of the good frozen earth. But he should not forget that he is getting on towards middle-age now and ought to be taking more care of himself.

Even now it is not too late. It is true that thousands of rough-necks are already making tracks for Red Lake Territory, all flushed with the gold-fever. There is not a man of them, however, who has not heard of Mr. CHURCHILL; not a man but knows that he is the guy who wrings hundreds of millions out of the poor boobs who live way back in the



Importunate Continental Shopkeeper. "MADAME WILL BUY IT—YES? SO SHEAP! SO CHARMANT!—THE LITTLE JUMPING-SUIT."

old home-country; and, once let the news get around that "WINSTON is coming," faces that showed mahogany against the snow would pale to the very snow's whiteness and hoarse voices would murmur, "Boys, the game is up. When a go-getter of millions like old man WINSTON is your neighbour, better grab all you got, not forgetting your shirt, and quit."

He would have the place to himself. In peace and quiet he would be free to wield the pick and shake the pan. In the still evenings, lit by the majesty of the Northern Lights, he would forgather with the Ojibway Indians, who would create him a chief of their tribe, naming him Chief Yellow-Stuff Heap, and conferring on him the usual insignia of office (including the striking headdress); or he would look in and have a bite of blubber with the local Esquimaux; or the lone trapper would join him at his camp-fire and they would discuss their different methods of capturing their victims, and the lone trapper would be full of envious admiration.

It is so difficult to understand why the CHANCELLOR does not seek the money in the place where the money is.

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

[A factory owner reports that he has found that his people work faster and better when exciting stories are read aloud to them.]

In view of what we'd have to pay
To deck our domicile,
We wished the workmen would display
A less lethargic style;
And so it did us good to read
That, like the fife and tabor,
Exciting tales were guaranteed
To expedite their labour.

I would, I said, essay to bring
Their visit to an end
And thereby test a little thing
That I had lately penned;
To see if it would really jog
The listener from his languor
I'd try it, though we'd got a dog,
Upon the paper-hanger.

The yarn, I felt, would stand the test
And, acting like a charm,
Produce excitement in the chest
And ardour in the arm;
The only danger I could see
Was lest it made each chap dash
So briskly at his task that he
Might be inclined to slapdash.

But as my ravelled plot untwined
There came a gradual doubt;
They did not seem the least inclined
To chuck themselves about;
In place of the expected rush
Wherein no torpor lingers,
The stationary whitewash brush
Hung down from nerveless fingers.

The damning truth I had to face:
I could not hope to thrill
A picture-jaded populace
With my insipid skill;
Too sad at heart, too full of gloom
To think about ignoring
My critics' views, I left the room
And they continued snoring.

"AMERICA ON THE 'PHONE.

Mr. ——, of the New York *Tribune*, was my partner of the ether. He told me that prohibition in America is an absolute and irreputable fact."—*Scots Paper.*

The local Caledonians, we understand, fully endorse this opinion.

Notice in shop at Mortlake:—

"Wanted, old and broken records."

This will no doubt be encouraging to the crews, but might be a more effective stimulus if displayed at Putney.



LITTLE DOGS' DAY.

"THE DOG AND MAN AT FIRST WERE FRIENDS,
BUT, WHEN A PIQUE BEGAN,
THE DOG, TO GAIN HIS PRIVATE ENDS,
WENT MAD AND BIT THE MAN."—*Goldsmith.*

N.B.—"THE MAN RECOVERED OF THE BITE . . . ."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 15th.—Mr. Jacob wanted to know if one of the Bahama Islands was being acquired by persons of United States nationality. Mr. Amery did not think "the suggestion in the question" was correct. But what was the suggestion? Is the Anti-Prohibition League preparing still further to appreciate the blessings of British liberty, or is Mr. William Randolph Hearst aiming at the annexation of Watling Island, where Christopher Columbus is believed to have first planted the Star-Spangled Banner? The House learned with relief that under Mr. Amery's awful hand we shall still hold dominion over palm and pine-apple, whether the would-be purchasers thirst for glory or cocktails.

I presume that Captain Crookshank was pleased to learn that traffic at Hyde Park Corner will gyrate round the memorials in front of St. George's Hospital and not over their ravished sites. Not so Major Cohen. "Would it not be possible to make it necessary to remove them?" he inquired, thereby recalling Walter Emanuel's classic utterance, "Everybody is asking who is responsible for removing the scaffolding from the Albert Memorial."

In a voice broken with emotion, or at any rate so low that cries of "Speak up!" rose from all sides, Lord Eustace Percy announced that Circular 1371 had ceased upon the midnight without pain. There were no flowers of funereal oratory, by consent if not by request.

Colonel Applin appealed to the Assistant Postmaster-General to make the Mother of Parliaments the Father of parliamentary broadcasting, but dissentient shouts from all sides indicated that in the view of the House the good lady was enough of a *lusus naturæ* already.

The War Secretary explained the Army Estimates to the House with a diffidence that contrasted strongly with the breezy self-satisfaction of the First Lord. He also took the House rather more into his confidence. "The future of mechanicalisation," he explained, "was full of difficulties which must be gradually studied before definite decisions could be reached." This recurrent picture of the strong silent men in the War Office becoming gradually studious always reassures the House. The problem, apparently, is to persuade the public to go to business in armoured omnibuses and cross-country tramcars, so that an adequacy of these vehicles may be available for military purposes when the next war breaks out.

Referring to the manœuvres, the Minister told the House that they had "proved an unqualified success except for the weather," an announcement painfully reminiscent of some of the *communiqués* that used to reach us during the late war. It was consoling



"THEY MADE ME DO IT."

[With Mr. Punch's birthday condolences to Lord Eustace Percy.]

to learn that "the attitude of the inhabitants to the troops was beyond all praise." In the old days it was the invariable practice of the rude peasantry, when asked if they had seen a battle anywhere about, to direct generals down the wrong turning.



A WHIPPET IN ACTION.

Mr. Stephen Walsh.

Criticisms were many and various, but technical for the most part; and ranged in importance from that of Mr. Walsh, who urged the War Office to make up its mind that the horse was nowadays an object only fit for zoos, to that of Captain D'Arcy Hall, who pointed out that there were four-and-a-half staff officers to every battalion, and (with a reminiscence, I suppose, of the old Army joke about bread being the staff of life, and the life of the Staff being one long loaf) thought "the half would be sufficient."

Tuesday, March 16th.—"Let me have cattle about me that are fat" is as near as the Englishman comes to the Julian ideal, but he thinks the purchaser ought to know just how fat they really are. So the House of Lords gave a second reading to the Markets and Fairs (Weighing of Cattle) Bill, which requires that if a market where fat cattle are sold by auction has a weighbridge the cattle shall be weighed on it and the weight disclosed. This is certainly an improvement on the old rough-and-ready method of poking the creature in the ribs and saying "Cough," but just how the *pons bovum* is going to help the householder whose butcher shortweights him half a pound on the Sunday sirloin was not explained.

The Secretary of State for War was unable to tell Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy the exact cost of the mounted sentries at Whitehall, and saw no chance of saving money by "making the horses available for other services." The gallant Member did not reveal the nature of the services he expected them to perform, but it is well known that Central Hull loves a circus.

Puck, who put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, was a paltry performer compared with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, as it were, encircled the whole planetary system of national economics in ninety. Mr. Churchill, however, is the least tedious of financiers, and those twin sprites, "Laughter" and "Ministerial cheers," were with him to the last. The occasion for this financial *tour de force* was the Second Reading of the Economy (Miscellaneous Provisions) Bill, the actual purport of whose miscellaneous provisions was more apparent from the speeches of opponents than from that of its introducer. One Unionist supporter (Mr. Harmsworth) declared that the total economy effected was only three-hundred-and-twenty thousand pounds, while Mr. Snowden, who led the Opposition attack, intimated that the Minister's mountainous labour had not in this case produced even the traditional mouse.

The subjects selected for economy being national health and unemployment insurance, and grants to local authorities for education and other purposes, vivid pictures of Mr. Churchill as a grizzly ogre muttering "fee, fi, fo,

fum," as he smelt the blood of a proletarian, readily suggested themselves to opponents on the Labour benches. Unionists agreed in the main that the Bill did not in fact deprive anybody of anything, but Mr. REMER supported Mr. SNOWDEN'S amendment on the ground that the Bill torpedoed the employer's chance of getting a penny off his contribution to the Unemployment Insurance Fund. The debate was adjourned, and the House passed, not inappropriately, to the Second Reading of the Vinegar Bill.

Wednesday, March 17th.—"The noble lord," said Lord HALDANE, in reply to Lord BURNHAM, who wished the Government to set up a Committee to consider the question of compulsory voting, "proposes to count noses, but I want to count not noses but minds." Lord DESBOROUGH, for the Government, declined to accept the suggestion that at election-time, in the words of *Quoodle*—

"They haven't got no noses,
They haven't got no noses,
And goodness only knowses
The noselessness of man."

Earl RUSSELL as an inveterate motorist complained that he had come upon a white line where no white line had any reason to be and suggested that painting the town white was threatening to become a form of municipal debauch. The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS agreed that the white line might easily become a white lie and said that the Government were thinking of taking powers in the Road Vehicles Bill to prescribe the size and nature of these devices.

Some excitement was caused in the House when, after prayers, officials bearing enormous brown-paper parcels staggered in and deposited their sinister burdens beneath the mace. Had some of Mr. LANSBURY'S friends decided that the time had come to assert the domination of the proletariat by blowing up the bauble (and the House along with it)? There was no loud report, so Members concluded that perhaps it was the SPEAKER'S birthday, and that *Uncle Caractacus* had told him to look under the mace. It finally "transpired" that the packages contained nothing more alarming (or gratifying) than the petition of nine hundred thousand people that there shall be no curtailment of omnibuses in the Uxbridge and other roads.

Mr. GRUNDY gave notice that this day fortnight he would call the attention of the House to the subject of equal franchise between men and women. This should give him time to hear from Mrs. Grundy.

A pleasant little family gathering marked the return of Sir ALFRED HOPKINSON, after an absence of eighteen years. Supported by his son, Mr. AUSTIN HOPKINSON, and his son-in-law, Mr GERALD HURST, the veteran was greeted with general cheers.

Mr. BANKS moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Licensing Act (1921), whose vagaries he recapitulated to a sympathetic House. Lady ASTOR, who opposed, declared that she was no fanatic, as the mover had suggested. "I did not say 'fanatics'; I said 'frumps,'" replied Mr. BANKS smoothly, but graciously added that the noble lady was one of the few who combined a charming personality with a frumpish psychology. The noble lady retorted that it was the frumps who had made England what it is; but the House, which clings to the idea perhaps that the Briton's favourite declaration is "No Frumps," carried the motion and proceeded, after a lively attack upon the raiding propensities of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. CLYNES and an equally stern defence by Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, who quoted Dr. JOHNSON and accused the Liberal Party of "petrified fossilisation," to give the Economy Bill a Second Reading.



The Old Fox. "WHAT A SHOCKING SIGHT! I WONDER WHO TAUGHT THAT WICKED YOUNG CUB TO ROB HENROOSTS?"
MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Thursday, March 18th.—Miss WILKINSON, who has a kind heart, thinks that when the House of Commons policeman isn't occupied in purging the premises of Guy Fawkeses or scanning the credentials of provincial reporters he ought to be basking in the sun, and asked the HOME SECRETARY if he could not provide him with a chair. The Minister, to whom a sitting policeman is as unedifying a spectacle as a sitting rooster, prefers the present system of relieving the faithful Robert before his poor legs actually begin to give way under him.

The PRIME MINISTER informed the House that the Post Office would inaugurate its cash-on-delivery system on March 29th, and the HOME SECRETARY intimated that, unless the taxi-owners came off their perch, five hundred two-seater taxis would shortly solicit our patronage at reduced prices.

The House in Committee discussed the hard lot of unemployed women, the low wages paid in the catering trades and kindred subjects, and was relieved to learn in the course of an otherwise dull debate that Lady ASTOR does not believe in establishing Prohibition "by the use of force."

Certain Salopians have taken exception to our statement that on March 4th, when the Lords threw out the Bishopric of Shrewsbury measure, "Salopians present rose as one man and said it must not be." Literally our statement was correct, the one man being Lord FORESTER; but it appears that he did not represent all his fellow-countymen and that some of the others gave the measure the support of their votes, though not of their voices.

"The Treasury Bench was as full as the last bus from Twickenham after a League Final."
Scots Paper.

Or as the last train from the Oval after the Boat-race.

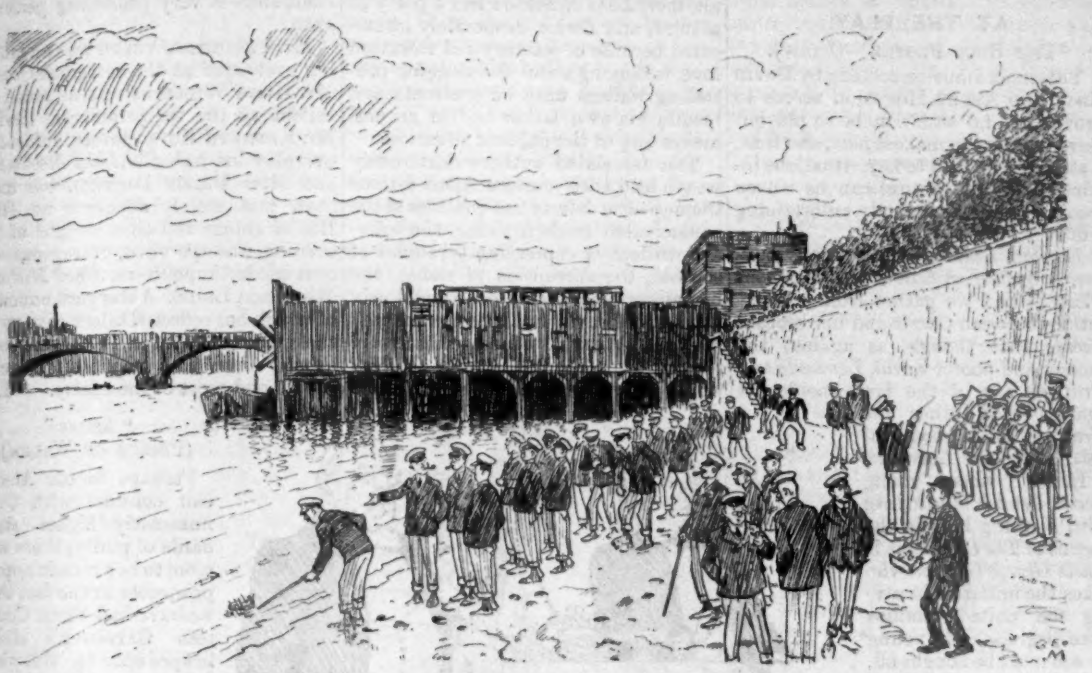
From a theatre-notice:—

"The result was received with a vast enthusiasm, and not unjustly, for the authors have plainly a knalk."—*Manchester Paper.*

We don't know what it is, but it sounds a useful thing to have about one.

"Honourable Lady would give conversation to foreigners. Moderate retribution."
Daily Paper.

Not having heard her talk we are unable to say if the proposed punishment fits the crime.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB PAYS ITS ANNUAL VISIT TO THE THAMES.

AN UNRECORDED RECORD.

"No," I said, "I will not come and walk in the Park. I know the sun is shining. I know the daffodils are out. I know one can dispense with the gent's heavy winter overcoating. But I have here the new edition of *Wisden's*, and it will require more than the mere promise of cricket weather to lure me away from it."

"*Wisden's!*" said Jones. "Don't mention the book to me. I'm sick of it. I don't know if Mr. WISDEN breaks lances, picks bones or plucks crows, but, if he ever feels inclined to try, I'm his man. Let me ask you. Have you ever had your name mentioned in the work?"

"Well, not exactly," I said, "though I can detect references to myself here and there. For instance it says here, 'On the first day over fifteen thousand people paid for admission.' And then again, 'Much to the disappointment of the large holiday crowd.' And here's a nice personal touch, 'The popular professional's success delighted his admirers.' But I can't claim to have been actually mentioned by name. They don't seem to have room for Club 'A' matches yet."

"I have been mentioned by name," said Jones. "A few years ago I appeared in one of those games which are referred to as 'Other Matches.' The affair was counted as a first-class one, presumably for the benefit of the bowling and batting averages of a few professionals. I figured as a last-minute substitute, it is true; but I played. And the whole score was duly set forth for all the world to see."

"Surely then," I replied, "you have a niche in the Temple of Fame. Whence this desire to go breaking, picking or plucking things with the editor of this wonderful work?"

"Because," he retorted with some heat, "on that occasion—my only appearance in first-class cricket, mark you—I equalled a record. And not the slightest notice has been taken of my performance. Year after year this remarkable feat is passed over in silence. Why is my name not shown in a list which would include, among others, Squire OSBALDESTON, FULLER PILCH, SHREWSBURY, RANJI, CLEM HILL, HOBBS and even The Grand Old Man himself? Why are we not shown as joint holders of this record?"

"And what record would that be?" I asked.

"The lowest individual score in first-class matches," he said.

"Litho Imp. Seeks Sit., 5 years' all round exp."—*Provincial Paper.*

A printer's devil, of course.

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XVIII.—THE CRAMMER.

OH, pity the unhappy crammer,
His life is destitute of glamour;
He has to sit all day and hammer
The rudiments of Latin grammar
Into dull boys who squint and stammer.
I'm dull myself and squint and am—er—
A stammering pupil of a crammer.

G. B.

Our Callous Reporters.

Of an accident to a jockey:—

"As a matter of fact, —— calmly waited to be fetched, and I fear his suffering was not so great as people thought. He dislocated a hip hip hurrah, and was soon all right again."
Provincial Paper.

"We are requested to state that it was a private motor-car and not a taxi-cab which turned a somersault in Oxford Street, Manchester, early on the morning of March 9, as reported in the ——."—*Daily Paper.*

Palmam qui meruit ferat.

From the report of a lecture on floriculture:—

"To the mind of such a man
'A promise by the river's brim
A yellow promise is to him,
And it is nothing more.'"

He seems to us to have taken a rather jaundiced view of the situation.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BEST PEOPLE" (LYRIC).

THIS most amusing comedy by DAVID GRAY and AVERY HOPWOOD serves to prove that no situation is so old but clever hands can make it new, and that, if attention be paid to key, situations intrinsically quite absurd can be woven into a plausible and vastly entertaining whole.

Edward Lennox, a prosperous lawyer, had married *Carrie Grafton* (poor fellow!), and we gather from conversations between *Carrie* and her brother *George* that though, as against the grosser and poorer world, *Lennoxes* and *Graftons* are of the best people, as against each other the *Graftons* are a good deal better than the *Lennoxes*.

Hence, when young *Bertie Lennox* falls in love with a young lady in the chorus of *The Cuckoo*, it is *Uncle George Grafton* who takes the initiative in saving the united families from disgrace. The young person must be bought off, says *George*, a crude fellow, and he contrives, through the good offices of a noble rabbit, *Lord Rockmere*, who is temporarily more or less engaged to young *Bertie's* sister *Marion*, that *Edward* and himself, posing as two old gentlemen from Bath, shall give supper to the designing chorus-girl, *Alice*. Of course the virtuous *Alice* brings a flamboyant chaperon, *Millie*, of the same chorus, who, lamenting that the purer she dresses the faster she looks, mistakes the old gentlemen for "two old goats from Bath coming up for air," and with the worst possible intentions. Calling no man stranger who buys her food, she embarrasses the pompous purple-faced *George* with her mock love-making.

Millie is a quite delightful person, an American with a gorgeous flow of New-English idioms and roguish jests, and acts as the well-meaning but blundering chorus to the *Lennoxes* and *Graftons* in their tragic dilemmas.

For just as *Bertie* is pursuing *Alice* of the *Cuckoo* chorus *Marion* has thrown away her rabbit and definitely proposed to her father's chauffeur, *Henry*. And by a curious and, for us, happy coincidence, while *Edward* and *George*, *Millie* and *Alice* are in one room of a certain notorious cabaret, *Marion* and *Henry* are in another, *Lord Rockmere* has a party in a third, and *Bertie*, desperately intoxicated because of jealousy and thwarted love, is ranging about and slogging protesting waiters until he confronts and insults his own father and in general makes hay of the delicate situation.

The associated authors dexterously weave into their pattern more serious themes—the defects and qualities of the emancipated modern young, the tolerant wisdom or depressing tyrannies of the old, the corruption of riches, the ingenuous nobility of poor and lowly lives—not heavily but with tongue well in check. We must, of course, discreetly refrain from inquiring what *Marion* would make of her chauffeur when he had conveyed her to Bashville, Ontario, with the garage and the pigs, or how the perhaps over-refined *Alice* would manage her rather spineless *Bertie*. Nor could any father possibly be so nice as the *Edward Lennox* presented to us by that most adroit technician of the stage, Mr. C. V. FRANCE.

To see the look of anguish on the face of Miss HENRIETTA WATSON as the successive blows of fate struck at the pomp and pride and comfort of the *Lennoxes* was an evening's entertainment in itself. I thought Mr. IAN HUNTER quite admirable as the handsome chauffeur with his air of grudging but unsulky deference, his sturdy self-reliance, his sportsmanship and his sane eye to the serious main chance of happiness in life. And Miss NORA SWINBURNE, in the by no means easy part of *Marion*, made a plausible repelling-attractive character—a very promising performance.

Mr. FREDERICK VOLPÉ was an amusing grotesque as the egregious *George*. Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS was, as usual, excellent as the temperamental *Bertie*; Mr. KENNETH KOVE cleverly refused to overplay his imbecile *Lord Rockmere*; and Miss MAISIE DARRELL was more than just merely adequate as *Alice*. But of course the chief delight of the evening was the vivid, outrageous, decent-minded, impolite-mouthed *Millie* of Miss OLGA LINDO. A star part, no doubt, of which her reflected talent gave us all the light and laughter. *The Best People* should draw and hold all the worst people and most of the others. T.



THE SIREN AND THE PACHYDERM.

Edward Lennox . . . . . MR. C. V. FRANCE.
Millie (a Chorus Girl) . . . . . MISS OLGA LINDO.
George Grafton . . . . . MR. FREDERICK VOLPÉ.

"ASHES"
(PRINCE OF WALES').

Perhaps to our American cousins, with their immensely higher standards of purity, there will seem to be a certain appropriateness in the fact that we have had VERA, Countess CATHCART'S *Ashes* heaped upon us. But what has virtuous Washington done that it should have to undergo the same penance in perhaps a slightly more severe form?

I take it we should have heard nothing of this ingenuous sentimental tragi-farce if it had not been for a too-well-advertised Ellis Island controversy; so I cannot think that the producers of *Ashes* have so very heavy a grievance against those members of the first-night audience whose usually good manners broke down under the strain of absurdity heaped upon absurdity in the situations and the characters offered them. We tried to make belated amends to the actors as each curtain fell by sympathetic applause for the heroism with which they had carried through their difficult task. But should actors with reputations to lose take part in this kind of adventure? I wonder.

A very stiff, elderly and deathly proud English baronet had, it appeared, in a moment of aberration, taken to wife *Estelle*, an Argentine beauty. *The Hon. Victor Anton*, who had also taken to *Estelle* (and drink), spent the first Act in repeated invitations to that harassed lady to fly with him to South Africa and desert her uninteresting lord and her darling son. These persistent invitations took place in a *Lady Darnmouth's* house, in a sort of passage

between ballroom and supper-room, through which there was a constant traffic and in which a definite routine had evidently been established. All the men promptly marched to the whisky-and-soda with an eagerness more reminiscent of a Prohibition than a Free country, and, having satisfied their primary desire, promptly proceeded to make love to the particular woman who happened to be drifting through at the time. Various outraged husbands and wives were either supping or dancing and might at any moment appear. Some of them did. All this will have the advantage of giving Washington an entirely correct and (to them) flattering opinion as to how our decadent and bankrupt race conducts its social life. After much jazzing back and forth *Estelle* accepts the *Hon. Victor's* offer, on a promise, which any child could see is unlikely to be fulfilled, of his going on the water-waggon. This eager young man has, of course, a wife to leave behind.

The second scene is set in South Africa. Two years have elapsed. *Estelle* discovers that her *Victor* has "for the twentieth time" in that brief period taken to secret drinking. As the sideboard is loaded with various bottles, from which the young man helps himself freely and inaccurately from time to time, we are left wondering what he would be like if he took to drinking openly. At any rate he is sufficiently inflamed to reproach poor *Estelle* for being only his mistress (the *Hon. Mrs. Victor* has not played up), and to use violence against her. When *Estelle* is admiring the garden with an old acquaintance of her childhood, a young and benevolent millionaire who has turned up and who casually and with an imprudence not generally incident to millionaires has lent the *Hon. Victor* four hundred of the best, we are shown the impossible *Victor* pumping dope into his arm, while, as if this were not enough, there appears on the scene one *May*, just *May*, a sensual young woman who has apparently lost her surname with her honour on the veldt. Undismayed by the sodden indifference of her lover she tells her love in interesting detail, extracts a promise of marriage and receives a passionate bite on the ear.

The third Act, or fytte, shows *Estelle* a few months later in one of those expensive London flats which people in West-End productions who have lost all their money invariably rent when trying to economise and settle their affairs. Various old friends and enemies arrive. First the old *Baronet*, looking younger than ever, who asks her—in a very sporting spirit, it seemed to me—to come back and be a mother to his child—"our child," in fact. "How can I? I don't love you." Second offer from benevolent millionaire, "Why not marry me or at least let me help you?" "How can I, etc., etc.?" Third offer from that persistent sportsman, *Victor*, who, having gone back to his wife for money, thinks, after spending it, that it is not good enough and suggests a renewal of the partnership. "How can I? What about this young lady?" says *Estelle*, producing poor deserted *May* from the dining-room. *Tableau.* The discouraged *Victor* and the tactful *May* slink out. *Estelle* is left weeping into the ashes. *Curtain.* Universal relief. Concourse to nearest house of entertainment. Phew!



"EXCUSE ME—MY WIFE, I THINK."

Estelle . . . . . MISS ISOBEL ELSOM.
The Hon. Victor Anton . . MR. ERIC MATURIN.
Sir Douglas Barrington . . MR. STEWART ROME.

Miss ISOBEL ELSOM (*Estelle*) swam bravely against the tide. Mr. ERIC MATURIN really made an effective and desperately unpleasant portrait of a young man with all the vices. But I am afraid it made us all laugh. What a gift the manœuvres of these two to those artists in parody who contrive our revues! Mr. REGINALD DANCE put in a quite competent study of a friendly colonial lawyer. Mr. ERIC COWLEY was amusing enough as a young idiot. The rest would have also run if there had been anywhere to run to. T.

AT THE CINEMA.

"EVERY MOTHER'S SON" (PAVILION).

THIS is a film which would be welcome if only as one of the first shots, I gather, in the fight for British films. It is the work of the United Kingdom Photoplays, Ltd., or the Britannia Films Company—or both (for whether they are the same thing or not I could not make out). It deals with a dangerous theme, the history of a few simple inhabitants of "a typical English village" before, during and after the Great War; and one cannot honestly say that it escapes all the dangers. But it is an agreeable surprise to see how seldom it stumbles into the pit. Everything (or almost everything) in the story (scenario by LYDIA HAYWARD) is fundamentally simple and true, and only occasionally is truth so over-dramatised or sentimentalised that it begets the familiar goose-flesh of the sensitive film-fan. The rivalry of the *Squire's* son and the village loafer for the heart of *Jan t*, for example, did not wholly convince me, though I confess that I have small experience of rural life; and the scene in which *David* is shamed into "joining up" by the apparition of his foster-brother in uniform and the photograph of his father (with medals) made me feel a little ill, simply because it was over-produced and over-acted. Such things happened a million times, but they did not happen like that. The film-public, in a matter of such common experience, are not perfect fools, and it is not necessary to make prolonged grimaces when a nod and a look would do the trick.

I mention these lapses regretfully, yet with pleasure, because of their rarity. This film is a British challenge to the excesses of Hollywood, and I hasten to add that all the time I was wondering what Hollywood would have made of the same story and giving thanks that it had not had the chance. It is an English story, interpreted by English actors (ex-service men) and presented in an English spirit; and it deserves support. The producers ("under the supervision of DINAH SHUREY," a lady, I believe) have evidently set themselves a high standard, and if they will

have the courage of their convictions and shed such remnants of the American tradition as cling to this film, they should give us work that will be as desirable on artistic as on patriotic grounds.

At the end of the show a lady told us that ninety-five per cent. of the films shown in this country are of foreign origin. It is the same story in the Dominions; and there a great proportion of these films is not only un-English but definitely anti-English and extraordinarily harmful. All this seems extremely unnecessary; we may not have the climate here but we have masses of climate in the Empire, and, if people will have the Wild West, we have more Wild West than the United States have ever had. Indeed I believe many American film-makers go to Canada for their Wild West material.

The lady I have mentioned above invited the public to do something. It is difficult to see what effective thing the British public can do; but surely the British author can strike a blow. I venture to suggest that the great writers and best-sellers should now think twice or more before they give their books and plays to Hollywood.

But a film which is issuing challenge to Hollywood must not spell niece "neice."

And another little thing. No, it is not little, it is fundamental. Will anyone explain to me why no one in a film is permitted to walk except at a gallop? It is no good your telling me that there is no time. Consider the time that is wasted on emotional grimaces and hideous psychological close-ups. Whenever anything that really interests me appears on the screen it is immediately taken away; whenever anything I hate appears it is left there for an age. A regiment marches half a mile in ten seconds; but it takes the hero a full minute to bite his lips. Cut down the close-ups and slow down the walking, and the illusion of every film (such as it is) would be heightened five hundred per cent. And presumably the object is to create an illusion. But in this film the little chap on crutches walks at fifty miles an hour; the meditative hero approaches the Unknown Soldier's Tomb as if he were catching the last train; and the crowning absurdity was the infantry attack (acted, mind you, by ex-service men), in which the assaulting troops rushed across the pitted No-man's-land like a lot of Rugby forwards who have seen red. Now everybody in the world knows that an infantry attack in France was about the slowest form of human locomotion there has ever been, infinitely laborious and plodding. Then why on earth not have the thing true? We are rightly proud of our slow-motion pictures of things which happen rapidly; but what do we gain by quick-motion pictures of things that happen slowly? Nothing will persuade me that they are either desirable or necessary.



American (to Museum official). "SAY, STEVE, WHERE CAN I GET ONE OF THESE RADIATOR MASCOTS?"

And they annoyed me the more because, on the whole, the war-scenes were very well done, particularly the bombardment effects. The film closes with a symbolical tableau of *David*, the disgruntled hero, standing at the plough and seeing a vision of endless shadowy soldiers marching in fours across the field. The photography of this was good and the whole scene impressive, but it would have impressed at least one member of the audience ten times more powerfully if those ghosts had proceeded at something like a marching pace instead of at a precipitate scuttle, like the legs of a centipede. Now every plain film-fan has been saying these things for years; it should be a simple matter to put it right; and let us hope that "Britannia's Films" will give the world a lead. All that they need to do, I imagine, is to have it in their contract with the exhibitor, or the operator, that where a passage is marked *Andante* it shall not be exposed *Allegro con fuoco*.

The hero, Captain REX DAVIS, M.C., was not perhaps my favourite among the actors. He has, it is true, an unsympathetic part; but one felt that he had seen too many films. But the acting on the whole is capital. Mr. HADDON MASON, Mr. FREDERICK COOPER, M.C., Mr. MOORE MARRIOTT, Miss JEAN JAY and Miss GLADYS HAMER all "scored," as they say.

A. P. H.

SECURITY.

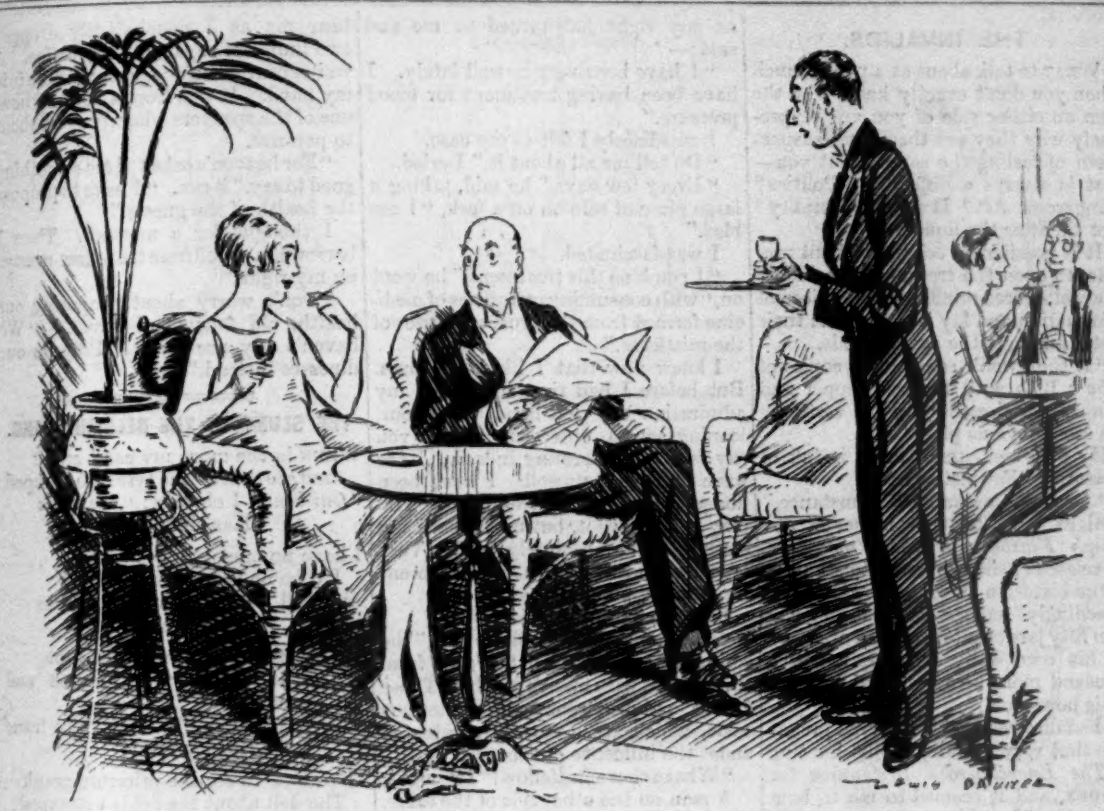
MY one desire in life is for absolute security. By means of insurance I planned to realise this desire.

My wife, my children, my house, my car, everything that is mine, is insured, and against any contingency. Every event that can be covered by insurance has received my attention; my laundry is insured, even my holidays are protected against the risk of rain. Fully alive to the dangers of having all my eggs in one basket, I hold policies with every company, and my house is full of periodicals, dailies, weeklies and monthlies which offer free insurance. Yet in spite of all this I am worried; I do not feel really secure.

I am still looking for a company which will insure me against the risk of being unable to pay my insurance premiums. To make my security more secure I shall not be content unless I find another company to insure me against the risk of not being able to pay my premium to the company which insures me against inability to pay my insurance premiums. To make my security yet more secure I shall further require a company which will—— But perhaps you see by now why I am worried.

"Horse-Parlourmaid wanted."—*Local Paper.*
Apply Augeas, The Stables, Elis.

"Missionary Bishop, covering wide area, Requires Four-seater Car."—*Morning Paper.*
But would four seats be enough for so expansive a prelate?



Uncle (to flapper who has ordered her third cocktail). "DO YOU THINK IT 'S GOOD FOR YOU TO HAVE SO MANY?"
Niece. "OH, I DON'T DRINK THE NASTY THINGS. I JUST POUR THEM INTO THIS PALM AND EAT THE CHERRY."

ATALANTA HERSELF AGAIN.

(With apologies to the memory of SWINBURNE.*)*

["At last the Russian boot has seen its apogee, and with the spring weather the monotonous legs of the winter seem over and gone."—*Manchester Guardian*, March 11th.]

Now the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The leathern greaves, wherewith we were fain
To shield our golden or roseate graces
From the tooth of frost and the rush of rain,
Are cast aside as lumber and litter,
And shanks that shine and calves that glitter
And match the lustre of tinted faces,
Resume once more their abandoned reign.

For winter's squalor and slush have vanished,
And all the season of mire and mud,
And the Russian buskin awhile is banished,
Hidden away as a dismal dud.
No longer the limbs that HORACE lauded
Are of their rightful due defrauded,
But silken stockings, burnished and planished,
Vie with the sheen of blossom and bud.

And agile maidens, dainty and dapper,
Sleeker of head than the orb of the plum,
Each with her chosen whipper-snapper,
Forth to the fox-trot nightly come;
And above the chatter of midnight meals
The cornet bleats and the "saxo" squeals,
And the sandalled hoofs of the fearless flapper
Follow the beat of the furious drum.

In the days when *Argo*, undecked, unport-holed,
Sailed on the quest of the Golden Fleece,
The prophets never foresaw or fóretold
The growth of an Empire grander than Greece,
Where golden tissue should woven be
Out of the fibres of the tree,
And the enterprise of the House of COURTAULD
Should bid the silkworm's spinning cease.

O excellent EDITH, OSBERT and SACHA
Seize your citherns, screw up their pegs,
Put on your robes of rainbow Kasha,
Drain the Pierian spring to the dregs,
And sing, O gorgeous and gifted trio,
Something baroque, bizarre, *con brio*,
And with your triplicate *tamasha*
Welcome the glory of summer legs!

Better than Balaam's Ass.

"Man wanted with a light truck that can speak French and English fluently."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"When the more matter-of-fact English observer sees inscribed upon the walls of Rome the inscription S.P.Q.R. (Sunt Populi Que Romani—We are Romans), he would do well to remember that in the mind of Italy's new ruler the inscription means S.P.Q.I. (Sunt Populi Que Italiani—We are Italians)."—*Daily Paper.*

From a furniture-dealer's advertisement:—

"The very room itself bids one stay awhile, and enjoy its restful peace, while the tea caddy hums its soothing monotone."—*American Paper.*

The writer must be a golfing humorist.

THE INVALIDS.

WHAT to talk about at a public lunch when you don't exactly know who the men on either side of you are, or precisely why they are there, and suspect them of feeling the same about you—that is always a difficulty. Politics? Dangerous. Art? Doubtful. Morality? Not till after the liqueurs.

It is possible, of course, without prelude, to open the treasure-house doors of a well-stored mind, remove a piece of information and lay it politely on their plates amongst the oyster-shells.

"If they won't send round copies of *Who's Who* with the red pepper and things," I reflected, "that is certainly the most obvious plan."

My own well-stored mind is full of treasures. For instance:—

"A very remarkable circumstance," I might say, after the manner of *Mr. Joseph Finsbury* in *The Wrong Box*, "is related of the Emperor MONTEZUMA by the historian PRESCOTT. He was so exceedingly fond of cocoa that no fewer than fifty jars or pitchers were prepared for his own daily consumption, two thousand more being allowed for that of his household."

I had discovered this imperial preference that very morning whilst hunting in *The Encyclopædia Britannica* for COBDEN, and it seemed to me to be a very interesting thing. It was terrible to reflect that, if I forbore to mention it now, these two men, whom I should probably never meet again, might spend the whole of the rest of their lives in ignorance of it.

I looked at the gentleman on my right, who had half closed his eyes and was meditatively sipping Chablis, and I felt daunted. Except that he faintly resembled a puma, the Emperor MONTEZUMA and he seemed incredibly remote. I could not very well begin by commenting on his likeness to a puma. I looked at the gentleman on my left and surveyed the treasure-house of my mind again.

Still in pursuit of COBDEN, I had found out another very interesting thing. It appears that the best way of destroying cockroaches is, when the lights are extinguished at night, to lay some treacle on a piece of wood afloat in a broad basin of water. This proves a temptation too great to be resisted.

Once again I felt daunted. The gentleman on my left might never have been troubled with cockroaches in his kitchen, or at any rate never have taken a personal interest in their extermination. Besides, we had now got to the soup . . . .

Suddenly the matter was taken out of my own hands. The gentleman on my right half-turned to me and said:—

"I have been very unwell lately. I have been having treatment for blood pressure."

Immediately I felt at my ease.

"Do tell me all about it," I cried.

"Every few days," he said, taking a large piece of salmon on a fork, "I am bled."

I was fascinated.

"I combine this treatment," he went on, "with consuming quantities of medicine formed from the crushed berries of the mistletoe."

I knew now that I liked this man. But before I had time to express my admiration my left-hand neighbour, leaning across, observed, "What you say is very interesting indeed. I too have been very unwell. I have been undergoing violet-ray treatment. You may not believe it, but underneath my clothes I am absolutely pink. Very soon I shall turn brown, but at present I am a rosy pink all over."

I attempted to visualise.

"The effect of the violet ray," he continued, "is to turn the skin from white to red with mauve patches. These mauve patches represent deleterious acids, which are gradually eliminated under the influence of the rays."

"What a charming fellow!" I thought.

A man on the other side of the table, who up till now had been austerely busied with the wing of a fowl, now leant towards us and broke in.

"The doctors have discovered in me," he said, "a most peculiar germ, entirely individual to myself and creating practically an epoch in the science of medicine. If it enters the blood-stream I am doomed."

With a happy smile he quaffed half-a-tumbler of champagne.

"What," I asked politely, "is the effect of this germ?"

"It has no particular effect," he said, "except that it is rapidly undermining my system. But by dint of constant injections of another germ, which forms an antidote to it, I am fighting the peril hard."

Here he helped himself to a huge spoonful of ice-pudding. It was at this moment that one of his neighbours, a delightful man, began to tell us with the utmost *bonhomie* about his osteopath. When he had finished I cleared my throat.

"My own influenza," I began, "not the one I had in January, but the one from which I am suffering at this moment, is of a truly remarkable kind. Beginning with pain in the lower part of the back, it gradually paralyses the periosteum——"

An eager circle of listeners craned to hear me as I nonchalantly dropped two lumps of sugar into my coffee. A waiter hurried up and pressed a note into my hand. It was from a man I knew, one of the speakers who were just about to perform.

"For heaven's sake tell me something good to say," it ran. "I have to propose the health of the guests."

I thought for a moment. Then I borrowed a pencil from the fellow-martyr on my right.

"Don't worry about proposing our health, old fellow," I wrote. "We haven't any use for it. Propose our illnesses instead."

THE SLUMP OF THE BELGIAN FRANC.

WHEN in the morn my car I crank
And see that all the tyres are pumped,
"*Cui bono*," I observe; "the franc
Has slumped."

I have no money in the bank;
I'd be no richer if it jumped;
And still I weep because the franc
Has slumped.

Oh, when I read it my heart sank,
And all that day I groused and grumped;
"Leave me alone," I cried; "the franc
Has slumped!"

Time was, to see the primrose prank
The dell about the fields I stumped;
But what are wild-flowers when the franc
Has slumped?

I've never held with sires who spank
Their offspring, but to-day I clumped
The baby's head. But then the franc
Has slumped.

Yea, I could watch men walk the plank
And into boiling oil be dumped;
I feel that way because the franc
Has slumped.

I'd rather break my driver's shank,
Or have my ace of diamonds trumped,
Than live on knowing that the franc
Has slumped.

I'd sooner be on Chanak's flank
Or in the salient being crumped,
Than sit here helpless when the franc
Has slumped.

I'd rather be inside a tank
Or on the Isis being bumped,
For then I might not know the franc
Has slumped.

Life, in a word, 's a beastly blank;
I'm sad, I'm sour, I'm fairly humped,
And all because the silly franc
Has slumped. ALGOL.

From a trade organisation pamphlet:

"Don't forget the date of the Dance. Come in your hundreds and make it a bumping success."

They probably will.

LION-BAITING.



"Ladies and gentlemen, it is now my privilege and pleasure to propose the very good health—



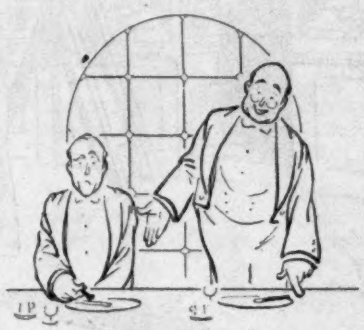
of our distinguished guest on my right.



I have had the honour of his friendship for very many years—



and the longer I have known him the greater has grown—



my affection and esteem.



In his home life, in his business career and in the great world of politics—



he commands to the highest degree both our admiration and respect—



alike for his singleness of purpose and his unswerving uprightness—



his clearness of vision and his kindness of heart—



his boundless energy, his dogged perseverance—



his hearty good-fellowship—



and his unfailing good-humour."



Scotsman (who has taken middle shop, to sign-writer). "NO NAME, LADDIE. JUIST PAINT UP 'MAIN ENTRANCE.'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE never "listened-in" in my life, the normally conducted racket of the age being quite, and more than, enough for me. Nor have I ever come into contact with spiritualism—one world at a time, and that this one, being as much as I feel I can attend to and give satisfaction. Yet a novel dealing entirely with wireless and spirits has just afforded me keen delight, and I profess myself wholly Father RONALD KNOX's debtor for the prettiest, completest and kindliest of his satires. The curtain of *Other Eyes than Ours* (METHUEN) rises on Oxford. Not on a wistful undergraduate surveying a window of trouserings, but on an obscure and erudite don. *Professor Shurmur* is *the* authority on PERSIUS, but he has a secret sorrow. The finest of his emendations has been derided by a German scholar. A palimpsest discovered in the middle of the War proves *Shurmur* right; but the German paper which recounts its discovery also chronicles the death of his opponent, *Gaedke*. Did *Gaedke* know the truth? Did it kill him? Or did he die in his error? In pursuit of assurance on these points the rancorous *Shurmur* joins a coterie of spiritualists; and when *Minshull*, an old schoolfellow, comes up from the Cotswolds with news of a wireless invention which will pick up spirit voices *Shurmur* proposes to bring over a party to test it. His party comprises the soulful and capable *Mrs. Haltwhistle*, her flippant niece, *Miss Rostead*, and *Mr. Scoop*, a "professional." *Minshull's* sceptical sister plays hostess, and a French *Abbé*, on supply in the village, drops in to comment and appraise. That their entertainment will be yours I think I can promise you. Also that *Shurmur* shall ultimately know the truth. For the rest, Father KNOX is calling, and this time we can all start fair.

Seeing the title *Scapa* (CONSTABLE) on a handsome octavo volume the anxious reviewer not unnaturally imagines himself faced with yet more material for the complete future history of the Great War. But, in fact, before we had ever heard of a naval station at Scapa Flow Mr. RICHARDSON EVANS had already boldly adopted the name as a convenient symbol for that Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, the purpose and history of which he expounds so pleasantly and thoroughly in this book. Even in the United States and in the Colonies there are to be found "Scapa Societies," and the phrase "Scapa principles" carries a meaning and no doubt sends a tremor through the heart of the vendor of pickles or chewing-gum. Briefly put, the Society's aim has been to protect the eyesight of the community from vulgar assault. The citizen has long been able to apply to the law for redress if a neighbour assails the ear or the nose; he is only just beginning to see that he has some claim against those who offend the eye. The proprietors of pills or tonics who spoil the railway travellers' view with their never-ending reminders dotted among the green fields, the whisky distillers and others who send their message flashing every few seconds through the night in gigantic coloured letters—we recognise gratefully that "Scapa" has done much to restrict the activi-

ties of these. I find myself in sympathy with a member of the *Punch* staff, one of the "friendly contributors" to this volume, who makes a bitter complaint against that particular piece of "spectacular advertising" which has been recently set up on the Surrey side of the river, hard by the unfinished Hall of the L.C.C. The building which has allowed this monstrosity to appear on its façade, at a rental of five hundred guineas a year, is the Stores Depôt of the Government of India! Parliament should see to it that High Commissioners drop this kind of traffic.

A Prideful Woman is the name
Of HORACE HUTCHINSON's new story;
The theme is "ancient" as the game
In which he won his early glory;
And yet so deft is he, so skilled
In weaving novel "variations,"
That we are kept engrossed and thrilled
By unexpected situations.

The woman, wronged though not forlorn,
Yielding to chance and fierce ambition,
Changes two children newly-born
And gives her grandchild high position;
But, in the strange revenge of time,
Dies, self-accused, to save another,
And clear that grandchild of the crime
Of murdering his foster-brother.

We miss you, HORACE, on the links,
Yet welcome you serenely, sanely
Unravelling Life's tangled kinks,
And, like your namesake, most urbanely;
No solemn or censorious guide,
But showing clearly how disaster
Befalls the soul that makes of pride
Its sovereign, sole, unquestioned master.

For, just as in your *Peter Steele*
And in your works on dreams or golfers,
These pages (HUTCHINSON) reveal
A mind that caters not for scoffers,
But cleaves to things of good report,
To honest aims and decent manners,
And has no truck of any sort
With hats of green or ruddy banners.



Governess. "NOW ABRAHAM AND SARAH HAD BEEN MARRIED FOR A VERY LONG TIME, AND THEY WERE WAITING FOR—WHAT DO YOU THINK?"
Pupil. "I KNOW—A HOUSEMAID."

The odd thing about humanitarianism pure and simple, humanitarianism without any supernatural origin or end, is that it makes for isolation in the life of the humanitarian. Some sort of extraneous mortar seems needed to bind a man's interests to those of his neighbour. At any rate, if you run over in your mind the lives of noted philanthropists in flesh and fiction, from SHELLEY to *Mr. Honeythunder*, you see them as small rocky and much-buffeted islands in a howling sea of humanity. Humanity—quite rightly, I think—suspects the man who loves it for its own sake, and —still more rightly—dislikes the man who loves it for *his*, as the motive of an indispensable virtue. This, I think, is why *Frederic Harrison* (HEINEMANN), whose life, as his son says, was given to prove "the possibility of a human religion which ignored the supernatural," was always, from his college days on, "lonely and challenging." "Painful" was a word often on his lips, and the story of his life is on the whole a bleak one. Paternal wishes have inhibited Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON from writing "a filial or full-dress biography," and the main fault of his eleven chapters of thoughts and memories is a tendency to cut and come again at and to the same themes. These, however, are all of sociological or psychological interest. I always wished some skilled dialectician would maintain that the 'eighties were really the English Renaissance, and now Mr. HARRISON has put the point brilliantly. "I doubt if London were ever so religious or so cerebrally alive," he says, speaking of the heyday of BROWNING and RUSKIN, of GILBERT and SULLIVAN. This I think shows a generous as well as an original spirit, for Mr. AUSTIN HARRISON's personal share in the English

Renaissance was to go about clothed in Kate Greenaway breeches for the benefit af a derisive Kensington.

Mrs. HENRY DUDENEY probably believes that she has brought her latest novel, *Quince Alley* (COLLINS), to a happy—or at least a tolerably happy—ending; but it seems to me to stop just when in real life exciting things would have begun to happen. To start with, *Phœbe Armytyge* has returned to her husband and forgiven his liaison with an unattractive general servant, but has refrained from confessing her own relations with *Lord Nettleby's* heir—almost as unprepossessing—and the fact that she has left a promising baby boy in his keeping. To go on with, the baby's father and his wife intend to bring the child up as their own, giving their word that he shall be "Lord Nettleby" some day. This ought to have led to some exciting moments with the many people who must have known that *Phœbe* was really the boy's mother, and with the real heir to the title. Mrs. DUDENEY is perhaps meditating a sequel; but on the whole I hope that she will think better of it. *George Armytyge, Phœbe's* husband and the principal character, is a very improbable young man whom a poverty-stricken childhood has so convinced of the value of "a roof over one's head" that when someone leaves him a house he immediately loses the head it is to shelter and starves himself and robs his employers in order to furnish and repair it. *Phœbe* herself is sympathetically described as being "not too clean"; and even if the higher and more subtle forms of cleanliness are among the blessings of the rich I really cannot excuse this in a heroine who could obviously have afforded soap. The book is full of such trifling improbabilities and gave me the strained feeling that comes from looking at a picture badly out of focus. Mrs. DUDENEY can do much better than this and I hope that, in spite of all temptations, she will decide to leave the future history of *George* and *Phœbe* and the baby unwritten.



CONSCIENTIOUS PURCHASER OF CIGARETTES CARRYING OUT THE MANUFACTURERS' SLOGAN, "INSIST ON SEEING OUR NAME ON EVERY CIGARETTE."

Publisher and printer have done their artistic best for Lord THOMSON OF CARDINGTON, but they could not make a book of his *Smaranda* (CAPE). Apologetically, Lord THOMSON describes his work as a "compilation in three parts" and refers in his preface to its formlessness. Which is all very graceful and disarming, no doubt, but a reviewer has still his duty to the public. *Smaranda* is in part the diary of a Staff Officer during the War and at the Peace Conference, in part a collection of journalistic sketches with a Near-Eastern setting, and in part a longish short story. So you can see what a headache is brewing for the conscientious librarian. The only considerable portion of it, whether in length or in content, is the diary; and unfortunately such merit as the diary possesses—and it contains some shrewd and humorous comment—is largely nullified by Lord THOMSON'S method of presenting it. For reasons which are explained at length but remain obscure, he has preferred to offer it as the work of a deceased "*Brigadier-General Y——*," who is quite obviously his old military self; and he further cautions the reader against a too literal acceptance of its facts. He thus robs it of any value it might have for the War-student and historian and compels us to judge it as a work of art. As such, I fear, it must be accounted a failure. It is a disappointing book, made doubly so by the beauty of its page and binding.

Did Mr. EDWARD HUTTON write *The Mastiff of Rimini* (METHUEN), as the notice on the dust-cover implies; or did he translate the fifteenth-century history indited by one *Pietro Sanseverino*, as Mr. HUTTON himself suggests in his preface? I do not know; but I am sure that one author or the other must take the responsibility for so crowding the pages of the "Chronicles of the House of Malatesta" with voluminous detail that the nominal hero, SIGISMONDO MALATESTA (*The Mastiff*), emerges but seldom from the complexity. Upon almost all these occasions SIGISMONDO is observed to be engaged in corrupt or nefarious enterprises, and I find it hard to believe that *Sanseverino*, who is described as a gentle poet and scholar, really felt the affection and admiration for his ruffianly patron which he is represented as entertaining. Mr. HUTTON finds the charm of the book in the character of "the old humanist," which is incidentally revealed in the course of the narrative. It is true that *Sanseverino*—or Mr. HUTTON—manifests a sincere appreciation of the beauty and terror of fifteenth-century Italy, as I gather with some difficulty from the long and involved sentences in which it is conveyed. But however charming may be the qualities of the excellent *Sanseverino*, the ability to tell a story is not among them.

With abundant reason Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD calls her latest novel *Not Sufficient Evidence* (CONSTABLE). It is a curious tale in more ways than one. In stories of mystery and murder I nearly always find the problem cleared up with almost extravagant tidiness, and the villain of the piece suffering drastically for his (or her) crime. Nothing of the kind happens here. *Nydia Esmond's* husband was unquestionably murdered, and the reader is well aware by whom he was murdered. But this bad lady, *Florrie Cookson*—she was *Nydia's* bosom-friend and companion—pays no penalty, nor does *Nydia* even suspect her of having done the crime. She was something between a blood-sucking leech and an amiable limpet, and Mrs. RICKARD draws her with a skill to which I make profound obeisance. Her description of the feud between *Nydia's* family and her husband's, and indeed of all the incidents of the story, is well enough done, but counts for nothing in comparison of her character-study of the amazing *Florrie*.

CHARIVARIA.

THE first few days of spring were so cold that everybody mistook it for summer.

* * *

Now that the Budget Speech is not to be broadcast, the depression on that day will have to come from Iceland as usual.

* * *

All we seem to need now is a Coal Commission to give us a report on the action to be taken with regard to the Coal Commission's report.

* * *

The failure of the Government's investment in the British Dyestuffs Corporation seems to have been due to the fact that there is very little of the map left that can be coloured red.

* * *

The answer to these attempts of Moscow to turn the Yellow races red seems to be a China orange.

* * *

In Vienna a large number of actors and actresses are out of work because people are too poor to go to the theatres. In this country the trouble is that the theatres are too poor for people to go to.

* * *

According to Doctor HUNTER-SMYTHE, children receive a very poor education in Mexico. The trouble is, we suppose, that they will stay away from school in order to go to the revolutions.

* * *

Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU has gone to America for the purpose of boosting England. Our fear is that in his enthusiasm he may create the impression that we are a race of *Mastersons*.

* * *

Unsuccessful anglers who purchase fish to bolster up their reputation will be glad to hear of the C.O.D.

* * *

An American financier estimates that Great Britain pays $97.12 per head in taxation per annum. This may or may not be quite accurate, but at least he is correct in reckoning in dollars.

* * *

According to one of its professors the students of Princeton University U.S.A., have increased their vocabulary by three thousand words in the last ten years. And even now they don't know a word too many if they play golf seriously.

* * *

The mighty atom has been filmed. We had an idea that JACKIE COOGAN wouldn't reign indefinitely.

* * *

Mr. H. G. WELLS' new book is to consist of three hundred thousand words. We hear that most of the words have been used before, but they have been arranged in an entirely new order.

* * *

General LI is said to have put all his cards on the table. He seems to be different from most Heathen Chinese.

* * *

A sensation has been caused in river-side circles. A Thames boatman has said that at the end of the season he expects to say that he has had a very good season.

* * *

A wild-cat measuring thirty-six inches was caught in a trap at Loch Lomond. We understand that it was decoyed by a bagpipe solo, under the impression that some of its relatives were fighting.

* * *

A black bull dashed into a Liverpool restaurant. Patrons solemnly declare that several waiters broke into a sharp stroll.

* * *

An evening paper leader-writer thinks popular government is the only form of control. It would certainly be a good idea if such a Government could be found.

* * *

Matrimony is a profession, says a Roman official. In that case Italians who have only been married a few times are likely to be barred at Ellis Island under the amateur clause.

* * *

A woman has complained to a magistrate that her husband tries to play golf in the kitchen. Other men do the same on the golf-course.

* * *

When they resumed work after a strike of ten weeks a body of engineers were marched back by a brass band. That ought to teach them to go on strike again.

* * *

The HOME SECRETARY has announced that he is opposed to having wireless sets placed in our prisons for the use of prisoners. He is probably afraid that the inmates will complain that such things were not included in their sentences.

* * *

Business men are hoping that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL will some day be driven from pillar to penny post.

* * *

Willesden gravediggers are to receive three-halfpence an hour more when working below the surface. This extra will set them wondering how they can start digging graves by beginning at the bottom first.

* * *

It is said of a West End mystery play that it is so baffling that so far no person has guessed the solution until the end. Some playwright will now go one better by writing a play the mystery of which will be unknown even to the author.

* * *

The Argus pheasant is said to attract the attention of his wife by stamping his foot and then putting his head under his wing. Safety first.

* * *

The taking over of the golf-course in Richmond Park is hailed as a triumph for Socialism. But the triumph will not be complete until all the scores there are added together and divided equally amongst all the players.

* * *

Mr. ALAN COBHAM says that flying is very healthy providing one stops in the air. A correspondent now in hospital admits that he wouldn't have been there but for coming down to earth.



FORM.

"NOW I'LL GIVE YOU MY REASONS WHY WE OUGHT TO BACK 'NUT EXTRACTOR.' FIRST OF ALL, HE'S NEVER MET ANY OF THESE HORSES BEFORE. HE'S SHORT IN FRONT, SO HE'LL CLIMB THE HILL EASY. HE'S NOT TOO LONG IN THE HIND-LEG, SO HE'LL BEAT 'EM DOWN-HILL. FOR THE SAME TWO REASONS HE'LL MAKE RINGS ROUND 'EM ON THE LEVEL, AND 'NUT EXTRACTOR' IS A BLOOMING GOOD NAME."

CHOOSING THE ELEVEN.

I UNDERSTAND that the Test Match Selection Committee is receiving invaluable advice from every quarter. It is clear that the Nation is, for once, recognising its obligations. So many communications, anonymous and otherwise, reach the Committee daily that a specially augmented staff is engaged in dealing with them.

The Statistical and Intelligence branches are already in possession of certain facts and figures which have come as a complete surprise to the members of the Committee. Profound as their knowledge of cricket lore undoubtedly is, it is clear that there are many matters upon which they have been hitherto inadequately informed. Some of these details, collected for the most part by ardent amateur analysts and schoolboy score-keepers, are quite remarkable and will unquestionably influence the Committee in the great task that lies before it. For example, I doubt whether HOBBS himself fully appreciates the significance of the incontrovertible assertion that he has never thrown down the wicket left-handed with an Oval ball on a Thursday afternoon. The inference is either that he never will or else that he is certain to do so before long—perhaps during this very season. An eminent pure mathematician has been appointed to investigate the question, and until his report is received the player concerned cannot consider himself as a certain choice. All such items of information are being sifted and docketed in the palatial new block of offices recently erected for the purpose in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood Road.

It is indeed encouraging to learn that, instead of employing our usual British it-will-all-come-right-in-the-end methods, the Committee is applying itself to its task in such a systematic and businesslike manner. While not wishing in any way to discourage this flow of spontaneous information and advice the members feel that it might be directed into more useful channels and, thus regulated, become of even greater value. Accordingly they are issuing a brochure entitled "Points for Team-builders," in which are given some excellent hints for those whose normal activities prevent them from taking an active part in cricket affairs but who wish nevertheless to shoulder a portion of the great responsibility of choosing the Eleven. After reading this little book they will know exactly what sort of help the Committee needs, and the value of their suggestions will be considerably increased.

A useful addendum is a series of forms for filling up, one of which is printed below. The HOME SECRETARY, recognising the importance of these forms, has arranged for free supplies to be available in all libraries, museums, saloons, etc., as well as in waiting-rooms and other Government offices. He has also arranged with the POSTMASTER-GENERAL for their transmission through the post *gratis*. I understand that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES has made a strong protest against this concession; he can hardly agree to be a party to a measure which may well have disastrous results for the Commonwealth.

It is hoped that every cricket-lover will legibly and conscientiously complete one or more of these forms, and will post it, unstamped, to

TEST SELECTION COMMITTEE,
LONDON, N.W.

All communications will be acknowledged by return of post, and will be subjected to a careful scrutiny by the Intelligence Bureau.

SUGGESTION FORM.

(Strike out the words in italics that are not required.)

I (name in full, stating whether *Mr., Mrs., Miss or Rev.*), ..., actuated solely by a desire to assist in recovering the Ashes, beg to inform you that I consider that (Candidate's name in block capitals) ..... should be selected because he has played *regularly, occasionally, substitute, or twelfth man* for *England*, ... *county*, ... *club, union, lodge or persuasion.*

He is a *steady, reliable, patient, free or stylish* batsman, and never makes fewer than .....

He bowls *left-, right-, both*-handed *at round, over, off, by, with or from* the wicket and can make the ball break *both ways, sideways, endways or always*, and come *quickly or slowly* off the *pitch, bat or scoreboard.*

In my opinion he possesses the necessary *experience, stamina, guile or mobility*, and is not yet too old to *bend, throw and/or run.*

I give this suggestion *gladly, hopefully or diffidently*, and I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final.

Yours *truly, faithfully, cordially or obediently*,

Signature .....

Address .....

From an article by a Hindu pundit:

"Ireland is a small island close to England. Its culture is the oldest in Europe. It embraced Christianity four hundred years before the birth of Christ."—*Indian Paper.*

The writer, we gather, still pursues the cult of the Sacred Bull.

TO THE U.S.A.

GIGANTIC uncle of the West,
Great in achievement as ambition,
We long have duly acquiesced
In your predominant position
Shown in the height of your sky-scrapers,
The weight and volume of your Sunday papers.

We owe you many wondrous boons—
The bear whose Christian name is Teddy,
JAZZ and the cult of love-lorn coons,
The Stetson hat and Mrs. EDDY,
The "great defiance" launched from Dayton,
The songs of JOHNSTONE and his partner LAYTON.

We reverence your golden roll
Of stalwart pioneers and sages;
LINCOLN, that noble steadfast soul,
A name that will resound for ages;
Yet find in BORAH an audacity
That sorely strains our swallowing capacity.

And now, although it mayn't be wise
For us, who are your "poor relations,"
To canvass or to criticise
Your frank avuncular jobations,
We feel the tyranny of your "pictures"
Less than your latest diplomatic strictures.

Your rich munificently spend
Their wealth; your sons excel in cuplift;
But we could wish, O candid friend,
You were less lavish of your uplift,
Less eager to proclaim the tidings
Of every other nation's sad backslidings.

A Handsome Apology.

"Mr. Winston Churchill, the Unskinable Statesman, will keep himself afloat whenever occasion arises."—*Japanese Paper.*

"CORRECTION.

Page 5, Col. 1, 9th line, 'Unskinable Statesman' should read 'Unsinkable Statesman.'"
Same Paper, subsequent issue.

"CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Upright Grand German Piano."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

No; but this man could:—

"Mr.——, a German pianist, . . . seemed to be under the impression that the harder he hit the instrument the better the effect."
Evening Paper.

"A TASTE OF REAL SPRING.

Bright sunshine gave Sheffield another taste of real spring to-day. The lull in the biting east wind that reduced the first few days of official spring time to semi-arctic conditions came as a welcome to fresh gargha figarg afifigargm bummm."—*Local Paper.*

We notice, however, that our contemporary's printer is still trying to gargle.



UNCLE SAM'S TONIC TALK.

Uncle Sam. "MY POOR DEAR FRIENDS, WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNT FROM THE GREAT WAR? NOTHING!"

Chorus of poor dear Friends. "OH, SIR! AT LEAST WE'VE LEARNED WHAT WE OWE TO YOU."



Chairman. "Did you really use this language?"
Culprit. "Don't remember, yer worship. I might have—yer see, I'm a rare one fer a bit o' badinage."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XIX.—The Correspondence Course.

He was the most forgetful man that ever walked this earth;
He couldn't make a will as he forgot what he was worth;
He forgot to smoke his pipe, or shave, or brush his hair, or sleep,
Or to summon, when he needed them, the doctor or the sweep.
If he ever dared in taxi-cab or bus or tram to roam,
He forgot his destination and the way to get back home;
He forgot to stamp his letters, he forgot to tie his tie,
He forgot to have his dinner and forgot the reason why;
He forgot what trumps at bridge were and did nothing but revoke;
When he lifted from a bunker he forgot to count a stroke;
If he played a game of cricket it was just the same with that—
When he went in for his innings he forgot to take a bat;
He bought a country house and then another one in Town,
But when given the addresses he forgot to write them down;
He forgot that he had purchased them and so he lived in neither;
He proposed to two young ladies but forgot to marry either;
He forgot to pay his income-tax for years, and when the swine
Had him up in court and punished he forgot to pay the fine;
And that which really made his life exceptionally rotten
Was the fact that very often he forgot what he 'd forgotten.

* * * * * * * * *

He read a magazine one day, in which he chanced to find
An advertisement relating to the training of the mind:
A Correspondence College absolutely guaranteed
To train imperfect memories for anyone in need.
There were questions to be answered, there were pamphlets to be read,
There were words to be repeated getting in and out of bed;
The treatment was so tonic, the promoters of it swore
They would bring his memory back and make it stronger than before;
For a fee of twenty guineas they would make his brain a force,
So he paid his twenty guineas but forgot to take the course.

G. B.

English as She is Wrote Abroad.

From a Zionist trader's handbill displayed at Haifa:—

"I have anew settled my shop for Ladies & Children's hates at my private house. I kindly declare herewith to my customers and the public that I have now a great choise of hates at exclusively low prices.

With the reduction of my expences I have also the possibility to reduce the prices of hates to 25%."

Extracts from a Chinaman's letter applying for a commercial post:—

"It is for my personal benefit that I write for a position in your Honourable firm.

I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business and in consequence bring good efforts to your Honourable Selves.

I can drive a typewriter with good noise, and my English is simple and great.

My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man has died. It was on account of no fault of mine at all.

So Honourable Sir, What about it?"

We hope he got the job.

THE SOFT ANSWER . . .

Extract from a letter from Mr. William Browne (novelist) to his son.

Your school report, which arrived this morning, makes all-round depressing reading. If, as it appears, the French language is beyond your grasp it is not to be wondered at that you have come a purler in Greek and Latin. But backwardness in languages is usually compensated for by a precocity in mathematics, which is not borne out by your report; nor are you credited with any marked bent for science. Indeed, except for a begrudging "Very Fair" in English literature, there's not a gleam of light in the whole document, each of your various tutors striving to express in his own words the sentiment of the Scripture master: "He could do better if he tried."

Apart from the anxiety I feel that this set-back in your studies may affect your whole future, there is the exasperation I now experience when meeting Mr. Smith at the Club, for he tells me that his son—who is in your form—has swept the board of prizes, and when he asks how *you* are progressing it is very painful for me to have to answer evasively and change the subject.

I enclose a remittance . . .

Extract from a letter from Master George Browne to his father, W. Browne, Esq.

I am awfully sorry about the report. This has been a rotten bad week for the family, as the reviews of your new book in every paper I have had a squint at make all-round depressing reading. I expect the critics are jolly hard to please who say you are "sentimental," "lacking in humour" and "devoid of invention," but from what I know of English literature you gave the critic of *The Post* some easy chances to slang your grammar. Altogether, beyond a begrudging "a handy volume for a train journey," each of your critics strives to express in his own words the sentiment of *The Literary Supplement*: "Mr. Browne has fallen from the high standard he has hitherto set for himself."

Apart from the anxiety I feel that this set-back in your work may affect your whole future, the sight of Ritchinson Mi in the day-room now gives me the sick, for he is always swanking about his father's novel, *The Silent Sheikh*, going into its fortieth thousand. And you can understand that when this stinking brat asks how *your* book is progressing it is jolly painful for me to have to answer evasively and turn the subject by hacking his shins.

Thanks awfully for the remittance. I hope the reviews will not affect your royalties as the report has affected mine.



"WOT TIMES WE LIVE IN, MA'AM, TO BE SURE! THE MISTRESS PROBLEM IS JUST AS ACUTE AS EVER."

"Two Furnished Rooms wanted, use of kitchen; Rolls-Royce; no children."
Provincial Paper.

Well, one must give up something.

"No one ever thought of Lady Susan as 'old,' although her sixtieth decade loomed ahead in the not very far distant future."
Recent Novel.

Our fiction heroines are evidently going "back to METHUSELAH."

"Lost, Child's White Beads Necklet, with Elephant attached. Sentimental value."
West-Country Paper.

We are asked to state that this is not the white elephant now in the Zoo.

From an article on "What To Do With Our Girls":—

"This is what happens. A father may be fairly highly placed in, say, the Civil Service. His income may run well into four figures; but the number of his daughters may exceed the same."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

It looks as if there were no race-suicide in Whitehall.

From a church-service announcement:—

"Noble's Anthem, 'Fierce was the Wild Bellow,' will be rendered at evensong."
Canadian Paper.

An apology seems due to the composer or the choir or both.

AT THE CINEMA.

"THE BLACK PIRATE" (TIVOLI).

HEAVENS! how we laughed! Myself, the people I was with, the people on each side, the people behind, all the people. Tears streamed from the eyes. It was worse than *The Gold Rush* . . .

But were we meant to be amused? That is just what I can't say. Our laughter sprang from two causes—the Hollywood notion of romance and the high-speed ideal of the Hollywood movie men.

The Hollywood reconstruction of history is rather peculiar. It involves, for instance, scenic accuracy. One observed *that* very plainly in *The Gold Rush*, where the circumstances of the great trek to Alaska were reproduced no doubt with amazing fidelity and no doubt at incredible expense. So with *The Black Pirate*.

"Douglas Fairbanks," says the programme garrulously, "is not only an enthusiast for detail and precision, but he insists on having his way, even down to the most minute matters of period correctness. His fighting ships have been rebuilt from actual models of famous pirate vessels . . . The anchors are properly cat-headed. Every dead-eye is properly rove." I do like my dead-eyes to be properly rove.

Having got this detail and precision, you might perhaps imagine that DOUG would aim at a little verisimilitude on his own account, just to give the scenery a fair show. But that is not the Hollywood way. DOUG is, of course, a pirate *malgré lui*. He is doing it to avenge his dead father, marooned with him, their ship blown sky-high by the buccaneers, on a Stevensonian desert isle. DOUG defeats and slays the pirate skipper (landing to dump treasure) in a sword-and-dagger contest—*very* quick time. But he still has to show his mettle before he can assume the *rôle* of *Flint*. He says he will capture a galleon single-handed. He goes out in a fishing-smack, dives overboard, climbs on to the galleon's rudder and makes one rudder-rope fast. You catch the idea? By making the rudder fast he can steer the galleon in alongside the pirate felucca. But of course, to do this job quite neatly he has to stop the sails from working. He shins up the galleon; its height is interminable. He is like a beetle running up a bureau. There is a look-out on the mast-head. DOUG seizes him and hooks him neatly to the mast by the waist-belt. His next idea is to rip the sails in two. That is a fairly easy business—for DOUG. He takes a dirk, plunges it into the top of the sail, jumps, and, clinging by both hands to the haft, travels rapidly downwards to the bottom of the sail. *Et voilà*. The sail is ripped in two. Poor old MARRYAT and CLARK RUSSELL and all the rest!



THE PIRATE CHIEF DOESN'T LIKE MR. FAIRBANKS.

To skip to a couple of carronades and hold up the entire crew of the merchantman by swinging them round to point-blank range, takes DOUG less time, far less time, than it takes to write the words. The merchantman now naturally draws gently alongside the pirate felucca. I apologise for the word "felucca," but it looked rather like that, compared with the galleon, which seemed to have as many storeys as a skyscraper, not to mention porticoes, galleries, arcades and residential saloons. In one of these last there was a Princess. What else would you expect?

The happy thought of the white-souled DOUG is now to save this lady for himself and get rid of the pirate crew, especially the villainous second mate, his rival, who has won the charming creature by lot. DOUG has an abettor in the form of an aged Scots pirate, without any legs or arms to speak of, but faithful to his Tam-o'-shanter and kilt. (Most of the pirates were in the semi-nude.) It is to this old henchman that DOUG, half naked, with flashing teeth, heroically stern, propounds the immortal query—

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

That remark made in those circumstances by a *soi-disant* pirate-chieftain to a salt-stained, rum-soaked old veteran, buffeted by all the seven seas—though as a matter of fact the film-sea was as calm as a mill-pond most of the time—might alone have made anybody but a hardened Hollywood movie-man giggle until he could shoot no more. But the best was to come.

The two ships' crews are transferred, and DOUG suggests that they can hold the Princess as a hostage and send the pirate felucca for a ransom. A time-limit is given—"till the next noon strikes the ship's dial." (Close-up of ship's dial with noon striking it and all the pirates looking on.) But the villainous second

mate has a scheme. He will blow the ransoming craft sky-high. He does so. One up for the V.S.M. Meanwhile Doug tries to put the Princess off in a boat; but this attempt is foiled. Two up for the V.S.M. Doug is made to walk the plank for his treachery. Three to the V.S.M. But the faithful Scot has sawed the ropes that bind his hands. One to Doug. Doug swims ashore, where he finds (you will hardly believe it) a horse. Scampering madly bare-backed along the tide-edge he seeks for help and obtains it.

But, ah me! what help! A new craft pushes out to tackle the great gilded galleon. A row-boat. It is manned by naked Indian rowers, any number of them. It has a gun at the prow. At the prow stands Doug.

"Oxford!" I shouted.

"Cambridge!" shouted the people sitting on our right.

We debated this point hotly. Doug fired the cannon. Down came the main-top of the galleon. Instantly the Indians scuttled their boat, and, led on by Doug, swam under water like frogs to the assault. One beheld them swimming and swimming deep, deep below, like funny things in an aquarium.

Up the galleon's sides they climbed, up and up, and over and about it they swarmed. The sails came down with a flop. Fights raged through the corridors and arcades, Doug never fighting fewer than six at once with a dirk or so between his teeth and a sword in either hand. Everyone strikes everyone. Carried away by excitement, twelve noon strikes the ship's dial, and the V.S.M. is clutching at his prey. He has knocked down the old Scotsman, faithfully defending the damsel's virtue to the last. Somewhere in one of the inner residential suites of the galleon Doug meets the V.S.M. He seizes him by the neck—all swords discarded now—and while the Scotsman and the Princess shudder he throttles him to the death.

The Governor comes aboard. What did you say? I repeat it. The Governor comes aboard. He wears a cocked hat and slashed doublet. He thanks Doug for ridding the seas of the pirates and blesses his union with the nice Princess. An unequal marriage? Not so, I tell ye, for Doug was the Duke of Arnoldo—in shorts and Russian boots. Why shouldn't he marry the Princess of Hollywood, who had never turned a waved hair amidst all those perils by ruin and powder and blood and gold on the windless Hollywood deep?

This film is coloured, brightly in parts, and excellently well; thrilling in scores of places, realistic even, so far as one can guess, colossally expensive, and always, whenever Doug's high-speed antics begin, farcical to the point of screams.

The Hollywood model for "costume" romance is evidently *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*. But does Hollywood laugh? *I* don't know.

Evoe.



A Douglas to the rescue!



ARMED AT ALL POINTS.

Items: Two culverins or demi-cannon, one horse-pistol, one dagger, one trusty broadsword, one spiked armlet, one pair gold earrings and the latest thing in Russian boots.

A Mixed Breed.

"Found.—Alsatian, Sealyham, Aberdeen, Irish (?) Wolfhound, Retriever."—*Daily Paper.*

"Mr. ——, of Harley Street, killed thirteen salmon, averaging 8 lb. each, and totalling 170 lb."

Sporting Paper.

One can never trust these fishermen's arithmetic.

"A young woman employed by a large firm in London is said to have memorialized more than 5,000 telephone numbers."—*Canadian Paper.*

A truly monumental performance.

MILITARY DRAMA.

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I notice suddenly that I appear to have made all the names Irish ones. This is of course the American influence I spoke of; I see I have been thinking of the New York police force.

At the end of these "shots," in which you may include, if you like, for educational purposes, pictures of the correct method of wearing marching order and of laying a soldier's kit out for inspection, we begin on the story with a typical scene of men drilling on a barrack-square. The question of uniforms, by the way, will have to be rather carefully handled. As English uniforms are hard to obtain for screen purposes you will have to do what you can with American ones. The fact that the scene is laid in an English barracks doesn't really matter. The average cinema-audience will not notice anything wrong, judging from what they pass over already; but it is advisable that mere privates should not wear hearth-rugs on their legs or carry six-shooters.

The plot of the story must be a good one and must be woven round the highest ideals and ambitions of military life.

PRIVATE O'KILLIM HAD A GRUDGE AGAINST YOUNG PRIVATE VANSUYLEN.

In the pictures of drill on the square you should show O'Killim working off his grudge by striking Vansuylen with his foot while marching and by prodding him with his bayonet during the "Stand-Easy's."

PRIVATE VANSUYLEN MEDITATES REVENGE.

This can be done with the eyebrows, the left ear and a lot of deep breathing.

IN THE CANTEEN THAT NIGHT . . .

Picture of men all drinking beer. It has been found that American screen actors are far ahead of English ones in drinking realistically. Apart from actual life, this may be due to the practice they appear to get in most American film plays. Private Vansuylen, unobserved by the barman and several score privates, but so that even the "Standing-Room Only's" at the back of the theatre can clearly see, puts poison in O'Killim's beer. The bottle should be marked "POISON" in large letters on the audience side, in case sophisticated film-fans think it is merely something with a bit more kick in it than beer. This they are sure to do if the actor makes the mistake of taking the bottle from his hip-pocket.

LIEUTENANT WASHINGTON WAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS.

Lieutenant Washington is next seen close by, standing a few rounds to a couple of privates and having a fierce argument with Sergeant O'Mulligatawny. He is the only one who sees what Private Vansuylen has done, and with a brief word—such as "Foolish boy, remember the Army Act!"—swiftly moves the beer out of the unsuspecting Private O'Killim's reach.

Unfortunately he moves it within reach of Sergeant O'Mulligatawny, and we all know what happens when somebody else's beer is moved within reach of a sergeant. After drinking it Sergeant O'Mulligatawny throws a fit and dies very quickly—in about a couple of dozen feet.

There is consternation in the canteen, and even the usual poker-party with green shades over the eyes stop their game for a moment to have a look. It is however called heart-failure or snake-bite or something, and the game is resumed.

LATER THAT NIGHT . . . .

Lieutenant Washington is brooding by himself in a corner of the Officers' Mess. It is annoying to lose one's platoon-sergeant, however much one may have been to blame for one's own carelessness. He is brooding very hard, the audience can see, for other officers come up and and ask him to have one, and he refuses, even though he has obviously heard. Corporal O'Palmoyle enters, sidles up to him and speaks insinuatingly:

"I KNOW SERGEANT O'MULLIGATAWNY WAS POISONED, AND I ALSO KNOW YOU HAD JUST HAD A QUARREL WITH HIM!"

Lieutenant Washington starts guiltily. Despite his own innocence he buys Corporal O'Palmoyle's silence with several dollar-bills. He feels that he is nobly protecting poor young Private Vansuylen. He also feels perhaps more strongly that he is protecting himself.

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Thus with two blackmailers we are in the thick of a promising plot on the best and highest Hollywood lines. We can spin everything out a bit now. I think perhaps at this point a girl might come into it, if you like. The General's daughter I suggest, but that is a matter of taste; perhaps a mere Colonel's would do. In the end we work up to our climax, when, in a fit of rage during rifle drill, Private O'Killim murders both Corporal O'Palmoyle and Lance-Corporal O'Bargain. Thus

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My pony coney seal!
The secret of your origin
Not lightly you reveal.
I'd like to know who owned the show,
What walked about inside
My hareskin coat, my mareskin coat
Before 'twas sable-dyed.

My stoatskin coat, my goatskin coat,
The shop from which you came
Supplied you with a fabulous
Exotic sort of name;
I've had a look in BUFFON'S book;
Your secret's still your own,
O cowskin coat, O chowskin coat!
For no such beast is known.

My dogskin coat, my hogskin coat,
It does not matter much
If you adorned the forest glades
Or graced a humble hutch,
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A tiger's splendid form,
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'LOGICAL NOVELS.

I.—THE PSYCHOLOGICAL.

THE COFFEE-STAIN.

TELL you all I know of Dolores Smythe-Robinson? Ah! but it is not in *words* one tells.

There was the affair of the coffee-stain; that told something. To you a coffee-stain conveys nothing? Why, I could write you a novel on every cloth that goes to the laundry.

But Dolores—such a suitable marriage? Yes, but suitability and Dolores! You never met her in her Cubist days? There was "that" and "this" in Dolores. So in every woman, but in her there was an ineffable "that." And her "that" was still struggling with the oncoming suitable "this."

Oh! but the stolidity, the so inevitable on coming of her "this." You get a hint of my meaning? When I tell you of the coffee-stain you will have the gist of the whole matter as it was played out in our minds that autumn afternoon.

Nothing *happened*. Oh, no, it is not the "happenings" with women like Dolores. The tragedy, the comedy—they pass behind those veiled eyes. No one moves, but a lifetime has been lived. It is only in the Evening Press that things "happen."

The bell rang . . . so much I give you, for I see you insatiable for one of these happenings. The door-bell, a sound so insistently fateful. You know it? And at the moment I became conscious of the coffee-stain on the white tea-cloth.

Coffee . . . yes, dark and a little sinister. Tea always leaves a meeker stain. But coffee on a tea-cloth! You find it dissonant too? For the harmonies were there—the plated muffin-dish, the cake, the so English bread-and-butter, and Dolores behind the silver tray. Something of the neophyte about Dolores in this *rôle* of the English hostess.

Her "this" seemed accomplished. The bell was to usher in its completion. But you *know* Ralph Smythe Robinson? The soul of the man in that insistent ring, so my fancy mused whimsically. That type of man *does* ring a bell like that. And there would follow the brisk tread, the cheerfully rubbed hands . . . a little banal, perhaps, but what would you? Dolores had accepted her "this." "That" had gone . . . a closed door; but one must not probe.

I could hear "this" in imagination. So easy it is to forehear these men, these cheerful, obvious, professional Englishmen. In imagination I could hear him say, "What, still at tea, you two? How women gossip and drink tea! Dolores must reform . . . no more strong tea . . . fewer cigarettes. Yes, muffins, please."

And then those cold blue eyes riveted on the cloth, that so damning stain. How explain it? The legal mind would follow link by link the chain of evidence. Coffee on a tea-cloth, someone to whom one must pander with coffee in the afternoon—foreign, surely, and if so, Bohemian, condemnable by the Smythe-Robinson code . . . yes, he dislikes German music, you know. Someone Bohemian . . . Dolores' friend, friend of her past, an appendage of her "that," now to be severely discarded for "this," the solid "this" of all Smythe-Robinsons.

"But, Dolores," he would think, "you had put the past behind you! And this fellow!"

All artists are "fellows" to the Smythe-Robinsons.

You see it as I saw it in that second when the bell rang. And Dolores—that small pensive face, suggesting a wind-flower frozen suddenly by sleet, no movement of the sad lips; but her words came to me, unbreathed, but so entreatingly, "Cover it. Cover it." I—a little obviously, you will say—put the muffin-dish on the stain. Dolores was listening now. The maid-servant's step in the hall, so fatefully slow. Another moment and "things," actual, crude, demolishing "things," might happen.

Then Dolores' eyes sent their message, "Oh! but stupid . . . stupid. He will ask for muffins. There are none, but he will lift the dish. He will *see*. These solicitors . . . oh! he will guess we covered it purposely. Try something else."

I chose a little jam-jar. He would not take jam. But would he read our fear in our eyes? "These lawyers" . . . how Dolores had said it in her Cubist days!

The front-door was open now and the man's voice was speaking. This poignant agony that made a lifetime of a minute. We women know—it is our Masonic secret—that suspense between the voice at the hall door and the turn of the door-handle.

He, privileged as her chosen "this," must still be announced by a maid. The moment was upon us. These happenings, how crude they are! Dolores sitting there behind the silver tray, her little Monna Lisa smile on her lips. How *could* she bear it all, torn between her British "this" and her turbulent Bohemian "that."

("Well, if I have spilt my coffee, what odds? Donnerwetter! I love you, Dolores; my hand shook." So "that" had said.)

A hand, ruthless and insistent, turned the door-handle. Dolores' head was among the tea-cups. She had fainted; this her mute protest against life. The door was opening now and the maid was there, speaking to her—to that unconscious ash-faced woman. Surely the coffee-stain shouted at her, "Beware! tragedy has been sated." I could hear it.

"What is it?" I heard myself say it. "Your mistress has fainted. Speak low. Who is here? You must show him in, but bring smelling-salts."

"It 's Carter-Paterson's man with a box—there 's something to pay. He 's waiting, Ma'am."

She wondered, that girl, that I embraced her.

"See, here is money. Pay the man. And later . . . oh! later, take the cloth away . . . the coffee-stain. It upsets your mistress."

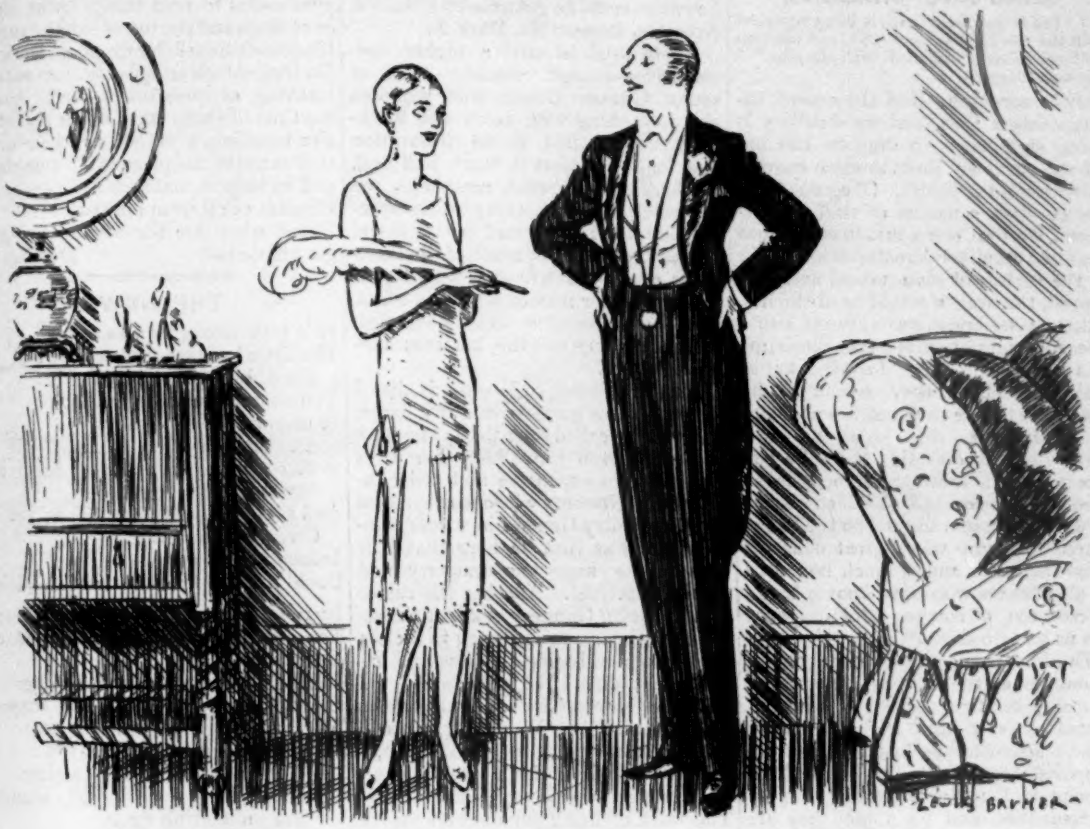
That is all I know of the Smythe-Robinsons. But surely it is enough.

W. M. L.



Friend (*after a street-fight*). "'OW CAME YER TO LOSE? 'E AIN'T AS BIG AS YOU."

Loser (*hard pressed for an excuse*). "WHY, IF YOU 'D 'A' BIN WATCHIN' YOU 'D 'AVE SEEN THAT 'E 'AD THE WIND BE'IND 'IM."



She. "I HEAR YOU ARE A GREAT ARTIST."
He. "I HOPE TO BE. I'VE ONLY JUST STARTED."
She. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
He. "WELL, I'M LIVING IN A STUDIO AND GROWING WHISKERS."

ANCIENT PASTIMES.

IV.—FARO AND LOO, 1781.

SET forth the cards and counters,
Snuff every flickering light,
For some would play at faro
And some at loo to-night;
Guests who will neither dance nor doze
Nor chat the night away
Will play at loo and faro
Until the crack o' day.

The meagre Mr. WALPOLE,
The massy Mr. FOX
Sit at the faro-table
And eye the dealer's box;
One wagers with a gentle lisp,
One in a jovial roar,
Across the green-spread table,
While SELWYN keeps the score.

The pipers and the fiddlers
And he that blows the horn
Keep scarlet heels tip-tapping
Until the glint o' morn;
But playing cards the elders sit
On rigid golden chairs,
And all that blithe tip-tapping
Stirs not a heel of theirs.

Loo is a solemn pastime,
And faro is the same,
Yet there are winks and whispers
To ease the gravest game;
Whig dames will nod behind their fans,
"The Tories are undone!"
And Tories rave in whispers
About Lord CHATHAM'S son.

Beyond the coloured counters
Grey piles of silver rise;
FOX thunders and GEORGE SELWYN
Rolls up his mocking eyes;
But Mr. WALPOLE takes a pinch
Of choice rappee the while,
And watches FOX and SELWYN
With his ironic smile.

Hey, let them tend the sconces!
The lights are flickering down;
Too soon o'er links and candles
The harsh white dawn will frown;
Since life be brief and thick with cares,
What better can man do
Than call for cards and candles,
For faro and for loo? D. M. S.

Another Sex Problem.

Of a prize bull:—

"His grandson is also a gold medal cow."
Canadian Paper.

"Wanted, Strong Lad for odd horse; must be good milker."

"Lad Wanted for odd horse; must be good milker."
Consecutive Advts. in Durham Paper.

Durham seems to have developed a taste for mares' milk.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Omar has told us that Imperial Cæsar 'might stop a hole to keep the wind away.'"
Egyptian Paper.

On the other hand, of course, SHAKESPEARE has informed us that

"Never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled."

GUNS AND DRAGONS.

["The Royal Tank Corps is being equipped with the new light pattern tank, and medium artillery is being supplied with dragons."—*Economy Report.*]

IT is surprising that the recent announcement that Medium Artillery is being supplied with dragons has not stirred our lively Press to some show of interest; but it hasn't. Of course there are cup-ties, a matter of vital importance. Even so, one would have thought that of all unlikely creatures to appear in the service of man, tamed and harnessed, the dragon would head the list. Gunners, we know, have always had a queer menagerie turn of mind. Elephants had their day. Oxen, for all I know, may still be used; they were originally hooked in for the elephant when it came to business, as that sagacious creature, while not objecting to haul a gun along a road, drew the line at being fired at. The ox had an added charm, as when one came to grief on the line of march its hump was a great delicacy. Then there are mules, much honoured by all gunners who have known them. Horses, too, of course. But dragons! Let us go into this.

The first thing one thinks about is, where on earth do they come from. Probably the first pair or so were imported secretly from Peru, or one of those places where prehistoric beasts are supposed still to exist. But you couldn't depend on Peru for a constant supply of remounts, and no doubt they are being bred from the egg at private farms on Salisbury Plain or somewhere. Mind you, it has all been kept very dark. We don't know now where the dragon batteries are. There must be some pretty counter-espionage work going on all this time. I wonder who runs it.

To the casual eye the dragon would appear more suited to the Air Force than the Royal Regiment. If the latter wanted to go in for draught lizards, one would have thought a crocodile would be more in their line. Indeed, I don't know why no inventive mind has ever thought of the narrow, low-lying, plated crocodile; possibly some young officer has done so before now, and been properly sat on for his pains. Still, a dragon is after all only a flying lizard, and at a moment's thought his advantages stick out all over him. Before moving your guns forward you could send up a mounted subaltern (or go yourself) to see that the coast was clear. When you are in position your teams could flap off to cover in no time, and you could send up a subaltern again to observe your fire. Everything to your hand, you see. The only drawback for artillery would be the creature's fiery breath, which might of course be pretty awkward with explosives about. This, however, could be got over by a Muzzle, Asbestos, Removable, Mark X.

There used to exist a highly conservative—though sterling—class of senior Gunner Officer who regarded any new thing with scorn and loathing; they called it an innovation and fought against it tooth and nail. If there are any such nowadays, the introduction of something really antediluvian must be a great joy to them. Equally, the employment of so startling a creature as a dragon must appeal to the younger men of advanced ideas. Everybody therefore will be satisfied, and I don't suppose this has ever happened before.

Another matter of interest is that I don't see how gunners can any longer dodge being called scientific. The term has often been unwillingly borne. I remember an expansive and larky Instructor of Gunnery who once explained to the Infantry General in whose command he was that he bore that title because he knew no gunnery and couldn't instruct. Another Instructor at a School of Gunnery, really instructing this time, was lecturing to a class of officers, and happened to use the expression tan. θ. He proceeded. "I say, you fellows," he said, "I have to tell you all this. Personally, when I come across a thing with tan. θ in it, I chuck the damned thing into the fire."

That sort of thing appealed to me. The work of firing guns always struck me as being extremely practical, and the one reason for the accusation of science that I could hit on was that in some places the authorities wanted to group gunners and sappers into one mess, and, as sappers are clearly scientific, the necessary connection was established by giving gunners the same label. But now, at any rate for medium gunners, there's no getting out of it. If anything is scientific it's dragons. Probably examinations for promotion will soon contain a new subject, Z.Z. Heraldry.

So far as regards the taming of the beast, I feel no surprise. Gunner Thomas Atkins can tame anything. Why, at a siege camp in India a good many years ago, under the impression that it was a harmless python, they had a great king-cobra crawling about for some days. The men made rather a pet of it, and it was only when emissaries from a zoo arrived to fetch it away that they found out what it was. As a rule, to come across a king-cobra results in your displaying a turn of speed that you didn't think you possessed.

There are some things one would like to know about these lizards. What do they eat? Birds; defaulters? Are they intelligent and bullet-proof? Are their eyes useful to read things by at night, or so large and glaring as to be a danger? (Spectacles, dark, for dragons, Mark Y.) Do they attack aeroplanes from natural loathing, as birds do hawks? And is the time likely to come when, by intensive breeding, a dragon will be evolved that can take the place of the aeroplane, and so help to make us independent of supplies of oil from abroad?

And when are the cavalry going to get unicorns? DUM-DUM.

THE NEWT.

IT 's very wrong to persecute
The little harmless vulgar newt
For things he cannot do;
You never should forget that he
Is of most ancient family
And made his first *début*
When all the world was warm and wet
And there had not appeared as yet
Creatures like me and you;
Indeed no self-respecting beast
Could have endured a world so *triste*.

Imagine endless dismal swamps,
Too squishy-squash for games or romps,
Where huge cold-blooded things
Lay mooning in the mire and snapped
At giant dragonflies who flapped
Prodigious span of wings;
Imagine gulps and lurchings glum
That ridged the shallows' oily scum
With undulating rings.

Some brobdingnagian primal newt
No doubt was there, a fearsome brute,
Uncouth and surly-souled,
With eyes aflame and chops agape
And paunch of an offensive shape
When he was growing old;
But that we cannot fairly say
Of his descendant of to-day,
In spite of what we 're told.

His little teeth are far too slight
To hurt you if he tries to bite,
And so he never tries;
He has no fang nor claw nor sting,
He 's just a helpless floppy thing
With wistful pleading eyes;
Befrilled with crimson-spotted crest
And mottlings blue on orange vest—
Perhaps a trifle over-dressed,
But quite a modest size;
And yet there still are dullards left
Who call him "nasty poisonous eft"!

"Arthur —— was charged that, on 23rd February, he was found drunk and incapable in charge of a motor car. —— had been in Palestine during the war, and he had had black bottle fever, with the result that there was a permanent tremor in his hands and, in excitement, in his head."—*Scots Paper.*

It sounds like a new name for an old complaint.



COUNTY SONGS.

VIII.—Norfolk.

Soft is the speech of Norfolk men,
But, when pronouncing, now and then
They're something of a puzzle;
For instance, while extolling Crome,
The darling painter of their home,
How oft they murmur, "Muzzle"!

No Norfolk man requiring bread—
The kind called household be it said—
Would ever ask for "huzzle";
Yet were the stranger's welcome cold
Should he lay stress on "Mouse" or "hold"
In reference to Household.

O'er Norfolk plains the plovers cry;
From Broad to Broad the mallards fly,
Their placid surface rumpling;
And both the peasant and the lord
Sit constantly before a board
Heaped with the local dumpling.

Although 'tis not the only food
For which, for man's beatitude,
The county's more than noted—
(The herring in his millions strong
Arrives at Yarmouth all day long
Imploring to be bloated)—

To dumplings Norfolk men are true,
As Irishmen to Irish stew,
As Highlanders to porridge;
They eat them ever, far and near,
From Sandringham to Horsey Mere,
From Narborough to Norwich. E. V. L.









Model. "I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ARE PAINTING LADY GODIVA. ARE YOU WANTING A MODEL?"

Artist. "YOU 'RE TOO LATE—I 'VE DONE HER. WHAT I WANT NOW IS THE HIND LEGS OF THE HORSE."

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO SHAKESPEARE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE other day the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon was destroyed by fire. Everyone naturally suspected Lord Burn-'em, but he has proved his innocence by inaugurating a rebuilding fund in his shy little paper, *The Daily Telegraph*. Well, Lord BURNHAM (to spell his name in a pedantic and mechanical way) is a friend of all good causes, and Mr. Punch, who likes good causes too, is happy to join him in this admirable and necessary crusade.

To put it bluntly, there must be as soon as possible a new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. SHAKESPEARE is the greatest name in English literature, probably the greatest name in the literature of the world; and his name and fame must never be allowed for a moment to be dimmed.

Stratford-on-Avon was his birthplace; it was at Stratford that he spent his impressionable youth; it was at Stratford that he married; it was at Stratford, returning thither in his maturity, that he died. His life was spent in the mixed task of writing plays and acting plays. And what plays! There is no height of human accomplishment and grandeur that SHAKESPEARE'S genius did not scale; no depth of human frustration and despair to which he did not understandingly descend. He knew all, he forgave all, and he reconciled all. His tragedy burns with the whitest flame; his comedy makes all men kin.

That SHAKESPEARE'S own Stratford-on-Avon should be without a theatre in which his plays can be acted would be a national disgrace. That is why Mr. Punch calls upon his readers, wherever they may be, near and far, to help in the effort to rebuild and re-establish what has been destroyed.

The ordinary terms of mendicancy do not in this case apply. We do not ask you to give and complacently to feel that you have conferred a favour; we offer you the proud privilege of being associated with the reconstruction of a theatre where the plays of this great dramatist, this great humanist and this great gentleman are assured for all time of constant periodical representation.

The old Memorial Theatre served its purpose: many were the excellent performances given there; but we want the new theatre to be finer, nobler, more worthy of the supreme imaginative genius of the world. E. V. L.

FAY.

WHEN summer shaws were shady,
Were shady, were shady,
Dan Lee, in Foxglove glade, he
Was rabbitin' ere morn;
He saw a lovely lady,
A lady, a lady,
Where summer shaws were shady;
Her face was all forlorn.

Her gown was green as water,
As water, as water;
Like moonbeams you 'd ha' thought her;
She ne'er was Adam's clay;
She ne'er was Adam's daughter,
His daughter, his daughter,
Whose gown was like green water,
Who walked 'twixt dawn and day.

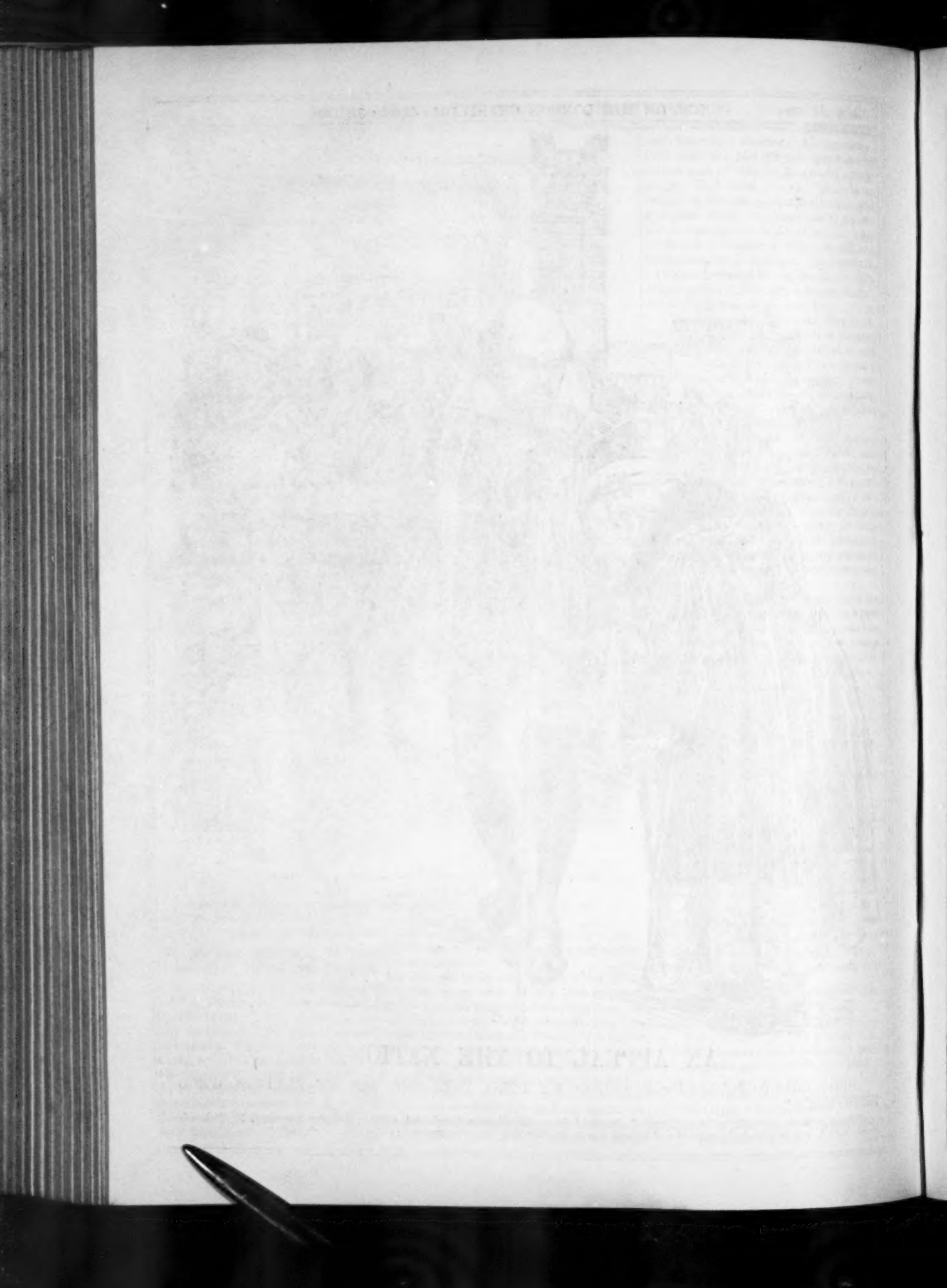
She walked, nor looked behind her,
Behind her, behind her;
A rabbit thumped to find her,
And, in green shaws o' oak,
Green shadows took, entwined her—
In green glooms entwined her;
The glade lay wet behind her
With ne'er a dewdrop broke;
So Gipsy Dan ha' spoke;
But who 'd believe a Pharaoh 'bout fairieses or folk?



AN APPEAL TO THE NATION.

Shakespeare (*to Polonius Punch*). "GOOD MY LORD, WILL YOU SEE MY PLAYERS WELL BESTOWED?"

[Cheques made payable to the "Punch" Stratford Memorial Theatre Fund and addressed to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. 4, will be gratefully received and handed over to the National Fund inaugurated by *The Daily Telegraph*.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 22nd.—It appears that your Argentine ox, denied access to these shores as a possible purveyor of foot-and-mouth disease, repairs to Zeebrugge to be slaughtered and shortly afterwards appears in Smithfield indistinguishable from, if not actually masquerading as, prime British beef. Lt.-Commander KENWORTHY thought that under these circumstances we might as well admit the creature on the hoof and get the benefit of his hide and "edible offals." Mr. GUINNESS reminded the House that cargoes of infected Argentine cattle had already reached our shores with regrettable results, but admitted that the idea of Zeebrugge enacting the *rôle* of the Bahama Islands in our particular scheme of things prohibitory was causing him concern.

The PRIME MINISTER again assured the House that the broadcasting of its proceedings was generally opposed and was thanked "on behalf of a long-suffering public" by Mr. CAMPBELL. Mr. HORE-BELISHA, ever unwilling to blush unheard, was told that the House *might* have an opportunity of discussing the matter.

Mr. BALDWIN informed Sir WILLIAM DAVISON that Sussex, "the heathen kingdom WILFRID found," famous for mutton, murderers, minstrels and ancient monuments, is not to be left to the tender mercies of the speculative builder. The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS has his eye upon that Philistine invader, whose tumuli and earthworks will not be permitted to displace those of

> "Such lands as lie twixt Rake and Rye,
> Black Down and Beachy Head."

The House heard with only moderate satisfaction that "HIS MAJESTY'S Government are considering what further action can be properly taken" in the interest of Mr. MACNAMARA, the young Englishman imprisoned by the French in Tunis on an obviously absurd charge; and would no doubt have much preferred to hear the Minister tell the French authorities exactly what the British think of them.

The Report stage of the Navy Vote produced another debate about the engineer-officer's purple stripe, which, despite its Imperial hue, is still regarded by some as a mark of social and professional inferiority—a suggestion that the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, in one of his soothing speeches—no purple patches about them!—endeavoured to rebut. Afterwards came a more valuable discussion on the question of surplus dockyards, in the course of which Commander BURNEY urged that if the Dominions were to make contributions to naval



THE IMP OF LINCOLN.

(After the well-known stone figure in Lincoln Cathedral).

MR. R. A. TAYLOR.

expenditure it was essential for all parties in the House to find a common naval policy. The Report stage of the Army estimates was likewise disposed of after Mr. WALSH had delivered himself on the vexed subject of military accountancy.

Tuesday, March 23rd.—The scene is set for the notable and ignominious execution of HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, charged with the high crime and misdemeanour of failing to deliver the international goods—on the left Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, thoughtfully fingering the axe, as mild an executioner as ever severed a jugular; still further to the left Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, all agog to seize the blood-stained head and present it to the execrations of the crowd; on the right centre Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN ready with notes for the delivery of his "last dying speech and confession."

But the House had first to reckon with Mr. TAYLOR, of Lincoln, who, thinking perhaps that a little comic relief was required, besought a First Reading for the Asylum Officers' Superannuation Act Amendment Bill. "Agreed, agreed," cried the impatient watchers beneath the scaffold. Whereupon the "Lincoln Imp" entered a protest against this "persistent interruption," but was eventually persuaded to shut his mouth and bring in his Bill.

This interlude satisfactorily over, the scene changes rapidly. The executioner, after making a few premonitory passes with the lethal weapon and assuring the crowd that if certain persons not present got their deserts there 'd be a slump in the collar business, throws down the axe and beseeches the condemned man to promise that whatever happened shall not occur again.

The victim explains. "I am charged," he declares indignantly, "not with being a knave but with being a fool," adding that the executioner had not hesitated to make the charge of knavery—not after the Geneva *débâcle* but before it—in the Anglophobe and Genevophobe Hearst Press. The victim then proceeds to clear not only himself but supposed fellow-conspirators of the charge of burying their recreant poignards in the League's vitals, and makes it clear that the real assassin was a supposedly estimable coffee-merchant of foreign extraction. Victim further explains that a threatening letter written by this assassin had reached Germany but had not been communicated to him or his alleged fellow-conspirators, against whom the second count of the indictment charging them with being fat-headed simpletons must fail. Condemned man concludes with panegyric on self, not unmerited perhaps, but possibly ill-timed.

Executioner's assistant then harangues *canaille*, urging that though the hand that tossed the Brazil nut of discord among the international beanfeasters



AFTER THE ORDEAL.

The Mother of Parliaments. "QUITE A NICE PERFORMANCE, DEAR AUSTEN, THOUGH I THOUGHT YOU USED THE LOUD PEDAL A LITTLE TOO MUCH TOWARDS THE END."

had come rolling up from Rio, it was some "hidden hand" that guided its unerring flight, and that both had been encouraged to the dark deed by the gelatinous intrigues of the wretch for whom the block was even then yawning. Shouts of "*A bas!*" from the *canaille*. Dissentient cries from the assembled *bourgeois*.

Enters the Guardian Angel of the League (Lord HUGH CECIL), who, with a series of vigorous wing-flaps, blows the executioners off the scaffold, refreshes the victim and generally clears the atmosphere.

Result: thumbs up handsomely outnumber thumbs down and the victim leaves the scaffold without a stain on his collar, but determined (it is hoped) to be more suspicious and less self-complacent when he next takes his walks abroad. Exit the chief executioner humming—

"I never met a jaguar nor yet an armadill-
O dillowing in his armour; and I hope
I never will,"

and thanking his stars that somebody else will go rolling down to Geneva in September and leave him to go on dillowing in the American newspapers.

Wednesday, March 24th.—Members hurrying along the Embankment to the support of their respective parties may or may not gaze anxiously at the mammoth thermometer across the river to see if the atmosphere is really as inclement as they think it is. Not so Lord CRAWFORD, to whom, as to Mr. Punch, the said monument of dentifrictional enterprise looms as the "most vulgar achievement in London," which, as they say in Hoboken, is "going some." He was supporting Lord NEWTON'S complaint that the Home Office was preventing the County Councils from enforcing the Advertisements Regulation Act, with the result that the advertising Vandal defaces with bill-stickers' paste our holy places. Lord DESBOROUGH defended the Home Office, claiming that the statute in question was ill-framed, and that all the Home Office did was to prevent County Councils from adopting illegal by-laws.

On the motion of Lord OXFORD the Geneva failure was then discussed, but without any notable addition to utterances on the subject already made in another place.

In the Commons Major GLYNN, the Member for Abingdon, whose tarry constituents habitually go down to the Thames in ships, asked the PARLIAMENTARY UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE to explain why it is necessary for vessels using Dover Harbour to carry away fragments of the breakwater in order to get in and out. Sir BURTON CHADWICK refused to allow his Department to be embroiled, declaring that the matter was one for the Dover Harbour Board and the Admiralty. Fortunately the former, mindful perhaps of the fact that BARNUM laid the foundations of his fortune by putting up a notice "This Way to the Egress," are taking the needful steps to provide their harbour with a like attraction.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL OF THE INFANT LEAGUE.
(*After a well-known picture.*)
LORD HUGH CECIL.

There followed, on the Second Reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill, one of those curious debates—on this occasion about inter-allied debts—in which it fell to Mr. SNOWDEN, in opposition, to speak the mind of the country, while the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, though hinting his personal agreement with everything that had been said, found himself, as representative of the Government, compelled to replace the sharp sauce of financial plain speaking with the blander garnishment of international politeness.

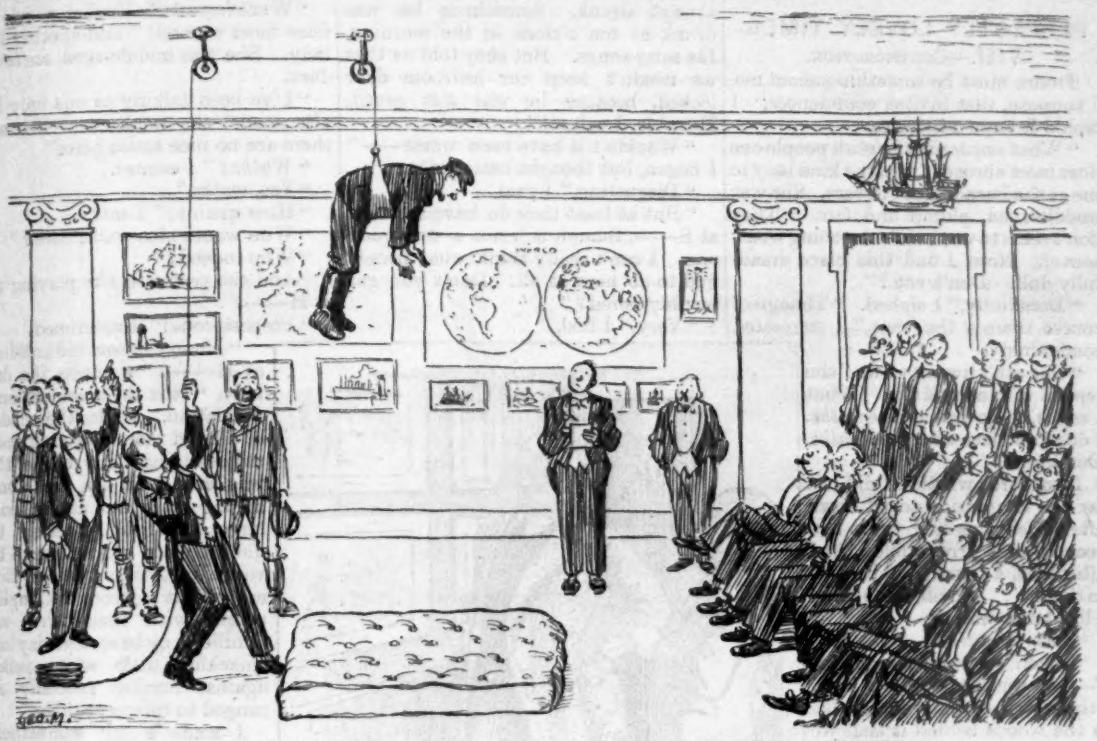
The debate was as depressing from the point of view of the taxpayer as others on the same subject have been, the only ray of hope being shed by that economic Buddhist, Sir FREDRIC WISE, who declared that it was all illusion and vanity, that no such sums could in the nature of things financial be paid or received by anybody.

Once more demanding the release of political prisoners, Mr. LANSBURY declared that they had simply done what the HOME SECRETARY and the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY had threatened to do—"in all our history the rebels of to-day were on the Government benches to-morrow." There would seem to be a good chance of Mr. LANSBURY ending his days as a Privy Councillor—if only the other kind of P.C. would not so persistently ignore him.

Thursday, March 25th.—The House of Commons learned that an Amendment to Standing Order 18 had been agreed upon between the Party leaders and would be published on the following day. Commander EYRES-MONSELL refused to reveal its provisions beforehand, but it was intimated that Members suspended in future will get a definite number of days without the "op."

Ensued a lively debate as to whether certain newspaper articles deemed to cast aspersions on the honour of certain Members named therein should be referred to the Committee on Privileges. They were, but not until some unkind words had been bandied across the floor of the House, followed by handsome apologies all round on its appearing that it was all a horrid misunderstanding.

The Consolidated Fund Bill was read a third time after National Health Insurance, Cash on Delivery Parcel Post and Empire Settlement had been discussed. In regard to the second subject Mr. WOMERSLEY declared that the two hundred thousand retail traders for whom he claimed to be speaking thought the



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"DROPPING THE PILOT" AT TRINITY HOUSE.

Government had "sold them a pup," a form of merchandise that no Government should undertake to distribute. Viscount WOLMER however, following the precedent of Mr. Punch's railway-porter, who declared that "this yer tortoise is a hinsect," assured the House that C.O.D. would prove a harmless and acceptable creature.

From a report of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's speech on the Geneva fiasco:

"Five or six gentlemen forgot the League and tried to create a triumvirate."
Sunday Paper.

But apparently could not decide which two (or three) of them should be left out.

"No visitor who is a real connoisseur of the drama leaves London without spending an evening at 'The Old Vice,' the people's playhouse, near Waterloo Station."
New York Paper.

Coming from the land that holds such strong views on "moral turpitude" this rather shocks us.

"The Municipal Authorities are taking over the none-hole course at —— at the end of this month, and will adhere to their usual policy of prohibiting all Sunday play."
Birmingham Paper.

They seem determined that on at least one day the course shall live down to its description.

SHE-SHANTIES.

LIFE—OR RATHER LITERATURE.

Now Jane loved John, but John loved Ann;
And thus the ghastly thing began.

John married Ann, and so gave pain
To simple, trustful, jealous Jane.

Then John discovered, careless man,
He more or less detested Ann,

While he could not himself contain
When thinking of the lovely Jane.

But Jane meanwhile, impelled by pique,
Had married George the previous week.

(The women met from time to time
And kissed each other. How sublime!)

John telephoned to Jane one day,
But Ann found out and ran away.

John went to George and told him straight,
"As man to man, I want your mate."

The gentle-minded George agreed
That Fate was very hard indeed,

But added, he would take the life
Of anyone who took his wife.

John gave up Jane and went away,
But quite by chance they met next day.

They met in Sussex, in a mist,
And kissed and kissed and kissed and kissed;

Then, passing to a precipice,
They prayed a prayer and kissed a kiss;

And four miles west of Beachy Head
Their bodies were discovered—dead.

Though lacking, doubtless, in resource,
They took the honourable course.

Poor Ann, repenting of her haste,
Tripped home that day to be embraced,

But, hearing what her John had done,
Had fever and became a nun.

Poor George did not become a monk,
But for the Rockies booked a bunk,

And healed his wounded feelings there
By shooting (more or less) the bear.

Returning with a grizzly's head
He married someone else instead.

This poem—simple, to be sure—
Contains the whole of Literature;

But rare the writer who confines
Such lots of life in such few lines.

A. P. H.

"Child's Pony, 12 h.p., very quiet."
Provincial Paper.

But remarkably powerful.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

VIII.—CONVERSATION.

THERE must be something about me, I suppose, that invites confidences. I would it were otherwise.

"What *impossible* English people one does meet abroad!" said the kind lady to me at the Paradise of Flowers. She was middle-aged, plump and fair. "They don't seem to want to do anything whatsoever. Now, *I* find this place dreadfully dull. Don't you?"

"Dreadfully," I sighed. "Though of course there's the view," I suggested condoningly.

"One can't live on views," she replied with a brisk air. "What I say is, there are no nice *walks*. I do like a place with nice *walks*. Don't you?"

I wondered whether I did. So far the temptation to sit down after a few hundred yards had been almost irresistible. And after that, I found, one became so thirsty . . . Still, I supposed I liked nice walks.

"Yes," I agreed.

"When we were staying at C——," went on the fair lady, "there were so many nice walks in the woods behind it that we could go out every day and never go for the same walk twice."

"How very delightful!" I said. "The hills here are certainly too steep. Have you thought of trying the sea? One can promenade in a boat on it, they tell me, to the Islands of Gold."

"I did that once," she said, "and I was sick."

That seemed to finish the Islands of Gold.

"I hate boating excursions," I said.

"And there's golf," she continued. "One can't get any golf here nearer than H——. I suppose you play golf?"

"Very, at times," I confessed.

"You ought to go over to H—— to-morrow," she said. "You could easily borrow some clubs from a friend of mine there."

I said I would certainly try to go over to H—— to-morrow.

"It's an absolutely perfect links," she pointed out. "It's a perfect hotel too. I don't really care for this hotel at all. They don't seem to understand English people here. But it's not quite so bad as the hotel at S——. Something went wrong with the bath while I was staying there, and they had a plumber in to mend it, and he was always drunk. Sometimes he was drunk at ten o'clock in the morning. He sang songs. But they told us that we needn't keep our bedroom door locked, because he was *très gentil*. Horrible, I call it!"

"Wouldn't it have been worse—— " I began, but thought better of it.

"Disgusting," I said.

"But at least they do have a casino at S——, though it's not a very good one. I can't really think what people find to *do* here at all. Don't you get terribly bored?"

"Very," I lied.



Sportsman (to artist friend). "EVER *done* ANY SHOOTIN'?"
Artist. "WELL, ONLY STILL LIFE, YOU KNOW—BOTTLES AND THINGS OF THAT SORT."

"I'm going on to N—— the day after to-morrow," she said.

"N—— must be delightful," I said. "I'm sure you're wise."

"The worst thing about this place," she concluded, "is the tea. Don't you find your morning tea *terrible*? I think it must be made of lavender or hay."

"It's unspeakable," I agreed.

She then left the *salon*.

"What a fascinating acquaintance!" I thought to myself.

I went across to the book cabinet to see if I could find an even deadlier French novel than Natacha's. One sets no bounds to hope in surveying a chance collection of romances in the French tongue.

The door opened and I turned round.

"What *impossible* English people one does meet abroad!" said another kind lady. She was middle-aged, *svelte* and dark.

"I've been talking to one only this afternoon," she went on. "She says there are no nice *walks* here."

"*Walks!*" I echoed.

"Yes, *walks*."

"How quaint!" I said.

"Who wants nice walks here?"

"Who indeed?"

"And she seems to like playing golf at H——."

"Preposterous!" I exclaimed.

"Have you *seen* the golf-links at H——?" went on the dark lady. "It is the abomination of desolation. Under the shadow of a hotel more towering, more majestic than any castle that was ever built by the Moors, amongst the mountains, on a large flat field, probably the dullest piece of scenery in the whole of this part of the Riviera, about a score of English people with their wives and families may be seen all day long smacking little white pellets against hurdles specially arranged to intercept them."

I made a soft sympathetic moan.

"I often wonder what these people come abroad for at all. Can't they play golf at Woking or Kensal Rise?"

"There is the sun here," I hazarded mildly.

"But it must nearly kill them."

"A form of euthanasia," I supposed, for I had sensed immediately that we were a cultured pair.

"As if it wasn't quite enough," she continued, "to watch the people at work amongst the vines and the flowers. And the utterly quaint children! And then there are the islands and the sea. I never want to be rowed out to an island. They are meant to be looked at from the shore. Don't you agree with me?"

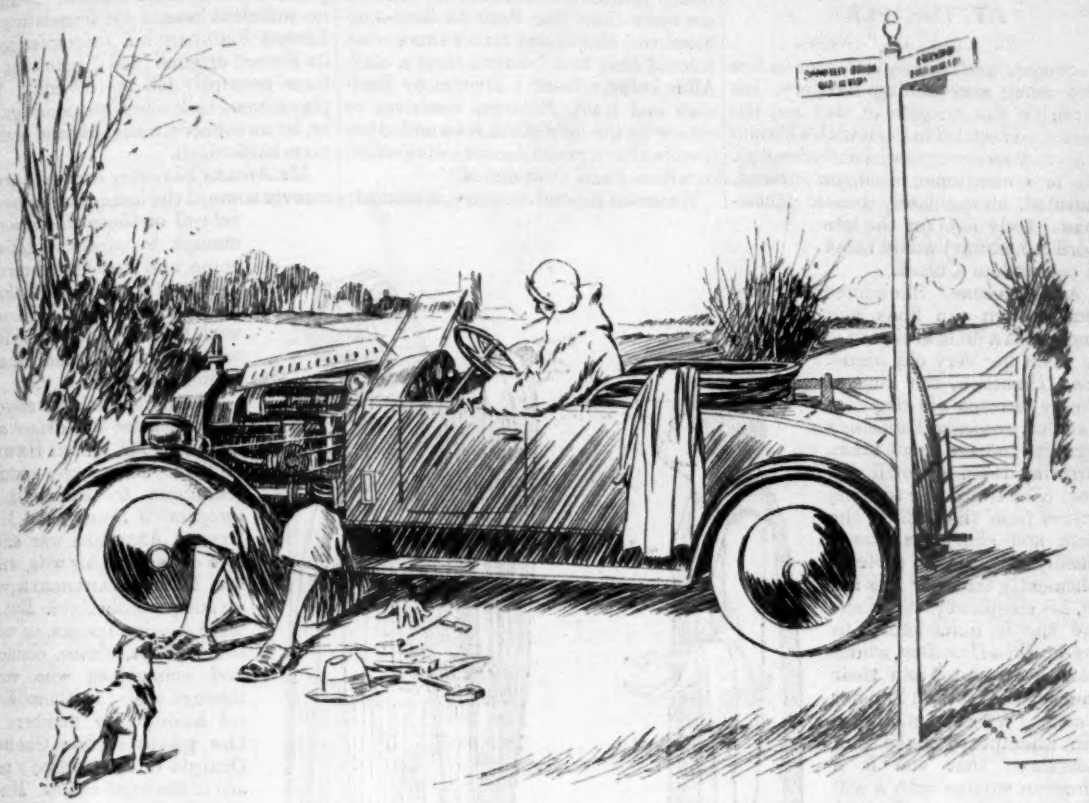
"Absolutely," I said.

She seemed pleased with me.

"My only sorrow is," she murmured, "that I have to go on to that hateful N—— in two days' time. I love this hotel. It is almost as charming as the hotel at S——, where they had an absolutely delightful man in to mend the bath. He sang songs the whole time, and drank bottles of that lovely rose-coloured wine."

"The sportsman!" I said.

"Some people seem to come abroad," she reflected, "and complain about every-



Enid (in her best furs). "CAN I HELP YOU, DEAREST?"

thing that isn't exactly the same as they get at home. My friend of this afternoon seemed to be particularly bothered about the tea here. What does she *want* to drink tea for when she can get coffee and rolls? I should never dream of touching it in France. Would *you*?"

"Never," I said. "How delightfully," I reflected, "we two are getting on."

The door opened. The fair lady had returned.

"I came back to tell you," she said to me smilingly, "that I've asked the waiter *specially* to bring you a little pot of my own tea to-morrow morning. You'll find nothing wrong with *that*. It's the purest Darjeeling, and I always carry it about with me. And mind you, *do* go over and try the golf links at H—— to-morrow."

I made a kind of indistinct noise. The dark lady stiffened and froze. Somehow or other I got away. . . .

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" asked Natacha. She was always asking that.

"Get up early and drown myself, I think," I said.

However, I didn't. I persuaded Natacha to promenade with me to the Islands of Gold. I thought they might be a refuge from persecution. Besides, I had always wanted to go there.

Alas, as we returned up the drive, there were my two tormentors sitting together under a mimosa-tree and chatting pleasantly as if nothing had occurred.

"Where have you been to?" they asked Natacha. They did not even glance at me.

"Out to the Islands," she said, before I could stop her.

What *impossible* English people one does meet abroad! EVOE.

SONGS OF SIMLA.

II.—SEPI FAIR.

WHEN Janki goes to Sepi Fair
She'll bathe her face and braid her hair,
She'll put on shoes with curled-up toes
And thread a circle through her nose,
With silver bangles deck each arm
And wear a really potent charm;
For Janki knows the menfolk go
To see the maidens all on show;
With purses full and eyes a-stare
They buy their wives at Sepi Fair.

When Janki goes to Sepi Fair
She'll see the fat Marwaris there,
The merchantmen from Simla town
Who bring their bags and bundles down
And strew the ground and cry their wares:
"Fine Kabul figs! Ripe Kulu pears!"
She'll look at beads and turquoise rings,
Gay netted silk pyjama-strings
And pinchbeck toys displayed with care
To tempt the folk at Sepi Fair.

When Janki goes to Sepi Fair
She'll slay a fowl and say a prayer
To Mandni, Dum and Kutishwar,
The gods of hill and vale and star,
To send a husband rich and kind,
With pockets opulently lined,
Who'll give her pots of burnished brass
And waistcoats trimmed with looking-glass
And bring her every year to share
The sweets he buys at Sepi Fair.

"Lady, clearing wardrobe, has Coats, Dresses, Costumes for Sale; also girl of eight, outgrown clothing."—*Welsh Paper.*

It seems a pity to sell the child merely because she has out-grown her clothing.

AT THE PLAY.

"PRINCE FAZIL" (NEW).

Prince Fazil, whose writ runs in Fez and much surrounding territory, has given up the delights of war and the harem and settled in Paris with a French wife, to whom he is passionately devoted. He is a handsome, intelligent, ardent, cultured, immaculately dressed gentleman. Only *Iago* (or the late Lord SALISBURY) would think of calling him a black.

And *Fabienne?* She adores him, though she finds him sometimes a little arbitrary—as when her very old friend, *John Hamilton*, the kind of blindly devoted old dog of a man that women of *Fabienne's* type like to have about them, throwing them a small discreet bone from time to time, arrives from the ends of the earth and she gives him a friendly kiss. *Fazil* protests vehemently that her lips are his, his completely, his alone. And she is immediately to ring-up *John Hamilton*, whom she has asked to join their dinner-party, and tell him not to come. Whereupon, after a vain attempt to make him understand that she is a European woman with a will of her own, not an Oriental toy or chattel, she takes up the telephone and urges *John* to hurry up or he will be late. Her first rebellion.

Fazil thereupon promptly returns to Fez to take up the normal life of an Arab prince—a life punctuated by loud cries of "Allah," gongs, tom-toms, the bulbul singing in the zeriba, glum glees by the seraglio choir and the death-gurgles of people who have annoyed him. A fine natural life after the hot-bed artificiality of Paris. But you gather there is a catch somewhere.

You suspect (without wonder) that the tame young pretties of the harem mean nothing to him. And when the distracted *Fabienne* arrives in pursuit you understand that these twain are soul-mates. No use his pretending to turn his face from her. She is his. He is hers (in a different sense, of course). He will not indeed return to Paris, but she shall be sole queen of the harem, and love and obey him in all things.

Six months of love and obedience, with her sheikh booming his appeals to Allah (in that full round voice of Mr. AINLEY's), treating her rough and positively yelling endearments in her ear, are more than true Parisian flesh-and-blood can stand, and rather more than I could bear with comfort from a stall. After being refused a divorce by Sooltaan and Kaid, *Fabienne* contrives to escape by the help of old *John* and other friends after a grand unconvincing *mêlée*, in which *Fazil* is wounded.

Wounded beyond recovery, it seemed; for, as *Fabienne*, back in Paris with old *John* licking her hand, is sitting wan and listless, grieving for her Prince, he enters, tells her he is a doomed man, kills her and himself in his masterful way with a poisoned ring, and so all happily ends.



Prince Fazil. "ALLAH! ALLAH!—LIKEWISE ALLEZ!"
Prince Fazil . . MR. HENRY AINLEY.
Fabienne . . . MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.

The First Act had some promise in it. Mr. AINLEY made his *Prince* interesting. Miss MADGE TITHERADGE was, I thought, extremely effective and did give a real impression, with her caressing voice and finely controlled technique, of being ecstatically in love instead of merely saying so; but I am afraid the promise was not maintained. I can see no sufficient reason for translating M. PIERRE FRONDAIE'S *L'Insoumise* out of its French original (and I note that the franc promptly fell to 139 odd). The play seemed to develop into unmitigated, or, let us concede, mitigated and pretentious balderdash.

Mr. AINLEY has every excuse to try to recover some of the losses caused by the refusal of those who are rich enough to purchase stalls to come and see his admirable *Much Ado About Nothing*. But when he has done so I wish him and his leading lady well out of this Hullish and Dellish affair.

There was little for anyone to do besides the *Prince* and *Princess*. Mr. HENRY HEWITT lent his charmingly natural technique to the part of *Jacques de Breuze*, and Miss STELLA ARBENINA was effective enough as his wife, while Mr. DAVID HAWTHORNE was an adequate old *John*. But all were wooden images, as were the ruffians, slaves, eunuchs and concubines who went through their *Chu Chin Chow-ish* business by numbers in the patio in the Casbah Ouargla of *Hadj Fazil's* palace in the town of Fez. Much ado about less than nothing, I 'm afraid. T.

"SUMMER LIGHTNING" (COMEDY).

The well-worn tag by our least sincere great poet—

> "Love is of man's life a thing apart,
> 'Tis woman's whole existence,"

was not only printed on the programme but quoted twice in the course of this unpretentious and confused little comedy. Rather an error in technique I think, as the structure (if any) was much too light and fragile to carry anything so seeming serious.

A mysterious "*Mr. Maxwell*," with a yacht in the offing, is flirting with the young wife of an inventor of aeroplane engines, *Alec Cameron*, whose absorption in his work prevents proper devotion to his perpetually pouting partner. It would appear that "*Mr. Maxwell's*" main intention is not the conquest of women but the discovery of the latest secrets of the British R.A.F., and that he is in reality an exiled prince of Kravonia. However, he invites the deserted lady to dine with him on his yacht, a dreadful crime which she pro-

poses to commit just to "learn" her husband to be less keen and ambitious. When *Cousin Betty*, who has secretly married a young pilot in the Air Force, a close friend of *Alec's*, and deserted him on his wedding-day, arrives on the scene, she, to save the foolish wife, kidnaps and drugs our "*Mr. Maxwell*" and keeps him safe in her house till breakfast. He in revenge passes himself off as her husband, her many lies on behalf of her cousin's imagined honour, and her own indiscretion preventing her from explaining the truth.

She herself visits the *Prince's* yacht—I forget why—having meanwhile sent her thwarted husband about his business. Mr. ERNEST DENNY has much too nice a mind to suggest that the *Prince* has any ungentlemanly intentions—he has got away with the model of an engine, which turns out to be a dud invented by one of his own subjects—so our hearts don't beat any faster when we hear that the yacht has cast anchor and is steaming full speed ahead for Kravonia. But of course the pilot, who had concealed himself in the binnacle and afterwards contrived to slip into the wireless-cabin, calls up the British Navy, which solemnly arrests the *Prince* as a suspicious person.

A harmless affair, which might have been more diverting if its direction had been clear. It seems a sound rule of the drama, however light, that whatever hares you start you must catch and jug before the curtain falls. Mr. DENNY'S scattered all over the county and were still at large when we left. Also so flimsy a dish needs much more of the seasoning of wit and humour. There was an intolerable deal of wordy explanation of the details of an unduly complicated and distracted plot, only occasionally relieved by a laughter-moving line; and his puppets, preoccupied with the creaking machinery of explanation, had little time to say things to show what manner of people they were intended to be.



ON BOARD THE *SAUCY SUE*.

Tony. "GONE? YES, I HAD GONE, BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED ME, SO I JUST POPPED IN AGAIN THROUGH A PORT-HOLE."

Tony Paget, R.A.F. . . . . MR. CYRIL RAYMOND.
Betty . . . . . MISS IRIS HOEY.



Rear-Admiral Blake (*Mr. HERBERT ROSS*) *to* "*Mr. Maxwell*" (*Mr. ION SWINLEY*). "BETTER CHUCK IT. I'M THE BRITISH NAVY, AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS—ESPECIALLY ON THE STAGE."

Cousin Betty, an impulsive and (being played by Miss IRIS HOEY) attractive creature, promised well, but not a great deal came of it. The *Prince* (Mr. ION SWINLEY) was just a solemn bore, defeating Mr. ION SWINLEY'S skill. Mr. KENNETH KENT always contrives to be amusing, and had some chance with the inventor, *Alec*, which he took. Perhaps there is a regulation in the R.A.F. that service caps are in the interests of economy to be glued firmly to the heads of its pilots. In no circumstances would Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND allow himself to be parted from his. Miss MARGARET SCUDAMORE did her best with a tiresome aunt, and Miss FAITH LIDDLE, I am afraid, failed to win any sympathy for the alleged sufferings of the inventor's wife.

Miss IRIS HOEY has her moments. She possesses the good fairy's best gift to an actress, personality, and can with good material say her lines with point and spirit. But has she not developed a rather dangerous tendency to protracted archness? Mr. ALAN THOMAS contrived to present effectively the wordless part of a sinister servant of the Kravonian prince. But what was there to be sinister about?

I have a feeling that this little play would repay working over with a pair of scissors, an artistic conscience and a careful pen, with a critical friend looking over the playwright's shoulder. The author made a charmingly modest and disarming speech of acknowledgment of the play's kindly reception.

T.

The New Woman's definition of a genius:—A man with a permanent brain wave.

"Wanted, a Piano, suitable for a beginner, but not with legs or silk front."—*Local Paper*.

The stipulation with regard to legs seems reasonable, for beginners are often too hard on the pedals; but why shouldn't the poor girl wear a silk front if she wants to?

THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' FAST.

"A ROTTEN idea," pronounced Henry.

"That's because you haven't gone into the question as closely as I have," I replied patiently. "I've been reading that to fast for twenty-four hours at least every six weeks is the sure way to perfect health, to keeping the brain unclogged and steady——"

"Rotten," repeated Henry, who generally objects to all new lines of thought. Also he is a pronounced flesh-eater. I ignored him therefore and began my fast the following morning.

Mind you, I don't want to pretend that I *liked* it. I felt a vague discomfort as I sipped a cup of hot water at breakfast (you're allowed as much water as you like) and saw Henry helping himself liberally from the chafing-dish. Heavens, how the man did eat! Porridge, bacon, eggs and grilled kidneys, toast and marmalade. Strange I had never before observed his enormous appetite.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded as he peeled an apple—the final note to a Gargantuan repast—"that you're going to keep up this idiotic starvation stunt all day?"

"For twenty-four hours." It sounded a long, long time.

"Rot," he remarked, unfolding *The Times*.

I felt relieved when Henry went to town, for now I could go to my study and start work with a steady unclogged brain. I was engaged upon the love-scene in my new serial, the most important point in the story. Strange that, when I plunged into it, I should find myself in an oddly analytical mood. Was love, I wondered, not a little overrated? Did not marriage end all raptures? How could a woman watch a man eating an entire dish of bacon and kidneys and yet feel that he stood for romance? No, no, far better to admit——

"Please, 'm," said the domestic of the moment, entering suddenly, "the sossidges 'aven't come for lunch."

I started up. What a calamity! There would be no sausages for lunch, rich, brown, succulent, flanked by tomatoes and served with bread-sauce.

"Why haven't they come?" I demanded harshly; then suddenly remembering that I was not taking lunch, "You can make a savoury omelette instead," I added dully.

I settled down to work again. There is no doubt about fasting making the brain clearer. I suddenly began to recall things that I thought were long forgotten. The holiday Henry and I had spent in the sun-bathed valley of the Loire—that wonderful little inn at La Bruguière where they served an exquisite *filet de sole au vin blanc*, with mushrooms and herbs, and the merest hint of garlic—beautiful as a poem. . . .

At that moment the door was flung open and the Kid, newly released from school, burst in.

"I'm so hungry. What's for lunch, Mamma?" she demanded.

"There's a savoury omelette and a rice pudding," I replied on a note of indifference.

"How *horrid*!" said the Kid.

I flung down my pen and turned on her in righteous wrath. "Ungrateful child, think of the poor people who are starving—who would give anything for a delicious savoury omelette——"

"But you don't like eggs either," interrupted the Kid, puzzled.

"Don't answer me back," I flashed out. The Kid withdrew hurriedly.

I don't know why I should feel still more annoyed when Henry rang up to say that he would be an hour late for dinner that evening. After all, *I* was not dining. But his attitude towards the principal meal of the day—as if an hour couldn't make any difference to the household schedule—was more than casual. It was callous.

I did not change for dinner, as it seemed unnecessary. Nevertheless I felt it my duty to preside at Henry's meal to serve out the maddeningly beautiful veal cutlets.

"Well, have you managed to keep up this silly starvation stunt all day?" he asked with a touch of contempt.

"Of course I have." I felt extremely angry with Henry. I knew perfectly well that if he said "rot" again there would be a scene. Luckily he didn't say it. He just placed veal cutlets on my plate. I sprang up to protest.

"Wait a moment," he said; "didn't you say it was your intention to fast twenty-four hours?"

"Y—yes, Henry."

"Very well, then. As you've had nothing since last night at dinner and we're dining an hour later to-night your fast is over."

I hope Henry was right, because I am a great believer in sticking to principle. Also I've wondered since if he delayed his home-coming an hour that evening in order to—but no, there is nothing subtle about Henry. Anyhow, I should like to mention that the most exquisite thing in the world is a dish of veal cutlets with brown gravy.

From a description of the earthquake in Venice:—

"The Government sent inspectors to the Dog Palace and other historic buildings to ascertain the damage."—*West Indian Paper.*

Who said the Italians were not kind to animals?

UNRECORDED HISTORY.

MADE IN LIMERICK.

I.—*Greek.*

THE two-year-old son of DIOGENES
Had a fat chubby body and podgy knees,
Which he'd painfully rub
When he climbed on the tub
Where his father affected to lodge in ease.

From the strain of composing *The Iliad*
Old HOMER went balmy as Gilead;
But his doctor felt sure
He could work him a cure
With the aid of a wonderful pill he had.

Said the doctor: "Though now a mere clod is he,
You will soon a sound mind in his body see;"
And he prophesied right,
For the following night
Our friend had embarked on *The Odyssey*.

II.—*Roman.*

CORNELIA'S tone was imperious;
"To disfigure a jewel is serious!"
The ma of The GRACCHI
Referred to a black eye
That CAIUS had given TIBERIUS.

A distant relation of CICERO'S
Sent a dear little Tusculan miss a rose;
But the gift was conveyed
In mistake to her maid,
And a misunderstanding from this arose.

III.—*British.*

To KATHERINE, Princess of Aragon,
Came a cook who behaved like a paragon,
Till she started to drink
And was found in the sink
Surrounded by bottles of Tarragon.

A curious custom of RUSKIN'S
Was walking in brown-leather buskins;
Though all Coniston tried
To discover what hide
They were made of, he'd never discuss skins.

Our Clerical Plutocrats.

"Wanted, after April, Colleague for Work in Parish of ——. Salary £2 5s."
Weekly Paper.

"The ending of Charles ——'s act is extremely funny, and the manner in which he takes up and puts down his drunken man is exceedingly good."—*Local Paper.*

But not so good as the printer's.

"TO THE BOBBED, SHINGLED AND BINGLED. P. ——, —— Street, wishes to thank those ladies who brought their heads and helped to make successful the new Ladies' Department recently opened."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

In the case of some of them their kindness in bringing their heads is the more remarkable because their husbands had declared that they must have lost them.



THE orchestra bows to his final decrees;
He fuses 'em all for the general good;
You are scarcely aware of the different trees
On account of the WOOD.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XIII.—SIR HENRY WOOD.



Young Woman (to Bishop who has just paid her an old-fashioned compliment). "You reahly are a devahstatingly diva-ine diva-ine!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

An Elizabethan pamphleteer, pre-estimating the value of his own literary remains, characteristically remarked that "crumbs left in a bushy beard after a great banquet" came nearest to his conception of them. This aspect, I feel, ought to be borne in mind by all pious editors of great men's leavings, for it is one thing to prolong the banquet and another to recall it from its heel-taps. In collecting all Conrad's miscellaneous writings, save those already published in "Notes on Life and Letters," Mr. Richard Curle has to a certain extent done both. A third, say, of *Last Essays* (Dent) has little intrinsic interest, the rest is invaluable. No lover of Conrad can afford to be without "Geography and Some Explorers," "The 'Torrens': A Personal Tribute," "The Dover Patrol" and the "Memorandum" on training young officers for the Merchant Service. It is "the drama of human endeavour" that magnetizes Conrad. He belongs, and is proud to belong, to an age when "travelling is victory." He does not care, as you may read in "Ocean Travel," for the later facilities of science. "A marvellous achievement," he says, "is not necessarily interesting." So the love of a sailing-vessel has never found fairer prose expression than his eulogy of the *Torrens*, a craft so beautiful that the Genoese shipwrights refused to break her up but patched her together instead. All the zest of seafaring permeates the entirely practicable "Memorandum," whose counsels, set aside owing to the depression of trade, I should like to see reconsidered. The book's critical reprints I do not find very illuminating; perhaps because Conrad despised criticism as "very much a matter of a vocabulary very consciously used." But it is worth while re-reading a long and rather desultory article on Stephen Crane to recapture the memorable paragraph about Stephen Crane's three dogs.

In *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House* (Benn) Professor Charles Seymour clears up an established mystery of the War. Colonel House of Texas, whom President Wilson addressed as "My dear, dear friend" and whom the British Foreign Office supplied with a private cipher code, came near, on the authority of the Ex-Kaiser, to preventing the War altogether, and throughout its course was America's principal spokesman in Europe, and the man from whom no secrets were hidden. During the Wilson *régime* he was the power behind the American throne, or the silent partner on it, or the pampered favourite of its lawful occupant, according as you looked at things, yet his actual status has always been as nebulous as his colonelcy, and even in his own country, where military titles may be dissociated from army command, nothing quite like him has ever been known. Over here he was accepted as the wisest of father-confessors and the oracle of the United States, yet, though he was trusted as few men have been trusted, no one could make out who in the wild west he really was. The simple truth as now revealed seems to be that he is a plain cotton-planter who has sympathy, insight and discretion to the point of genius, together with a love for large affairs, but without any cravings for office or for personal recognition. It was these pleasant qualities that made him invaluable to Wilson when that other great American was distracted between the responsibilities of peace and war, and even enabled him at

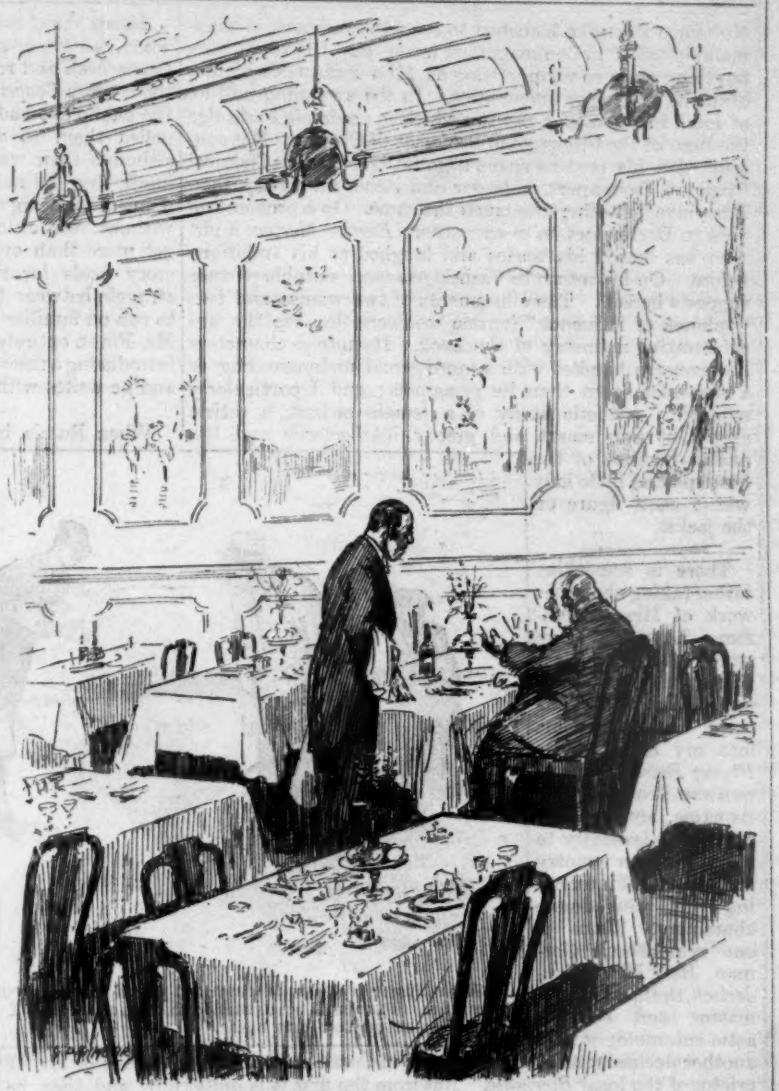
times to set the Presidential mind in motion again when that famous organ was, as occasionally, stuck on a dead centre. The two fascinating volumes now published absolutely lay bare the inner history of America's part in the War up to the moment of her own participation. In going so far they run to over nine hundred pages; and how many more hundreds there may be to follow I cannot guess. But as long as Professor Seymour has patience to go on fitting the material together, for so long can I for one guarantee patience to continue reading.

With much considered argument
On every kind of social issue,
The grounds of modern discontent,
And why the needs of merit miss you,
H. E. L. Mellersh, in *Let Loose*
(Published by Selwyn, Blount), discourses
On turning to commercial use
The humble atom's latent forces.

Ill comes of it; the dole flows free,
And Labour voices its objections
Because atomic energy
Saves work in numberless directions;
And, worse than this, another war
Is started by a neighbouring nation,
Which sees the force's fitness for
Weapons of ghastly devastation.

But happily, just in the nick,
The atom-specialist devises
A death-ray of such potent kick
That England, well-nigh stricken, rises
To new efficiency, and strife
Here and in foreign parts is ended;
And then our hero takes a wife,
And everything is simply splendid.

There are almost as many people who hunt and shoot as there are those who fish, at any rate as there are those who are qualified to write thereon, and yet 'tis but once in a decade or so that we get a good book on the science of hunting—the late Lord Willoughby de Broke's is the last I recollect—and as for shooting literature, why, since Colonel Peter Hawker's day, and apart from big game, Captain Eric Parker has it all to himself. But of very readable new fishing books you could yearly fill a small shelf; and now Messrs. Heath Cranton come along with yet another (Mr. Walter M. Gallichan for author), to make us think, this wintry weather, of buttercups and the first March brown. He calls his book *The Happy Fisherman*, and well he may, for it is the happily told recollections of fifty happy years with "angle rods" of all sorts. I say of all sorts because, though Mr. Gallichan hasn't much use for a salmon-rod, and though the trout is his chiefest joy, he can and does get lots of fun from coarse fish and from the various forms of bait-fishing which lead to their plebeian undoing. His catholic views in this respect make his book a little different from most fishing books. Moreover his trout are not as a rule caught in the modish waters of Hampshire and Berks, but in beck and burn and loch and lynn, from Teifi to Loch Lomondside, and even as far afield as in Luxembourg and the Ardennes. Mr. Gallichan is a welcome new member of my fishing library, where however we don't talk of "large" Thames trout and "three pounds" on the same afternoon.



Waiter (to country visitor to the Grand National, feeding at unusual hour). "Sorry, Sir, if you 're not satisfied."

Country Visitor (inspecting the bill). "Satisfied! Why, I can get better food at 'ome on washing-days."

When rustic commentators say of the actions of their neighbours that they are "as good as a comedy," they imply as a rule nothing particularly comic about the section of life under notice, but merely that it has the air of a spectacle got up for their particular benefit. In this sense and in this sense only I would allow Miss Kathleen Freeman to call *Martin Hanner* (Cape) a comedy. It is very rarely amusing, Miss Freeman's interest in her theme being too scientific to admit of levity; but it does put a strange and recluse society through its paces for the satisfaction of the reader's curiosity. This is a cruel process.

Not since PATMORE blenched to see "the torment of innumerable tails" in one magnified water-drop has there been anything quite so unappetising as Miss FREEMAN'S picture of life at the newer universities. In the swarming culture of small intrigues and vanities which is academic Farbridge the hero of the title-page is Professor of Classics. Not content with his post he opens negotiations for the Classical Chair at Darrenport, a larger and richer university than Farbridge, but otherwise much the same. On a prospecting visit to Darrenport he re-encounters *Eunice Merton*, a girl who has teased his senses and laughed at his ambitions before. On his return to Farbridge a more suitable partner suggests herself. The allurements of two women and two "spheres of influence" for one mediocre don are the unexhilarating mainstay of the book. Its minor characters however are handled with a more genial understanding or a shrewder scorn than its principals; and I particularly enjoyed a pathetic study of a female pedant, a satiric sketch of two smart and greedy intellectuals and the quaint portrait of the horticultural little lady whose cacti figure on the jacket.

There is something rather taking about the work of Mrs. ETHELREDA LEWIS, whose story of South-West Africa (the part that used to be called German) has just come into my hands. *The Flying Emerald* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is its name, and it introduces us pleasantly to a little-known country and to several interesting and well-drawn characters. There is one sympathetic German, *Herr Hans Wunderlich*, the local schoolmaster and enthusiastic entomologist, and another decidedly unsympathetic one in *Carl Schlosser*, proprietor of the local *Bierhalle*. But from the first it is quite clear that *Carl* is not going to be a successful villain. *Miss Jenny Elliott*, the charming young lady with blue-green eyes and black brows that nearly meet above them, whom we meet reluctantly serving his customers in the first chapter, foils his nefarious designs from the start. In her employ is one *Flitt'maus*, a Bushman, who has a natural dislike for *Carl*, and manages in the end, after the manner of Bushmen, to get his own back with something to spare; and violently in love with her is *Johnnie Armstrong* (we are moving in the best Border circles, temporarily reduced), who possesses all the virtues demanded of mankind by the lady novelist. I liked the colonial part of the novel better than the return of the duly wedded pair to their ancestral estate. *Johnnie Armstrong* is, in fact, one of that rather tiresome class of heroes who insist on marriage with the sole idea that they are to give everything and receive nothing. The end of these young gentlemen is always very much the same; and I suppose the public likes the additional complication, providing one more obstacle to surmount before the united rivers flow on calmly towards the sea. But in this case I think they will like the story for other reasons as well.

Harry Wood earned the name of *Hard Wood* (MELROSE) when, as a youngster defending his mother's honour, he fought *Copperhead* and routed him. This *Copperhead* belonged to the lawless *Cooper* family, who for excellent reasons avoided the public eye and were seldom seen unless business compelled them to visit some Hudson River town. But although their way of living was as clandestine as it was illicit, they did not carry their desire for concealment to the point of allowing one of their clan to be beaten and battered without retribution. In short they were determined to get more than even with *Hard*; and Mr. A. O. FRIEL'S story deals for the most part with the life-and-death struggle between them and him. Tales of this type are apt to run on familiar lines, and I am not prepared to say that Mr. FRIEL entirely forsakes them. But he does succeed in introducing a measure of originality into his history of *Hard*, and he writes with a quiet power that carries conviction.

When Russia broke loose she provided our sensational novelists with an immense amount of material, which is one way of paying a debt, though possibly not the one which appeals most directly to British taxpayers. In *The Double Thirteen Mystery* (HUTCHINSON) the scene is laid in England, but most of the villains and victims are Russian. Mr. ANTHONY WYNNE, however, does something towards restoring the national balance by making his sleuths, whether professional or amateur, uncompromisingly British. Detectives in fiction I often find very depressing; their coolness and courage leave me acutely conscious of my lack of these qualities. But one of Mr. WYNNE'S sleuths makes me love him; for now and then he confesses to being utterly surprised—a human weakness without precedent in my experience of this class. Mr. WYNNE has a baffling and intricate story to tell, but he keeps a firm and steady grip upon it, and only once, and then only for a few pages, was I bewildered. Incidentally I should be sorry to pay for all the petrol which is consumed while this mystery is in course of solution.



Single Player (who has inadvertently played through). "I'M EXCEEDINGLY SORRY, SIR. FACT IS, I'M RATHER SHORT-SIGHTED, AND I QUITE TOOK YOU FOR SOMEBODY CUTTING THE GRASS."

Under the self-effacing title, *Bateman and I in Filmland* (T. FISHER UNWIN), Mr. DUDLEY CLARK has reprinted the series of articles on "The State of Filmland" that he contributed to *Punch* last year, together with Mr. H. M. BATEMAN'S illustrations. The work of both author and artist is well known to our readers, many of whom will doubtless be glad to revive their enjoyment of it.

From a list of the Oxford crew:—

"Sir J. Croft (Eton and Brasenose) (sox)."—*Daily Paper.*

We are glad to know this detail. But surely the Oxford oarsmen wore them too; and, if so, why didn't they pull them up in the race?

CHARIVARIA.

IT now seems that the mines will pay if the Government will.

* * *

We are asked to contradict the rumour that Mr. BALDWIN is occupying the Easter recess by translating the Coal Report into Latin elegiacs.

* * *

"England and France are drawing together," says a contemporary, which, however, omits to say exactly what or how much they are drawing.

* * *

The determination of the I.L.P. to nationalise everything seems to extend even as far as the nationalisation of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

* * *

One of the Australian cricketers on the way to this country is a plumber. We hope he won't have to go back and fetch his bat.

* * *

"The man who renders the greatest service to his day and generation is the man who makes people laugh," says Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN. The authors of some recent serious plays should take comfort from this.

* * *

Mr. HENRY AINLEY'S consecutive successes as *Benedick* and *Prince Fazil* have earned him the reputation of being a fine Sheikhspearean actor.

* * *

A well-known artist has announced that he is not sending anything to the Academy this year. It has been decided, however, not to cancel the exhibition.

* * *

It's when you see an artist fetching home a rejected picture from the Academy that you know the full meaning of the art that conceals art.

* * *

"The great apes have only of late years been employed in psychological research," says Mr. JULIAN HUXLEY. We feel that he ought not to speak of his fellow-scientists in that way.

* * *

American girls, we are told, become flappers without serious rebuke from their mothers. English mothers, on the other hand, become flappers in spite of serious rebuke from their daughters.

This new invention of a match that will strike under water is just the thing one needs to look for the soap when one loses it in the bath.

* * *

Over five hundred million gallons of petrol were consumed in the United Kingdom last year, but it is not stated how many pedestrians to the gallon this works out at.

* * *

A man has been summoned for throwing an egg at his bookmaker. He now pleads that he had no idea it was a good one.

* * *

A prisoner being escorted to gaol by two detectives broke away and escaped from them at Euston station. It is a peculiar thing, but burglars simply hate to be seen in the company of police officers because it lets them down so.

* * *

Ice-cream manufacturers are to have a monthly journal of their own. It is probable this will set the pace for the asparagus-straighteners and the muffin-perforators, who have no official organ at present.

* * *

A woman has told a magistrate that the only game her husband ever plays is ludo. The desperado!

* * *

We read of a football-player who has left a fortune. Referees are lucky if they can only leave the field.

* * *

Attention is drawn to the prettiness of the new Post Office at Shepperton. That ought to silence local demands for the restoration of the penny postage.

* * *

Colonel R. H. ELLIOT laments the present-day lack of parental control. Against this it should be stated that the modern girl often allows her parents to have her own way.

* * *

A musical critic says that at a recent dance the dancers talked and shouted so loud that he couldn't hear the jazz band. In that case we wonder what he has to complain about.

* * *

Sir OLIVER LODGE is conducting experiments with the view of stopping wireless howlers, but has it ever occurred to him that these noises are the protests of the spirits that are being called up to answer questions?

* * *

Pedestrians in America who are reckless in crossing busy streets are known as "jay-walkers." Those who do the same silly thing in London are more often described as "the deceased."

* * *

Mr. JACK HOBBS is asking for fair play in the Test matches. But if we are to win we shall want a little better play than that.

* * *

Up-to-date women are having their monograms tattooed on their ears. It was felt that when these appendages were recently revealed for the first time a use would be found for them.

* * *

Any day in the future we can expect to hear of a girl's having been arrested for masquerading in feminine attire.

* * *

A painting of *Rima* exhibited at Newlyn is said to be quite unlike the EPSTEIN panel. Still, that doesn't prove that it is like *Rima*.

* * *

"Giants, ogres and monsters are not suitable subjects for children's imaginations," says Miss ALICE M. JACKSON. Most parents keep the existence of the income-tax collectors from the little ones until they are old enough to stand it.

* * *

If there is going to be another race next year Oxford ought to start now.



The Home Crowd. "GOAL!!!"
Keen but stymied supporter of Visiting Team (unhesitatingly). "OFF-SIDE!!!"

SMALL CHANGE.

THERE was no doubt that the new orthopædic surgeon at the Blankhampton Hospital had made a very good job of Blanche Steadman's foot. He was pleasantly aware of it, his admiring house-surgeon was sure of it, the ward sister also, and the young night nurse, whom Blanche secretly adored and ranked among her childish saints next to "her doctor." He was young enough to be enthusiastic and to wish to explain his doings, and he did so at some length on the Lady Almoner's note-paper for the benefit of Blanche's parents.

Steadman drove one of Blankhampton's municipal trams, but found his brakes easier to understand than this rapid sketching of muscles and bones, and his "Yes, Doctor," and "No, Sir," were prompted by his quicker-witted wife. At the end, when they carried Blanche off, in her new splint, their halting thanks were brushed aside cheerfully with—"Keep her ironmongery in good condition and let me see her again in a month. Good-bye." Yes, it had been a satisfactory job—the Sister had been very helpful, the instrument-maker intelligent; that little gadget at the heel too—and the child such a good plucky kid with a most engaging smile. And he felt his thoughts drifting towards the gadget and the smile, while the Secretary poured into his ears a tale of anxiety about the hospital finances and the possibilities of a broad-casted appeal.

* * * * *

The Steadmans lived, not uncomfortably, in a neat little house in the industrial suburb of Blankhampton—a house that would have been quite bearable if all its neighbours had not been so painfully like it. Blanche's twin, who had missed her a good deal more than he admitted, made much of her the week she returned, showed her his improvements in their home-made wireless and confided sheepishly that during her absence he had put sixpence in her new money-box, "to keep your sixpence company."

"Oh, Bob!" said his gratified sister; "and there were some pennies, so that 's over a shilling. How lovely!"

The wireless, ousted for the first few days by the novelty of Blanche and her hospital stories, soon resumed its sway, and Blanche sat listening one evening while Mother darned, Father smoked and Bob played with the kitten.

Peace reigned, until suddenly a sob, many sobs, broke it.

"Blanche, my precious, is your foot hurting you? What is it—what ever is the matter?"

"M—my hospital is going to close down," wailed the child.

The parents stared at one another. Bob seized the earphones and gesticulated for silence.

"It 's all right," he said presently; "the man says they want money—oh, heaps of money, for the hospital, but he only says that they would have to think of shutting down a ward if they don't get it."

"Cheer up, Blanche; don't be a silly," said her father.

Blanche sniffed damply, only half reassured, then her face brightened and she grabbed her money-box and opened it hurriedly. Two sixpences, hers and Bob's, trickled out amid the clatter of falling coppers—one shilling and fourpence half-penny.

"Dad and Mum," she cried, "you must make it up to half-a-crown and take it to the hospital to-morrow—you must!"

And so it happened that the first response to the Blankhampton Hospital's wireless appeal was brought by the driver of the early tram next morning, and was inscribed "From your greatful Blanche."

IO TRIUMPHE!

(A Song of the Road.)

HUMBLE yourselves, ye makers
Of modern mechanical things,
Who count your machinery foolproof,
Too strong for the wit of a man
And the strength of his arm to destroy;
In the insolent pride of your hearts,
Who grant guarantees for a six-month
To cover the cost of repairs.

Alone I did it, unaided,
At the going up unto Tring.
In a blankety-blank four-seater
I put my right hand to the lever,
I wrenched it, and lo,
So great was the force of my manhood
The main shaft was twisted and writhen,
The lever got stuck in the gate!
There we were.
Hallelujah!
My eye!
No ratchets nor cogs were sufficient,
No casting of steel in a foundry
Could fight with the spirit of man!

* * * * *

Alone I did it, unaided;
The people of Tring were astonished,
They wondered and gaped;
The small boys were filled with amusement—
My word! how they laughed!
And a woman leaned out of her lattice
And called to her neighbour and said,
"Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?
Why doesn't that bloke get a move on?
Oh, Imy, look there!"
The lorries and drags clattered past us,
The oxen and sheep
Came and pressed their cold noses against us
And licked off our paint.
I gathered strong men round about me,
I stayed at the wheel,
They shoved with their shoulders and pushed.

* * * * *

As a warrior home from the battle,
As a man who has won an election,
In the days before cars were invented,
When the horses were loosed from the shafts,
Amid shouts and a thunder of cheering
I came into Tring.
And the gentleman said at the garage
That never in all his born days,
No, bust him,
Had he seen such a marvellous business,
No, bust him, not he!

Alone I did it, unaided.
They took off the lid of the gear-box,
They poked in the grease.
The main-shaft was twisted and writhen,
The strength of the steel was destroyed
By the might and the force of my manhood
In altering gears.

Pretty good!

Now humble yourselves, ye makers
Of modern mechanical things,
Who count your machinery foolproof,
And give guarantees;
For the mind of a man has bewrayed you,
The strength of a man has o'erthrown you,
The deed has been done that ye doubted,
And the damage is yours to repair.

EVOE.

"A special train from Killarney will be run from Mallow on Thursday and Saturday, giving a connection with the 5 p.m. train from Kingsbridge, and reaching Killarney at 10.20 p.m."
Irish Paper.

This must be one of those round tours for which Ireland is so justly famous.

"An equally fine presentation of La Bohème in the evening earned the enthusiasm of an audience that filled every seat with themselves, and every pause in the music with applause, timely and untimely."—*Indian Paper.*

This compendious passage reminds us of the lady who "went away in a sedan-chair and a flood of tears."

"A letter was before the Housing Committee which had been received by the Surveyor and was capable of being construed as offering a bride to the Surveyor, contrary to the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act 1889. It was resolved that in this instance, the first of its kind to come before the attention of the Council, no further action be taken."—*Provincial Paper.*

Provided the lady was willing, we see no harm in the offer of such a *douceur.*



POISSON D'AVRIL.

[The French Chamber passed the Finance Bill at 9 A.M. on April 1st.]



Irate Lady Pedestrian. "We followed the road you told us, but you must have been mistaken. We've walked in a complete circle, and here we are back again."

Road-mender. "I told you right, Miss, but I've 'eard o' folks walking in circles afore. It means as you've both on yer got one leg shorter than t' other."

LAYS OF LEARNING.

XX.—The University Extension Course.

He gave Extension Lectures in a little country town
Where everybody marvelled at his learning and his gown,
With the solit'ry exception of the ignorant Miss Brown.

The subject of the Lectures was the plays of Ancient Greece;
Miss Brown was brought protesting by well-meaning Aunt Lucrece,
Who took this opportunity to educate her niece.

The ritualistic features of the *Bacchæ* he surveyed,
And everybody marvelled at the knowledge he displayed,
Except Miss Brown, who noticed that his cuffs were rather frayed.

For the "*Deus*" from the "*machinâ*" he said he did not care,
And everybody felt his taste was sensitive and rare,
Except Miss Brown, who noticed that his socks were not a pair.

He translated into English verse a scene from Sophocles,
And everybody marvelled that he did it with such ease;
Miss Brown observed his trousers, which were shiny at the knees.

He emphasised the pathos of *Antigone's* sweet *rôle*,
And everybody marvelled at his deep poetic soul,
Except Miss Brown, who noticed that his coat had got a hole.

He spoke upon Euripides's irreligious doubt,
And everyone perceived that he himself must be devout,
Except Miss Brown, who noticed that his gown was inside-out.

The *Frogs* of Aristophanes he carefully explained;
When he read the croaking chorus all were gravely entertained,
Except Miss Brown, who noticed that his voice was overstrained.

He compared *Prometheus Vinctus* as a tragedy with *Lear*,
And everybody thought how wise he looked and how severe,
Except Miss Brown, who hated Greek, but thought he looked a dear.

The wedding of the Lecturer took place at Easter-tide,
And all his lady-students came, and very nearly cried
To think Miss Brown, who never wrote an essay, was the bride.

G. B.

The Date of the Drought.

"Twenty or thirsty years ago the United States citizen never dreamt of an infringement of his liberty such as that imposed by the Volstead law."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"In Meerut Inter-Regimental polo tournament, the 11th P.A.V.O. Cavalry were defeated by the 15th Dancers."—*Indian Paper.*

"The Tenth don't dance," as is well known, but apparently the Fifteenth can and do.

"Guillemot was sanguine that he would win the 'Cross-Country Race of the Six Nations' over a distance of 12,500 kilometers. The best that Guillemot could do was to finish second to Harper, of England, 250 years away."—*Continental Paper.*

To run something like eight thousand miles is a severe task, but Guillemot ought, we think, to have accomplished it in less than two-and-a-half centuries.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

My dear Charlie,—The papers say that you are coming to Europe again this year, and I hope that it is true. You will find London much changed, with three West End super-cinema theatres that were not in existence on your last visit, to one of which your *Gold Rush* recently drew thousands of people every day. By the way, what a good film that was! You were never funnier than in some of its moments, not least when you ate the bootlaces, and again you proved what a heart-breaking future is yours in pathetic parts when you tire of the laughter that you cause but never yourself hear. Heart-breaking, I mean, for us.

But you must be weary of bouquets; and what prompted me to write was a different matter. I wanted to tell you about something I saw in Paris the other day. While walking along the Grand Boulevard I was conscious of a crowd advancing towards me, at the head of it being—yourself. That is to say, a replica of yourself as you are most naturally visualised all the world over, whether as Charlie or Charlot—and most emphatically not as Charles Spencer Chaplin. Whose features are the second-best known from Pole to Pole I cannot say; but there is no doubt that yours are the most familiar. Compared with your range, kings and dictators, presidents and cricketers are mere provincials.

But again I stray in the direction of eulogy. What I want to do is to tell you about your little derivative on the Paris pavement. He was rather smaller than you, but otherwise the likeness was almost exact. He had copied the hat, the coat, the collar, the boots, the cane, with precision; he had your moustache, your gestures, your gait. And thus shuffling and shivering forward he passed on his way, attracting (as was meant by the firm that employed him) every eye. For he was, of course, an advertising device, the name of the commodity being inscribed on his back.

I have said that his likeness to you was remarkable; but in one respect he excelled you. Your features are capable, as I have hinted above, of suggesting an unhappiness that might be called abysmal. When in a mood of dejection you are melancholy in essence. But upon the face of this poor little sport of circumstance was an even deeper sadness, a profounder hopelessness, than I have ever seen on your own. It may have been the result of artistic thoroughness; it may have proceeded from weariness of such a task, or from consciousness that he had failed in his own individuality indeed, if such a means of livelihood as this was all that was left: to shuffle and shiver in masquerade in the full light of the sun (always so cruel to the masquer) through the streets of the hard city of Paris for several hours a day, counterfeiting for a pittance the greatest and most triumphant creator of merriment that the world has yet known.

That's all I had to tell you, Charlie. You are a humane man, and it is because I am sure that when you get to Paris you will like to make inquiries about this little by-product of your genius that I have brought him to your notice.

I am, Yours sincerely,
E. V. L.



Cook. "Gettin' as fussy about your food as them upstairs, you are."
Maid. "'Tain't that. It 's because I 'm not so afraid to complain."

Our Pampered Pets Again.

"Wanted.—A steady young woman to wash, iron, and milk two cows."
New Zealand Paper.

From a broadcasting programme:—
"'An Author's Feelings on Publication Day' (S.B. from London)."—*Evening Paper.*
We understand the risk of "atmospherics" is too great to permit of the broadcasting of his sensations on the receipt of a rejection slip.

There was a young piper named Sandy
Whose piping was sweeter than candy;
But, wedding a wife
From the kingdom of Fife,
He afterwards took to old brandy.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

Joshua, Delia Easthampton's pet boa, has contrived to lend a little liveliness to Lent. Delia has been sitting for her portrait to that wunnerful genius, Zigzag, wearing her shining clinging draperies, *plus* Joshua, just as she appeared the other night at the dance at the Gilded Galleries in aid of the fund for Providing Pastimes for Point Policemen. The portrait was to be called "Lady Easthampton and Joshua," and was to go to the Academy show, where it would certainly be the Picture of the Year, and very likely would reach the distinction of a cord and a policeman. But—— The portrait was nearly finished, and Zigzag's studio was as usual simply chock-a-block with round-the-studios people clamouring for a peep at "Lady Easthampton and Joshua," when, after one of the sittings, Delia was about to cajole Joshua back into his basket. Zigzag drew near to watch the process and somehow managed to catch Joshua's eye—a dreffful eye to catch, but if one *does* catch it one should keep calm. Zigzag, being of the nervous artistic temperament, *didn't* keep calm, but took a step backward and foolishly threw out his right arm as if to defend himself. *Then* Joshua remembered very clearly things he used to do, raised himself out of his basket and in a moment had taken a double turn round Zigzag's right arm and broken it! Poor dear Zigzag! Too terrible for words.

And actually a certain cruel uncultured critic, who has always had his knife into Zigzag, has dared to write: "While sympathising with M. Zigzag in the misfortune that has befallen him, we think that in preventing this artist (?) from inflicting any more of his atrocities on the public for some time, Lady Easthampton's pet boa has shown sound critical acumen, though perhaps too forcibly expressed."

Zigzag is bringing an action against him for libel, and another action against the Easthamptons for professional losses and grievous bodily harm, and so on. Easthampton is furious about it and says Joshua shall be sent to the Zoo. Delia says he 's her "own dear darling snakey-akey and shan't be!"

* * * * *

Good news for everyone who appreciates and *understands* the Higher Art. Dear Zigzag finds he can paint quite as well with his left hand as he did with his right.

* * * * *

Children are having quite a little vogue just now. People not only *talk* about their children but positively *bring* them to places. I made one of my recent Trifling Teas a Bring-your-Kiddies Tea, and it went 'mensely. Frederica Forfarshire brought a wee Highlander, and several others came with their boyeens and girlettes. Dear Chatterton Soames appeared with quite a big little nephew. "Why, Chatty darling," I cried, "you an uncle?" "No, Sylvia," he said; "not that opprobrious term, please! But this is my sister's boy." The thrill of the afternoon was when Pixie Dashmore blew in with two of the *sweetest* kiddies.

"Pixie!" we all screamed. "*You! Two of them!* We didn't know—or if we did, we 'd forgotten."

"So had I," said Pixie; "kiddies 've been out of print, haven't they? But now that they 're published again and one wears 'em with afternoon frocks, let me present Humphrey Dashmore, aged four, and Ann Dashmore, aged six," and she sat down and grinned at us, with Humphrey in her lap and her arm round Ann, who stood beside her.

"This Humphrey of mine," she went on, "informed me to-day in his own peculiar dialect that he wished I 'd grow my hair again, as a shingled mummy was 'no better 'n *another daddy*.' As for this Ann of mine, she 's already a person to be reckoned with. I must make the most of my freedom and independence while I 've got 'em; she 'll soon be shoving me in the cupboard and telling me to keep out of her way; won't you, Ann?"

"No, Mummy, I won't," answered the clear-voiced self-possessed girleen; "I 'll always be decent to you."

"Children are quite a good idea," observed dear Chatterton Soames, looking round the room; "the pity of it is that they *date* a charming woman." And we all agreed with him.

Everyone 's gone simply crazy over Carabollydydd Rhys, the Welsh miner-playwright, whose wunnerful play, *Druffudd y Gruffudd*, is such a howling success. In spite of there being no bedroom scenes, nothing of that kind, and no frocks by Fragolet or any of the big *modistes* (how *could* there be when the actresses, poor dears, all have to be pit-brow lassies!), the Portico Theatre is packed every night. All the critics agree that the atmosphere of the play is amazing and that Carabollydydd Rhys gets the choke-damp across the footlights in a marv'lous way. Someone has discovered that he 's descended from a famous bard, Carabollydydd of the Hundred Lays, a fearful creature who lived a thousand years ago and made lays on everything that happened. People are falling over each other to get him to their parties, and the fact that he refuses to wear anything but his miner's dress and is an utterly simple primitive soul, quite new to *le monde où l'on s'amuse*, gives him a 'mendous social snap.

Of course the Arkwrights had him to the Ark for a week-end. Our dear Marion, who always likes to go one better than anyone else, got up some Welsh so that she might be able to talk to him in his own language. *The Chatterer* had a full-page portrait of her and Rhys with this caption: "The brilliant Lady Arkwright has revealed yet another accomplishment. Above we see her at the Ark conversing fluently in his own language with Carabollydydd Rhys, the miner-playwright and last word in social lions." Oh, *Chatterer, Chatterer!* don't you know that when our dear clever Marion began to talk to him in what she thought was Welsh, he burst out laughing and, pointing his finger at her in his deliciously naïve way, cried out, "Not Cymru, look you! Not nothing!" My old friend, Tots Uppingham, roped him in for one of her Tête-à-tête Boudoir Chats, but when she greeted him with "Welcome, gifted bard!" and a kiss on the brow, he shook her off and said something like, "Throddydydd llanwollydydd," and then translated it: "I 'm wedded, look you." Poor Tots!

JEALOUSY.

I 've an income of twenty-odd thousand,
I 've houses and cars by the score;
I 've just won a beautiful spouse and—
I ask you—can mortal want more?
I thought when my loved one consented
That nothing could better my lot,
And I certainly *should* be contented,
But, somehow or other, I 'm not.

As bright as the love-planet Venus
Her eyes seem to melt into mine;
And yet there is Something between us,
A Something that 's dark and malign,
A Blackness that ever is standing,
Green-eyed in the dusk like a gnome,
In dining-room, study and landing
And blasting the beauty of Home.

It 's not that she 's ceasing to love me
(Oh, no, it 's not *that* which I fear!)
No Damocles' sword hangs above me—
My conscience is perfectly clear.
Our future is far from alarming,
No visible rocks loom ahead;
Her father and mother are charming
And *never* annoy us (they 're dead).

Yet there It sits, grim and depressing,
For ever impeding my path;
It leaps on me when I am dressing,
It glares out from under the bath,
And I wake in my bed with a clammy
Sensation encircling my brow,



Visitor. "May we have your sailing dinghy for the day?"
Boatman. "D' yer know anything about sailing?"
Visitor. "My good man, my friend here is in the Navy."
Boatman. "H'm! Well, in my opinion, Naval gents in small boats is better ashore."

And I wildly ejaculate, "Damme!
There's Something that touched me just now!"

Outside in the night it will hound me
To wander, improperly dressed,
While the rain rages restlessly round me
And the wind whistles wild from the west.
Even worse (if it can be) than this is
The fact that It dogs me like doom,
And whene'er I'm alone with the missis
Impels me to fly from the room.

But what fills me most with dejection,
What makes me go crimson with shame
Is the utterly bitter reflection
That I—I alone—am to blame.
I imported the Thing that's between us,
I broke all our happiness up
When I foolishly gave to my Venus
That pestilent Pekinese pup!

Mens Æqua Secundis.

From the description of a golf-match:—

"He turned two up and never completely lost his head."—*Irish Paper.*

"In the New Year numerous marriages in the coastal villages . . . are not seldom the direct result of the success of the fishing season."—*Weekly Paper.*

It's much the same in all districts, we understand. But some of the girls get better "catches" than others.

MILITARY DRAMA.

V.

Private Pullthrough and I have this week written a different type of film about Army life in peace-time. Last week we had a "drammer"; this time we are going to try a military "spectacular" film.

The one thing we have discovered about a "spectacular" film is that throughout the show the guiding principle of production is money. This of course rather rules British producers out, because we British know nothing about money. Financially we are failures. We don't even, I am told, know enough to form a real slap-up hundred-per-cent. rubber trust. In a spectacular production therefore, of which the essentials are (*a*) that more money should be spent than on any other spectacular film, and (*b*) that any money left over should be expended on programmes and advertisements telling the audience what has been spent already, the British would not have much chance. However, here is our scenario, just in case somebody may so far forget his nationality as to persuade an American to produce it.

We have called it

THE BREAKING OF THE ARMY ACT.

A wonderful spectacle, in the production of which nearly a complete Division (with ancillary troops) has taken part.

In the showing of a spectacular film the preliminaries and the trappings are everything, with the exception of course of your one big scene, which has to be unlike anyone else's big scene. We can guarantee that ours certainly is.

The posters should therefore be in red, white and blue, and the sub-titles in the film should all be decorated with rifles and iron rations and leave-passes and jackets, S. D., medium, and other little military emblems, and there should be several hundred feet like a programme at the beginning pointing out who is the Director, Assistant Director, Deputy Acting Assistant Director, Stage Manager, Sub-title Writer (in case anyone wants to shoot him up), Decorator, Film Re-winder and so on down to the Man who Holds the Producer's Megaphone for him when he 's using a bigger one. All this has to be done. Modesty will out.

When this is over we have—

THE NEWS OF THE GENERAL'S INSPECTION COMES TO YPRES BARRACKS.

A bird's-eye view of Ypres Barracks, with soldiers strolling about in twos and threes, is then shown, followed by close-ups of various groups, including the funny man having a back braces' button sewn on by a friend. You must always have a strain of really clever humour like this running through a spectacular film. An officer appears bearing news, and the men cluster round him, the funny man wittily holding up his trousers with one hand. With all the camaraderie between officers and men for which our army is so famed, they pat the lieutenant on the back and tell him to "spill his bibful."



Fair Dancer (to timid little partner). "I SAY, THE NEXT DANCE WE HAVE, TRY TO INTRODUCE A LITTLE MORE ABANDON INTO IT. THAT 'S MY HUSBAND WATCHING US, AND I WANT TO MAKE HIM *MAD!*"

It is that the General is about to inspect them next morning. The next few hundred feet can show this news spreading away, battalion by battalion; though we mustn't use up the whole division or it will spoil the magnitude of the final scene.

Now another great point in a spectacular film is that everything should be on a large scale; so we have beaten everybody at this too by having about two hundred odd villains at once:—

"A" COMPANY HAD RESOLVED TO MUTINY ON PARADE.

There are at least twelve "A" Companies in a division, but we don't let a little thing like that worry us. There is only one "A" Company for the purposes of this plot, as every producer will agree.

"A" Company are seen, all gesticulating in the barrack-room and saying they think it a downright shame that the beef has been under-done three days running.

THE DAY OF THE GREAT INSPECTION ARRIVES.

We show all the men going on parade; the funny man with scintillating humour should trip over as he falls in. Then we have all the men drawn up in line, and the officers in front all wearing swords and horses and V.C.'s and field boots.

AS THE GENERAL COMES ON PARADE THE JUNIOR SUBALTERN SMARTLY "BREAKS THE FLAG."

The careless fellow does it too smartly and snaps it right in two. He is sent off in disgrace to mend it; the funny man drops his rifle; the General curses everyone; and there is an ominous murmur from "A" Company.

Now comes our great scene.

"A" COMPANY MUTINIES.

It does this in strict accordance with the Army Act by "throwing down its cap and shouting, 'You may say what you please, I'll soldier no more!' or words to that effect."

At these terrible words panic spreads through the ranks and the whole division at once stampedes. Properly handled this scene should be a winner. I don't think anyone has ever placed on the screen a stampede of a complete division of the British Army.

It surges past in front of the camera and goes for miles—be sure to have a river in the way! The officers ride round and round the outskirts letting off their revolvers and whirling lariats round their heads till at last—

AS NIGHT FALLS THE STAMPEDE IS ARRESTED.

A weary Colonel, who has been galloping so hard that his uniform has got all ragged, though his hat hasn't yet come off, rides up to the General and reports that the division is turned. We show it here, circling round and round on itself about ten miles from barracks.



Husband. "There 's no blue like the Mediterranean."
Homesick Wife. "No, dear, I suppose not. But I keep wondering if the canary will know me when we get back."

Most of the worst steers—I mean most of "A" Company—have been trampled underfoot, and we bring our film to a close by letting somebody kiss the General's daughter in silhouette just in front of the camera for as many feet of film as are left.

On thinking it over I have an idea that we may have overstepped the bounds of possibility a bit. This should make it a good "spectacular" film.

A. A.

"Twenty-seven artificial silkworms are already working or planned in England."
South African Paper.

Nature is creeping up.

"The year 1899 was one of great contrasts. A genial writer was followed by a sombre spring."—*Sunday Paper.*

It is no doubt to avoid this sort of persecution that in the year 1926 our Editor has gone off to the Riviera.

There lived in the Marsh of Maremma
A lacrymose lady named Emma;
But sceptical sneers
Were aroused by her tears,
So they called her the crocodilemma.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

IX.—The American.

The dust was terrific. The mistral made a noise like thunder beneath the sideboards of the car. The hills and vineyards jazzed violently by. We might have been a film.

"W-w-what a p-pretty castle!" said Natacha.

At the same time she threw herself hastily forward against the glass partition that divided us from the chauffeur.

"J-j-jolly!" I replied. "Why d-did you ju-ju-jump like that?"

As I spoke I struck the roof of the car quietly but firmly three times with the top of my head. I put on my hat to act as a buffer.

"You ju-ju-ju-jumped yourself," said Natacha.

The words had scarcely left her lips before we both sprang from our seats and subsided in a huddled heap on the floor.

And yet it was a very nice car. It had soft pale cushions, and, like all hired cars, two pink carnations in a glass tube. We had been further reassured about it by noticing that the rich American who had started just in front of us had hired a precisely similar car (only he called it an auto). But the road from Avignon to Nîmes is the road from Avignon to Nîmes, and our driver was a Frenchman of France. To have placed the tongue incautiously between the teeth for a moment would have meant to be silent for evermore. When, at rare intervals, the road came to a quiet tarred stretch we felt as though we had received a brief indulgence from one of the seven Avignon popes.

We made a *détour* to look at the Pont du Gard. The Romans erected this triple tier of sensational arches to carry water to Nîmes, and the mistral has not yet succeeded in blowing them down. We scrambled up to the aqueduct by a steep bank, which, being on the lee side of the hill slope, smelt beautifully of violets and box.

It is a necessary ceremony for the tourist to walk through the stone conduit which, since it passes continuously over the top of the upper arches, eventually takes him out upon the further side. Motor-cars travel over the ordinary bridge. Some way along the tunnel part of the roof of the aqueduct has been

destroyed. I elevated myself cautiously and put my head out at the top to look at the view.

"This is simply marvellous!" I exclaimed to Natacha.

The mistral blew my hat off into the Gardon stream.

"The Romans had no sense of humour," I said angrily, climbing down.

"Shall we ever be able to get it again?" inquired Natacha.

"I don't know," I returned crossly. "What does the Gardon flow into? You've got the map."

On the far side of the bridge we found the rich American standing in the road beside his car, his gaze concentrated on the aqueduct.

"A vurry remarkable construction," he volunteered. "Is it true," he went on, "that the Romans reared the hull of that bridge to carry water-pipes into a little burg like Nimes?"

I said that it seemed so.

"I guess they hadn't thought of pumps back then," he reflected.

"Well, one can't think of everything," I said, apologising for Europe.

He then told me that the new buildings of Pittsburg University, when completed, would stand six-hundred-and-eighty feet high, five hundred feet higher than the Pont du Gard.

I did not know what to say to this.

He lowered his horn rims and looked steadily at me. "I see you've lost your hat," he said.

I decided that he was a man of an observant but not of a subtle mind.

Having thus spoken, the American climbed into his auto, and we approached ours. It appeared to be deserted. There was nobody on the driver's seat.

"Perhaps he's gone to fetch my hat," I suggested.

"No," said Natacha, "I've found him."

He was curled up in the rug at the bottom of the car, fast asleep and snoring with a melodious sound. But he had not retired to rest before plucking a large bunch of violets which, on being awakened, he presented to Natacha with a courtly bow. You cannot beat the manners of the inhabitants of Provence.

We bumped with incredible violence into Nimes. The American was standing outside the amphitheatre gate.

"They tell me," he said, "that there is no bull-fight in this auditorium until Easter."

It was then three weeks distant from that festival of the Church.

"We can hardly wait till then," I said. "They've not even begun to form the queue yet."

Together we made a cursory inspection of the sand in the amphitheatre, and went and sat in one or two of the seats, and were then taken on to the Temple of Diana in our respective cars. Something about the temple of Diana seemed to fascinate the American's mind.

"Is this little building genu-ine?" he asked me as we followed the vociferating guide.

"Abso-lutely," I assured him.

"Where would the altar be?"

I selected a jolly spot for the altar.

"I guess they had human sacrifices then?"

"Undoubtedly," I agreed.

"What do you reckon this temple would sell for, right now?"

"In dollars," I asked him, "or sesterces?"

He asked me to compute its value at the current rate of the franc. I named a colossal figure, but he did not seem to be at all impressed.

By the time we had finished looking at the Garden of the Fountain and the Roman Baths I had been seized by an inspiration. Suggesting to the American that we should have lunch together, I elaborated it. Why should he not make a serious offer for the Temple of Diana and take it back to America with him? One of the worst deficiencies in American scenery, so I understood, was the lack of genuine Roman remains. Pictures and Tudor houses were all very well in their way, but a temple of the time of AUGUSTUS was something new.

I could see that he toyed with the idea. Aided by a bottle of the most romantically named wine on the wine list—and there were many such—I grew still more eloquent and suggested that he should make a bid for the Baths of Agrippa as well. By the time we reached coffee and cigars I was urging him to have the Pont du Gard thrown in. France needed money to pay her foreign debts, America needed a thoroughly good aqueduct. I said I saw no reason why it should not be transported and put up in Pennsylvania, or wherever it was, as a kind of rustic bridge to adorn a garden or to carry ice-cream sodas across a divide. "Divide" struck me as a good word at the moment, and I was rather proud of it. The American still smiled indulgently, but Natacha insisted afterwards that he probably supposed me to be mad. I told her that she did not understand the subtlety of a business man. My idea was to make a huge commission on the deal by introducing the business quietly and tactfully to the Government of France.

"I see," she said.

Our two cars shot out of Nimes into the mistral, bumping even more fiercely than before.

"By the way," continued Natacha, when we came to a talking-piece of the road, "can I look at our *déjeuner* bill?"

I handed it to her.

"I thought so," she said. "You paid for the chauffeur's lunch as well as our own."

"Why not?" I said.

"You've lost eighteen tumbling francs to-day," she said, "as well as a simply horrible hat. The two chauffeurs lunched together at a different hotel. Do remember to ask the millionaire this evening whether he was had that way too."

I did ask him. He was not. He also told me that he had had twenty per cent. knocked off the price of his auto-trip on account of the mistral and the jolting to his nerves.

There seemed to me now to be a kind of niggardly strain in this American. I decided not to re-open my negotiations with him about the purchase of Nimes.

EVOE.

SEEING MUNICH.

WE meant to see the Dom to-day,
The Rathaus and the Glyptothek.
We all, like sheep, have gone astray—
We meant to see the Dom to-day.
The programme, I regret to say,
Has got it squarely in the neck;
We *meant* to see the Dom to-day,
The Rathaus and the Glyptothek.

Absorbent is our common clay,
And just the stuff, this beer of Munich's,
To emphasise the human trait.
Absorbent is our common clay
In cellars where the bandsmen play
With vim enough to burst their tunics.
Absorbent is our common clay,
And just the stuff, this beer of Munich's.

The Rathaus will not fly away;
We much prefer—*Another tankard?*—
To gather roses while we may.
The Rathaus will not fly away;
The Dom is guaranteed to stay;
The Glyptothek is safely anchored.
The Rathaus will not fly away;
We much prefer another tankard.

Intelligent Anticipation.

"The next English State revenue will show a reduction of national expenditure by 000,000."
Chinese Paper.

"Experienced Cook General required. Good wages, another wept."—*Local Paper.*

Not a strong inducement.

"The other prisoner, for whom a plea of moral unsoundness was put forward, was allowed out on bail."—*Irish Paper.*

Aren't they clever, these Irish? No English counsel, to the best of our belief, has ever thought of advancing this inexpugnable defence.



THE CROOKED MAN AT THE CROWN.

There came a little crooked man
Who knocked upon the door,
Who rattled at the latchet pin
An' stamped upon the floor.

He called for bread, he called for beer,
He sat hisself at ease,
An' lolled inside the inglenook
As proudly as you please.

He 'd pointed ears an' threadbare clo'es,
A rag around his throat,
An' when I brings the reckoning
He hadn't got a groat.

The village lads poked fun at him
An' had their silly say,
But father 's landlord here, an' so
I says he needn't pay.

He never even smiled, and oh,
He looked so poor an' thin
That where his wallet hung behind
I slipped a sixpence in.

He can't ha' seen, but as he goed
He cotched my apron fold:
"Your silver coin shall bring you in
A mint of faery gold.

"At six o'clock in Furnace Field
You 'll see a rainbow end,
And faery gold brings sweet content
To every faery friend."

At six o'clock I takes my shawl,
An' sure enough there be
A rainbow over Starnash Wood
Across to Dallingtree.

I laughed fer joy, an' marked the place
The colours comed to ground,
But prickle furze an' honey broom
Was all the gold I found.

An' so I weaves a crown o' gorse
As yellow as my hair,
An' home I comed across the fields
No richer than I were.

But on the way I met a lad,
An' this is what he said:
"I 'd have you wear a furzy wreath
The day that we are wed;

"'Cos folks do say, 'Gorse out o' bloom
Means kissing-time is done,'
An' oh, I 'd allus have it seem
That love had just begun."

An' as we wandered homealong
I turned things in my mind;
The stranger said that "sweet content"
Lay in the gold I 'd find.

The yellow wreath about my head
Was like a faery spell,
An' made Jem speak, who 'd allus been
Too shy a lad to tell.

An' if it 's kisses make love's coin
I reckon there 'll not be
A richer pair than me an' Jem
Twixt Vale an' Dallingtree.











MUSIC AND CALLING.

Musical critics can never agree as to whether the effects of a composer's occupation are detectable in his works. After an exhaustive analysis of the work of several contemporary British composers I have found that the meaning of many hitherto inexplicable passages is disclosed by a study of the composer's home-life, hobbies and pursuits.

Take the case of Hector Harbottle, the Streatham symphonist, whose calling is that of bank-clerk. His music is mostly invented on the way to or from his work and is committed to paper directly after supper. Occasionally he finds it necessary to write a few notes on his tram-ticket. I have no longer any difficulty in understanding why it is that in his orchestral writing the instruments are introduced by double entry, and why the balance is partly trial and partly error. I can excuse him now for his lavish use of leger-lines and promissory notes, but I think that he is in fault in making several passages so difficult as to be technically not negotiable. He would eliminate such drawbacks as these were he to pay more consideration to the question of the goodwill of the players, instead of pandering to his auditors.

I notice in the chamber-music of Archibald Architrave, the fashionable architect, distinct signs of the influence of the composer's *alter ego*. The fabric of his musical structures rests firmly upon a solid fundamental bass. His melodic outlines are dignified and symmetrical. There is an impression of expansiveness, of roominess. His work is never completely detached, and yet it seems to stand securely on its own ground.

The compositions of Lancelot Lynx, the leader of the golfing *clique*, can always be relied upon to go with a swing. He is certainly possessed of ideas, but I notice that these have a tendency—even after quite a promising start—to drift away and become buried in obscurity, never to reappear. His tone-palette is unnecessarily brassy, and one tires of continual zig-zag passages with the wood against the wind.

I am quite unable to keep pace with the constantly changing mixture of spirits and moods that characterises the work of Humphrey Hogg, who is such a familiar figure at Vine Street. The spark of genius is evident enough, but several of his allusions and connections are not easy to follow. In common with so many writers of the younger school he seems to experience difficulty in handling the horn. He writes for such a large orchestra that every player has to be provided with a set of spare parts. I doubt whether his numerous directions to the conductor will be complied with. The suggestion that he should wear a blue top-coat with white gauntlets, so as to render him more conspicuous, is too far-fetched altogether. I hear that when the composer himself took charge of the performance of one of his recent works the players were quite bewildered by his ultra-modern method of conducting in a circular left-handed manner. Not a few of them lost their way completely, and several apparently imminent breakdowns were avoided by the narrowest of margins.



"Mummy, why doesn't that gentleman use an ear-trumpet so 's he needn't listen so hard?"

WANTED—A PUBLISHER.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I am quite at a loss to understand why my novel, *Crooked Ways*, the best seller ever written, in my opinion, has been rejected by several misleading London publishers. These beastly fellows, after expressing their unbounded admiration for the plot, etc., invariably enclose an irritating slip which reads: "All the characters should be purely imaginary, and no reference should be made to any living person."

Why? There isn't a character that 's alive in the whole of my book, so that can't be the reason. I will not mystify you with the complicated and ingenious plot beyond saying that the scene is laid in a seaside village of Somerdevwall, where all the tradespeople are opulent and reticent. They disappear, mostly at night, and frequently arrive late for business in the morning. A series of startling and unsolved robberies occurs in large country houses within a hundred miles' range. Several of the local constabulary are found dead in country lanes and hedges, with no bullet-wounds or other indication as to how they met their end. The theory put forward by Scotland Yard (which was not called in) is that they died in their sleep.

In the village you can buy excellent liqueur brandy from the butcher for one-and-nine a bottle, and choice Coronas, obtainable from the blacksmith or the man who catches prawns in the summer, cost only twopence-halfpenny each.

In case you haven't tumbled to it, these apparently innocent villagers are all of them expert cracksmen and smugglers.

Here are but a few of the chief characters in my masterpiece:—

The Rev. Harry Randall Ingram Lang — The Vicar.
Balfour Birrell — The Butcher.
Captain Keys Nelson — A retired Sea-dog.
Bernard Wells Chesterton — A Village Gossip.
Constance Fay-Cooper — The Village Beauty.
Stanley Austen Churchill (according to the Liberals) / Ramsay Lloyd McJones (according to the Conservatives) — Village Idiots.
Sir Maxton Kirkwood — A Detective from Scotland.
Gloria Gish — A Salvation Army Lass.
Conan Lodge . . . . — A Spiritualist.
Margot Robey — A Village Highbrow who has been to Oxford.
Ainley Nares — The Hero—an innocent rustic.
Rudyard Bridges — The Village Poet.

Yours faithfully,
Oppenheimer Hardy.

There was a dyspeptic old Dago
Who lived on hot water and sago.
When people asked why,
He would sadly reply,
"Well, it 's better than chronic lumbago."



Wife (to Visitor). "Perhaps we had better go into the other room to talk. My husband does take telephoning so seriously."

HUSH!

Naval ships are, of course, of two kinds—the big ship and the small ship. In the big ship all is brasswork, paint, gold lace and brass bands; and in the small one the brass is more limited and there is less gold lace.

There is also a third class of ship, only mentioned behind closed doors. I am not sure I ought even to disclose the existence of this type of vessel; but Mr. Punch's readers are notoriously discreet, so perhaps I might just tell you a little about the Very Latest Aircraft Carrier. Only you mustn't let it go any further. Dora would be frightfully down on me if she knew. Hush!

We must begin with that because it is really the keyword of the whole business. If you've got that firmly fixed we'll get on. And don't forget to whisper as you go on board. Otherwise the Officer of the Watch will be sure to hear you, and I shall get into trouble because you've been asking too many pertinent questions. Besides, I may not know the answers; and I can always pretend not to have heard you if you whisper.

To begin with, then, you will be expected to write in a large book the year of your father's birth, the maiden name of your maternal grandmother and all the thousand and one things an Englishman never knows about his own family. What happens to this book I don't know, but I believe it goes up to the First Lord once a week and seven Departments are instantly set to work verifying your statements; and you know what happens when even a single Government Department really gets down to it, let alone seven. So be careful.

After this you will be taken down to the wardroom, and, if you are a man, you will be offered a cocktail. If you are a lady you will be offered one too, as far as that goes, but if you are really a lady you will decline. I mention this just in case you haven't previous experience of ship's cocktails.

Avoid here also the Gunnery and Torpedo Lieutenants. They will want to show you their quaint implements and explain why a "catch-retaining-breech-pin-open" retains, and other interesting things like that. And don't let the Doctor drag you along to see the sick-bay. Men have been known to go in there suffering from a slight cold and to have come out without legs or arms. Nor should you allow the Paymaster to carry you off to count the pay. It's most galling to see all that good money getting split up into little lots and divided amongst the wrong people. What you've come to visit is the flying-deck, and I'd take you up there myself, only that's the most frightfully secret place of anywhere. The man who designed it came on board last week with the dockyard foreman, who'd built it a year ago, but we had to refuse to permit them to go up. Secrets, after all, wouldn't be any fun if *everybody* were allowed into them.

You haven't seen much? Well, I told you what the keyword was. Hush.

And don't forget to whisper it as you go down the gangway.

"The new Government Order that all stout and beer bottles be in future reduced from half-pint to two-thirds of a pint will hardly find favour with those who are fond of Guinness's famous brew."—*Irish Paper.*

We should have thought the change would have been extremely popular with thirsty Irishmen.

Not only did irreverent Cam's sons
Invert the saying that was Samson's,
And, as they won by many a length,
Prove "out of sweetness comes forth strength,"
But showed, while Oxford's crew were cracking,
That you can "sugar" without slacking.



OUR RESTLESS AGE.

He. "What—leaving? Aren't you going to see the last Act?"
She (with the Night-Club habit). "Not here. Can't stand three Acts of the same play. Going on for the last Act at the Cyleum."

LOVERS' LAW.

[See Mr. Justice McCardie's decision in *Cohen* v. *Sellar*, reported in *The Times*, March 19th, 1926.]

Long, Julia, have I thought to wed with thee,
Well knowing how incomparably topping
Life in that happy circumstance would be,
Yet ever paused upon the point of popping
The question, and if thou shouldst ask me why,
'Twas for no cooling of the bosom's ardour;
I did but gaze on thee to know that I,
Twenty years hence, would love thee all the harder.

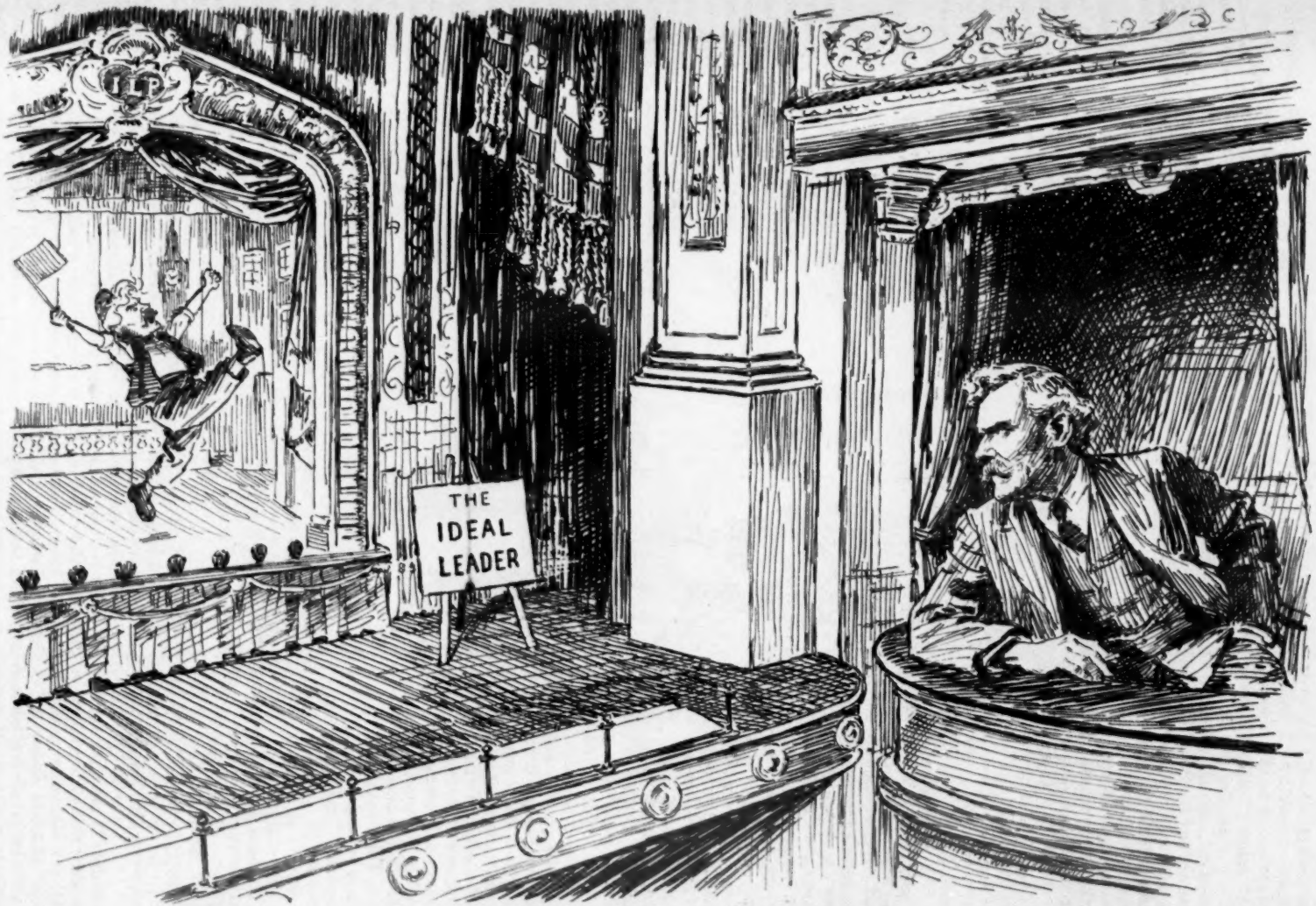
But ever, when the time came to propose
That thou shouldst take me as thy plighted lover,
A still small voice cried, "Steady on! Who knows
Whether the girl herself won't throw you over;
Dull plodding chaps like you are safe enough,
For such the course of love runs smooth and level,
But women are composed of lighter stuff;
Women, to put it baldly, are the devil.

"Let us be frank. You may outlive the smart,
Or even love another, should it happen
That this false girl from her inconstant heart
Evicts Bill Jones and lets another chap in;
As bonny fish in love's bright waters run
As ever rose to dun or silver hackle—
But how hook Number Two when Number One
Has just departed with your lure and tackle?

"Wed," said the voice, "you might in time become
Rich as the Jews and thrifty as a peasant,
But twenty-seven pounds—a paltry sum—
Is all the cash that you possess at present;
And what if, after you have blown the lot
To grace her hand with love's encircling token,
She casts you off—she will as like as not—
And sends you from her broke as well as broken?

"Unwed, unwanted, stung to envious spleen
By each coy look that happy lovers fling back,
'I too,' you'll weep, 'might still a swain have been
If that darned girl had only sent my ring back!'"
Such was the case, my Julia; such the cause
Why one so ardent still preferred to ponder;
'Twas not your William's doing, but the law's,
That kept a fond heart from becoming fonder.

But now the law stands clear—and from the Bench
Wiser decision never fell, nor graver—
That, when a lady jilts a man, the wench
Must (on request) restore the ring he gave her;
So, lovely girl, be mine! But also know
That should mischance thy first affection smother,
The ring with which I bind thy finger—so—
May be required to plight me to another. Algol.



THE I.L.P. PUPPET SHOW.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "VERY INGENIOUS, I DARESAY—BUT IT'S NOT MY IDEA OF *ME*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 29th.—The happy valley of Hukwang is not under the jurisdiction of India, but its amiable denizens, the House was glad to learn, have freed several thousand slaves at the solicitation of the Burma Government. Earl Winterton also expressed the hope that the Hukwangese would go further and suppress the "practice of human sacrifice"; but the House gathered that some conservative sentiment remained to be overcome. Possibly it remembered the

". . . young man of Hukwang
Who gave great offence when he sang,
So they cut off his head
To appease (so they said)
The gods of the Yangtze-kiang."

When *Little Miss Muffet* sat on the tuffet eating her curds and whey she had never heard of lactose, and in spite of Mr. Guinness's assurance that "an economic process for the utilisation of whey" had been discovered at the Haslington lactose factory one rather gathered that the Government wished it had never heard of it either. Anyway, the factory has been sold at a loss; a formidable spider in the shape of the Chancellor of the Exchequer having sat down beside the Minister of Agriculture and ordered him to come off his tuffet and help to balance the Budget.

Mr. McNeill assured Mr. T. Williams, the Labour representative of the Don Valley, that the addition of one penny to the price of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's petrol was not an affair with which the Government concerned itself, in spite of its being represented on the Board of Directors. The suspicions of Mr. Williams, whose Don Cossacks will not after all be able to fill their flivvers with the old familiar juice at the old familiar price, were clearly not allayed.

Public business saw Colonel Ashley riding the electrical storm, not unsuccessfully, but in a voice of thunder so muffled as to be partially inaudible. Having explained that Britain was, electrically speaking, still in the dark ages, he drew a glad picture of another Britain (with the Central Electricity Board functioning at peak) in which every housewife (shingled or not) would have her electric hair-curler; and the national egg-supply would be augmented by the introduction of electricity into the hen-house.

Colonel Ashley then proceeded to outline the working of the Bill, and at this point the lightnings began to play. He had explained that all the juice that the companies generated would be taken by the Board. "By the Board which decides how much they are to generate!" interposed the forked tongue of Mr. D. Herbert. The Minister admitted that that was so, and, having no desire to receive any more Conservative shocks, proceeded to draw the Labour Benches by deriding public ownership. Mr. Hardie of Glasgow allowed himself to be drawn to such an extent that he had to be short-circuited by the Speaker, and the Minister of Transport passed on to the Liberals, blithely suggesting that Mr. Lloyd George would so far approve the Bill as to accuse the Government of having "stolen his clothes while he was bathing."



"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD"
(Colonel Ashley and his Critics).

Mr. Snowden (Lab.). "Pooh! I've got a much better and brighter one in my Socialist cupboard."

Sir Charles Wilson (C.). "I don't trust these new-fangled contraptions. With a little polishing up my old one will give me all the light I need."

Mr. Lloyd George (L.). "Not so bad; and very like the one I devised in 1919."

After Mr. Graham, on behalf of embattled Socialism, had denounced the Bill as a bad substitute for public ownership, the debate passed almost wholly to the Government side of the House. Most vigorous in attack was Sir C. Wilson, who professed to see in the Central Electricity Board a screen behind which the Electricity Commissioners intended to wield the real despotism with which the Bill "cunningly" clothed them. *Contra*, Lord Apsley, who drily observed that, judging from the volume and variety of the opposition, they were on the eve of a great enterprise.

Tuesday, March 30th.—Quite a lot of Westmonasterians wanted to know the reason why their particular Trelawny, the private omnibus, should perish at the hands of the Ministry of Transport. Captain Fraser stoutly led the would-be rescuers. He failed to obtain from the Minister the figures from which the House could deduce whether or not the programme of massacre unduly favoured the L.G.O.C., but succeeded in extracting a good deal of sympathetic noise from the House itself.

On the resumption of the Electricity Bill debate Mr. George Balfour, Unionist Member for Hampstead, leader of the forty-five Conservative Ronins sworn to oppose the Bill or perish in the attempt, and generator-in-chief of most of their "plashy lightnings," rushed to the assault. He denounced the measure as an attempt to destroy the functions of Parliament and establish a bureaucracy of departmental control, and, silently calling St. Laurence to his aid, described the "gridiron," as the proposed linking-up system is called, as a "gridiron on which Conservative principles were to be roasted."

I don't suppose Ministers were seriously alarmed by this outburst, but for once they welcomed the intervention of Mr. Lloyd George, who roundly declared that the failure of the 1919 Bill, which Mr. Balfour attributed to the experts, was really due to the destructive obstruction engineered by the

Member for Hampstead himself, ably assisted by his "confederates" in the House of Lords. In conclusion the Liberal Leader urged the House to give the measure a Second Reading and make a good Bill of it in Committee.

When in a Parliamentary difficulty Mr. GLADSTONE used to say, "Send for the sledge-hammer" (meaning Mr. ASQUITH). The present PRIME MINISTER in like case summons that juristic steam-roller, Sir DOUGLAS HOGG. He duly flattened out all the opponents of the measure, *seriatim* and *in extenso*, and the House voted the Second Reading by 325 votes to 127.

Wednesday, March 31st.—There is a touch of Olympian Zeus about Mr. ROSE, the Labour Member for North Aberdeen, though he fulminates infrequently. To-day he wanted the MINISTER OF LABOUR to withdraw Circular 82/22, which apparently instructs rota committees to take into account the pensions of ex-servicemen and their families in considering their claims for extended benefit. The Minister explained that, though the Circular permitted all pensions to be considered, he had instructed the rota committees to consider only those of the applicant himself and not those of his dependents. When Ministers reveal themselves as being positively milky with human kindness they like to be appreciated, but the ungrateful Mr. ROSE merely denounced the "callous outrage" and resumed his Olympian isolation in the centre of the back bench, a commanding position from which—or in which—to nod.

The PRIME MINISTER informed Colonel HOLBROOK that there were no funds available for acquiring Horatio Nelson, shortly to be evicted from De Valera Street, Dublin, and re-erect him, complete with pillar, at Portsmouth. A private subscription list—appropriately headed "The Nelson Touch"—is the proper way to accomplish things of this kind.

Mr. LANSBURY wanted the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA to guarantee the philornithic natives of Gujerat immunity from arrest if they tried to dissuade Europeans from shooting birds and animals in their vicinity. The UNDER-SECRETARY intimated that the suasion might conceivably take an aggravated form, but assured the *Rima* of Bow and Bromley that everything was and would be done to prevent the natives' feelings in this matter from being outraged.

Mr. ERSKINE asked the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER if he were aware that the grinding wheel industry could be doubled. The House, now on the point of seeking a brief respite from the grinding wheel business, murmured dissent; and then with strange inconsistency sat up all night over Clause I. of the Economy Bill.

Thursday, April 1st.—"Enough of this foolery," said Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN on a famous occasion. The House, belatedly adopting this view, adjourned for its Easter holiday until April 13th.



"HOW BEAUTIFULLY YOUR WOOLLEN JUMPER MATCHES YOUR SOCKS, PROFESSOR!"
"OF COURSE IT DOES, MISS PERKS—IT'S ALL THE SAME GARMENT."

AVICULTURAL NOTES.

IT is not given to every canary-breeder to produce a first-prize winner. Ill-matched pairs, pianoforte lessons next door, third-rate groundsel—all make for mediocrity.

It is not given to every canary-breeder to produce even a single canary. Damp cages, claw and beak disease, mice behind the wainscot—all tend to prevent the arrival of the chicks.

At the same time canary-breeding is an interesting, fascinating and lucrative hobby, interesting to the visitors, fascinating to the cat and lucrative to the seed-merchant.

* * *

Among the rarer British birds the Cornish chough makes a most desirable pet. In appearance it resembles a rook, except for its red legs and beak. Owing to its rarity and characteristic colouring, many specimens die soon after purchase, with symptoms of red-lead poisoning. A post-mortem examination will almost certainly reveal the bird's striking likeness to a rook.

* * *

In buying foreign birds be careful to obtain acclimatised specimens. Birds are now brought over so rapidly on steamships that they have not had time to die before they are sold to optimistic collectors.

Do not choose a bird that sits in a huddled-up and listless way on the perch. It is necessary, however, to be able to distinguish between ennui and disease, and here the ability to imitate the cry of a mealworm is indispensable. No healthy bird can resist the sound, but the invalid will merely transfer its beak to the other wing.

* * *

For the successful keeping of insectivorous birds in captivity, live insects are a necessity. Glow-worms are very acceptable, and an effort should be made to establish a colony in the garden. Probably the best way to attract them is by trading on their professional pride. A few daubs of radium paint in the shrubbery will usually have the desired effect.

* * *

At this time of the year wild birds should be given every encouragement to nest in the garden. For the smaller birds, suitable nesting-boxes can be bought quite cheaply. Tom-tits are very partial to old pillar-boxes. Before erecting one in the front-garden the Postmaster-General's permission must be obtained.

For the larger birds, such as golden eagles, a banana crate answers admirably.

Commercial Candour.

"For the Month of March Only 33⅓% discount will be allowed even on Smallest purchases. 'Repentance is sure to follow.'"
Trader's advt. in Indian Paper.

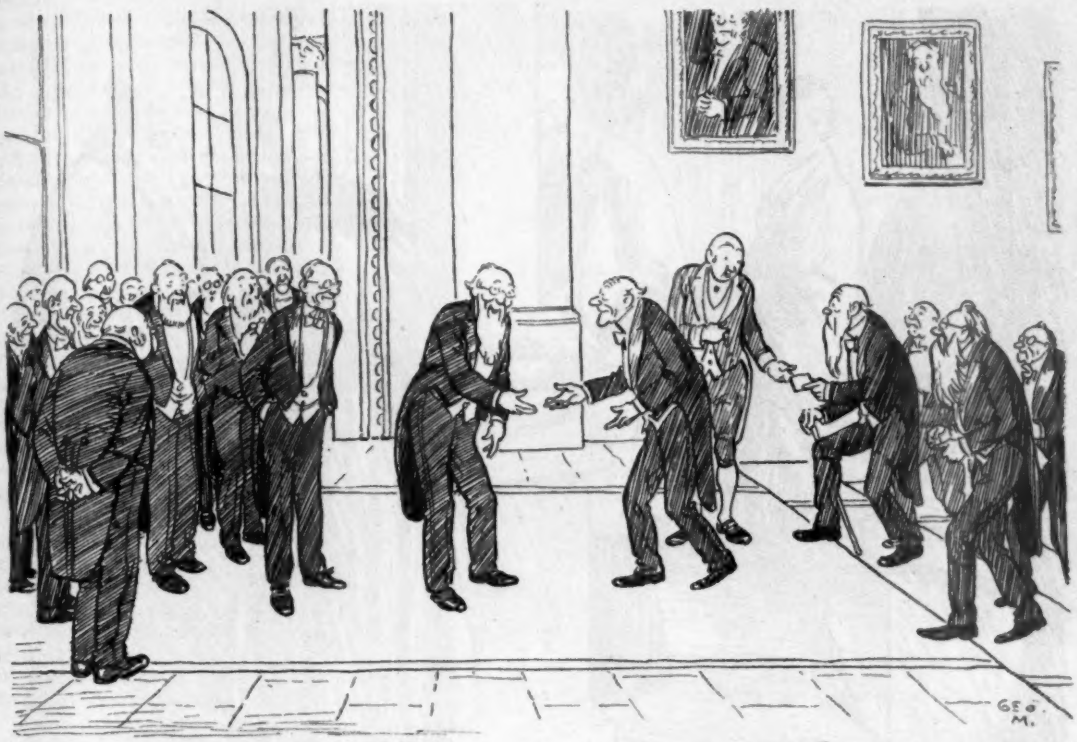
From an excursion agent's advertisement:—

"FASTER HOLIDAYS on the Continent."

Possibly, but Britain is safer.

"1924 COUPÉ. Runs like a top."
Advt. in American Paper.

Should suit our new system of gyratory traffic.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

CENTENARIANS' NIGHT AT THE EIGHTY CLUB.

SHE-SHANTIES.

MISS BUSY.

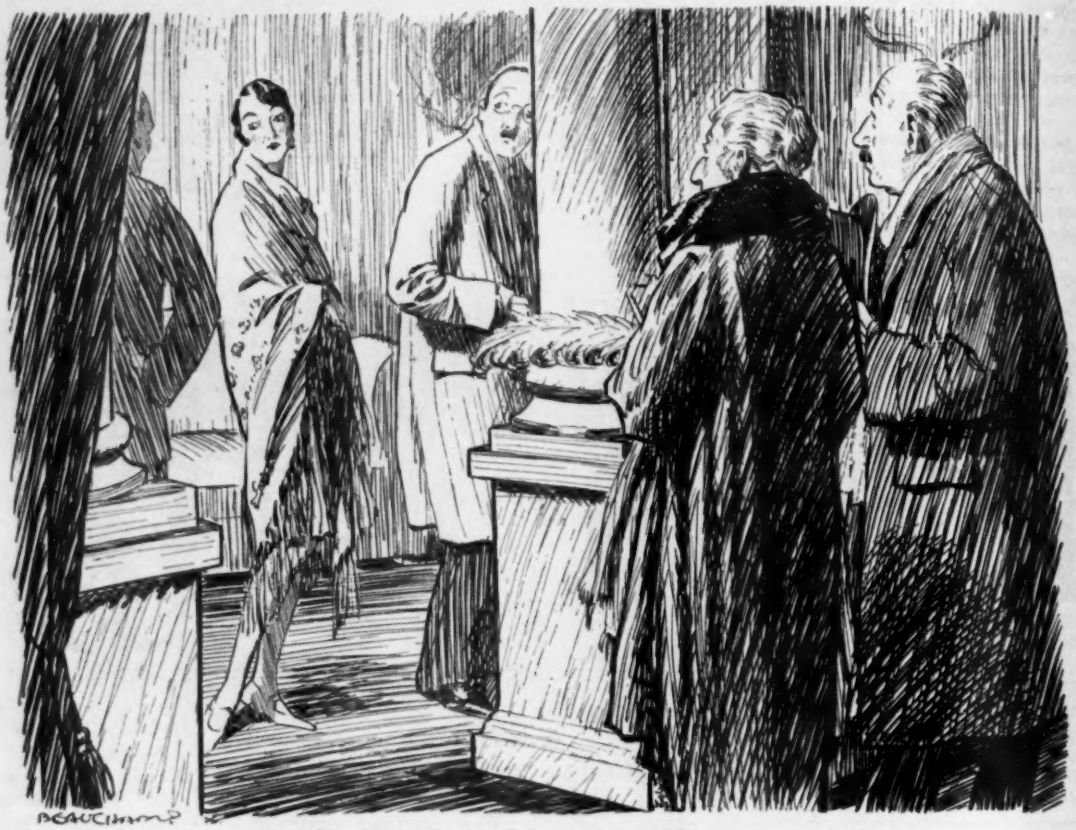
Miss Busy 's my name
And I make it my place
To collect and proclaim
The misdeeds of my race;
From party to party
I buzz like the bee,
Partaking most hearty
Of gossip and tea.
I keep a sharp gaze on
Intrigue and liaison,
And over the genial cup
The good reputations
Of friends and relations
I tear (very prettily) up:—
Buzz! Buzz!
"Of course you have heard . . .?"
Buzz! Buzz!
"Now, mind, not a word . . .!"
If you 'd know the chief source
Of a coming divorce,
The name of the villainous He,
The dates and the places
Of *all* the embraces,
Apply to Miss Busy the Bee!
Tra-la!

The heathen Voodoos
Have mysterious means
Of distributing news
Over woods and ravines;
But I venture to say
They can't hold a candle
To the civilised way
Of distributing scandal.
Young Madam, or Miss,
Pray take care whom you kiss,
For you may be as sly as an elf,
But somehow or other
'Twill get to your mother—
If I have to inform her myself:—
Buzz! Buzz!
"Mrs. Mole at the play . . .!"
Buzz! Buzz!
"And the Colonel away . . .!"
To-morrow I 'll wager
She worships a Major,
On Monday I smell a decree,
On Tuesday she 's doping,
On Wednesday eloping—
And I wish she was Busy the Bee!
Tra-la!

For it 's not that I 'm good
I behave in this way;
I 'd *like*, if I could,
To be dashing and gay;
I 'm neither, but still
One can get, if one cares,
A second-hand thrill
From one's neighbours' affairs.
And while I 'm reporting
Each indiscreet courting,
However outrageous it be,
Though it shocks me as such
I enjoy it as much
As if it had happened to me!
Buzz! Buzz!
"What a dreadful affair . . .!"
Buzz! Buzz!
"But I wish I 'd been there . . .!"
For it 's wearing, I own,
To be righteous alone,
And, though London with scandal is dizzy,
By general admission
No breath of suspicion
Attaches, alas! to poor Busy!
Tra-la! A. P. H.

An Appeal to the Nation.

Mr. Punch begs to remind his readers at home and abroad that April is SHAKESPEARE's birthday month, and that cheques made payable to his Stratford Memorial Theatre Fund and addressed to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, will be gratefully received and handed over to the National Fund inaugurated by *The Daily Telegraph*.



She. "THAT'S THE TREVOR GIRL. FANCY, SHE'S ONLY EIGHTEEN!"
He. "BUT SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A GIRL OF EIGHTEEN."
She. "NO GIRL OF EIGHTEEN EVER DOES."

ROSAMUND.

I HAVE fallen in love.

It is a tragical affair, for never, never shall I see her again. She lives right at the other end of the county, and I shall certainly not be invited to stay in her house for at least another year; and by that time she will no longer be Rozzy, aged two, but probably Rosamund, aged three (Rozzy of course is a perfectly delightful name, as anyone can see, but already her parents are beginning to talk of it being too babyish for her. Aren't parents remarkable?), and she will say, "How do you do, Mr. Codde?" and it will all be very sad and tragical.

"This is Rosamund," said Rosamund's mother at five o'clock. She spoke in mingled tones of pride and apology—pride about Rosamund and apology for the coming half-hour of Rosamund's presence in the drawing-room.

A small person with extremely chubby red cheeks and hair of the colour and texture of silky cobwebs walked solemnly into the room, looking absurdly like a miniature edition of QUEEN VICTORIA.

"Say, 'How do you do, Mr. Codde?' darling," prompted Rosamund's mother.

Rosamund looked at me doubtfully from two almost round blue eyes. It was clear that lengthy and searching scrutiny was needed before one could be admitted into the privileged circle of Rosamund's friends. I waited with no small anxiety. It would be so very awkward if Rosamund were to burst into loud wails of despondency and disillusion. But my fears were groundless; Rosamund evidently recognised good sterling stuff when she saw it. Her face creased into a smile of extreme friendliness.

"Hullo, Codde," said Rosamund, and advanced without hesitation towards me.

"*Mister* Codde, darling," said Rosamund's mother.

Rosamund laid a miniature hand on my knee and looked trustingly into my face. Her own puckered again into a smile of complete confidence.

"Codde!" she said loudly.

"Codde it is," I agreed with emphasis.

"Oo-hoo!" chortled Rosamund and extended her arms.

I recognised my cue and lifted her on to my knee.

"I've never seen her take to anyone so quickly before," said Rosamund's mother. "Rozzy, you're a perfectly disgraceful little flirt!"

"Sgrayful flut," Rosamund assented, unabashed. "Oo-hoo!"

"Is she boring you frightfully?" asked Rosamund's mother. "I can send her up to the nursery again if she is, you know."

"Rosamund's mother," I said sternly, "cease to babble. Your daughter and I have a matter of considerable importance to discuss together."

"Look!" Rosamund repeated urgently for the third time, proffering me a small ash-bowl. "Look, sugar!"

I glanced rather sadly at Rosamund's mother. Her presence as third party to our *tête-à-tête* introduced a certain constraint into the proceedings as far as I was concerned. Rosamund's mother

is generally the most tactful of women, but it was evident that she did not understand the full delicacy of the situation. In her absence Rosamund and I could have discussed with considerable animation this question of sugar; in her presence I could only say feebly, "Sugar! Well, so it is."

Rosamund appeared to realise that my conversation about sugar was limited. She seized a large volume of SHAKESPEARE from the table by which we were sitting and planted it firmly on my head.

"Look, book," she said, changing the subject effectively.

"Poor Mr. Codde!" laughed Rosamund's mother.

"Poor Codde!" laughed Rosamund. "Oo-hoo!" And she planted the volume again, still more firmly.

"Rozzy, you're being a nuisance to Mr. Codde," said Rosamund's mother quite unnecessarily.

"Not in the least," I retorted. "If you must know, Rosamund's mother, I *like* wearing volumes of SHAKESPEARE on my head."

But the mischief had been done. Rosamund scrambled off my knee and retired with dignity behind the revolving bookcase.

"That's better, dear," said Rosamund's mother. "Now play with dollie and leave Mr. Codde alone for a little."

"Rosamund's mother," I remarked sadly, "you're a very jealous woman. What do you think of the present unreasonable state of the native law as regards salmon fishing on the Upper Zambesi, then?"

Rosamund's mother laughed gently. "It's awfully kind of you, but I'm sure that you're really thoroughly——"

"Look, toyce!" said Rosamund loudly, offering me a small and much-battered doll, a domino and a red counter.

"Thank you very much," I said, and placed the doll ostentatiously on my knee. "I'm hoping that Mummy isn't the only jealous woman in the family, you see," I explained in a confidential undertone.

But before I could go on to broaden this hint Rosamund's attention was diverted elsewhere.

"Look, darling," said Rosamund's mother, more unnecessarily than ever. She blew a mouthful of smoke from her cigarette into a little mother-o'-pearl box and closed the lid. "Now Rozzy open it and look inside."

Rosamund left my side instantly and clutched at the box.

"Just for a mouthful of vapour she left me," I said bitterly.

"Hot!" said Rosamund very much puzzled, as the smoke curled up out of the box in her hands.



A "MAP" PATTERN IS THE LATEST THING FOR AMERICAN WOMEN. WE SUGGEST THAT OUR LONDON POLICE SHOULD FOLLOW THEIR EXAMPLE.

"Very odd," commented Rosamund's mother.

"Very odd," Rosamund agreed.

"Very queer," suggested Rosamund's mother.

"Very quare," Rosamund assented.

"Very remarkable."

"Very markabub."

Rosamund's mother caught her up suddenly and did the things to her which all women but only the bravest of men can do to little girls of two years old. There is no satisfaction in being a man in the presence of little girls of two.

"Oh, Rozzy, Rozzy, Rozzy!" laughed Rosamund's mother.

"Oo-hoo!" chuckled Rosamund, who knew all about that.

I coughed gently. "Do you think it will rain to-morrow?" I asked.

Rosamund's mother laughed again, but in quite a different way. "Go and rub Mr. Codde's nose for him, darling," she said. "I think it's a little out of joint."

Rather pointedly, as I thought, Rosamund retired instead behind the revolving bookcase again. I began to tell Rosamund's mother one or two rather pretty little incidents of my own childhood.

"Why, where's Rozzy?" asked Rosamund's mother loudly in the very middle of the prettiest.

"Your daughter," I said coldly, "withdrew behind——"

"Where *is* Rozzy?"

"Heah 'tis!" exclaimed Rosamund, emerging bumpily from behind the window-curtains.

"It's her game," remarked Rosamund's mother apologetically.

"And a very good game too," I replied

warmly. "I like it ever so much better than bridge. Where's Rozzy? Where *is* Rozzy?"

"Heah 'tis!" called Rosamund triumphantly, repeating the performance. "Oo-hoo!"

And after that, of course, some officious nurse must needs come and talk a lot of nonsense about bed. Rosamund, I was thrilled to observe, kissed her mother once and me three times; she would indeed have gone on kissing me till further notice if that unnecessary nurse hadn't pulled her bodily away. There were a lot of unnecessary people in Rosamund's house that day.

"Rosamund's mother," I said thoughtfully when the door had finally closed, "one thing is very certain indeed. When I am turned out from here the day after to-morrow I shall most decidedly not go alone. Either by hook or, if driven to it, by crook I propose forcibly to elope with, abduct, kidnap or otherwise obtain possession of your daughter and carry her off with me. So don't say I haven't warned you."

But Rosamund's mother did not smile, because she really is rather an understanding person after all. "Poor Codde," she said gently.

So now I shall never see Rozzy again, only somebody called probably Rosamund, who will shake hands with me politely and say, "How do you do, Mr. Codde?" And it will all be very sad and tragical. A. B. C.

"WESLEYAN CHURCH.

Minister: Rev. J. Flesher Rumfitt.
11 a.m.—Rev. J. F. Rumtt.
7.30 p.m.—Rev. J. F. Rufimfitt."
South African Paper.

The printer seems to have made a gallant effort, but the result was a misfit.

"The hot cross buns which we shall expect to see in Halifax as usual before Friday are said to date back to the time of the Romans."—*Local Paper.*

Then we are glad we did not spend our Easter in Halifax.

From an article on the Australian team by Mr. CLEM HILL:—

"Never shall I forget the shock I got when I saw Richardson going in first, carrying a bat the whole blade of which was covered by cowhide carefully laced at the back. It must have been quite 10lbs. heavier than an ordinary one."—*Evening Paper.*

But it will be nothing to the shock that Mr. RICHARDSON will get if he attempts to use the same bat over here.

AT THE PLAY.

"KATERINA" (BARNES).

"THERE is always hope—unfortunately." This little line may perhaps be taken as the message of ANDREYEV, in *Katerina*, or for that matter, I suppose, of most Russian dramatists. Or, no—that has too hilarious a sound. "One must live, I suppose," as the gentleman says who, having missed his wife at the range of two feet several times, decides that he is unable to shoot himself—that is more nearly the note. I know lamentably little about ANDREYEV, his life and works, but I gather he read his TCHEHOV; for one thing, this is the second time in a few weeks that we have seen at the same theatre a Russian gentleman humiliated and astonished beyond words by his having failed to hit a near connexion with a revolver at close range. One is beginning to think that Russians in the home are really like that. But I do not much believe in the astonishment.



"OH, HOW I MISS MY WIFE!"

GEORG STIBELEV (MR. JOHN GIELGUD) COOLS HIS FEVERED BROW AFTER MISSING HIS WIFE WITH THREE SHOTS FROM A REVOLVER AT CLOSE RANGE.

The surprising circumstance to me is not that they miss their wives and relations with revolvers, but that persons so incurably incapable should ever get so far as *loading* the things!

The Barnes Theatre, which, in spite of the habitual gloom of its proceedings, is a surprisingly jolly little place—like an animated mausoleum—was filled, I suspect, with converted Tchehovites, who knew as little about Mr. ANDREYEV as I did. If so, I fear they missed the twinkling and congenial gloom of Mr. T. and were slightly dashed by the almost unrelieved and, perhaps, "not quite nice" gloom of Mr. A. There is no hope whatever for the "too-feminine" *Katerina*, who, having been shot at by her husband without due cause, decides that she may as well be missed for a sheep as a lamb, and gives him due cause with a "nonentity"; thereafter develops manmania, and bounces rapidly from male to male, poor thing. Being Russian, she fails to jump out of the window, which everybody agrees is the best thing she could do, and when the curtain falls she is left still bouncing, with not many clothes on. Meanwhile her husband spends a great deal of time on committees, adds five years to his life in every interval, and constantly says, "What am I to do?" There are many good answers to this question, such as "Beat her!" "Golf," or "Take a pill, old boy;" but they were never made.

No, for all my admiration of the enterprise of Mr. PHILIP RIDGEWAY, I fear I shall play no leading part in the ANDREYEV boom, if any. There are many very good moments, particularly in the Third Act, and some amusing ones, and the characters are very definitely alive. My trouble was that I should not have cared very much if most of them had been dead. Still, I would not say a word to keep a single fellow-creature from going to Barnes and enjoying not only some extremely fine and uniform acting, but the uncanny power of M. KOMISARJEVSKY'S "producing." This wizard with a dozen characters on a tiny stage can suggest wide spaces or a huge room six storeys up, he fills in the tiniest gaps with live and significant action, makes people whisper so that they may be heard all over the house (though this does not always come off), and discovers in his players such powers as no one ever suspected, including, I fancy, themselves.

That very sincere and gifted young actor, Mr. JOHN GIELGUD, for example, was daringly cast for the husband, who aged during the play, it seemed, from about thirty-five to fifty; and he carried his years and his distresses with admirable dignity and distinction. Miss FRANCES CARSON, too, I have never seen to better advantage; *Katerina* is not an easy or a pleasant part, but one believed the worst of the woman and yet was sorry for her—an' one can't say fairer nor that. Mr. ERNEST MILTON, as the frank but fastidious lady-killer artist, had perhaps the most satisfying job and did it with his usual power and more than his usual humanity. Mr. LEONARD UPTON, Mr. GUY PELHAM-BOULTON, Miss JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, Mr. PATRICK WADDINGTON and many others with smaller opportunities did everything a wizard would have wished. There were calls for "KOMIS," but the wizard remained hid. A. P. H.

THE UNHAPPY MOTORIST.

IN the old days, before one had a motor-car, how simple life was!

How simple it was to go to the theatre in the old days before one had a motor-car!

One walked comfortably to the nearest Tube station, sat in a comfortable Tube train, smoking and talking, or reading the evening paper, or enjoying the contented appearance of one's fellow-passengers, most of them likewise for entertainment bound. Then one walked a short distance to the theatre, stepped leisurely inside, folded the coat and hat, and had four or five minutes in which to listen to the orchestra and observe the people coming in. One could estimate to a minute or two how long the journey would take—the whole proceeding was orderly, dignified and easy. True, it was sometimes snowing, but then, if it was cold in the streets how beautifully warm it was in the Tube!

But nowadays, when one has a car, what fever, stress, uncertainty and pain!

To begin with, so many are the possible vicissitudes that no man can accurately estimate how long it will take to convey himself and family safely to their seats (if he does it in a car). Either he is wildly early or wildly late—generally late. You may have noticed that the people who arrive in cars are generally late for dinner-parties; the people who come by train or omnibus or taxi are generally punctual. It is no credit to them. They have an easy time of it. But figure to yourselves the lot of the poor devil who drives to the theatre for the first time in his own car!

No reading the newspaper for him; no comfortable smoke or pleasant conversation; nor, like the happy fellow in the Tube, may he feel himself the friend and equal of his fellow-citizens about him. On the contrary, for every inch of the way the hand of every man is against him. Pedestrians detest and fear him; and other motorists despise him. If he drives fast he is loathsome; and even if he drives slowly he wins



"KATJA THE DANCER."
Katerina ("*Katja*") . . MISS FRANCES CARSON.

no smiles. So far from commending him for his caution, his fellow-citizens hoot angrily behind him and pass him with a scowl. In either case the police at every corner are on the watch to surprise him in an error or a wickedness; and even while those great men wave him forward he cannot but feel that they do it with reluctance. All the way too the evil-minded pedestrian is setting traps for the innocent fellow. Schoolboys intent on self-butchery lie in wait for him in side-streets and dart out suddenly in the darkest places. Girls arm-in-arm deliberately cross the main road with their backs to him, ready for a dreadful end if only they can land him in the dock. Taxis pounce upon him in secluded squares; huge trams and omnibuses do all they can to crush him in the open. The lights in all the streets, or so it seems, are gradually lowered as he passes down them.

Yet when he arrives at his destination and deposits his wife his troubles have scarcely begun. Commissionaires shoo him away, the whole world seems to be hooting at and hating him; plausible small boys leap upon the step and guide him down back-streets through rows of fruit-stalls to distant havens, from which he is instantly ejected by the police. After prolonged manœuvring, anxiety and strain he is at last allowed to park his detestable car in an alley a good five minutes' walk from the theatre. That is to say, he is shown a small and almost inaccessible space between two highly-polished cars and told that he may there insert his own. The process of insertion involves seven short journeys forward and seven in reverse. A knot of willing helpers gathers round and shouts contradictory advice at him; every now and then the engine stops, and every now and then the gear-thing jams in reverse. When the car is at last in position, not too close to the car in front, the wheels the correct distance from the pavement and the car facing east, a constable approaches and informs him that the car cannot remain there unless it faces west. He re-enters the car and begins again.

Some minutes later, after a ceremonial distribution of his small change among the small boys, policemen, car-minders and casual loafers who have been helping him through this trying time, he sets off, hot and weary, at a shambling trot, for the theatre. His wife, to whom he has forgotten to give the tickets, awaits him, patiently or not, in the *foyer*. There may even be a few well-chosen words on either side, after which they stumble into the stalls in the dark, crawl over twenty-six knees, ankles and toes, and are rightly detested by thirteen people or more. The play is well on, and they sit down in a bad temper, wondering what it is all about and why everyone is laughing. It is some time before he, at any rate, can devote his mind to the drama, for it is occupied with higher things. Did he leave the lights on? Will someone pinch the rug? Will anyone pinch the car? The heroine may agonise on the brink of death or dishonour; she leaves him cold. What worries him is whether and how he will be able to un-park himself alive. He broods over past humiliations and looks forward dismally to another instalment at eleven o'clock; the heroine may cut her throat for all he cares.

After the theatre his wife would like a little supper or dance. The haunt selected is about three hundred yards away. Having a car, it should only take them twenty minutes to get there. The streets have now become a Bedlam of frantic cars, all of them his enemies. He falls in behind a motor-bus and proceeds at the pace of an exhausted snail in the wrong direction. Swept along by the main stream, like something caught in a glacier, he makes a wide circuit towards his destination. At

length he sees an opportunity to turn off to the right. Overjoyed, he thrusts out his hand, and a policeman thrusts out his. By the latest traffic regulation at this point he may only turn to the left. Probably at this moment the engine stops in sheer disgust and the self-starter refuses duty. The eyes of the whole world are upon him—an outcast, an enemy of the people, dazzled with lights, deafened with noise; buses thunder, policemen converge upon him, panic seizes him. And by the time he is extricated from this situation, if he remains capable of thought, he thinks with longing of the cosy Tube. Still, he has now escaped from the main road and he is speeding merrily down a side-street, due south. True, his destination is due north, but he has only to go round in a circle a few more times and —who knows?—he may reach it in the end.

Then he will have fun parking the thing again.

How simple life was in the old days, before one had a motor-car! A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

From a money-lender's advertisement:—

"You can consult me with confidence, and if no business results, no harm will be done."
Provincial Paper.

But if business does result, then look out for yourself.

Poster displayed in provincial town:—

"Put this in your pipe.
PROFITS OF THE TOBACCO TRUST
£8,000,000.
For Socialism
and fags at cost price—like sewers.
Join the Independent Labour Party."

We have smoked some pretty powerful tobacco in our time, but we draw the line at fags like sewers.

From the description of a church:—

"Since its erection it has undergone some internal changes and alterations . . . through the liberality of the late —— ——, J.P., in opening three east windows in the north side."
Irish Paper.

This was, we gather, a Protestant church, or they would have had more regard to the cardinal points.

"Secretary Wanted, live wire, with the following qualifications: Must take down shorthand verbatim, neat, fast and accurate typist, accustomed to composing good sales letters. Complete knowledge of secretarial duties. Good knowledge of German and French. Used to acting as understudy to managing director. Good appearance and address. Stock size, so as could act as mannequin for fur coats when necessary. Must be anxious to make headway."—*Daily Paper.*

In her spare time she might undertake the captaincy of the English cricket team.

THE OVERCOAT.

"Sh! 'Tis a hat I have—a tall hat. What are you sayin'? Yerrah! not at all. What would I be wearin' a tall hat for? Don't you know well there 's only one man in this town that would be goin' about in a hat of that kind? And that 's the whole story of this one.

"Stand in off the road an' I 'll tell you. Have you taken any notice of Father Scanlan this last few weeks? Of course you have. Sure, isn't the whole place talkin' about it? Don't you know it 's a scandal to the town that he 'd be goin' round the place, an' he the way he is? Himself doesn't care a straw how he looks, but if any stranger was to come in, or the Bishop or anything like that, the place would be disgraced altogether, and he the most respected man that 's in it—and the first in it too.

"Sure, that ould overcoat he has, 'tis hardly you 'd offer it to a tinker at the door; and he wouldn't take it if you did.

"And with the fine—— Talk of the divil! Here 's Larry comin' round the corner, the old hypocrite! Go on away ower that, Larry, I wouldn't give ye a penny to save me life; into the next public-house 'twould go if I did. Go on and try another bit of honest work; long enough it is since you did the last.

"An ould hypocrite, that fellah, if ever there was one. D' ye mind the minit I said 'tinker' the way he hops round the corner?

"But about the hat—or the overcoat. I was sayin' with the fine weather comin' 'twould never do for the priest to be wearin' that coat of his; it 's green mouldy with age it is.

"I 've been thinkin' for the past week or two, and last Sunday I made bold to speak up to him. 'You won't mind, Father, I hope?' says I. 'Not at all,' says he; 'mind what?' he says. You 'd be in dread to offend him, though himself would give away all he had, barrin' his collar, that would be no use to anyone else.

"'Well, really and truly, Father,' says I, 'you won't mind, I know, but in dacency you ought to have a new overcoat,' I says; 'if it was grass itself it couldn't be greener,' says I. 'I thought perhaps you mightn't have noticed it,' says I, 'or I wouldn't be so bold.' And I don't think he 'd notice what colour 'twould be if it comes to that.

"'Yerrah! man alive,' says he, as good-natured as you like—'yerrah!' he says, 'don't bother your head about me and me coat. What do I want with a new coat, and I to have one that 's good enough? Is it spendin' what coppers I have on a coat to have two I 'd be when there 's half-a-dozen poor people beggin' at the door every day with never a coat at all? Would you have me dandyin' round the town, and some of the poor people to be the way they are? How could I go into the houses——? Ah, go along, Michael,' he says, as kindly as you like—'go along,' says he, 'and set your heart at rest; me coat 'll do me a long time yet.'

"That settled it. 'Well,' says I to meself, 'he 'll not buy one himself, and he ought to have one—and he 's *goin'* to have one.' So I made up me mind to do what I wanted to do all along, but not likin' to offend him.

"I fixed it up with Riordan the tailor, and we had it sent be post yesterday from Rusheen—velvet collar—and Och! it 's a fine coat altogether.

"Con Riordan was goin' there and took it with him, and meself saw Micky the Post goin' up to the house with it this mornin'. He 'll never guess where it came from nor who sent it.

"Sure, you 'd do anything for a man like that, when you wouldn't give the black of your nail to a fellah like that ould crawler of a Larry that 's just passed us. Do you see him now, goin' up to the priest's house? Cadgin' as usual, I suppose.

"Well, to make a long story short, I says to meself, when I saw the coat goin' up this mornin', I says to meself, 'He 'll have to have a hat to go with it; that coat 'll only show up his ould hat that he has.' And with that I hops into Riordan's—he 'd know his size, I thought—and Con went off as fast as his bicycle could take him to Kilgowry. And here 's the hat. I 'll get Micky the Post to take it across this evenin', the way he 'll think it came with the coat.

"He 'll be in great style on Sunday; we needn't be ashamed of him anyway. Of course he isn't to know where they came from—not yet anyway. That 's why I wanted you to—— Here 's that ould creeper Larry again. The Saints preserve us! If it isn't the coat he has on him—and me with the hat!"

Un-natural History.

"Black Combe Mountain, in Cumberland, supposed to be an extinct volcano, was on fire on Saturday. The flames spread over hills and valleys, destroying all vegetation, driving foxes and rabbits to leave their nesting grounds, their eggs being destroyed."—*Provincial Paper.*

"SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

In finance, everything that is agreeable is unsound, and everything that is sound is disagreeable.—*Mr. Churchill.*"—*Sunday Paper.*

"FINANCIAL SAYINGS OF THE WEEK.

In finance everything that is agreeable is sound, and everything that is disagreeable is unsound.—*Mr. Winston Churchill.*"
Same Paper.

You take your choice, but either way you pay your money.

THE FRIEND IN NEED.



"Hello—a breakdown? Allow me, Madam. I know all about these Titans.



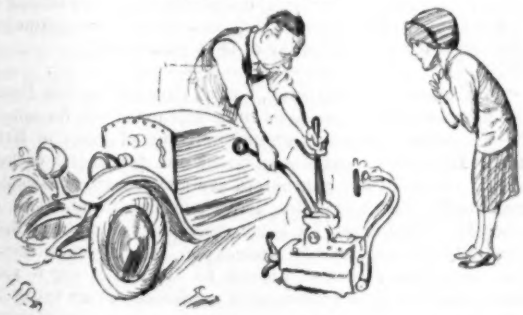
The root of the trouble is often dirty plugs or carburettor choked.



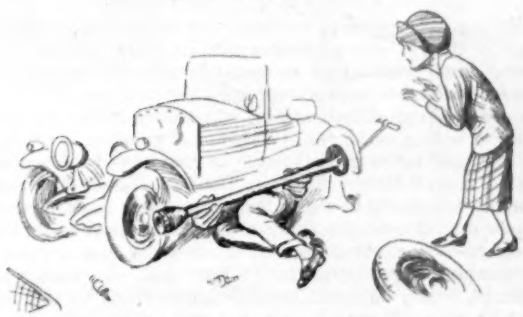
But in this case it may be a stoppage in the water connection.



Or, of course, it may be that your big ends have run out.



Or there is just a chance that your gear-box selector is jammed.



And while we 'be at it we may as well make sure that the universal joints haven't got torn out.



But in any case it can't be anything serious. I should just wait till an A.A. man comes along."



The Lady. "HE WON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE IF YOU ROAR AT HIM LIKE THAT. ASK HIM NICELY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

RUSSIA of to-day may be bluntly regarded as the lurking-place of thieves and murderers who from its darkest fastnesses issue treacherous propaganda pointing to nothing but renewed massacre and expropriation; or it may be looked upon as a land cleared at last of obsolete encumbrances, where a nation, no longer of serfs but of pioneers, is hewing out new and better ways through an unsurveyed wilderness. Mr. L. HADEN GUEST, M.P., in *The New Russia* (BUTTERWORTH), relegating to a dim background any remembrance of past convulsions, presents a series of statistical tables and analyses—dry reading, some of it—to show that the more favourable interpretation is the true one. He makes no attempt, wisely no doubt, to allot responsibility for troubles that he wishes forgotten, and is openly enthusiastic about many aspects of the new *régime*; yet it is to his credit that he refrains from much special pleading and allows an idea of the appalling state of misery and poverty still obtaining in Russia to be inferred from his figures. He shows conclusively, what was never in doubt, that the natural resources of Russia are very great indeed, and goes on to argue that things generally are not so black there as they were three or four years ago. One cannot but rejoice at any mitigation of the sufferings of our loyal ally of the early years of the War, nor can one altogether disregard the returning volume of Russia's external trade; yet opponents of the Communistic theory will have no difficulty in deducing from the statistics quoted—what indeed the author admits—that the improvement is just precisely proportionate to the abandonment, with the introduction of the New Economic Policy of 1921, of those doctrines on which the Revolution was founded. Nor is it a difficult further deduction that continued improvement must depend on accelerated movement in the same direction. The value of the present book lies in its presentation of fairly reliable material on which to base an estimate, not necessarily in agreement with the author's own estimate, of the rapidity and certainty of that movement.

"The worth of sentiment," says CONRAD in *The Dover Patrol*, "lies in the sacrifices men will make for its sake." This aphorism I think sums up the trend of many of Mrs. ALLEN HARKER'S novels and much of the secret of her appeal. Most of her characters are swayed by sentiment; occasionally, but not always, by sentiment embodying a principle. Challenged by their activities you agree or disagree with the sentiment; whereupon Mrs. HARKER sends some indubitably decent person to the stake for it and leaves you in a glow of rewarded confidence or an agony of baffled dissent. Dissent is usually, I confess, my portion, and, though *Hilda Ware* (MURRAY) is to my mind the strongest and most original of its writer's stories, it found me at my customary pole of nonconformity. I will not say that my affections, like NOAH'S dove, found nothing whatever to perch on. On the contrary, I thought *Hilda*, the protective wife of a selfish novelist, *Jack* her son, and *Dulcie* her daughter, all charming people as far as they went. Happily for their spiritual development the novelist lost his heart to *Rachel Stroud*, his quaint little secretary, and shattered the family complacency by running away with her. *Hilda*, whom he characteristically got to do his packing, was asked to facilitate a divorce; but, being an Anglo-Catholic, she refused. On *Jack's* representation that *Rachel* would be ostracised and that his father would probably abandon her, she relented; and *Rachel* became *Mrs. Ware*. *Hilda's* martyrdom for an unwritten and, I think, unwritable law of charity, and *Rachel's* martyrdom as its embarrassed

beneficiary, are both excellently described. The ironic and lovable side of Mrs. HARKER's wit thrives best on harassing situations; and I hope she will shatter her cast's domestic felicity quite as completely, and if possible a little earlier, in her next volume.

Do I ken JOHN PEEL with his coat of grey?
Well, of course I knew the words of the lay,
When I sang in my boyhood, far, far away,
Of his hounds and his horn in the morning.

But now I know all that memory saves
Of PEEL and his crony, JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES,
The bard who wrote the immortal staves,
Time's cancelling finger scorning.

So here 's to *John Peel* and his votary true,
Mr. HUGH MACHELL, who traces each clue,
And faithfully handles the sceptical crew
With tones of rebuke and warning.

And here 's to Lord ULLSWATER, genial and wise,
Whose preface all sportsmen will eulogise,
And to Messrs. HEATH CRANTON, who charm our eyes
With the volume's lavish adorning.

Any lady or gentleman proposing to visit India might do worse than go through a short course of the novels of Mr. HILTON BROWN. I regard it as an excellent provision that we should select and train so carefully a succession of intelligent youths for the Indian Civil and other allied Services. Callow and impressionable they go forth, do their little bit, and return in due course with pensions and a sufficiency of surplus energy to devote to the writing of works dealing with their adopted country. Whereby we get now and then a really good book; at the least, a presentment of a distant land by someone who should know something about it. I do not think *Susanna* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) so good a story as *Dictators, Limited*, but it is quite worth reading. The motive power sometimes seems inadequate; that is to say, the author does not make it clear why the heroine was so extremely bitter against her cheery, masterful, but rather rackety husband. We can understand her leaving him on the spur of the moment, but it comes with something of a shock to find her resentment so lasting. Of course *Susanna* was a Scots girl, and we know that your Scottish woman, true as steel when it comes to a real crisis, may seem sometimes a trifle hard on the surface. Also Mr. BROWN might plead that he had to fill in a good deal of space and had already almost exhausted the interest of the Mysore coffee plantations. With a good eye for character, he is commonly more successful with his men than with his women. I like his colony of planters well enough, and *Jimmy* himself comes through his final ordeal with flying colours in the good old style; but his leading lady does not make a great appeal. I fancy the most susceptible of male reviewers can be trusted to treat her quite dispassionately.



Customer (who has lost his luggage, to village shopman). "CAN I BUY A DRESS-SHIRT HERE?"

Shopman. "I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I HAVEN'T SUCH A THING IN THE PLACE. YOU SEE, THE SEASON 'S OVER FOR THEM NOW."

Satisfaction with a quiet country life is often as fine a tribute to the satisfied one as to the country, and nothing in Mrs. JANET COURTNEY'S interesting career—now, as she says, *Recollected in Tranquillity* (HEINEMANN)—suits her better than its childhood. There is a touch of COWPER'S Olney and FITZGERALD'S Woodbridge about her native Barton-on-Humber; and her vicarage night-nursery, looking out on tombstones, is a gracious and humanised Haworth. She

had a crinolined nurse who "moved" to her superiors; her sister's governess, fired by the Franco-Prussian War, wrote a sonnet, "They tell me Paris has Succumbed"; and she herself was invariably asked, when seen about with a book, if she had "no sewing to do." Yet her family's genteel isolation gave its many children solidarity and a standard, and rendered them lovers of the countryside. One at least was an artist. The Lincolnshire people around them were "characters." Even their Rabelaisianisms were local and droll. And there were dozens of small employers and next to no unemployment. Personally I saw Miss HOGARTH, as she then was, off to Oxford with reluctance. There were humours there, of course, as when Miss WORDSWORTH enjoined Miss HOGARTH's sole competitor not to win the scholarship predestined for Miss HOGARTH. But they have not the body and bouquet of the Lincolnshire vintage. The Oxford chapter however introduces an excellent disquisition on girls' schools, and I was sorry the educational interest was not followed up. Subsequent work as a Civil Service clerk, as librarian of *The Times* Book Club, on *The Encyclopædia Britannica* and for the Ministry of Munitions is hardly as entertaining to the reader as it obviously was to the writer. For me the true praise of Mrs. COURTNEY's book is that an old friend asked her "to 'do' Barton," and she has done it perfectly.

Rough Justice (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE's first full-length novel since 1913, and, if not the sort of book that one gladly waits thirteen years for, it is nevertheless a brilliant and delightful piece of work. It has no subtlety of plot. It is just the account of a young man's progress, from his early years in his father's house by the Thames, through preparatory and public school and Oxford to the War, in which he enlisted as a private; and at every stage of the journey, as a glance at *Who's Who* will make plain to you, the author is on the sure ground of personal experience. A book written with such knowledge and in Mr. MONTAGUE's really exquisite style could not help being a fine one. I wish I could go further and proclaim a masterpiece. But to write the really great book you must be above the battle, and Mr. MONTAGUE is always in the thick of it. In particular, he champions the cause of the world's failures so ardently as to forget that upper-dogs need charity as surely as under-dogs need sympathy. There is indeed a touch of malice in his drawing of one or two of the subsidiary characters in this book. And small blame to him for that! If you and I in our clumsy-fingered way enjoy constructing effigies of those we hate in order to stick pins into them, what must it be like for Mr. MONTAGUE? And what we may deplore as critic we may surely enjoy as reader, being not above a little malice ourselves. On the whole, I should say that *Rough Justice* is probably as great a book as Mr. MONTAGUE has it in him to write. Which is as much as saying that no one can possibly afford to miss it.



THE LEADEN SOLE; OR, TOO DEEP FOR WORDS.

The sailorman of the old school cherished a deeply-rooted dislike for being, as he phrased it with more vigour than elegance, "shipmates with a petticoat." If his experience had introduced him to many seagoing females of the type of *Patricia Tyson*, wife of the skipper of the barque *The Laird of Drylaw*, there would have been very sound reasons for his prejudice. *Mrs. Tyson* is the first of Mr. SYDNEY LOCH's *Three Predatory Women* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), and, incidentally, the only one who really merits the appellation. Fickle, selfish and passionate in a shallow way, she cannot refrain from practising her wiles on any man within range, the ship's officers not excepted, and it is no wonder that *The Laird of Drylaw's* solitary passenger soon discovers that his long-planned voyage in a wind-jammer is to provide him with quite another form of excitement than those he had anticipated. Truth to tell, *Patricia* smacks more of Chelsea than of the high South latitudes, and the Thames side gasometers would be a more appropriate background than old Cape Stiff for her shoddy philanderings. I fancy too that nautical critics would have a good deal to say, more pointed than polite, about *Captain Tyson's* much-vaunted seamanship. But, apart from these technical shortcomings, Mr. LOCH has some good descriptive passages, both in this and in the third story of the trio, which tells of the escape of a young Ulysses from a shabby siren of the Queensland bush, and contains some admirable studies of Australian types, notably that of *Cheerless Charles*, the drunken cook.

Never in any novel have I encountered so many proposals of marriage as are to be found in *Miss Anne Tankerton* (LANE). Through her childhood and early womanhood *Brenda Tankerton* suffered severely from the tyranny of her *Aunt Anne*, and when death removed this Draconian old lady *Brenda* found herself an heiress with liberty to spread her wings. Promptly Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS transports her from the dour domain where she had lived to a house full to overflowing with paying-guests. Rumours of *Brenda's* wealth soon began to be circulated, and these reports had a devastating effect upon the mental and moral equilibriums of the majority of her fellow-guests. In fact Mrs. REYNOLDS stages a grand parade of wooers. I have not counted the precise number of men of all ages who attended this parade and came empty away from it. For—you will not be surprised to hear this—there was a man who stood aloof, and he—I spotted him from the beginning—was the one to whom *Brenda* was attracted. This story gives Mrs. REYNOLDS but little chance to show her abilities.

CHARIVARIA.

THE I.L.P. conference at Whitley Bay has been concluded, and it seems that the Millennium has again been postponed.

* * *

Judging by the number of cricketers who have taken to writing for the Press, the pen is mightier than the sward.

* * *

It is rumoured now that the player who ought to have been included in the Australian team, and wasn't, demanded too much for his articles.

* * *

With reference to the three-hundredth anniversary of FRANCIS BACON'S death, Mr. ALFRED NOYES reminds us that he is said to have had eyes like a viper. Many a writer, on the other hand, has innocent eyes but no tercentenary.

* * *

The Panama Eldorado in which Sir ALFRED MOND is interested should compensate him for the Utopia he has missed by not sticking to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

As the cuckoo has not yet been heard in Epping Forest we can only suppose that it is waiting for a definite offer from the B.B.C.

* * *

Mr. CHURCHILL is reported to be taking a course of artificial sunbeams. This is no doubt to accustom him to the fierce light that always beats on a Chancellor at Budget time.

* * *

Kent local authorities are considering means of developing village life. Owing to the increase in motor traffic one of the first precautions taken should be to provide subways for foolish young fowls.

* * *

Lassoing, it seems, is the latest diversion of young Society people. This is one result of giving young Society people so much rope.

* * *

Mahogany should be washed with vinegar and cold tea, says a spring-cleaning hint. All sheikhs use it.

* * *

According to Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, the comic note always pays in the end. So that is why the tailors' letters invariably end up with "a remittance will oblige."

* * *

One good way to overcome the problem of what to do with old safety-razor blades is to use an ordinary razor.

Lectures in salesmanship are being given in London. The final examination is said to be a stiff one. The candidate is expected to stand before a mirror talking to himself until he is persuaded to buy one of his own commodities.

* * *

One of the new fashionable colours is "crushed tomato." Immaculate shop-walkers manfully hide their emotion when ladies place battered samples of the fruit on the counter to ensure getting the exact shade.



Scots Wife. "WEEL, DEAR, THIS ISNA WEARIN' THE TYRES OOT, ONYWAY."

A bagpipe player will walk at the head of a peace demonstration which is being held in London. If he takes our advice he will run.

* * *

Fines imposed in the police courts of Surrey during the past year totalled over thirty thousand pounds. It is confidently expected that this county will now be able to declare a dividend.

* * *

It is said that women nowadays prefer short husbands. But then they always were prone to stoop to folly.

* * *

A scientist says mankind will always walk. True; it's the only way to pass farther down the car.

MELBA says that when singing we should always clench something tightly in our hands. So we do. It's the soap.

* * *

It is now being suggested that there used to be another and larger pyramid by the side of the others. But this of course was before the advent of American souvenir-hunters.

* * *

Two news items state, first, that there are too many doctors in New Zealand, and secondly that there is a record apple crop. How true it is that the wind is always tempered to the shorn lamb!

* * *

Mr. BRUCE says that there is a job for everybody in Australia. Probably this is why so few people immigrate.

* * *

Two Essex sisters who are centenarians have never learnt to read or write. It is not stated if they attribute their longevity to this.

* * *

In Southern Ireland a motor-car is reported to have jumped over a wall. One theory is that it shied at a piece of orange-peel.

* * *

According to a scientist, the domestic hen has very little intelligence. Nevertheless, she never forgets the size of our egg-cups.

* * *

There has been a strike of lawyers in Roumania. We never get a bit of luck like that in this country.

* * *

"Is there anybody alive to-day who really remembers Waterloo?" asks a Sunday paper. We shouldn't wonder. It is just possible too that there are passengers still travelling on suburban branches of the Southern Railway who dimly remember Charing Cross.

* * *

Our sympathy is with the woman who is in the habit of talking to herself and persists in trying to have the last word.

* * *

A new golf-club with a peculiar hook on the end has been invented by a Glasgow golfer. This should enable a golfer to play his lost ball from the pocket of his caddie.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS are going round the world. It is believed that if they are satisfied with it they may decide to take it.

THE ODDS ON ENGLAND.

(By our Australian Correspondent.)

In my present article I propose to deal with the question of England's chances of victory in the coming Test matches. I shall discuss Australia's prospects later, but I have no hesitation in saying that, if only she could avail herself of the services of six Trumpers and five Spofforths

SHE WOULD WIN

handsomely. When we come to examine in detail the team selected by the Board of Control we find that there are no Trumpers and no Spofforths. Here then is

A GREAT POINT IN ENGLAND'S FAVOUR

and one which may affect the issue very materially. On the other hand, all the Australian batsmen are capable of making a great many runs and, should they do so,

ENGLAND'S VICTORY

will not be gained without a struggle.

In looking through the Australian records I find that since the War every single player has been dismissed at one time or another without scoring. If they all allow this to happen again during the first innings of the opening match—and nothing is impossible in cricket—it is likely that

ENGLAND WILL OBTAIN A SUBSTANTIAL LEAD,

and it is hardly going too far to assert that if she makes full use of any such initial advantage and does equally well in the second innings she will come

VERY NEAR TO VICTORY.

Considerable stress has been laid upon the fact that Australia is sending two really first-class wicket-keepers. One must remember, however, that, unless the batsmen co-operate by venturing out of their ground or by actually hitting the ball as it passes, the wicket-keeper's services might well be dispensed with altogether. In fact, a long-stop (who might also be a bowler) would be of more use; but as long-stop fielding is a dying art in Australia I am afraid that the present team has had to sail without any long-stops at all. This may

MILITATE SERIOUSLY AGAINST AUSTRALIA'S CHANCES.

It must not be imagined that I am in any way decrying or depreciating the English batsmen. On the contrary, I believe that with ten or possibly eleven exceptions England possesses some of

THE BEST BATSMEN IN THE WORLD.

I am afraid that the fast bowlers will prove very expensive. On your diminutive grounds a well-bumped fast ball may easily cross the boundary without bouncing again, thereby costing the fielding side six byes. The only alternative is to bowl without letting the ball bounce at all; but this will be just as expensive since the English batsmen get so much

PRACTICE WITH FULL-PITCHES.

I must confess, not without a feeling of pride, that our side contains nothing but tip-top fielders. Too much importance should not be attached to this, however, for it must be remembered that nothing is more difficult to field cleanly than a mis-hit, and that nobody can bring off catches that are

OUT OF REACH.

The English batsmen know this already or I should certainly not have mentioned it.

I do not think the matter a vital one, but I must confess that I experience certain misgivings when I reflect that our team contains

NO ROUND-ARM BOWLERS AT ALL

and no underhand bowler worthy of the name. Precisely how far these omissions will affect the result remains to be seen.

It is of course impossible to predict anything for certain, but I am confident in my own mind that unless one side or the other establishes a marked and early superiority the issue will be in doubt for

SOME CONSIDERABLE TIME.

"TRANSFERS."

(Indian Official.)

["The policy of the Government seems to be to circulate its officers like so many doubtful coins."—*Indian Daily Paper.*]

Bring the tacks and gunny-bags, the matting and the string,
Shove the grand piano in its case
(Or what the ants have left of it); away with everything;
Rend our battered heirlooms from the place
Where each and every one of them a full six months has lain
(Which was more than one could really guarantee);
Chairs, tables, miscellanea—ho! pack the lot again—
Five-and-twenty miles of road and ninety miles of train—
Singing—after—me—

Transfer, transfer—round-a-round-a-round;
Keep the game alive,
Shift and shunt and drive,
Pack as soon as you 've unpacked and start when you arrive;
Transfer, transfer; the Lord knows why;
But it 's transfer, transfer till we droop and die,
For it keeps the circulation up and therefore you and I
Are doing another flit to-morrow morning.

Send the dogs and horses off—what odds if they succumb?
Slay and eat the chickens and the ducks;
Scrap the cherished garden; let the pigeon-house be dumb;
Concentrate on bullock-carts and trucks;
Will the glass go west again or will it be the plates?
Will the whole collection reach its goal—
Sixty-seven dealwood cases, five-and-forty crates?
What 's the use of speculating? Leave it to the Fates;
Fret not, weary soul!

Shall we lose a lot on this? What do *you* suppose?
Will the servants leave us? Yes, they will.
Should we try to take the children? Goodness only knows;—
Pack and trek and keep on hoping still.
The work was going decently? We 'd sort of settled here?
We liked the place and people? Cut it out!
We haven't had a transfer for the best of half a year
And it 's time we hit the trail again, so cut your stick and clear;
Down tents!—Right about!

Transfer, transfer—round-around-a-ree;
Dear old General Post,
The game we love the most—
Moving, moving, moving, till a man gives up the ghost:
Transfer, transfer; the deuce knows where;
But it 's transfer, transfer till they drive us to despair,
For it keeps the circulation up—but it 's mighty hard to bear
When you're doing another *flit to-morrow morning.*

H. B.

From an account of Lord and Lady READING'S farewell to India:—

"On arriving at the Gateway their Excellencies took a warm farewell of many leaders of communities with whom they had come into contact during the past five years, including ruling Princes, etc."
Sunday Paper.

Well, they 'll meet them again over here.



THE PLAY'S THE THING.

British Lion. "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WE KNOW ONLY TOO WELL THAT THE RESULT HAS BEEN SETTLED ON PAPER ALREADY, BUT I HOPE WE'LL HAVE A GAME OR TWO ALL THE SAME."



Hostess. "I'M AFRAID OUR BUTLER IS PROVING FAR FROM SATISFACTORY."
Child. "WHY DON'T YOU DIVORCE HIM, MUMMY?"

'LOGICAL NOVELS.

II.—THE PATHOLOGICAL.

HEREDITY.

IN all Mayfair there is nobody who rings a bell quite like Lady Salome—a gallant lady that! Her ringing of a bell is a gesture—so, "I will pull the bell till the rope breaks." A metaphor, you understand? For the flat has an electric bell. An electric bell it has. But the gesture is there—defiance. That is her attitude—a gallant lady at bay. Her mouth all red with lip-stick, her Tintoretto hair dancing against her matte-white cheeks; and her eyes—oh! her great jade eyes. But you shall hear more anon of this lady and guess why a blue jay was seen that day dead before the sculptured form of *Rima*.

I opened the door and there she stood. Buttoned up to her neck her fur coat was.

"Why have you come? I am busy. You know it. The sixtieth page of my new novel I have reached and here are you—a distraction." This I said whimsically. I who am not English like to pique and dare these Saxon-bred women.

"Oo," she said, but in she came to my study. Shivering a little she was. She trod on the scattered pages.

"Philippos, what a long novel!"

"Long, yes. It takes an old family some time to die. They all die out—and the title too. It was tuberculosis. I kill them all, but in different ways. There's not a healthy person in the book, and only three are sane."

"Ah, a great book that! I loved your last novel, the one where the hero is a homicidal maniac."

"I have a better in mind. They all get tropical diseases. But your coat, Salome; take it off. We will have tea—Russian. There is a lemon somewhere."

With a gesture, defiant—like that!—the coat was thrown back. And, oh! but she was jingling with beads, with belts, with buttons, with screwdrivers and gimlets and such tools as you may buy for sixpence. In her coat were hooks and on every hook hung something. But there she stood, a gallant lady with sad jade eyes.

"Salome! You've been at it again."

Crude I was, but the words came like that.

"Couldn't you have avoided WOOLBRED'S? I warned you. You know you are powerless when the thing grips you. A penny bazaar even . . . Some day there will be exposure—the Evening Press. Titled lady in the dock for theft. Salome, do you want these things?"

Sobbing she was now against my shoulder.

"Philippos—no, no. I've two-dozen screwdrivers at home already and countless gimlets; and I'll throw the beads out of the window when I get back. It's the family curse. You know it. We're played out, decadent, moribund—a Saxon family in its dregs."

"Sit down," I said gently. Very softly I wiped a lip-stick mark from my waistcoat. Her little hands were clenched. Painfully she told me her story.

"It's kleptomania in my case," she whispered. "With dad it's dipsomania. Hengist is a megalomaniac. Horsa has lately shown signs of claustrophobia, and I believe Edwina is developing agoraphobia."

"But your mother's family?" said I.

The old duke? An aristocrat that, pardie!"

"Yes, yes; he seems all right. But he is a bibliophile."

"And that?" I asked. I have told you I am not English.

"One addicted to bibliophilism," curtly she answered me; "and his eldest son is a philatelist. What chance have I among them all?"

"There is tea," said I. "It must be time. I had a watch just now. Where is it? I've mislaid it."

"Look!"

That was her gesture; the little right hand opened suddenly and there was my watch. Slowly the crimson dyed her matte-white cheeks up to her jade eyes, round the formal dancing side-locks.

"Philippos, I had to take it. My head was on your shoulder. It was so easy. You should wear a wrist-watch. Even so I took Ethelberta's diamond ear-rings from her ears while she played Mah-Jongg. I stole a bishop's ring the other day. It is my genius, don't you see? I'm a crook."

Very sadly and silently I set out the tea-things. Not a word said she. Studying her teaspoon with those great jade eyes she was.

"It is not a hall-mark," said I; "they are white nickel, Salome. I got them on purpose, dear. The apostle-spoons vanished the last day you had tea here. No, I'm not blaming. Far from it. I should have no interest in you if it weren't from the pathological point of view. Art has no use for the normal. Look at my pictures."

"I've been trying not to," she said simply.

She had picked up my amber-and-gold cigarette-holder and gently slipped it into her mouth.

"Cigarette," she said, just like that, gallantly and whimsically.

"Return it by post," I begged her. "Where is your last husband?" I asked her, for it seemed to me she needed care, the care a strong man should give so fair a lady.

"He has become a Mormon. That was heredity too. One of his great-grandfathers was a friend of BRIGHAM YOUNG. It was bound to come out—MENDEL'S law."

There was a ring at the flat door.

"Oo!" she cried, and again "Oo!"

"It's only the milk," said I hopefully but with despair at my heart. "But do throw those beads out of the bathroom window. The gimlets and corkscrews and things I'll explain. Quick!"

In all Mayfair there is no lady more gallant than this. But remember that the blue jay has dashed itself against the sculptured form of *Rima* and is fluttering out its life on the ground. This history must take its course.

She was in the bathroom; I at the door.

"No milk," I cried; "half-a-pint to-morrow morning."

"Open to the law! You are liable to be charged as a receiver of stolen goods. Anything found in the flat will be used against you." That was what they said, those men in uniform, and there was her coat on my chair and all the screwdrivers and belts and buttons on the floor.

"She is here. We shall search."

"Not the bathroom," I cried. "Oh, not that! I—I have photographs printing in the bath." Anything I said to head those sleuths from their quarry.

But already one had opened the bathroom door. He staggered and gasped. I too caught my breath. It was ammonia—cloudy ammonia. The whole new bottle she had drunk, and there she lay, the gallant lady, with her matte-white cheek on the ledge of the bath. In her clenched hand was a cake of soap. Even at the last the curse had gripped her. For was it not my last cake she took?

"See," I said, "the story is ended."

W. M. L.



Artist. "WISH YOU 'D COME AND SIT FOR ME, ME BOY. JUST WHAT I WANT—GOOD-LOOKING, WELL-DRESSED, SLIM FIGURE—YOU KNOW—THE USUAL TYPE OF YOUNG WASTER."

"FAMOUS POET WHO COULD NOT WRITE."
Headline in Daily Paper.

Not the only one, we fear.

MEN'S EVENING DRESS FOR WOMEN.

It was with an air of unusual nervousness, almost with anxiety indeed, that she beckoned to me to approach.

"I was just wondering," she explained, with perhaps a touch of hesitation in her manner at opening a question so delicate, "how many suits of evening clothes you have?"

"Seven," I answered simply.

"Seven?" she repeated, and I could see clearly that this time she was really impressed. "Seven?" she exclaimed again, and now I could see even more clearly that she was also incredulous. "Seven?" she said once more.

"Seven," I repeated as firmly as before. "It is the traditional reply. 'We are seven,' you know. When one has learnt that as a child one does not easily forget it."

"But one easily avoids raking it up again," she retorted. "And I've a reason for wanting to know."

"Seven," I repeated with undiminished firmness. "There's my very best, my second best and my first-night suit, that I wear to make me look like a critic. Which three are besides all one and the same, a true unity in trinity."

"You said seven," she reminded me.

"The other six," I explained, "are pyjamas—cotton, except the pair for week-end visits, which are silk, to impress the valet."

"Then really-truly," she insisted, working it out on her fingers, "you have only one dress-suit? And you find one enough? Tom has two."

"It explains," I said, "that air of sated pride and haughty detachment from common things that one sees cross his features in moments of repose."

"Well, if you can manage with only one evening suit, I'm sure he could," she declared hotly, "and yet when I asked him to let me have even his second-best one, he wouldn't."

"Probably just for the pleasure of refusing you," I said. "I've heard of husbands like that. Why not offer him your crimson brocade frock with the green tucks and the yellow ruffles and the pink pleats in exchange?"

"Because," she explained with dignity, "I haven't got a crimson brocade with or without green tucks and pink pleats, and it wouldn't be any use to him if I had. While——"

"While," I interrupted, "I can quite see that to you even his second-best dress-suit——"

"Not so much useful," she corrected me, "as indispensable. I simply must. We're going to the De Smiths' on Thursday; so," she said impressively, "is Blanche, and unless Tom lets me have one of his two he can easily spare, how can I be ready in time? And I know Blanche is trying hers on today."

"Oh," I cried, enlightened, "a fancy-dress ball?"

"Fancy-dress fiddlesticks," she snapped indignantly. "Do you imagine for one moment I should be so common, so vulgar, as to go to a fancy-dress ball, if it was one, in a man's dress-suit dressed as a man?"

I could see she was really offended. I apologised humbly. I protested almost with tears that such an idea had never entered my head.

"Did you," she demanded in a voice that was an acid test all to itself, "hear me say one single word about trousers?"

"I wouldn't have believed it if I had," I assured her earnestly. "Only," I added ever so meekly, "you did seem to suggest that you wanted Tom's dress-suit to—well, to wear."

"Of course I do," she said, still hurt and indignant. "What did you suppose I wanted it for? To eat, perhaps? Certainly I want it to wear; but I should only dream of wearing it dressed as a woman with a skirt," she explained rebukingly.

"Of skirt—a trace, as the chemists say," I murmured.

"No," she went on coldly; "all I want and must have is the dinner-jacket and waistcoat—they have just come in for women—the very latest in Paris straight from London, and the very newest in London straight from Paris. In a few days to be wearing anything else will be to brand oneself hopelessly old-fashioned."

I wiped my forehead, on which great drops of sweat had instantly appeared. "This is indeed awful," I murmured. "A man in a dress-suit is bad enough, but a woman—why, she won't even have the excuse that perhaps she's the waiter and can't help it."

"At the reception last night," she explained, "there was a woman wearing one. Everyone stared, but she didn't seem to mind a bit. Do you know, I almost think sometimes there are people who almost like being looked at?"

"Probably it's the War," I suggested.

"I daresay the War accounts for it," she agreed. "And this morning," she added bitterly, "that woman's name and her photograph are in all the papers. And am I," she asked, throwing out her arms in passionate appeal—"am I to be the only dowdy woman at the De Smiths' on Thursday because Tom's too selfish to part with a dinner-jacket he doesn't really need?"

"I can see that it is indeed difficult," I admitted.

"Blanche," she went on moodily, "had no trouble at all. Why, before she went to bed that night she had her husband's out, ready for the maid to alter—his new one, too, he's only worn once."

"But I thought Blanche's husband was in India?" I said.

"Oh, he is," she agreed; "but it was his old suit he took with him—on account of the voyage, you know. Besides Blanche is sending him a card to let him know. Nice of her, I thought."

"Very nice," I agreed. "I wish I could help you."

"Oh, but you have," she cried with a sudden warmth of gratitude; "indeed you have. Because I was so anxious to be sure that one dress-suit was enough for a man; and if it is for you I'm sure it is for Tom, so it will be perfectly all right, and he'll have nothing to grumble at. Thank you so much." E. R. P.



THE DEFEATED CROQUET-PLAYER OF THE PAST WAS ABLE TO HIDE HIS FEELINGS IN A WAY—

WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE TO OUR MODERN TENNIS CHAMPIONS.

The Patient East.

Notice issued to its customers by an Indian firm:—

"Closing of Annual Accounts.

We appreciate the courteous manner in which you have always treated us, and look forward with confidence to receiving a settlement of this account on or before the 81st March."



"As you very well know, Mrs. Green, I can behave like a lady, But, thank 'eaven, I can be natural, too."

OLD MEN AND NEW MANNERS.

In *The Times's* most prominent pages
Much ink has been recently slung
On the secular strife in all ages—
The war of the old and the young;
And *The Times*, in a leader sagacious,
Impartial and suave and serene,
Admits that the young are ungracious,
And always have been.

But *Punch*, the alert and omniscient,
While frankly regretting that youth
Is in gentleness sometimes deficient
To those who are long in the tooth,
Yet hastens without reservation
To utter the homage he owes
To his friends of the young generation,
Wherever he goes.

Some march under curious banners;
Some worship at shrines that are odd,
And some for their mutinous manners
Undoubtedly call for the rod;
But these are the pantomime troopers,
Impressive by rushing around,
And not in the ranks of stage supers
Youth's glory is found.

"A Business Man with shop wants a Girl Assistant, medium size, at once; Presbyterian."—*Belfast Paper.*

We suppose if she were too tall she might not fit the *Shorter Catechism.*

O Henry!

"Ford Car, new tyres, price £20, or will sell the tyres separately for £19."
Rhodesian Paper.

"To Let, Small Country Bungalow, with garden, scullery, etc., three miles out, for respectable couple."—*Local Paper.*

The respectable couple will apparently have to take a good deal of walking exercise in the course of washing-up.

"Dresses and costumes were charming and the make-up of the children was perfect. The dancers were gracefully executed."
Local Paper.

Poor things! Yet possibly they deserved it.

MILITARY DRAMA.

VI.

In our two previous scenarios Private Pullthrough and I have given you an idea of how to write up barrack-life for the screen, both as a "spectacular" film and as a "drammer." We will conclude this week by indicating briefly on what lines you may further adapt your subject to other types of film.

First, there is the "Educational Film," which generally shows subjects such as:

(1) "*Ranunculus bulbosus* opening at dawn. Note the short stamen, which plays an important part."

(2) "Strange customs in Tahiti: (*a*) Giving a companion a drink; (*b*) Improving local music; (*c*) Native love-songs."

(3) "Vesuvius in eruption. Observe the rows of olive-trees bowing before the lava-flow."

(4) "The home life of the Lesser Black-backed Gull. The female rarely leaves the eggs except to search for food."

In this class you may show a Military Educational film on the following lines:—

(1) "*Canteenia Militaris* closing at Last Post. Note the short Canteen Orderly Corporal, who plays an important part."

(2) "Strange Customs on Guest Nights: (*a*) Giving the pianist a drink; (*b*) Giving the piano a drink; (*c*) Singing 'John Peel' (Military version)."

(3) "The R.S.M. in eruption. Observe the rows of privates bowing before the language-flow."

(4) "The Home Life of the Lesser One-starred Subaltern. He rarely leaves the Mess except to ask for leave."

You may also include in an Educational series a few examples of tactical problems encountered in everyday barrack life, such as "How to surround a strong Pint of Beer," and so on.

Always popular is the "Serial Story"; but this does not need very careful handling. The title is, however, important.

"IN THE GRIP OF THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING;
OR,
THE BLOODSTAINED BAYONET"

would be a good one. The advantage of a serial is that it doesn't much matter what incidents you bring in as long as your hero, young Lieutenant Vere de Vere, is left in a state of terrible suspense at the end of each episode, either hanging over a cliff by his water-bottle strap, or about to call on the Colonel's wife for the first time, or asking for leave when the Adjutant has had a bad night.

The "Social Life" type of film is also quite easy. You can begin—

THE GENERAL'S WIFE REQUESTS THE PLEASURE OF CAPTAIN CHOLMONDELEY'S COMPANY TO DINNER.

and follow with an equally realistic reproduction of the terms of the gallant Captain's answer—

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE MAN ON LEAVE AND TWO MEN SICK, CAPTAIN CHOLMONDELEY'S COMPANY IS VERY PLEASED TO ACCEPT THE KIND INVITATION.

This brings you into the thick of the plot right away. What will the General's wife do? Has she enough finger-bowls to go round?

Another well-known type of film is "The Humorous Chase." This, according to the most ancient screen canons, always starts with one performer running at top speed and ends up by involving all the cast, and the knocking down of everything possible. This would of course be a bit difficult to stage in a barracks; and I don't remember ever having seen one. Colonels and sergeant-majors don't run much, and quarter-masters haven't run "since 1898, m'lad, when I just bin promoted to corporal—that was afore your time." Perhaps it could be done at a smart walk, and, if you provide plenty of opportunities for sparkling wit, such as custard-pie, a fruit-shop, crockery, and ladders with men and pots of paint on them, with copious examples of the law of gravitation, then it might have a fair success.

The "Problem" film may be built up on any outstanding question of military importance, such as:—

"Why should a private soldier have to *pay* thirty-five pounds to purchase his discharge while an officer is *given* one thousand pounds to go?"

And lastly there is the "Slow-Motion" film, which lends itself completely to military subjects. There are several things in barrack-life which happen so quickly that it is only through the medium of a slow-motion picture that one can see them at all.

I would suggest:—

The Company Sergeant-Major's salute.

The Second-in-Command going on leave.

Privates being dismissed off Church Parade. (Or this may be reversed through the camera and entitled, "Privates coming on Pay Parade.")

As a variety a speeded-up quick-motion length might be inserted to show some of the really slow movements, such as the Quartermaster-Sergeant issuing kit or a War Office letter going through the "usual channels."

This concludes our series of Military Plays and Films. I may add that it has attracted so much attention in influential circles that Private Pullthrough is already under close arrest. A. A.



Husband. "WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU CARRYING THAT?"
Wife. "GOOD GRACIOUS ME! I THOUGHT IT WAS MY DUMPIE!"

"VOLGA RIVER TRAFFIC.
PROPOSED SOVIET CONCESSION."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

Can it be that something is to be done about that Boat Song?

"We hear that dogs may now be imported into Cyprus, and we hope the Government will take steps to introduce the English Spaniards."
Greek Paper.

And while they are about it why not a few Great Danes?



"I suppose you could teach me how to run my business, eh?"
"Probably. But it would take time."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

X.—The Rock-Garden.

"There is a curse upon this house," I said as we chug-chugged up the precipitous drive towards the little wood at the top.

As a matter of fact we had had great difficulty in discovering the place at all. It was poised ridiculously upon one of the undulations of the landscape. The neighbouring hamlet through which we had passed had been poised even more ridiculously upon another. I was reminded of the words of the poem:—

"In these remoter villages
Time stands for ever still;
Both foot- and hand-brake should be used
In coming down the hill.

The churches nestling in the trees
Are built of Cotswold stone;
The signposts are inadequate,
One steers by faith alone"—

which I had invented in a different place but upon a similar occasion.

Spring had spread her mantle across the slopes. Of this I was certain, not only because of the presence on them of wood anemones, violets and primroses, but because I had been told so by one of the Sunday papers. Nevertheless there was thunder in the air and a single magpie had just flown up from a hedge. One felt the shadowy presence of Até.

I soon found out what was wrong. The last time I had been at this house my host had been hewing down the graceful trees that surrounded his residence and trying to convert them into pieces of unusable home-made furniture. This time it was even worse. He was building a rock-garden.

There are some people who cannot let nature alone. It should be enough, it seems to me, to scratch her surface lightly with the wheels of a motor-car, the hooves of a horse, the shoe of a brassie. A man living in the country who once falls into the pernicious habit of hewing nature down, or heaving her from side to side, is for ever lost. Still worse is he who tries to impose a similar penance upon his guests. Such is the kind of man who at breakfast-time will rub his hands and say to the party assembled—

"Now, let us see. What is our programme for this morning? Shall it be digging up plantains from the lawn or repairing the summer-house?"

His lawn, you notice. His summer-house. Immediately a gloom descends. The fact is that guests do not come to a man's house in order to do odd jobs about the place and take the bread out of the mouth of some honest working-man. They are there to be amused or to be left alone. I had pointed this out to my host more than once on previous visits, reminding him that his proper course was to apply to the nearest employment exchange, and do what he could to relieve the strain of agricultural depression in his immediate neighbourhood. But he is a pig-headed kind of fellow, and this time, if you please, it was a rock-garden.

We were taken at once to look at the thing, a miserable mass of crumbling masonry littered on a part of what had once been an excellent lawn. Spring flowers protruded unhappily between the clefts, and others of a rarer and less pronounceable kind were said to be represented by small tufts of almost invisible foliage.

"There!" said my host proudly.

So it was. There was no denying the dismal fact. It transpired that Colonel Fanshawe, who had the next house, was building a rock-garden, and my host felt constrained to imitate him and, if possible, to outstrip and humiliate him. It seemed to me to be a thoroughly un-Christian endeavour.

"But of course we haven't nearly finished the thing," my host went on. "We ask everybody who comes to the house to lay a few more stones. You will find them lying about amongst the beechwoods" (vaguely waving his hand at the surrounding scenery); "but no flints, mind! We want nothing but yellow sandstone. If you like you

can use this large wheelbarrow of mine."

I didn't like at all; but I heaved a sigh and obediently trundled the abomination off into the beechwoods. When I got out of sight I sat down on one of the handles, lit a pipe and began to commiserate myself on my wretched lot. A green woodpecker with its peculiar dipping flight flew from one tree to another. A weasel rustled in the undergrowth. Man alone, I reflected, was doomed to perpetual toil. However, after a few moments I pulled myself together and set about my task.

Good stones seemed to be excessively rare and I penetrated further and further into the beechwood, the prospector's fever gradually gaining a hold upon my imagination. Dead leaves were abundant; I could have made a dead-leaf garden without any trouble at all. But it did not seem to be the time of year for stones. Suddenly, after long travel, I came to a clearing, and on a green slope of sunlit grass an astonishing sight met my gaze. It was a bonanza. It was a gold-mine. A positive heap of large yellowish rock lay ready to my hand. I loaded my barrow to the top and went trundling back through the beechwood, singing a merry song. With pride I distributed my treasures in suitable places amongst the rest of the *débris* and went back for another load.

My brow was moist with honest perspiration as I came singing back with my fourth and last barrowful. And now a little gathering was assembled at the lower edge of the rock-garden, jealous, no doubt, but none the less filled with admiration for my zeal. My hostess was particularly enthusiastic.

"This is perfectly splendid," she said. "Where on earth did you find them all?"

"Oh, here and there," I said vaguely. "In hollows . . . and hollows. I think I must have the collector's eye for precious stones."

Indeed I felt by this time that the spirit of Nature had entered into me. I was one with earth and its primitive toilers, wresting a bare living of boulders from her barren breast. I sat modestly on the edge of my barrow and wiped my dripping brow.

"And what a terrible score," continued my hostess as we all went in to tea, "off Colonel Fanshawe, the poor old darling! He said it was quite impossible to collect enough stones on his grounds, and so he ordered a cartload from the quarry for himself. He 'll probably be round here in a few minutes and we shall be able to show him what you 've done."

A queer sudden sense of foreboding came into my heart. It had been with me, as I have said, on first approaching the house, but had been dispelled for a time by hard manual labour, the fascination of gardening and physical fatigue.

"Where does your Colonel Fanshawe live?" I inquired.

"On the far side of that beechwood," said my host. "The one you were in. If you had gone right through it to the other side you would have touched his property."

I winced a little.

"I see," I said, and took some more jam.

I then began to contemplate the dark thunder-cloud hanging over the opposite hill.

"I 'm sorry, but I 'm afraid we must be getting back immediately before the storm breaks," I said. "With an open car, you know—and these roads," I added uneasily.

"Oh, but you *must* wait and see Colonel Fanshawe," they chorused in an idiotic way.

Why should I? What was Colonel Fanshawe to me? I repeated my apologies. I arose hastily and made my adieux. To gloat over a discomfited rival has always been distasteful to my mind, and I felt I should have little in common with this Colonel Fanshawe of theirs.

As we slipped cautiously down the drive we passed a tall soldierly figure with white moustaches and a somewhat grim expression on the lower part of his face. He looked every inch a rock-gatherer, and a large Alsatian wolfhound walked at his heels. I slightly released my brakes. We slipped down faster.

We had scarcely got out of the drive when the thunder broke with mighty reverberations amongst the beech-clad hills. It sounded to me like the trundling of a vast barrow-load of stones. . . .

EVOE.

SHE-SHANTIES.

LION AND HORSE.

ALL the lions stood a-roaring
In my Lady Lucy's den,
And you could not see the flooring
For the literary men;
Novelists discussed together
Metaphysics and the weather,
Claret, sandwiches and sin,
While the painters and musicians
Shyly mentioned their ambitions,
And the women drank it in.
And my Lady Lucy purred
As she prowled about the herd,
"Any person who is not
On the premises is what
Fairly might, I think, be rated as a negligible bird."

Then said Mr. Y. politely,
"Have you read the works of Horse?"

Lady Lucy trembled slightly,
But she answered, "Yes, of course."
Passing on to one or two
Of the literary Zoo,
Cornered in convenient nooks,
Cool as cucumber she said
She imagined they had read
Mr. Horse's jolly books.
And the lions roared reply,
Very confident (but shy),
That the works of Mr. Horse
Had considerable force
But were books which at the present
they had not had time to buy.

Lady Lucy, looking sickly,
To her husband sent a note
Bidding him discover quickly
Who was Horse and what he wrote.
Lord Shalott, the tactful fellow,
In the buffet raised a bellow,
"Who is Horse, and what 's he do?"
"Horse? Of course," said everybody,
"Oh, *you* know!" said everybody,
Everybody knew they knew;
Still, they could not place him *quite*.
Did he paint, compose or write?
Did he etch, or win the War?
What exactly *is* he for?
And, of course, the strangest question,
why is he not here to-night?

Swiftly spread a dark suspicion—
Lady L. was out-of-date.
Probably this new musician
Would be found with Lady Skate.
Lady Tickle keeps the smartest
Kinds of dramatist and artist—
Ten to one the man was there!
Two by two the guests departed,
Leaving Lucy broken-hearted
And the Viscount in despair.
As for me, it was the source
Not of malice but remorse,
For I cannot well deny
I was wretched Mr. Y.,
And I know no more than you do of
the works of Mr. Horse.

A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"LONDON, January 30.

Surprise was caused by the Scots pipers playing a lament and the Scots Guards sounding the Last Post, during yesterday's Trafalgar Square service in memory of King Charles I. It recalled an incident of two years ago, when the Grenadier Guards' burglers sounded the Last Post."—*New Zealand Paper.*

From a speech at an educational conference:—

"There was room, and justification, for small universities—just as there was for small States. The University of St. Andrews only contained a few hundred students; but these might be just beauties in small proportions."

Daily Paper.

After reading the newspaper twaddle about the good looks of the young giants of Oxford and Cambridge we are glad to know that St. Andrews has its pocket Adonises.



COUNTY SONGS.

IX.—Dorset.

From Durlston Head to Blandford,
From Poole to Portland Bill,
And all the little villages
Round Shaston on its hill—
This is the land of Hardy, of *Jude* and
Joseph Poorgrass, of *Fancy Day*
the frolic, and tragic *D'Urberville*.

From Ilchester to Wimborne
(How sweet the Minster chime!),
And all the luscious pasturage
From Gillingham to Lyme—
This is the land of butter, the finest
dairy butter, the famous "Dosset"
butter, and butter all the time.

E. V. L.

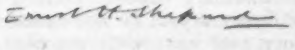














BRIGHTER HUNTING.

ONLY A FEW PEOPLE KNOW OR CARE WHAT THEY HUNT. WHY NOT ELIMINATE THE OLD-FASHIONED FOX AND ITS UNSEEMLY END, REWARDING THE PACK WITH SUGAR OR SOMETHING MORE PALATABLE, AND TEACHING THEM TO RECEIVE IT POLITELY?

THE LITTLE ESTRANGER.

I HAD been spending the week-end with the Dunmow-Flitches in their charming converted labourers' cottage in Bucks. I don't mean that the labourers were converted; far from it, judging by the way in which I was told they expressed their opinion of alien gentry snapping up these little dwellings and driving their proper occupants into council houses at three times the rent; I mean the word conversion to apply solely to the structure. Dunmow-Flitch is himself a bit of an architect; his wife knows something of furniture and has a nice sense of colour; and between them and the local builder they have made the place as cosy as a transformed London mews.

They had had two cottages thrown together so that there was one long low general living room, with rugs scattered on rush matting, deep chairs with decorative pillows, wood-cuts and etchings on the walls and diamond panes in the windows. The garden had been paved and a sundial in the midst of rosemary bushes informed us that "Time tarryeth for noe manne." The long roof was newly thatched, and a barrel painted white with little holes in it stood on a pole all ready for a new set of fantails, the last and the last before those having mysteriously disappeared. No one knows for certain where, but the boldest unconverted labourer's stew-pot is still under suspicion.

Such was the Dunmow-Flitches' home—"*villeggiatura*," Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch sometimes called it, with a little apologetic murmur of mirth for having to go to Italy for an expression exact enough; and there, among the latest periodicals and novels, their friends spent Saturday to Monday all through the less wintry months of the year; and there, ever since they first occupied it, the Dunmow-Flitches were serenely and, so far as I could observe, completely happy.

Until——

But let the story progress at its proper gait.

On the particular week-end to which I refer I had said something to Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch about the curious absence of a dog, and, receiving permission to present her with one, I had visited a kennel to make a choice.

The strict limits of this narrative forbid any description of the kennel which I visited. Let me merely say that it consisted of a series of loose boxes in the middle of a very wet field, and was more discordant than a terminus. The proprietors were two rather formidable middle-aged ladies who knew their own minds and expressed the usual regret at having to part with anything so utterly adorable as Langbourne Susan—that being the name of the puppy which either I ultimately chose or which ultimately chose me. Never had they had a puppy so wholly satisfactory in character and charm. If I or anyone could "fault" it they would be more than surprised—electrified if not electrocuted.

A cheque having been written I came away with Langbourne Susan, around whose neck was a brand-new collar of shining green leather, while in my pocket her proud pedigree reposed. The next day she was placed in a hamper and put in the care of the guard on the train to the station where Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch in her new Cupid Seven was to meet her.

It was two months before I could get down for another week-end with my friends, and I went with the more willingness because I was curious to see how Langbourne Susan had de-

veloped. Ecstatic letters from Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch were my sole evidence as to her well-being.

Almost directly I entered the garden gate I noticed a difference. Dunmow-Flitch, whose voice had never sounded sharp before, was saying, "Of course he must be punished. Look at the flowers he 's ruined."

"But, sweetheart, how could she know? Think how young she is."

"Still," he replied, "if he 's not taught now, how will he ever learn? Dogs are all right in their way and in their place, but it is dreadful to have one's flowers ruined."

"But you wouldn't have her tied up all day?" Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch replied, a little tartly I thought.

"A very good thing if he were," he appeared to mutter.

"Oh, Aubrey, how can you say so? And I do wish you wouldn't call Susan 'he.'"

"I can't be bothered with the sex of dogs," he replied in a surly growl.

Their bitterness vanished however when they saw me, and Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch at once called upon me to admire Susan's cleverness and charm.

She certainly was an attractive little thing. "Full of nervous fluid," I remarked; and Dunmow-Flitch gloomily agreed.

"Too much of it," he said. "Always digging. Why can't dogs eat their bones and have done with it? He 's got a hidden larder under every plant that I most prize."

"But, dear, it 's her nature," said his wife. "She 's a terrier. Terrier means something to do with the earth, doesn't it?" she added, turning to me. (For some reason or other I am supposed to know things like this.)

"Oh, I 'm quite aware that he 's a terrier," said Dunmow-Flitch, "but that doesn't help my poor garden."

"I 'm awfully sorry," I said. "I could have given you a dog that doesn't dig, if I 'd thought of it. Shall I get it changed?"

"Oh, no, please!" Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch protested; and the first lunch-bell rang.

At lunch it was worse. Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch was teaching Susan to beg, and naturally was proud to display her success. But begging has first to be provoked by the sight of a morsel, and then to be rewarded by the gift of that morsel; and Dunmow-Flitch has strong views about feeding dogs at odd times and especially in the dining-room.

"Isn't she marvellous?" Mrs. Dunmow-Flitch cried as Susan maintained a vertical position for the fraction of a second. As a matter of fact it was not an acquired posture of mendicancy at all: the dog, inflamed by greed, attained a moment's perpendicular, so to speak, in its stride.

"I do wish you wouldn't feed him at meals," said Dunmow-Flitch. "You 'll ruin his character."

"Only just a tiny piece of bread," replied his wife.

"You 'll ruin him," said her husband. "Nothing is so bad for them. Everyone tells me so."

"Aubrey," said his wife to me, "does use such disproportionate words. 'Ruin' is much too strong. And, after all, Susan is mine, and if I don't mind, why should anyone else?"

"Well, I have to live with him too," Dunmow-Flitch growled.

"You see how he will always call her 'him'?" his wife continued, still addressing me. "I can't cure him of it."

"I think of dogs as he's," said her husband with final decisiveness. "In heaven's name let 's put him out now and finish this meal in peace. And Susan is a ridiculous name, anyway. I once had an aunt Susan that I was very fond of. Won't you think of something better?" he added, turning to me.

I had a too appropriate name in my mind, but I kept it to myself: "Rift."

E. V. L.



Old Lady (arriving at theatre—breathlessly). "AM I LATE?"
Attendant. "THEY 'VE ALREADY PLAYED ONE ACT, MADAM."
Old Lady. "AH, WHICH ONE?"

Paradise without the Serpent.

"The girls wear tam-o'-shanter hats and dark 'Merry Widow' cloaks, and carry a notice stating, 'Look at my legs.'

The parade has been organised as an advertisement for adderless stockings."
Provincial Paper.

"—— church is rather unique. The organ is part of the pulpit, and when it is being played the pastor has to remove to another part of the church."—*Local Paper.*

When the sermon is long it must be a terrible temptation to the organist to butt in with a voluntary.



"AND DO YOU THINK, MR. JONES, OUR MEN WILL GET THE CINDERS BACK FROM THE AUSTRALIANS?"

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

CRAZY ALICE.

After Mr. ROBERT GRAVES.

Mother.

Is the moon up, Allie,
And are the heavens clear?

Alice.

It is the largest whitest moon
That I have seen this year.

Mother.

Come then to your soup, dearie;
Shut the door, my child.
Why are you staring at the night
So crazed and wild?

Alice.

I cannot drink my soup, Mother;
Oh, give the dog my bread;
A phantom cart goes creaking
Dimly overhead.

I cannot see the horses,
But their bells ring so . . .
Give the dog my bread, Mother,
Give my soup to Joe.

The reins slack in his hands—
Jim is driving on,
And when the moon is sunken
He will be gone—

Gone with his phantom load
Of tins and bacon,
Whilst I await him here,
Forlorn, forsaken.

Mother.

But Jim is dead, my sweet;
He died of dropsy,
Just as his father died,
And your Aunt Topsy.

He had a peaceful end
At Squirrels Farm . . .
You were no bigger then
Than my right arm.

Come now and have your soup
And get to bed.

Alice.

Look, Mother, look—the cart,
There overhead!

Hark, how the lean whip cracks!
Jim shouts and sings;
And hark, how through the sky
The loose shoe rings!

The moon-man greets him now;
I saw him stoop.
Mother, what shall I do?

Mother.

Here, have your soup! W. K. S.

An Appeal to the Nation.

Mr. Punch begs to remind his readers at home and abroad that April is SHAKESPEARE'S birthday month, and that cheques made payable to his Stratford Memorial Theatre Fund and addressed to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, will be gratefully received and handed over to the National Fund inaugurated by *The Daily Telegraph*.

Commercial Candour.

From a manufacturer's circular:—

"'There never was anything made but someone else could make it worse!' This remark does not apply to our Goods."

"Mr. ——, who is 86, retired from business as a cobbler . . . but . . . has returned to his old shop."—*Provincial Paper.*

We understand he now intends to stick to the last to the last.

From a mining article:—

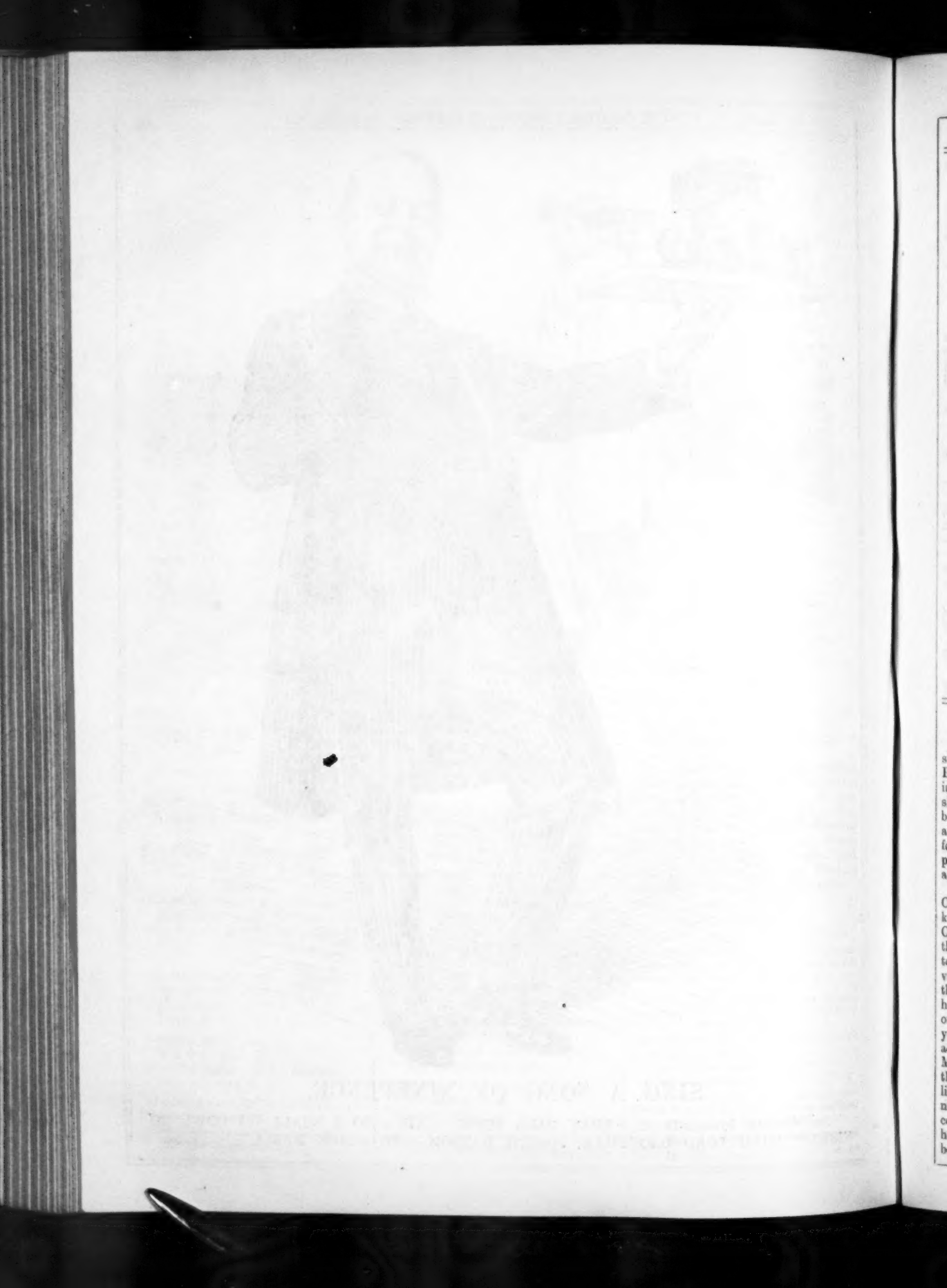
"It has been proved that . . . an extraction of well over 100 per cent. may be indicated from one assay."—*Financial Paper.*

That should satisfy the most sceptical investor.



SING A SONG OF NINEPENCE.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks. "THEY CALL THEM 'JIXIS'; SO I SHALL GO DOWN TO HISTORY WITH LORD BROUGHAM, JOSEPH HANSOM—AND BLACK MARIA."





Golf Maniac. "I DON'T TAKE ENOUGH EXERCISE, DOCTOR? WHY I DO THREE ROUNDS MOST DAYS OF MY LIFE."
Non-Golfing Doctor. "WELL, DO FOUR—AND ONE OF THEM *BEFORE* BREAKFAST."

THE TONSORIAL PARLOUR.

I AM not much interested in barber-shops since my heart-to-heart talk with Professor Mammonetti. It is too bad in a way, because the American barber-shop is second only to the American bathroom in point of modern appliances and should be a good deal of fun to fool with; but I don't regret that I probably shan't ever go inside of one again.

Professor Mammonetti is Number One barber in a tonsorial parlour I know of in New York. To be Number One barber means not only that you get the porcelain chair nearest the entrance to the parlour (which is no mean advantage), but that you have reached the height of your profession. You have a framed glass-covered name-plate on the wall in front of your chair, and you are sometimes, though very rarely, addressed as "Professor." Professor Mammonetti knew that he had reached the height; his white coat was worn a little longer than those of the other nine barbers. He was grave, as becomes a man who has reached the height, but you somehow felt that beneath all that gravity and all that coat was a skill that could belong to nobody short of an artist. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles, as so many artists do.

As I entered a middle-aged man sprang for my hat; he wanted to hang it up for me.

"Take it," I said, "and run along." I didn't really care; I could hang the thing up any old time.

It was a large room glowing with the white light from a dozen shaded fixtures in the ceiling. The white-tile floor reflected the light, as did also the white basins and the white chairs and the white coats and the white chins of the manicure girls. Stacks of white towels lay at intervals on a white porcelain shelf encircling the room; between the stacks were white cabinets, marked "Sterilizer." Mirrors to the ceiling ran continuously along the four walls and reflected the combined whiteness to infinity. I felt greatly indebted to Professor Mammonetti for the blackness of the rims of his spectacles.

We bowed to each other.

"Haircut, Professor, if you please," said I, climbing into his chair. (I noted that he had recently had a haircut himself. See *post.*)

He turned his coat-sleeves back from his wrists with a pair of flourishes and took three or four hand-towels off the stacks allotted to him. After surveying both sides and the back of the problem I presented to him he boldly approached the first difficulty, which was the filling in of the moat that surrounded my neck. It wasn't very much of a moat in itself, but quite a large opening could be made by pulling out on the collar.

He stuffed the ends of a sheet into the crevice, then the edges of the three or four hand-towels. Then he went to Number Seven barber and borrowed a handful of his absorbent cotton.

"Oh, no!" I said to myself; "you can't get all *that* in."

But I was counting on swallowing; he wasn't. He packed it in gradually, a pinch at the time, now and then pulling at the collar. In five minutes I saw by the mirror that it was all gone. My neck could have withstood a trip from New York to San Francisco by parcel-post.

"Tight enough?"

I nodded my eyelids to signify that it was.

He finished it off by snapping a piece of sheet-rubber round over the packing.

"Babe Ruth 'll never play ball again," he said.

"Did you strangle him?" I said; but no words came out of my mouth.

The Professor seized a bottle labelled "Lotion" and squirted it on my hair with one hand, slowly digging at my scalp with the other. I started to protest, then desisted; who was I to say that he was going at the thing backwards—a mere nobody who had never cut a man's hair in my life?

When the "Lotion" had run down my cheek as far as my chin, he put the bottle back on the porcelain shelf in front of me; he came back at me then with his fingers stretched wide apart and twitching like the drowning man catching at the famous straw. One hand clutched the top of my skull; the other rubbed vigorously up and down at the back as if it were polishing brass. I understood his packing my neck in so thoroughly. It came through without a crack.

"He ate too much, the Babe," said the Professor. This to me who hadn't swallowed in twenty minutes.

Then he washed his hands and opened one of the Sterilizers. Out came a brush and my hair was sleeked down on all sides, shining now like patent leather. I saw him beckon towards the middle-aged man whose last achievement had been to hang up my hat. This individual hastened to Number Four and returned in a minute pushing a nickel tripod on wheels with a box at the top.

"X-ray?" I asked silently. I had never seen an X-ray machine, but I had never seen a machine like this either.

The Professor unhooked a sort of metal rope from the side of the box and clicked a switch, which started a soft buzzing inside. I could tell by the way he handled it that he was one of the best at the machine that the world had seen in a long time; he lifted the end of the rope with two fingers and a thumb, the two smaller fingers standing off as if they thought it were a tea-cup.

It was only an electric clipping-machine, nothing new, used on long-haired dogs every summer. He passed it over my neck and returned it to the middle-aged man.

"Great football player, this Red Grange," remarked the Professor, burrowing at my temples with the ball of his thumb; "I see where he made twelve-thousand dollars in last Saturday's game."

He sprinkled some powder on the back of my neck, then dipped a bath-towel in hot water and wrapped it round my head.

"Haircut?" I reminded him weakly.

But it turned out that he had already cut it.

He removed the towel from round my head and replaced it by a freshly-heated one. Then he covered my face with a towel dipped in ice-water. Then he covered it with a dry towel and pressed my eyeballs. Then he dried my ears until they squeaked like mice. Then he—— I don't know what he did then. I recollect distinctly a large piece of nickel tubing with a handle coiled like a snail's shell which spouted forth buckets of hot air; he turned this on my head and down my ears and up my nose. Finally he picked up a pink bottle marked "Aqua Rosa." This was too much. I caught his wrist and drew him close to me.

"Answer me!" said I. "Do *you* go through with this every time you have your hair cut?"

The man flushed the colour of the "Aqua Rosa."

"Answer me!" I said.

He tried to look away, but there were too many mirrors; in no matter what direction he looked I stared him in the eye.

"Who cuts *your* hair?"

With his free hand he began pulling the packing from round my neck. "You must go," he whispered, as white as the arm of his porcelain chair.

"Out with it!" I cried, twisting his arm. "*Who* cuts your hair?"

He wiped his face with a cold towel. "I cut it myself," he breathed.

"AH!"

"Here," he said, and he opened his coat and took out a queer-looking instrument; it consisted of a pair of scissors fastened at the pivot to one end of a comb.

"I could cut my own hair?" I asked.

He nodded sadly.

"The address of the maker?" I cried.

He gave it me sorrowfully.

"Have pity," he whined, "on our younger barbers. Don't spread this information or they are ruined."

I gave him a five-dollar bill for his invaluable services.

He leaned on the back of his immaculate chair and buried his head in his arms.

"Good-bye for ever!" I cried, and left him.

I can hardly wait for my hair to grow enough to let me begin. MANHATTAN.



Sir HENRY CRAIK *(to the Dog).* "MUCH AS I APPRECIATE THE STERLING MERITS OF YOUR TAIL, I CANNOT HELP REGRETTING THE ALMOST UNLIMITED EXTENT TO WHICH YOU PERMIT IT TO WAG YOU."

[Sir HENRY CRAIK has given notice of a motion for to-day, April 14: "That in the opinion of this House the Civil Service has merited the gratitude of the nation, but its continued efficiency depends upon the due control of that service by His Majesty's Ministers."]

"STATE OF THE ROADS.
ADVICE TO MOTORISTS.
LONDON-HASTINGS.—Poor after Battle."—*Daily Paper.*

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR has a lot to answer for.

"I was asked the other day how many politicians I knew of who had cultivated the art of voice production. I must make the avowal that I knew only two or three—the young Pitt and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain."—*The Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in Sunday Paper.*

It is not for nothing, evidently, that "T. P." is known as The Father of the House. But it is not true, we believe, that it was in order to enjoy more of his society that PITT carried the Act of Union.

Notice put up in the bedrooms of an American hotel:—

"It is not our wish to encourage any one to disregard prohibition, but for the protection of our furniture and for your convenience you will find installed in this room a bottle opener.
MANAGEMENT."

Response of thirsty visitor: "Hip, hip, hip-pocket, ray."



Mother. "How do you like my permanent wave, Bobby?"
Bobby. "What did you have it done for?"
Mother. "Oh, well, it saves bother, for one thing."
Bobby. "Couldn't I have one done, Mother—and a permanent wash at the same time?"

CONCERNING B.

(*Verses written after reading all about this letter in the Concise Oxford Dictionary.*)

I was wandering abroad one day in the East
After eating with relish a Barmecide's feast.
(I was wearing a barret of barège batiste;

My corsets were made of the finest baleen;
My moustache was affixed with the best bandoline,
And my basnet was really the smartest I've seen.)

I'd been eating batatas and fried babacootes
And the great babirusse the Batavian shoots,
While the joint was a good pair of barbecued boots:

The banxrings, I thought, were just done to a turn,
And the barbels the chef had omitted to burn.
Not a fault in the baobab could I discern.

I still had the taste of the final bonne bouche—
I was bending to tie my baft basan babouche—
When I suddenly noticed a baroque barouche.

Now I once saw a bandog pursuing an ox,
So I called to the driver and leapt on the box
And told him to drive me at once to the docks.

We passed by a palace of loftiest mien,
With barbicans, bartizans ev'rywhere seen,
And its bawns and its bartons were fit for a queen.

We came to a river and then its bayou,
And then to a field of a wonderful blue,
Where Mohammedans bottled their Bairam burgoo.

The barbules of baldmoney staggered the eye,
The baric barilla grew terribly high,
And the bdellium trees seemed to reach to the sky.

The bells of the bashibazouks gave a clang,
And the barbets and baltimores blatantly sang,
While my driver chewed slowly a bolus of bhang.

At last we arrived at the shore of the bay,
Where I saw the burgees and the banderoles play
Over Bantus, convicted of ballon d'essai

And barratrous bottomry. Begums galore,
Who had fled from their barracoons, fished on the shore
For beige barracoodas. I bammed them no more,

For I knew they had stolen my finest balas,
So I bought them a pound's worth of high-class bagasse,
And boastfully ordered a bottle of Bass.

"A man walking in High Street, ——, was knocked down by a motor-car. While he was being assisted to his feet by another man a second car came along and ran over him again. To the surprise of bystanders the victim said, 'I 'm not hurt,' and walked away."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is the callousness of pedestrians like this that takes the heart out of so many struggling and earnest young motorists.



HOLIDAY GOLF.

Agitated Mother (*reporting on small son who has been allowed to play round*). "He 's just hit one of the members—knocked his hat off. Isn't he dreadful?"

Proud Father. "Oh, I don't know. Anyhow it means that he 's no longer topping his shots."

THE REFORMING OF JANE.

I surveyed the litter on my desk distastefully. I am nothing if not methodical, and if my study has *got* to be dusted I cannot think why Jane experiences such difficulty in leaving it as she found it.

My sister Marjorie came in. An optimist would tell you that she kept house for me.

"I say, Marjorie," I began, "this has really got to stop."

"It has," said Marjorie.

Something made me look at the clock.

"Good heavens," I said, "she can't even replace the clock where she found it! The girl 's simply devoid of grey matter. Look at my desk. Not a thing in its proper place. Will you speak to her?"

"Well, you know what you want," said Marjorie. "At least, we 'll take it that you do. Why not speak to her yourself?"

"H'm," I said.

"That is, of course, if you don't mind the prospect of being without a maid for Christmas."

The imputation of tactlessness decided me.

I rang for Jane, and Marjorie left the room. I reflected that Marjorie could easily have carried out this delicate duty herself. It 's not that she 's afraid of Jane. But I must admit that Marjorie is lazy.

"Er—Jane," I began—"do you like chocolates?"

"Oh, yes, Sir," said Jane hopefully, coming forward a little.

"Ah! Then you 'll understand more easily what I 'm going to say." Jane came forward no further. "Now supposing you were eating a piece of chocolate-cream one night, and put the remainder on the mantelpiece to chew in the morning, and supposing you came down and found that lovely bit of chocolate-cream in the grate, you 'd be annoyed, wouldn't you?"

"Y—yes, Sir."

"Then in future when you 're dusting *would* you mind not putting the mouthpiece of my pipe in the ash-tray?"

Jane looked disappointed.

"I should like the ash-tray left empty," I said, "even of ashes. Now I 'll place all these things just as I leave them at night. The inkpot there—and shut. The writing-pad there. Those papers in a neat pile. The pen on the inkstand and the calendar there. Pipe and tobacco-pouch on the mantelpiece, and the whole affair tidy. Do you think you can manage that?"

"I 'm sure I do my best, Sir," said Jane with a note of defiance.

"So long as you leave things as you find them you can do your worst," I said considerately.

But somehow I seemed to have upset her. I fiddled with the inkstand lid, flicking it up and down.

"Mind you, Jane," I said, "I know this dusting business is pretty rotten for both of us, almost as bad for you as for me. And don't think I 'm dissatisfied. Far from it. No. I mean to say, if you 'll just——" I looked up, but I didn't think it necessary to finish the sentence, for Jane was no longer there.

This was rather disconcerting. In

fact it worried me all day. I said nothing to Marjorie because I had a sneaking feeling that her comments would lack sympathy. With a heavy heart I put my desk in order that evening and noted the general position of my study's contents.

What would the morrow bring?

To be truthful, it brought me a little extra sleep, and I had no time to inspect the study till after breakfast. I opened the door fearfully, half-expecting to find papers spitefully strewn upon the floor and the carpet discoloured with ink.

The sight that met my eyes was refreshing indeed. The essence of tidiness. Not an article out of place. I was torn between joy and contrition. Marjorie was immediately summoned.

"Just look!" I said. "Everything exactly as I told her to leave it. My pipe and pouch on the mantelpiece; the papers straight. I never know she had it in her. In fact I 'm going to apologise to Jane."

"What for?" asked Marjorie.

"For the hard thoughts I entertained about her," I said, "and also for upsetting her yesterday. I 'm sure she was upset."

"Nonsense," said Marjorie. "Look at the result."

"Er — the result. Yes. Of course there is that. But I insist on apologising," I said, and rang the bell.

Jane didn't come at once and Marjorie moved to my desk.

"So everything 's exactly as you left it?" said Marjorie. "You—er—you don't notice anything to remark on?"

"On the other hand, the whole scheme 's perfect," I said.

"Ah! You were never very observant," said Marjorie. And just then Jane appeared.

I cleared my throat. After all it was rather an awkward speech to make.

"Er—I 've been thinking——" I began, but Marjorie interrupted with a complete disregard for manners.

"Jane," she said kindly but firmly, "why haven't you dusted this room?"



"Now then, Jones Minor, what do you mean to be when you leave school?"
"Please, Sir, I should like to be a doctor."
"Well, you certainly have the qualification of illegible writing."

TO A WHITE MOUSE.

Small beast whose cousin of the fields
  Provoked the Muse of Burns (the bard
Observing how misfortune wields
  A bludgeon pestilently hard
And dishes with impartial ken
The best-laid schemes of mice and men),

A lowlier twangler of the lyre
  Now finds in thee a pungent theme;
Not that *I* 've done thee mischief dire
  Or busted up thy sorry scheme
Of things entire. *Au contraire*, mouse,
Thou drivest *me* from my snug house.

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', timorous"—such
  The poet deemed thee. Thou art wee;
But "timorous"? Well, I 'll say, not much.
  When late last night I came on thee
Curled in the bed whereon I lie
Who did the cowering, thou or I?

When James, my youngest, brought thee out
  His nurse said, "Mice I can't abear,"
And called the cat. Without a doubt
  Thou nigh didst perish then and there.
'Twas I redeemed thy worthless head;
"Live and let live" is what I said.

But wilt thou let me? No, by jugs!
  Thy scampering feet disturb my ease;
Thou dost defile my Persian rugs
  With crumbs of bread and odorous cheese,
And scroungest horsehair from my best
Sofa to line thy paltry nest.

So, mousie, while thy beady eye,
  Thy lissom shape, thy tiny paws
Intrigue me, I am loth to try
  And place a ban on Nature's laws.
Cats will be cats. Didst mark that
  "Meow"?
I think I hear ours coming now.

Shall murder then be done? Not so;
  Deftly I grasp thee by the tail.
Down in the chicken-run I know
  A place where cats cannot prevail,
A hole where mice go out and in—
There shalt thou join thy dusky kin.

Algol.

"Buoyant Baby Pram, sacrifice."
Provincial Paper.

Isn't this the thing for one of the "bouncing boys" that nurses talk of?

AT THE PLAY.

"THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY" (THE OLD VIC).

A MODERN dramatist might find some difficulty, I imagine, in making good fun out of a shoe-shop, whether it was one of those palatial establishments full of sleek assistants and cardboard boxes providing "foot-joy" for the many, or some dark sequestered hiding-place in which a saturnine man in a white apron still follows the gentle craft in the time-honoured fashion.

No sudden morrisings nowadays, no happy antics, no impulsive leaping from the last to dig a customer in the ribs, no uproarious jesting about cuckoldry and beer. . . . But to THOMAS DEKKER no doubt it all came easy.

"Art thou poor yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet Content!"

Elizabethan bootmakers, journeymen and apprentices, I feel certain, were just like that. For, be it noted, the cordwainer's occupation in *The Shoemaker's Holiday* is taken pretty seriously by the dramatist; it is not a mere pantomime burlesque, otherwise we should not have the stoutly democratic scene where the 'prentices with cudgels rescue their comrade's wife from the young gallant who seeks to marry her, nor that final episode at Leadenhall where the *King* (I thought from his manner he was EDWARD IV., but he turns out to have been HENRY V.) bestows on the trade the glorious privilege of a single day out on Shrove Tuesday for evermore.

There must, I take it, have been some strongly topical interest, some recent excitement in the sixteenth-century footwear world to have provoked this comedy, recalling the splendid traditions of the craft, unless (is it possible?) the poet had been a cordwainer's apprentice himself; for nobody I think knows what DEKKER'S early occupation was. He can hardly have been BACON, I suppose?

But if any topical point, as I suggest, has been blunted for us since Tudor times there was no sign of it at the Old Vic last week; and so vigorous, so lusty was the acting, so contagious the enthusiasm of the house, that even I, who sometimes wonder whether I laugh at Elizabethan jokes because they are funny or because they are Elizabethan, was easily carried away. I could have sworn to you (so well were they delivered) that not only were all DEKKER'S couplets excellent good verse, but that he was a rare mad-cap of a humourist and a downright good plot-maker as well; and anyhow there was one beautiful song. About a cuckoo? Yes.



THE SHERIFF SHOEMAKER.

Simon Eyre (the Shoemaker) . . . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.

Still, looking at it more coldly, I am bound, I think, to pay tribute of admiration to the almost Herculean efforts of Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY as the roaring, vulgar, good-hearted semi-Falstaffian *Sim Eyre*, the shoemaker and Lord Mayor designate of London, to the ready wifely assistance he received from Miss EDITH EVANS, always excellent and wonderfully effective in this play, with her catch-word, "But let that pass"; and to Mr. HORACE SEQUEIRA as the journeyman *Firk*. If *Firk* so enjoyed the jokes of THOMAS DEKKER and spoke them with so much Cockney *abandon* and so much zest, so many prancings to and fro, was it not owing to him in a great measure that my dull wits caught fire?

Miss NELL CARTER was charming as the faithful wife of the journeyman who was away at the French wars, and Mr. NEIL PORTER proved himself the model of a shoemaker-soldier returning unrecognised, bronzed and lame. Nor were any of the minor parts played without obvious pleasure and sympathetic zeal—

"Work apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face,
Then hey nonny, nonny—hey nonny, nonny!"

The Worshipful Company of Cordwainers, I gather from the programme, assisted in some details of the presentation, and to them and to the producer, Mr. ANDREW LEIGH, as well as to the costume-designer, I also present my thanks. I have forgotten, I see, to mention—and if I have been a little captious about DEKKER let me lay stress upon it—that in the last scene Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY has very nearly to floor a two quart flagon of ale before presenting the heel-taps to *Henry V.*, who was intended, as the *Lord Mayor's* guest and monarch, to receive the City's loving-cup first. It is a good Elizabethan joke. Even *Henry V.* was amused. And it goes just as well to-day. EVOE.



YE JOLLIE LIFE OF YE GENTLE SHOEMAKERS WHEN ENGLAND WAS MERRIE.

Firk (a journeyman) . . . MR. HORACE SEQUEIRA.
Roger (a foreman) . . . . MR. JOHN GARSIDE.

"THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF SAINT BERNARD" (KINGSWAY).

I ought, perhaps, to warn extreme Protestants to keep away just now from the theatre in Great Queen Street. For here is the most pernicious papistical superstition presented in so attractive a manner as to be liable to cause a dangerously friendly feeling in the breasts of decadent Englishmen towards the Scarlet Woman (old style).

The *Madonna*, very gentle and lovely (Miss VALERIE TAYLOR),

leans out of the gold bar of a heaven very charmingly contrived by Mr. PAUL SHELVING, supported by a most plausible *St. Gabriel* (Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK) straight out of an ANGELICO canvas (though I wondered in what service he had lost a wing), and a grave and reverent *St. Nicholas* with one of those string beards which saints and Druids affect in the Birmingham Repertory tradition. All three with a kindly detachment look down upon the conflict of poor *Bernard*, helping and withdrawing help in that arbitrary way attributed to Heaven by mediæval (and later) pious authors.

My programme is silent as to the sources of this marvellous history of BERNARD—BERNARD of Menthon and the cordial-carrying dogs, not the preacher of Clairvaux. I should judge that an element of sophistication and a rather tiresome wordiness has been imported by M. HENRI GHÉON; and I found our *Bernard* rather a depressing and self-regarding young man. Saints, I imagine, are of a rather more jovial and objective breed. But of that I can't be sure. However, to our story.

Richard of Menthon, a breezy forthright nobleman (Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND—and an excellent piece of work too), has arranged a marriage for his only son, *Bernard* (Mr. ROBERT HARRIS), with a neighbouring heiress, *Marguerite de Miolans* (Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES).

Bernard however has heard a voice. It appears that the *Devil*—an old devil with, very properly, the accent of a Punch and Judy showman and a disgusting retinue of Capital Sins—lives in the Temple of Jupiter Penninus and exacts a toll of ten per cent. on all pilgrims taking this path to Rome. Ten of these worthy travellers reach the top of the pass. The last of them, *Bonaventure*, is throttled with great enthusiasm by an assistant devil. And then there were nine. But *Madonna* is suddenly disquieted by this business, which has been going on a long time, and decides that *Bernard* is her man. That is the meaning of the voice that called his name three times, though naturally, for lack of further information, he is a little vague as to what is required of him, poor boy.

Meanwhile the bride chosen for him by his father seems to him very attractive (we agree). The two children are in love. But this of course is only a device of Heaven for making everything more difficult and meritorious. *St. Nicholas* explains that *Bernard* is wanted for *Madonna's* plan, works a miracle upon the iron bars of his window and helps his escape. The fugitive arrives at the monastery near the dread pass just in time to be elected successor to the dear old *Prior* (Mr. H. O. NICHOLSON), just



O RARE PALE MARGUERITE!
Marguerite, Miss GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES.

dead. Quick work: but promotion went by merit (or favour), not seniority, in those good old days. The *Devil*, a gross red-and-black gentleman, is bundled out of his lair; the deserted bride takes the veil; *Madonna* smiles her thanks and gravely prophesies of *Bernard's* great work and of the co-operation of the kindly heavy-jowled friends of man to whom so many pilgrims, religious and secular, owe their lives.

A very pretty affair. Too long, I am afraid, too diffuse in word and action; the humour—of the Herald *Menthon*, for instance—a little tiresome and rather out of key. The beauty of the little group of heavenly persons was enchanting to see. There was, I thought, no very obvious quality of beauty in the language; and the players, it seemed to me, modernised their words too freely and destroyed the rhythm of the verses. Setting and costumes were charmingly invented. The thing as a whole did not seem to come to life, but parts of it were so good as abundantly to make up for the duller passages; and the adventure is well worth a visit. I must not omit to mention the admirable elocution and restrained playing of Mr. ANDREW CHURCHMAN as the tutor. Mr. JAMES DALE played with zest and spirit the Herald, *Menthon*, but, I think, against the tide of the piece. Miss VALERIE TAYLOR'S beauty, dignity and grace of treatment gave us a most lovely *Madonna*, and Miss FFRANGÇON-DAVIES put into her short part an exquisite note of pathos. T.



THE RETURN OF THE UN-PRODIGAL SON.

Father. "DASH IT ALL! HAVEN'T YOU SOWN A SINGLE WILD OAT OR EATEN JUST ONE SMALL HUSK?"

Bernard . . . . . MR. ROBERT HARRIS.
Richard of Menthon (his father) } MR. SCOTT SUNDERLAND.

"CONFLICT" (QUEEN'S).

The discriminating playgoer has known for the last seven years that Mr. MILES MALLESON, in his capacity as actor, is the greatest comic genius of our time. I mean, of course, in the classical, not the Robeyan manner. As a dramatist he has been widely read all over the country, but less widely acted, and it has been left to the great credit of Sir ALFRED BUTT to introduce him at long last to the West End. *Conflict* was produced last year at the enterprising "Q" Theatre and attracted so much favourable attention from critics and others that its translation to London proper seemed reasonably assured. Now let there be no nonsense about this fine play, which every sane man and woman who thinks at all about the present condition of our social order ought to see at once. I say without hesitation that Mr. MALLESON'S play is the best play *dealing with modern conditions*, political and social, that we have seen in London since "R.U.R." The balance between the young Tory and the young Socialist, both Cambridge men, both struggling for the same Parliamentary seat, both trying to win the love of the same

girl, is so finely held that one is reminded of the Galsworthian scales of justice; but Mr. GALSWORTHY, though he might have tightened up some of Mr. MALLESON'S dialogue, would have failed, I think, to have achieved Mr. MALLESON'S great triumph of keeping what is fundamentally a serious play rippling along at the same time as a most diverting comedy. Let no one be frightened of the blessed word "propaganda." *Conflict* is only a "political" play in the best sense of that much-abused word, namely, the expression of opposing human values, and, though the shrewd listener will not have much doubt in knowing in what direction Mr. MALLESON'S own heart lies (not, shall we say, in Sir ALFRED BUTT'S lobby?), yet the case for each side is expressed with so much fairness that no one's susceptibilities are injured.

The piece, which quivers with taut drama, was very well played, and kept an enthusiastic audience held and amused until the end; but I should like to add in common fairness that it was equally well played, and in one case far better, at the "Q" Theatre. Miss ISABEL JEANS improved as the evening progressed, but frankly the part did not suit her particular temperament, and I should like to see her change places with Miss CICELY BYRNE, who is again in the company. Mr. TOM NESBITT repeated his beautifully sensitive performance as the Labour Candidate; Mr. FRED KERR and Mr. BASIL FOSTER were both admirable. And it was good to see Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON again after so many years of illness. He had only a tiny part and made it astonishingly alive.

The author, charmingly nervous, thanked us all in a delightful speech; but what Mr. MALLESON, producer, would have said to Mr. MALLESON, actor, if he could have seen himself wobbling about on one leg and mumbling bashful incoherences I hesitate to think. An exciting evening, then, and one touched with nobility. *Conflict* is the kind of play it does one good to see. E. S. A.

NEW MUSIC.

"NIAGARA."

AMONG the many new works that are to be performed during the present concert season is Francesco Pulegger's latest descriptive tone-poem, "Niagara." Having devoted considerable time to the study of this little-known score I will attempt to describe some of its outstanding features.

To start with, the handling of the orchestral groups is unusual. We in England are not accustomed to such harmonic combinations as appear at bar 371 (tam-tams and muted metronomes), or at 2,836, where three tuckets, tuned in tenths, develop the melodic theme for eight bars before entrusting it, mutilated almost out of recognition, to the ripieno boobaphone and a 32-foot heckelglocken. Another interesting experiment in tonal values is that of entirely submerging the contrafagotti-players in a glass tank, whence their gurgitations in the "whirlpool" movement attain an astonishing and realistic liquidity. I have no doubt that the management will arrange for towels to be obtained on hire from the programme-sellers.

I affirm without fear of contradiction that this is Pulegger's greatest work. Born in Soho in 1908, he was originally intended for the musical profession, but soon gave it up and took to composition instead. He recently stated that his early training has proved to be no handicap to him in his work.

The opus in question sets out to portray the emotions, reflexes and passions of the great Niagara River. The opening is marked "*tranquillo.*" Some fugal flute-writing and a sustained pedal on the cow-bell create the necessary atmosphere of bucolic repose. Naiads and triads bask in the all-pervading calm. Gradually the tempo increases; the direction becomes "*misterioso.*" There is a feeling of uneasiness, of ominous suggestion, of eeriness. A *fortissimo* chord by all the instruments playing different notes confirms our suspicions. A drum-snare snaps. Four fog-horns bleat darkly. There is a swirling sob from the wood-wind, a flapping of sheet-lines on canvas, a one-note entry by the B-flat denarius whistle, and the river surges away from the restraining influence of the parent lake.

A magnificent ten minutes' *sostenuto* on one 'cello-string (bar 1859) reminds us of BLONDIN'S amazing feat. Meanwhile the conductor beats time with an open umbrella in order to maintain the balance. There is also a clever reference to the great power-installations in the development section. A playful current of badinage oscillates between the electrophones (*prima volta*) before giving way to a three-phase subject, punctuated with periodical sharp discharges due to the high tension in some of the back desks of strings.

But from the ominous direction, "*con fuoco, poco a poco orinoco,*" we are treated to an irresistible piling-up of climaxes, a steady deployment of resources. Key follows key, every one of them hitherto unknown. The pace becomes terrific. The oboes (in imitation of the struggles of a salmon trying to regain the head-waters) utter a few plaintive *saltando* thirteenths. There is a cluttering among the clarinets, a despairing bray from the bombardons. The tromboni open trommelfeuer. The timpanist mounts his instrument and attempts, by using the cymbals as paddles, to stem the headlong rush. A well-directed cue, in the form of a life-belt, reaches him just in time. There is a devastating downward glissando, *tutti*, a splintering crash of brass and woodwork, *spumante*, and we feel ourselves falling, falling . . .

We are over the Fall, safe but breathless, and have yet to negotiate the Rapids. Compared with what we have already gone through the danger should be slight. A feeling of anti-climax comes over us. Is the composer losing his grip, or is he only measuring his distance as we gasp on the ropes before administering the knock-out? He may be gloating over us, as does the dentist, drill in hand. Will he bore into us again? We feel uneasy . . . Perhaps the Rapids are more dangerous than was hitherto thought . . .

Suddenly there obtrudes the welcome voice of the beer-engine, *solo*, with a flowing bass accompaniment (*sotto voce*), two in a bar.

We too have shot the Rapids in a barrel.

A GLORIOUS TIME.

I *was* disgusted when I heard them say
They couldn't take me in the car to-day;
So, as they'd left me sitting all alone,
I just slipped out to ramble on my own.
There'll be a row, but I don't greatly mind;
It's all their fault for leaving me behind.
Well, I must say I've had some splendid fun
And done most things I oughtn't to have done.
You'd hardly know my coat is really white
(That means, I fear, another bath to-night);
And my left ear was chewed by next-door Jim—
There's always ructions when I chat with him;
While that revolting tabby down the street
Won't use bad language the next time we meet.
I can't remember how I hurt my jaw,
And something's happened to that off-side paw;
Still, it was worth it, and I don't complain;
I'd love to have it happen all again....
Here comes the car; I think I'd better creep
Into my basket and look fast asleep....
"*Where have you been? and, goodness gracious, how—*
How did you get like this?" I'm for it now.



Drawn by George Belcher

Mr Cunninghame Graham

Of many cities, mostly Moor,
Mr. Cunninghame Graham,
Your cursive pen has done the tour,
Mr. Cunninghame Graham;
But how you treated your own city,
As master-mind of that Committee
Which set thereon its vandal mark
By sticking Epstein in the Park—
Of this, and how you scared the birds,
We too could say some cursive words,
But that we feel too sick to say 'em,
Mr Cunninghame Graham

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XIV.



OUR LITERARY CRICKETERS.

Customer. "I WANT SOME CRICKET PADS."

Modern Shopman. "CERTAINLY, SIR. WHICH KIND DO YOU REQUIRE? ARE THEY FOR WRITING ON OR FOR PROTECTING THE SHINS?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE first chapter of *Odtaa* (HEINEMANN) is rather crudely preparative. The palette is set, a score of characters are squeezed out, a canvas is grounded, and a medium, smelling, I admit, of magic, is elaborated. After this Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD gets to work, and a fine romance of cumulative vigour and beauty is the result. Its hero, who answers to *Hi* (short for *Highworth Ridden*), is the cadet of a horsey Berkshire family. Somewhere in the 'eighties he is sent to seek his fortune in a South American republic, and, arriving at its capital, finds the place on the verge of revolution. The Reds, headed by a mad dictator, are seeking to stamp out the subjugated but still dangerous Whites. *Hi* has credentials to both camps, and English commercial interests favour the Reds. But merry intrepid *Rosa Piranha*, who spent an English wander-year with *Hi's* people, is a White; and at the *Piranhas'* decayed country-house he meets *Carlotta*, espoused saint of *Don Manuel* the White leader, and *Don Manuel* himself. Henceforth the fresh snub-nosed young heretic (*Hi* is a capital boy and never, thank Heaven, quite reconciled to his boyishness) is sworn brother of clericats and hidalgos. *Carlotta* is captured by the Reds, and *Hi*, apprised by *Rosa*, sets off to rouse *Don Manuel*. Dreading he may never arrive, for he knows about two words of Spanish and not an inch of the way, he despatches by another route *Ezekiel Rust*, an old Berkshire poacher self-exiled for murder. *Hi's* journey, a long and terrible one, is the journey so attractively traced on the book's jacket. I can only say that it has traced itself so poignantly on my memory that I shall have to make a distinct effort to forget it before I return, as I soon shall, to this captivating and heroic story.

The Victorian Age in its myriad activities is reflected in the two volumes of *The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1862–1878* (MURRAY), edited by Mr. BUCKLE. As I read I felt as if the QUEEN were holding up a mirror to the Victorians that posterity might see and judge them. Into her Letters comes a long succession of statesmen, divines, poets and artists (business men and journalists, excepting DELANE, are significantly absent), and every now and then she reveals in a few terse sentences, sometimes (as in the case of PALMERSTON) touched with rancour, the character of a great man. But the Victorian she unknowingly reveals most completely is herself: her Royal dignity, her generous sympathies, her strong likes and dislikes, her sagacity, her wonderful memory, her lack of humour, her almost morbid sentimentality. Permeating these qualities was her lively conviction that the spirit of the PRINCE CONSORT, who died in 1861, was ever at her side, guiding and supporting her. No monarch worked as hard as she, unless it were her contemporary, the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH; and nothing however trivial escaped her attention. She had need of those amazing powers of work to cope with the swift succession of political events, momentous for their effect upon the future peace of the world, during the '60's and '70's. The unification of Germany and of Italy, the downfall of the Second Empire, the forging of the Triple Alliance, the resurgence of the Eastern Question, demanded and received the untiring attention of the QUEEN. On all grave problems at home or abroad she held decided opinions, to which she gave emphatic expression in her

Letters. Her outspokenness in these matters, as well as the incorporation of many letters from foreign monarchs and from Disraeli, Gladstone, Clarendon, Granville, Palmerston and Russell ("those two dreadful old men"), give these volumes a unique historical value. I cannot praise too highly Mr. Buckle's Preface, his Introductory Notes to the chapters, and his editing in general.

I'm doubtful if the oldest hand
At criminal detectorship
Could spot the winning clue and land
The culprit in *The Crooked Lip*;
I'm fairly quick myself, but I
Was wholly, I confess it, baffled
In all attempts to prophesy
Which of the suspects would be snaffled.

I knew the victim in the train
Had not endured the assassin's touch
Just for his handsome watch and chain,
But anyone could tell as much;
In *Cousin George* I sensed a smack
Of murderer behind the lover;
The *Reverend White* was pretty black,
But anyone could so discover.

The paralytic invalid,
The clerk, the Irish patriot,
Each, if he didn't do the deed,
Had fingers somewhere in the plot.
And, though the lawyer and his friend,
The C.I.D. inspector person,
Worked hard, their doings seemed to tend
To make the mystery a worse 'un.

And yet the tale (from Methuen) 's told
As simply as a nursery rhyme,
While Herbert Adams keeps his hold
Upon your interest all the time;
And when the clearing up arrives
It looks so guileless of finessing
You fail to guess how he contrives
So very long to keep you guessing.



DE MINIMIS CURAT LEX.

From Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, once the home of Thomas Gray and now the home of the authoress, come many of the recipes which make *A Book of Scents and Dishes* (Williams and Norgate) such good reading. Occasionally I think their execution demands more leisure and affluence than most housewives can command nowadays—well-trained leisure that disposed of its time like trust-money, and unostentatious affluence which meant supreme command of garden and orchard, poultry-yard and dairy. To those who still enjoy these opportunities I warmly recommend all Mrs. Dorothy Allhusen's pleasant pages; to those who do not I still enjoin their perusal with discrimination and a commemorative pencil. All the simpler amenities of Scotch, Irish and English country-houses—porridge, oat-cakes, "baps," scones, potato-cakes, tea-cakes and home-made bread—are lavishly treated. And if you cannot eat the English baker's loaf and have no time to stoke a brick baking-oven with brushwood, and cosset large pans of susceptible dough, try Lady Grove's soda-bread, and good luck go with you. Many of Mrs. Allhusen's friends have helped her with family recipes, and masculine contributions have been specially helpful. The late Lord Redesdale stands sponsor to an excellent *Bœuf à la Mode*, and Lord Elphinstone is orthodox on the two treacles, golden and black, which should be amalgamated to make the best ginger-bread. The scents include a famous assortment of *Pot-pourris*, and there is a recipe for rose-hip jam among the preserves. The hips in question should, I believe, be those of *Rosa rugosa*, not *ragusa*; and there are a few other slight misprints and no index. The book is published in aid of Mrs. Allhusen's favourite charities, and I hope a second edition will give her a speedy chance of putting these trifles right.

Of that burning question, what to do with our supernumerary spinsters, Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner, or

rather her eponymous heroine, *Lolly Willowes* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), has found the perfect solution. Let them become witches. It is a delightfully simple thing to do. *Lolly* (christened *Laura*) slipped into witchery as easily as into a warm bath, and with much the same comfortable sensation. There was nothing unpleasant about her initiation. She attended a Sabbath, and it reminded her of a Primrose League meeting. Satan she found a charming if rather elusive gentleman. She did not, though she might have done, deal in black magic. A witch, she remained the gentlewoman that, being a *Willowes*, she had always been. For the *Willoweses* had been doing and saying the right things for generations; and so had *Lolly* for nearly fifty years before the memorable day on which she bought a guide-book and a map of Bucks, found Great Mop in them and scandalised the family by insisting on going to live there. *Lolly* had never been quite orthodox *Willowes*. She had dreamed dreams and been extravagant over flowers. But she might just have lived at Great Mop, an unattached maiden lady in a cottage instead of a maiden aunt in a big London house, had not her nephew, *Titus*, come to live there too. *Lolly* was very fond of *Titus*, but she resented Willowesdom in her sanctuary. So she became a witch. It was delightfully simple and makes a delightful story, which Miss WARNER tells with a nice mixture of poetry and irony.

More than once in the last two or three years I have had the opportunity to admire Mr. JOHN EYTON'S work and to draw attention to the sympathy and knowledge with which he writes of India. His previous novels remain pleasantly niched in my memory, but, able as they were, I regard *Kullu of the Carts* (ARROWSMITH) as more impressive and more complete. The Bartle family consisted of a father, three daughters and a son. The daughters looked like "three thoroughly English girls," they had been educated in England and talked "unclipped" English, but their young brother had been born brown. Such a revelation of the true state of affairs was naturally unwelcome to his sisters, and *Drew* or, as he preferred to call himself, *Nubby Bux* knew well enough that he was a social encumbrance, though what they considered a taint he privately and stoutly considered an advantage. So he wanted to get back to the people to whom both in colour and feeling he belonged; and this story tells of his adventures and those of *Kullu*, a loyal and wonderfully ingenious Indian child. *Drew's* first attempt to escape ended, after some thrilling experiences, in dismal failure, and he was promptly packed off to Godelin College, Bareilly, where, to put it mildly, he was a blot in the colour scheme. How, after a short but agonising time, he got away from this school I invite you warmly to find out for yourselves. Even if you are not entirely in sympathy with *Drew* you cannot help loving little *Kullu*.

I am just a little tired of the story of the neglected wife who falls in love with a strong and tender man, married or unmarried, and, after a time of illicit and hectic joy followed by a due amount of suffering, is enabled by death or divorce to renew the connection as a permanency. But if it had to be done again I admit that Miss OLIVE WADSLEY has done it very well in *Shutters* (CASSELL). In her first chapter she shows us *Tonia Harvard* and *Sir Charles Storm*, a leading light of the Bar, some time after their mutual love has been acknowledged; then she goes back to explain how it began. The author never allowed me to discover at what point chapter one is supposed to fit into their history, but, except for one or two trifling blemishes and a little uncertainty on her part as to how things are managed in our courts of law, this is the only fault I have to find with her story. *Tonia* is one of those heroines whose existence, apart from the nicest frocks and the most expensive face-creams, seems not only impossible but unimaginable; yet she is charming of her kind, and there are plenty of real women like her. Some of the minor characters, such as fine old *Lady Maria* and her daughter *George*, are delightful to meet. It is all very pleasantly written, and the lovers love with enough passion to satisfy the most romantic reader, and suffer so much that the sternest moralist must forgive them their trespasses. Miss WADSLEY, having thus made the best of both worlds, the straight-laced and whatever is its antithesis, *Shutters* will probably become a best-seller and deserve its fate.



Dentist. "I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD HAD THIS TOOTH FILLED BEFORE. I SEE THERE 'S SOME GOLD ON MY DRILL."
Patient. "I HAVEN'T. I THINK YOU MUST HAVE STRUCK MY BACK COLLAR-STUD."

My objection to Mr. KENNETH POTTER'S public-school story, *The Shadow of the Chapel* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), is that it contains a headmaster so mean and pettifogging that I cannot begin to believe in him. With such a man in control it is no cause for wonder that the members of his staff who desired promotion were sycophants and humbugs. One of this astounding headmaster's hobbies was that his staff should be driven willy-nilly to attend chapel, and the chapel was more or less the battle-ground on which he and an assistant-master, rather ironically called *Makepeace*, contended. But *Makepeace* wanted to become a housemaster, and knew that his desire would not be gratified unless he became ostensibly devout. Nevertheless he was not appointed to the house, but was subsequently elected headmaster of another school. There we leave him engaged on trying to enforce the same order, against which he had rebelled in his salad days, upon his own staff. Mr. POTTER writes with a fine economy of words and with a trenchant humour, but his story would have been infinitely more cogent if among his bevy of masters he had given us a few men for whom we could feel some admiration and respect.

"Pram, Walnut Case, iron frame, sweet tone."
Just the thing to lull baby to sleep. *Advt. in Local Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

With reference to the coal crisis the Prime Minister rightly thought that necessity was the mother of intervention.

* * *

The resignation of Mr. George Lambert last week rather suggests that the door opened to Liberal re-union is functioning as an exit just now.

* * *

Mr. De Valera has decided to establish a new political organization. It seems that he will once again fight for freedom from the freedom for which he last fought.

* * *

It is announced that Dean Inge is to lecture in Holland. It looks as if Iceland will lose its monopoly of being the starting-point of severe depressions.

* * *

A gossip-writer has mention of a Shakespearean amateur actor who is suffering from gout. Alas, poor Uric!

* * *

According to a gossip-writer Mr. Oswald Mosley is writing a book. In accordance with his recently-stated opinions we imagine the volume will not have a title.

* * *

By an ingenious optical illusion the performers in a play produced at the Imperial College of Science were made to appear as midgets. People in the audience were thus enabled to realise what an ordinary theatrical company looks like when seen through the eyes of a dramatic critic.

At one of the large London stores recently leading cricketers gave demonstrations of batting and bowling. Disappointment was felt that none of them gave a few hints on writing for the Press.

* * *

A nature lover writes from the depths of the country of a spring songster whose call sounds remarkably like "British Museum." But why go into the country? Travel Underground. At any hour or any season at a station there, Tube men can be heard who are similarly gifted.

* * *

Earth tremors were experienced in South Wales last week. Local Liberals attribute them to Sir Alfred Mond's continued refusal to vacate the Carmarthen seat.

* * *

It seems that the Chelsea football team just missed its last chance of promotion to Division I. of the League. Most unfortunately this coincided with the Academy rejections to deepen the local gloom.

* * *

Lecturing at Liverpool, Lord Beaverbrook mentioned several famous names in proof of his contention that nothing great is achieved in journalism or in politics without egotism. With characteristic modesty he did not include himself.

* * *

The Chairman of a provincial Quarter Sessions has resigned as he did not deem himself sufficiently alert in the left ear. Labour extremists have an idea that their leader in the House is similarly afflicted.

* * *

In the interests of economy Civil Servants are instructed not to fill inkwells to the brim. The practice of soaking pellets of blotting-paper with ink to flick at bald departmental heads is also discouraged.

* * *

A contemporary informs us that Billingsgate has been in existence for at least a thousand years. During that period a great many words have been added to the language.

* * *

A glass of milk and a sardine is the usual meal of Mr. T. A. Edison. We understand that if he is preoccupied with an invention, only the cat knows if he has had breakfast or not.

* * *

A roller-skate ball was held in London recently. Lots of couples sat the dances down.

* * *

Foreign prestige is so low in China at present that it is said the natives are seriously thinking of giving up the manufacture of genuine Ming vases.

* * *

An American doctor has discovered that criminal tendencies can be cured by a diet of fruit. He doesn't say what kind, but when a trombonist is about to murder a melody the answer is a lemon.

* * *

Lots of young men only love the ground she walks on providing she 's got a clear title to it.



Scale of importance showing the position of Jones in his household during the great spring upheaval.

BY THE SWAN'S NEST.

"Marching in and marching out
All around the town O!
Here there comes a regiment
With Captain Thomas Brown O!
Yankee Doodle Doodle,
Yankee Doodle Dandy."

It was one of those fairy days in London which occur at times in our uncertain spring, and all the world was smiling, even the ancient spires and the big black flats piled high above the trees in St. James's Park. The tiddler season had begun and hundreds of children battled for the right to cast a net. The statue of the Great White Queen in front of the Palace looked almost deified in the soft cool sunlight in the midst of green water spouted from the Tritons' mouths, typical of the island kingdom long ago described as "in a pool a swan's nest." Round the statue stood children and strangers looking up into the serene marble as water baby Tom looked up into the face of Mother Carey far away in Peace Pool. Young America and its parent looked up in mingled awe and levity. It was a dandy day, just such a day as when the *Chesapeake* stood out of Boston Harbour to take the *Shannon*, and all the girls in Boston followed behind in trip-boats to see the fun.

"Seems sort of lonesome, Pop, don't she?"

"Expect queens have to be, Gypsie, alive or dead. Can't go trailing round in company like you and me."

A party of His Majesty's Guards passed by, drums rolling and fifes squealing, returning from the guard-mounting at St. James's, in that wonderful daily pageant of Empire that has gone on every morning for the last hundred years at least. The grey great-coats on the backs of the men, the clean white belts, the lilt of the fife and drum, and perhaps most of all the rippling of the hair of the bearskin caps in the morning breeze combined to give a distinct feeling of elation and trust in this symbol of armed strength.

"My, Pop, that 's bully! Say, ain't this Peacock Alley?"

And Pop said, "All the drummers from Drummersville, eh, Gyp?"

Then the scream of the fife and echoing drum died away and the sentries paced up and down outside the Palace gates, and the Tritons blew the sea-green water into the White Queen's channels, as if Grenadiers in all their glory were nothing at all to take notice of and—the pageant of Empire changed. Into the stillness left by the vibrating sheepskins came the tiny pipe of a tin-whistle, playing the old tune, and out of the small side gate of the Park into the Mall came another force. Five small boys of the bulldog breed, dressed in equal precision with the Guards, filed out of the gate. Three shouldered a broomstick each, one played a penny-whistle, and a third, the leader born, carried a wooden sword. Every man wore a pink cocked-hat made of a folded paper and green gaiters of a folded placard, and they marched as the Old Guard marched, head high and fife low, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Round the "Swan's nest in the pool" they circled, and as they went they met a similar party. Four privates of the Guards in file with a corporal in charge were marching out of the Palace to change the sentries in the grey boxes.

The leader in the pink cocked-hat hissed, "If yer looks round, Tommy Dodd, I 'll 'arf kill yer." Tommy Dodd and all his comrades looked rigid, and then as the moment came he called as he had heard the Guard call, "Eyes Right!" He had not been disappointed in his commando. The whistle screamed the bar, "And such great folks as these," and the five pink cocked-hats turned smartly to the right. The leader of the bearskins, the Corporal of Grenadiers, rose to the occasion as now and again a great man will. To his honour be it recorded that, instead of looking stolidly to his front in Anglo-Saxon sheepishness, he gave the answering greeting, "Party . . . Eyes Right!" The five bearskins clicked to the right and rippled in the breeze till "Eyes Front!" relieved the strain, and the armies passed. The party of the cocked-hats swung round in exultation to relax in the children's sand-pit hard by, the Guard marched about its business, and away over the tree-tops Big Ben clanged the hour of high twelve.

Then said Poppa, Ulysses P. Brown, of Brookville, Ohio, to his daughter, Gypsie, "Come along, Gyp. You can't stay all day looking at that ole Queen."

PERFECTION.

The little Sabbath circle met;
A psalm was chanted far away;
Our amateur receiving set
Read us the lesson of the day.

We heard the organ swell and peal,
The hymns, the Litany, and then
We heard the congregation kneel
And drone an indistinct "Amen."

The preacher's voice was very near;
Into the room a stillness crept;
So perfect was the atmosphere
That Uncle George, transported, slept.

Commercial Candour.

"Why buy shoddy Furniture at big prices? Get it at the Actual Makers."—*Local Paper.*

GARDENING FOR THE WEEK.

Blue Borders.

Blue borders are becoming increasingly popular with garden-lovers and every effort should be made to prevent the intrusion of discordant notes in the colour scheme. In this connection the æsthetic gardener is frequently annoyed by the irritating way in which robins, for instance, insist on perching on the plants or sticks and ruining an effect for which he has striven perhaps for years. A popular remedy with some enthusiasts is to whitewash the robins if they cannot be induced to remain in one place; but the birds appear to have a prejudice against this. Perhaps it would be quite as effective and certainly more humane to provide them with blue knitted waistcoats, which are both warm and becoming.

It is most important to weed the borders regularly. We are well aware that many people find it very tedious to bend over the beds for hours at a time, but after all it is quite unnecessary to do this. If the gardener will take a little trouble and have the ground-level raised about four feet he will be able to weed in comfort standing up, or, if sitting in a chair be preferred, two feet six inches will be found sufficient.

When extracted, the weeds must not be allowed to get dry, for they will be found very useful for planting out in

The Wild Garden.

While on the subject of wild gardens a few words of advice would not be out of place. We are strongly opposed to the tame and emasculated affairs that pass for wild gardens in these sophisticated times. A wild garden should be really wild.

The wildness, I may point out, should not be merely static but dynamic. A few wild animals should be introduced, such as hedgehogs, tigers, etc. An emu especially is a valuable asset. Emus are affectionate creatures, and their diet is a very simple matter, as they will eat practically anything, though they do not care for indiarubber, but they will readily accept not only chocolate but the paper in which it is wrapped, a virtue that makes for tidiness in the garden.

The emu also has other uses—it can be trained to stand at the garden gate and peck tramps and any other undesirable visitors. On account of their speed these birds are very useful for shopping expeditions if one lives in the country and does not possess a car, but, owing to the emu's habit of following his head, which is placed at the end of a long neck that has a tendency to sag, straight roads should be avoided.



UNDER THE WEATHER.

Mr. Lloyd George. "POOR OLD GIRL, SHE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A GOOD DEAL KNOCKED ABOUT ON THE CONTINENT. WHAT SHE WANTS IS A LIBERAL RESTORATION."

[Mr. Lloyd George, addressing the 1920 Club on April 14th, in the course of a rather pessimistic survey of the Liberal Party, said that Liberty was at a discount in many lands, but that Liberalism represented something that was eternal, and that Liberty would come back.]



MANNERS AND MODES.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE CHARLESTON—AND ITS EXPONENTS.

OUR PORTASTERS.

SINCE the Non-Drinking Union in our Mess went into extremely voluntary liquidation we have taken up the question of Drink on more serious lines. We have read it up. We have in fact bought wine-catalogues and descriptive pamphlets and books containing the whole history of wine from the vineyard to the Inebriates' Home. We now know everything about wine. We know exactly what the *bouquet* is and where to find it, and can tell you without a minute's hesitation what that other thing is—which I can't recollect for the moment, but it's what you notice in the wine when you take the first mouthful. I don't mean bits of cork, I mean a sort of a—well, you have practically to gargle to get it. Then you say something wise, like: "Ah, that's a wine of character with a pronounced accent!" or, "Hum, a robust wine with a well-developed torso!"

We can do quite a lot of that sort of thing. In short, we get our wine now from a wine-merchant instead of from the local grocer. We've got a Captain too who can even tell you what month his Guinness was bottled in. He can do another trick with a Guinness, but you've got to stand it to him before he'll do it, and anyway we all know it now; but it's quite handy when he goes out to dinner in other Messes.

Occasionally we have great wine-tasting committees, at which the wine is free. When I say "occasionally" I mean about twice a week if possible. We write up to a new wine-merchant each time and get a lot of free samples and then set to work. The Mess Secretary heads the Committee and has on it a few particular friends—anything up to fifteen or so—and then we have a lot of glasses and try to remember which tasted best. But whatever we decide it doesn't actually matter, because we've really got our own wine-merchant who always stocks our cellar, and we daren't change him. The other firms don't know that, of course, and hopefully send samples along; but to make it fair we are always careful to drink their health. We have a list of all the firms in London and are working through it. By the time we've reached the end we shall have a new Mess Secretary and so hope that, when we start on the "A's" again, they won't notice.

I have here a recent record of the "Proceedings of a Board of Portasters," all properly written out on an A/2 Army Form. We've got quite a pile of these records now, as we always write one at the end of each séance; but this one as a matter of fact happens to be the only one that is at all legible.

The Mess Secretary convenes the Board, and the time is here put down as "after dinner Wednesday next . . . for the purpose of tasting free samples of wine and, if capable, reporting on same." Then follows everybody's name, with the Battalion Medical Officer and a volunteer stretcher-party added under the heading of "In Attendance." It goes on:—

"The Board, having assembled pursuant to order, proceed to taste port—as per generous gift of Messrs. Oddspott, Dubbel & Co.

"The Board drink two glasses each, with the exception of the following, who drink four . . ." As a matter of fact everybody's name appears again, but we didn't realise this till after we'd written it.

"The Board consider the wine pretty good. The Board consider it has character, muscle and fulness—particularly

fulness. The Board just sit and consider. The Board just sit.

"The Board go off and inspect the cellar-book. They find the balance unsatisfactory, both on arrival and on the way there. The Board discover the following discrepancy between the cellar-book and the stocks :—

Shown in Book . . . Port, 17 bottles.
Actually in Cellar . Port, 21 bottles.

"The Board proceed to adjust the discrepancy.

"The Board make the Medical Officer an honorary member of the Mess, after which the following members of the Board drink two more glasses each . . ." As a matter of fact everybody's name seems to be down again.

"The Board consider the wine better and the balance worse. The Board made Messrs. Oddspott, Dubbel & Co. honorary members of the Mess. The Board made the volunteer stretcher-party honorary members of the Mess.

"The Board break up.

"The Board feel all broken up."

A. A.

THE ELYSIAN (BUT NOT ELLISIAN) ISLAND.

[*The Star* recently published a telegram from Damariscotta, Maine, about the Utopian island of Muscongus, only a mile from the southern shore of Maine, where a hundred-and-fifty fisher-folk live in prosperity and comfort, without laws, gaols, candidates or elections, and with almost no taxes.]

On the island of Muscongus,
Off the southern coasts of Maine,
The *bacillus* called *Mah-Jonggus*
Fails a foothold to obtain.
In this peaceable Utopia
No one suffers from myopia,
From inspections, or elections,
Or cosmeticised complexions;
There is no incarceration,
Practically no taxation
And no sort of legislation.

On the island of Muscongus
The inhabitants, I hear,
Eat the succulent Amblongus
Mentioned in the works of LEAR;
And they live and thrive on fishing
Day and night, in sun and rain,
In the waters gently swishing
On the southern coasts of Maine.

When the dim delusive gloaming
Darkles on the dusky rocks,
When the combers cease from combing
On the beach their amber locks,
You can hear the natives calling
To the southern coasts of Maine
In the words of their enthralling
Anthem with its weird refrain :—
Ripliancum, crinkum crankum,
Tillietudlem, Killaloe;
Hip, Muscongus! Hup, Amblongus!
Tipperusalem aboo!

Were I agile as the *Dongus*
Luminosus I would fly
To the island of Muscongus
And partake of fresh Amblongus,
Fried or boiled or in a pie;
There, as long as I could hobble,
Warbling faintly through my nose,
I would hunt the pensive Pobble,
Who is destitute of toes;
There I'd spend my few declining
Years, in that enchanted clime,
Where they never dress for dining
And are innocent of crime.



FAMILY PRIDE.

"MY FARVER WOULD 'A' BIN A COPPER IF E 'D 'AD THE FIGURE. 'E AIN'T EVER TIRED O' STANDIN' ABAHT."

"The British people would hardly shrink from the expenditure of any sum rather than part with Gibraltar."—*Canadian Paper.*

We suppose this rather cryptic statement is intended as a warning to bootleggers to keep clear of the Rock.

"As a result of Western women bobbing their hair, 16,700 out of 11,400 Chinese women formerly engaged in making hair nets in Chefoo are dependent on charity."—*Malayan Paper.*

The apparent discrepancy in the figures is probably due to one being gross and the other net.

A PERFECT CURE.

I ASSAULTED Mrs. Spate's portal with one timid knuckle, and the net result was Tommy Hayball, who exuded from next door, mouthing a peardrop, and Mrs. Spate's cat, which flopped into prominence from somewhere above my head.

Followed a pause, during which I welded philanthropy and patience into one creaseless smile, and then I tried all my knuckles and hurt them.

An upper-room voice—not notable for its charm—admonished Mrs. Spate that "someone was 'ammering."

Whereupon the passage creaked beneath unpacific footsteps, the door opened, and Mrs. Spate was no longer a remote Perhaps but a Ponderous Certainty.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Spate?" I inquired, quite shouting, though I don't know why.

"Bad," said Mrs. Spate, "bad, from me crown to me soles; but me 'earing's good, thank God. It's about all I 'ave left. Me sight's nearly gone. Now *you* look like so much child's writing smeared on pink blotting-paper."

Somehow I wished it hadn't been pink; there was a touch of timidity about pink and I wanted to feel brave.

"When you're a bit out of sorts," I hinted, "it does affect your eyes."

"Out of sorts? Out of *sorts!* My word, it's well to be one o' them as sees everything trimmed with roses. Doctor doesn't think I'm going to last more 'n a month, and I pray meself it 'ull be quicker."

"I'm very sorry to hear that."

"Oh! I've only been inching along these five years gone, but I was forced to send for him Friday, though it's expensive. But if they don't see you beforehand they won't certify, and I 'ad me 'usbin to consider. I lay like a two-days' corpse—from four till nine, I did—no life, no movement, no nothing. It come on as I was a-stooping over me kittle. . . . I couldn't describe it to nobody. 'Twas as though someone took and swung me by the ankles, round and round and round, and then slapped me down on marble, same as a fishmonger do a cod. And then tinglings and prickings broke out till I was no more than a lump o' dough with a child sticking pins into it. . . . I fair frightened me daughter. 'Ow she got me on to the sofa neither of us will ever know this side the Gates; and as she raised me 'ead to put a cushion underneath, so me brain did curl and uncurl—curl and uncurl. If ever you've seen them flowers which shut up at night and open in the morning, you'll understand. As for perspiration. . . ."

Mrs. Spate stopped for breath, and I seized the small opportunity with both hands.

"At any rate," I said, "I'm glad to see you're able to be about to-day."

"You can't call it *about*—crawl—crawl—set—set—that's all I'm fit for. I ain't no business to stir, reely. If doctor knowed 'e 'd be round 'ere pulling the 'ouse down. . . . If you was to give me a golden nugget I couldn't walk to Mrs. Hayball's next door. I did try last night, but the air seemed to stifle me like"—(here Mrs. Spate clapped her apron to her mouth)—"I gets a sensation outdoors as though someone was pushing felt down me throat."

"Tck," I sympathized—"Tck—Tck."

A greengrocer's horse by the kerb raised its head. Mrs. Spate, fearful that I had more to say, raised her voice.

"I don't suppose I shall go seven steps from this door till I'm carried feet first. I've always had a feelin'——"

But here I realised that the morning was flying and that I had much to do, so I interred that feeling beneath a nervous avalanche of words.

"It's all the more unfortunate," I gabbled, "because we've had a recount of the Mothers' Meeting last night, and what I really came to tell you was that there's been an error in the attendance marks. You are one above Mrs. Pobjoy instead of one below, and you are therefore entitled to go on Wednesday to——"

Mrs. Spate's apron fell to its appointed place. As at the bidding of an invisible drill-sergeant she advanced three steps.

"I *knowed* it!" she cried, brandishing the now unemployed hand as though it held a flag. "I *knowed* it! 'Twas that new young thing which went through the books this time—in a rush, as she does everything. 'My dear,' I sez to 'er, 'if you'll excuse me.' 'Oh! it's *quite* all right, Mrs. Spate,' she la-di-das out; 'hard luck on you, though.'"

"Well, she was wrong," I said sadly, "though as it happens it doesn't matter now. I shan't bother to call on Mrs. Pobjoy because——"

But Mrs. Spate had ceased even the very perfunctory attention she had hitherto bestowed on my remarks.

A smile had invaded her face—a smile of such Brobdingnagian proportions that she looked like *Humpty Dumpty* in *Alice in Wonderland*. If her particular brand of eye could ever be said to sparkle, practically speaking she was all diamonds.

"It's Covecombe this year, ain't it?" she observed to the circumambient air, for I think she was no longer conscious of my presence—even as smudges and blotting-paper. "Ah! I've never been there. 'Twill be quite a change like. They tell me there's some lovely walks round about. I shall leave *them* for the afternoon. What I likes is a quiet mornin' on the beach—you wants to settle after the charrybang. Some goes in for donkey-riding, but a paddle's good enough for me—not so to say as I despise donkeys, but I shall leave them till arter tea. Last year," she chuckled reminiscently, "they 'ad them round-about things in a field near the sea. Mrs. Giddings from Number 14 dared me to take a turn on one of them little 'orses. Now, mind you, I'm not dared twice——"

But here my own brain began to curl in the manner of those flowers which salute sunset and dawn.

"I believe they've got a helter-skelter at Covecombe, Mrs. Spate," I said. "I hope you'll enjoy it. You sit on a mat, you know, and come down feet first. *Good* morning!"

THE MOVING FINGER.

WORKLESS for months, scorned, scoffed at, even struck by a thoughtless fool, yet unbowed he had kept his place, his face upturned in trust in God's heaven, secure in the unshakeable knowledge that all would yet be well for him again.

The winter of his grief had left its mark despite his courage, and dark lines furrowed his drawn and weather-beaten face—lines so seared and scored as not even joyous days might wipe away.

The world had moved for him in dark and dreary cycles, and unheeding he had watched them; unnoticed they passed him by—he who had seen the pomp of kings, the glory of emperors, who had gazed into soft eyes of fair ladies and met the heroes of chivalry face to face, giving them the truth they asked of him.

But now it was finished. The days of waiting had passed. Once more he worked. In the happiness of duty his face glowed and shone. A gracious, beautiful woman came to him once again. Across the glowing terraces, down the marble steps she came; smiling, her eyes bright with love, she leant towards him—the old sundial in the Palace garden that marked the sunny hours again.

"Most actors are accorded a benefit at some time or other. After more than three centuries is it not time that Shakespeare himself had one?"—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

High time indeed, if theatre-lovers are ever to free themselves from the stigma contained in the bard's own lines—

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As *benefits forgot* . . ."



Country Parishioner (to Vicar's wife who is showing her South Kensington Museum). "JUST FANCY! WE 'VE BEEN HERE NEARLY AN HOUR AND NOBODY HAS ASKED US TO BUY ANYTHING."

MIKE AND THE CAT.

"It's a thing I never done," said Mike, "it 's a thing I call queer"
(Scratching the dingy galley Tom under his starboard ear),
"To give your 'eart to a cockatoo or a bloomin' pink-eyed rat,
Which I've knowed chaps do in my time," said he, "but I likes a cat.

"Small dogs gets stole on you, big 'uns is too big;
It 's only huntin' trouble to pal with a pig;
Mice and rats is vermin, an' there ain't no denyin'
Them little small birds is the divvle for dyin'.

"I've knowed chaps keep lizards an' snakes an' the like;
Well, them as wants crawlin' things can 'ave 'em," said Mike;
"A tortoise ain't sociable; rabbits ain't clean;
Monkeys is mischievious and parrots is mean.

"But a cat 's a good shipmate as a man 'ud wish to find;
'E minds 'is own bizness an' he knows 'is own mind;
'E knows who 'is friends are as well as me or you,
And 'e sticks by 'is ship like a seaman ought to do.

"And if 'e takes a run ashore, why, 'tain't for me to blame,
For where 's the sailorman alive as never does the same?
Where was ye now in Singapore, ye blagyard, tell me that?
It ain't no use to wink at me,
Ye darned old whited sepul-chree!
Ye know well enough ye was out on the spree," said Mike to the cat.

C. F. S.

THE DISCOVERY.

Angela has discovered the garden.

Of course the garden has been there all the time, and so has Angela, but then so was America and so was COLUMBUS, and yet it was years and years before he went and discovered it.

Angela's discovery is like that, a sudden glory or a sudden lunacy, whichever way you like to look at it. But it is a very wonderful discovery—for Angela.

Stout CORTEZ, as he stood upon his peak in Darien and saw the Pacific swim into his ken, felt no greater thrill; COLUMBUS, as he leaned upon the heaving bulwark of his tiny ship and watched the strange new land loom up upon the horizon, was not ultimately responsible for bringing any more trouble into the world.

And Angela has made this astounding discovery at just the wrong time of the year—for me. It is, so the numerous handbooks on gardening which are rapidly dispossessing me of my study tell her, an excellent time of the year, in fact the *best* time of the year, if not indeed the *only* time of the year at which to plant heaps and heaps of seeds and things. As a natural corollary (only the books don't say this) it is also the right time of year for husbands to be commandeered to dig flower-beds, carry water, wheel barrow-loads of soil, and, in short, quite literally get back to the land. That is what has happened to me.

And Angela's mother-in-law aids and abets her; that is the unkindest cut of all. For the last thirty years I have liked Angela's mother-in-law. As my mother she spoiled me in my youth and made up for it by spoiling me more as I grew older. I didn't quarrel with that. Then she let Angela marry me; I didn't even quarrel with that. At the time I voted with the majority and went through with it like a man. But now, after having done all this for me, Angela's mother-in-law, who has been a nice, quiet, unassuming horticulturist for years, has suddenly started to unload on to Angela all the plants, bulbs, seeds, seedlings, cuttings, slips and what-nots which she has accumulated ever since she was old enough to know better. I may not have been a nice child, but this is a disproportionate revenge.

Two short weeks ago Angela did not know the difference between gladioli and vermicelli; two short weeks ago Angela accepted with proper meekness my assurance that a row of yellowish things were polyanthi, and her wifely faith in my omniscience was strengthened by the information; only two short weeks ago Angela—— But it serves no useful purpose to look back. To-day Angela would not take my word for a dandelion.

Two short weeks ago—I cannot help it; a man who has got toothache is the same—a humble gardener came and did the garden. He put in what he thought proper and doubtless dug up what he considered improper. If he permitted two weeds to grow where one grew before it was his look-out, no one worried him or them. Seasons came and went, and flowers—chiefly, I admit, pleasantly gaudy things which he called "stershums"—flowered and died. And everyone was pleased.

Now everything is changed. There will be no flowers this year, Angela will see to that. It seems that the great thing about gardening is not to have flowers—any fool can have flowers—but to get a few plants and to chivvy them about from one bed to another; if they catch cold it is their look-out. No sooner has some unhappy plant settled down to the job of striking a root or two and got on bowing terms (if it is a windy day) with its neighbours, than it is torn from its resting-place and dumped down amongst entire strangers. It is bound to be unsettling; I shouldn't like it myself.

On the whole seeds fare better; once they are planted it is difficult to recover them. The birds do what they can, of course, but a few probably escape even their attentions. However, their time will come; their numbers will be up as soon as their leaves are. I know that Angela is watching for them like a hawk, and one of these days when they least suspect it, when they are perhaps congratulating themselves upon the nice way they are getting onwards and upwards in the world, she will swoop. Poor motherless little things—she 'll learn them!

But it is not of them that I am thinking.

> Let sage and parsley, phlox and cowslip die,
> But give me back my old tranquillity.

I am in all this.

I am not a willing gardener, no one shall ever say that of me with truth. The good red earth, or the good brown earth, or the good black earth leaves me both cold and dirty. It gets under my finger-nails and ruins my cuffs and my temper. Watering—and there is a lot of watering in a garden with a population as peripatetic as ours—does not drop like the gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath; it drops all over my shoes. And it isn't twice blessed either, not by a long sight.

But there it is. The hunt is up, and as long as Angela's enthusiasm lasts and a single hardy annual continues to struggle against the vicissitudes of an inhospitable and uncertain world, I am doomed.

There *is* a way out. I am not much of a sheikh, but one of these days I shall seize Angela and carry her off to a nice little villa in the middle of the Sahara. Nothing will grow there, I 'm told, except a very prickly kind of cactus; and I rather fancy that if Angela tried to play blind-man's-buff with one of those it would get something of its own back. The cure might even be permanent; and then I could bring her back to the cottage again.

L. DU G.



Persuasive Agent. "OF COURSE, IF YOU PREFER A DIFFERENT ASPECT WE COULD VERY LIKELY TURN THE WHOLE THING ROUND FOR YOU."

"Pretty Polyglot!"

"For Sale. Fine King Amazon Parrot; talks in two languages."—*Local Paper.*

"After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the brides 5 parents."
Provincial Paper.

The bridegroom has our sympathy.



"Please, is a life-size enlargement awfully expensive?"
"Oh, no, my dear; what d'you want enlarged?"
"It's a snap I took of an elephant."

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

(Written on seeing a certain bust.)

There was an Emperor, by name Vitellius,
A man so rich in every line of vice
That in the end his subjects grew rebellious
And did him in. And they'd have done it twice.

There was a sculptor—name unknown to history,
His reputation too we take on trust—
Who, for some reason that remains a mystery,
Made of that lurid potentate a bust.

A noble fellow that, though misdirected,
And if a lunatic, let no man scoff;
For, if you grant the standpoint he affected,
Beyond all argument he brought it off.

For he set to, and with a master's chisel
Produced a countenance where one may read
Of all that's Good degraded to a frizzle,
And all that's Bad exalted to a creed.

A low-class reprobate, dull-browed, bull-throated,
Small eyes, that must have held a surly glare—
This is Vitellius, ugly, fat and bloated;
Plainly the artist got him fair and square.

It must have pleased its maker, and no doubt it
Struck him as able; but the fact remains,
One wonders what Vitellius thought about it,
And if he scragged the sculptor for his pains.

Truth is Art's loftiest mistress, and, when uttered
With due sobriety, commands applause,
But when a person's used to being buttered
And has a nasty temper, there I pause.

And personally I've a strong impression
That when too late to do our artist good
He must have learnt a bit about discretion—
If I'd been in Vitellius' place, he would.

Maybe, of course, that man of sturdy fibre
Derived a consolation of his own,
For, though Vitellius had him in the Tiber,
He'd got Vitellius in good lasting stone.

That's a fine thought; it might be termed a snorter;
For me, alas! a plain and simple man,
I would have had my Art a trifle shorter
Rather than monkey with my mortal span.

Dum-Dum.

Things We Should Like to See Illustrated.

At an ecclesiastical function:—

"The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of —— wearing his cope and mitre and carrying the pastoral stag."—*Provincial Paper.*

"The Archdeacon of —— will leave England to-morrow with a party of pilgrims for Jerusalem.

An inquiry has been ordered by the Air Force authorities. The police are pursuing a definite line of investigation, but no arrests have yet been made."—*Evening Paper.*

Are we to understand then that the authority of the R.A.F. extends to "sky-pilots"?

THE GIANT PIANIST.

(A Fiddler's Nightmare.)

"GET out your fiddle!"

The voice sounded harsh, but I obeyed mechanically. Its owner placed some music on the grand piano. I looked over his shoulder.

"Ah!" I cried in ecstasy, recognising a gem of PAGANINI. "It is my great solo piece."

Already the introductory bars on the pianoforte were shaking the room.

"Play!" bawled the stentorian voice.

I stood behind him and scraped the gut with all the force at my command. But no sound came save the increasing din of the accompaniment. I fiddled with desperate agony till the veins stood out on my bulging forehead like chords of the seventh. In vain!

As the noise of the piano increased I felt myself dwindling rapidly in the direction of my boots. The fiddle shrank with me. It grew smaller and smaller, squeaking faintly at piano intervals like a rabbit in distress. Then it disappeared. From the standpoint of protective noise I was a helpless atom of flotsam and jetsam.

In the far corner stood a child's tin bucket. Shrinking from observation I crawled into it and concealed myself. The express hands thundered on, rushing through the air and hurling notes broadcast. Crotchet after crotchet hit the resonant side of the pail. Once a bunch of demi-semiquavers, flung across the intervening space with incredible fury, threatened to break it into smithereens.



"IN THE FAR CORNER STOOD A CHILD'S TIN BUCKET. . . . I CRAWLED INTO IT."

Suddenly the storm died down. Several ornaments on the mantelpiece cracked audibly with the strain.

"Where is the fiddle?" shouted the gigantic voice.

Where indeed—gone, dematerialised! In terror I emitted a faint but undeceiving squeak from the depths of the pail. There was an outburst of fortissimo fury. The awful hands swelled up like a visibly rising plum-dough and crashed down upon the dislocated keys.

"You wretched puling little farthing fiddler," roared the giant musician, glaring at the tuft of bleached hair that betrayed my hiding-place, "you are only fit to be drowned!"

There was a swirl of arms like a raving windmill, a horrid rush of percussive waves, and crotchets and quavers heaped themselves upon me. Slowly I sank under their momentum to the bottom of the bucket. A great sweeping tide of piano technique rolled over me, and I was battered through the boundaries of material obstruction into the peaceful spaces of unaccompanied oblivion.



"'PLAY!' BAWLED THE STENTORIAN VOICE."

REAL SUCCESS.

"OF course I quite understand," she said to me with a pathetic mingling of protest and indignation in her voice, what a position that girl holds to-day. But all the same . . . Did you notice that she never even looked at me?"

"There is certainly something about her," I agreed, impressed in spite of myself as I watched her pass majestically on—"an air of assured position, so to say as of one who knows her own value. What has she done?"

"It's not what she's done," she answered moodily. "It's what she is. Look how everyone makes way—snobbish, I call it."

"Who is she?" I asked. "A foreign princess? The daughter of a duke? But even the daughters of dukes have to make their own way in the world to-day. Or is she perhaps," I suggested, a little awed, "the daughter of a trade union leader?"

She laughed with a certain touch of scorn for such an idea.

"That girl is not the daughter of any one," she declared positively. "One could bear it better if she were. Why, I don't suppose there's as much as a single grandfather in all her family."

"Well, if it's not birth," I said, "what is it? Wealth? Money? Moving like that, she moves no doubt against a background of rubber shares and of butchers' and bakers' shops, and all the power that untold riches bestow."

"My dear man," she answered, smiling a little, "I don't suppose she even has a debt in the world. There—she's cut the duchess dead. Serves the woman right, of course she's much too pushing, and I know for a fact she's never even been properly introduced. We have," she added with a certain proud humility. "Of course a long time ago," she admitted.



"THERE WAS . . . A HORRID RUSH OF PERCUSSIVE WAVES, AND CROTCHETS AND QUAVERS HEAPED THEMSELVES UPON ME."

"Oh, then you're old friends?" I asked, surprised.

"I wouldn't like to say that exactly," she protested. "One doesn't want to presume. Only I do say that some people can be great and famous and

influential and yet remain ever so simple and friendly. Why, I know one woman who went to America last year, and they let her into the country without a moment's hesitation."

"Did they, though?" I exclaimed, impressed. "With a standard like theirs over there that's a wonderful testimonial."

"It hasn't made her a bit proud either," she assured me. "She's ever so modest and nice about it, and she always speaks when we meet, just as we used to."

"Yet in her case at least," I agreed, "a little moral pride would surely be justifiable."

"We know other people too," she asserted almost defiantly, "who are ever so celebrated and yet don't give themselves airs like that girl. Why, only yesterday Tom lunched with a man who says he thought of backing King of Clubs at Lincoln, only he didn't, but he wasn't at all proud and he let Tom pay for the lunch without making a bit of fuss."

"Nice to hear of people who can keep their heads on the giddiest heights," I said. "What is he thinking of backing at present?"

"And in my own family," she went on unheedingly, "we have a cousin who wrote a play a well-known theatrical manager returned because he said it made him blush."

"Good gracious!" I cried; "not really?"

"It's quite true," she assured me; "but my cousin sent us a Christmas-card last year just as usual."

I felt I had to show that I also sometimes mixed with the great and the powerful.

"Last week," I said, "I was introduced to an income-tax collector. He was perfectly affable. Of course one felt the dread power of the man; one knew his awful hand held dominion over yours and mine, but also one felt he was holding all that in leash. One knew that out of business hours one was safe with him; one felt that out of business hours he wouldn't harm a fly. And now when he writes to me he always puts 'Private' on the envelope, to show we are friendly."

"Well, that girl never holds anything in leash," she said bitterly; "and to think it's not so long since she was grateful, positively grateful, if I asked her to tea. But then of course that was before she got her job as a mannequin."

"Was that a mannequin?" I asked excitedly, trying to see if she were still visible anywhere in the crowd. "Do you think," I asked anxiously, "she would have a ticket or two to spare for their next dress show? One simply has to be seen at them these days, and such a crowd of women go it's difficult to get in very often."

She gave a hollow laugh.

"You can try, of course," she said, "but when I asked her last week she actually dared to tell me there wasn't one ticket left—told practically her oldest friend there wasn't one left. Success," she said impressively, "has ruined that girl's character." E. R. P.

"Unfurnished Room Wanted; not large: not always there."—*Local Paper.*

A castle in Spain might furnish the desired accommodation.

"Replying to the foreman, Mr. —— said he and his wife lived happily together and were 'as happy as sandbags.'"—*Daily Paper.*

To us, we confess, the simile suggests war rather than peace.

"Landed Property for Sale.

Staines.—Beautiful gentleman's Bungalow."
Daily Paper.

In view of persistent rumours we find it necessary to announce that Mr. Punch does not own a bungalow at Staines.



Reporter. "To what do you attribute your long life?"
Centenarian. "Perseverance—just perseverance. I kep' on livin' in spite of everything."

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"Perfect order prevails at Athens. The officials have declared that the Government is not directed against the Government."
Provincial Paper.

"Fixtures during the last week . . . suggest that anything better than the prices then accepted must be regarded in the light of an improvement."—*Monthly Paper.*

"Mr. Charles ——, general manager of —— Bank, arrived on Sunday. He is making a periodical visit to the large breeches in these parts."—*Demerara Paper.*

So the "Oxford Bags" movement has spread to the West Indies.

"The artificial sunlight business, I am told, is going very well. One of the advantages will be that we need no longer go out. We can sit by the fire with a book in the glare of our own son."—*Daily Paper.*

All the same, if we had a son like that we should make him go out.

From a list of church services:—

"St. Clement Danes, Strand.—Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' at 3.15 and Mozart's 'Twelfth Night' at 6.30 (both with full orchestra)."

If, as we suppose, the latter is a new work, it will contain, no doubt, several solos for the Viola.

THE COMPANY.

"I DON'T 'old with comp'nies," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "'Twere five year ago come next 'erring-curing that Spice Rudd died, which shows that no good can come o' comp'nies."

He looked down at the empty pint pot on the bench before the "Crab and Lobster," then turned his watery-blue eyes up to the wheeling gulls. When he looked down again and found I had refilled his pot he feigned surprise but offered no word of thanks.

"Spice always were a tricky kind o' cove," he went on, "and we ought to 'ave knowed better. There's others besides me now what don't 'old with comp'nies. 'Twere all over a boat called the *Frightened Nymph*, what Spice used for fishing. Old she were and leaky. More tar 'n timber.

"One night this 'ere Spice comes into this very pub. 'I'm goin' to form a comp'ny,' 'e says. 'What's that?' we says. 'I'm goin' to form a comp'ny,' 'e repeats, 'to fish with my ol' ketch the *Nymph*. There's to be a 'undred shares o' one pound each. I supplies the boat and draws five pound a week for working 'er. Dividends 'll be paid on the shares out o' what she earns.'

"'Where's the 'undred pound to come from?' someone asks. 'From you and anyone else who takes the shares,' 'e says. 'Anyone can 'ave as many shares as they wants so long as they pays a pound a time. Chance o' doing yourselves a bit o' good. Now who 'll join the comp'ny?'

"There were a deep silence 'cept for Spice ordering a pint. Putting on airs already 'e were. 'I will,' suddenly says Nick the postman; 'put me down for twenty shares.' 'You got twenty pound?' we all says together. 'I 'ave,' says Nick. At that we all looks at one another. We knowed this 'ere Nick were a cute 'un, 'e 'aving educated 'imself in a manner o' speaking by reading postcards.

"'If Nick thinks it's good enough for 'is money it's good enough for ours,' we whispers among ourselves, and some of us there an' then promises to take shares. I took two with two pound what I'd saved from out me pension. Spice borrows a pen an' ink from the landlord and writes out the receipts on the bar-counter.

"Next morning we goes down to look at the *Frightened Nymph*, the boat what Spice 'ad turned into a comp'ny. There she were lying on the mud in the 'arbour all shining with tar. 'Our boat,' we says; 'ain't she a beauty?' Other chaps come along to know what we were staring at, and that night in the 'Crab' Spice writes out more receipts at a pound a time.

"For a good many mornings after that we sits in the sun admiring of our boat. Then someone says, 'When's she going out fishing to earn some of them there dividends?' So we goes and asks Spice. 'She ain't ready yet,' 'e says. 'Got some repairing to do. Costly business what with the price o' tar.' 'What about the price o' fish?' someone says. 'All in good time,' 'e says, and 'e goes off to put some more tar on 'er. To my way o' thinking that's all that kept 'er afloat at 'igh water.



New Maid (emerging from service-hatch). "DO I HAVE TO COME THROUGH THIS HOLE EVERY TIME?"

"At the end of a week, the *Nymph* still being in 'arbour, we puts it straight to Spice. 'Ain't you going out fishing to-day?' we says. 'It's too rough,' 'e answers. 'It ain't very rough,' we says. 'It's too rough,' 'e repeats; 'do you want to see a poor toiler o' the deep lose 'is life trying to earn dividends for a crowd o' shore sharks?' and 'e lays 'is 'and on 'is jersey like one o' they martyr coves. The chaps were a bit ashamed o' theirselves after that, so they let 'im alone for a couple o' days.

"Then we waylays 'im every day for a fortnight and asks 'im pleasant like when 'e's thinking o' putting to sea, but 'e always says as 'ow it were too rough. One day the sea were as smooth as a bit o' glass, so we 'urries off to find 'im to 'ear what 'e 'ad to say. 'There ain't no wind,' 'e says. 'You can't expect no steam trawler for a 'undred quid.'

"When the comp'ny were two months old and the *Nymph* 'adn't once showed 'er nose outside the 'arbour the chaps got more an' more persistent. They'd follow Spice about, calling 'im a coward and insulting 'im in the street and afore 'is relations. At last they up and asked 'im for their money back.

"'Money,' 'e says; 'what money?' 'The money what we paid you for the shares,' we says loudly. 'It's no good you coming worrying me for that,' 'e says; 'the comp'ny's got it.' 'The comp'ny?' we echoes. 'Yes,' 'e says, smiling a bit, 'it pays me five pound a week regular as clockwork.' 'What,' we shouts—'you getting five pound a week and never once been to sea?' 'Yes,' 'e says, 'it were what we all agreed, weren't it?' 'No, it weren't,' says Dicky Sharp, one o' the share-'olders, 'and I for one want me money back.' ''Ear, 'ear,' we says.

"But 'e only repeats as 'ow it were the comp'ny as 'ad the money and not 'im. We said 'e were the comp'ny, but 'e says the share'olders were the comp'ny, and if we didn't believe 'im we could ask the schoolmaster. But the schoolmaster being a pertic'lar friend of 'is we didn't waste our time.

"The funny part of it all were that Nick the postman, what 'ad said 'e would invest twenty pound, 'adn't seemed to be worrying 'imself at all. So we goes to 'im as the biggest share'older and says, 'Nick, what're you going to do about it?' 'About what?' 'e says. 'About getting your money back what you invested in Spice's comp'ny,' we says. 'Oh,' 'e says, 'that were a mistake. In the morning I found I 'adn't got no twenty pound, after all, so I never took no shares.' 'What!' we all yells together, 'cause it were on account of 'is investing 'is twenty pound that we'd all took shares. Then Dicky Sharp asks 'im straight out where 'e'd got that new Sunday suit of 'is. 'Yes,' we all says, remembering. But 'e says as 'ow 'e were in a 'urry to deliver a couple o' postcards, and that if 'e 'eard any more like that 'e were going to 'ave us all up for libel.

"The next thing what 'appened were that we 'eld a meeting in this 'ere pub, and Dicky counted up the shares what the different chaps 'ad took. 'There's eighty-two,' 'e says. 'Eighty-two shares at a pound a time is eighty-



"Your ball 's over there, Mister, in the little pit behind the 'eap of muck."

two pound, and if Spice 'as 'ad five pound a week for eight weeks that 's forty pound. Forty pound from eighty-two pound leaves forty-two pound.' 'E takes a long drink while we claps. 'Even if that ruddy ol' thief Spice 'as stolen forty pound,' 'e goes on, 'there 's forty-two pound of our money left in the comp'ny. Spice says as 'ow the share'olders are the comp'ny, so if the comp'ny goes to 'im and asks for its forty-two pound 'e 'll 'ave to 'and it over.'

"We cheers, and goes straight off to look for Spice. 'Look 'ere,' we says when we found 'im, 'we 're the comp'ny, an' we want our forty-two pound.' 'What forty-two pound?' 'e says. 'The forty-two pound what 's left,' we says, thinking we 'ad 'im cornered. 'There ain't no forty-two pound left,' 'e says. 'Ow 's that?' we asks. 'It 's all gone in expenses,' 'e says. 'What expenses?' demands Dicky. 'Well,' 'e says, 'the comp'ny paid me forty pound for me nets and two pound for six buckets o' tar. Good arternoon, gen'l'men.'

"'Anyway,' says Dicky, when we 'd got back to 'The Crab' an' thought it over, 'there 's the *Nymph*. She 's the comp'ny's property, an' I defies Spice to say as 'ow she ain't. 'Ow would it do if we was to draw lots as to 'oo should 'ave 'er?' 'Agreed,' we says; and we all writes our names on bits o' paper, an' Dicky puts 'em into a 'at an' asks the landlord to draw one out with 'is eyes shut. 'Dicky Sharp,' reads the landlord when 'e opens 'is eyes. No one accused Dicky o' nothing. The *Nymph* weren't much to argue over, anyway.

"Then we all follows Dicky down to the 'arbour. It were 'igh tide, an' all that was showin' o' the *Nymph* were 'er masts sticking up out o' the water. We laughs, and Dicky were in a fair old temper. When Spice comes along 'e calls 'im all sorts 'o 'orrible names. 'Well, look 'ere,' says Spice, arter a lot o' talk, 'I 'll give you two-pound-ten for 'er.'

"Two-pound-ten being better 'n nothing, Dicky stops swearin' an' takes 'is money. 'What 'ave you bought 'er for now she 's sunk?' we says to Spice. 'Oh,' 'e says, 'she ain't sunk. I filled 'er with water at low tide so 's to get 'er clean ready to go out fishing next week. There 's a gen'l'man coming down from London what wants to turn 'er into a comp'ny.'"

Unlikely.

Quoth a maiden, "I 'm fed up with
jazz, Ma,
And the saxophone's deadly miasma;
How I sigh for the waves
And the sands and the caves
And the sea's *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα!*"

"Mark Delano read a poem out of a priceless edition of Shelley that was unlocked and lifted out of a glass case by the Judge.

'A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases ——'."

American Magazine.

Hitherto these lines have been universally ascribed to Keats. No wonder this "priceless" edition of Shelley was so carefully preserved.

"Judge —— has again emphasised his desire that the purest English should be spoken in the Courts. To-day he strongly objected to the use of the word 'chummy' in the District Court. He regarded the word as being Chinese, and not English."—*Australian Paper.*

It is rather hard therefore that in the same paper the same Judge should be reported as saying:—

"It is plain that her defence is that she doesn not detain the goods. They are at the dishposhal of the plaintiffs."

In the circumstance this seems to us almost to amount to contempt of court.



Modernist (discussing the Academy). "WELL, THEY'VE CHUCKED ALL MY THINGS—BUT THEY SHAN'T COW ME INTO DOING THE UNDERSTANDABLE STUFF."

SHE-SHANTIES.

BANANA THE BORE.

IN a mews behind Mulberry Square
Was the party to which I was called;
The men were all covered with hair
And the women were more or less bald;
With her feet on a spongy divan
And the rest of herself on the floor
I saw what I thought was a man,
But in fact was Banana the Bore—

Banana the High-brow, Banana the Bore,
With her feet on the sofa, her frame on the floor.
Young poets sat cross-legged and gaped in a row
At the Empress of Chelsea, Princess of Soho;
But I heard what I took for a delicate snore
From the Queen of the High-brows, Banana the Bore.

Her clothes had come over the seas
From Russia, the Riff or the Rhine,
Her dress was a nightie (Chinese)
And her shoes of a Spanish design;
She woke and she eyed me askance,
She hummed an Italian air,
Then sighed that her soul was in France,
And I wished that her body was there—

Banana the Briton could never abide
The land where the British are forced to reside;
Her English remarks you extract with a wrench,
But she constantly flings you expressions in French,
For the language of SHAKESPEARE is useful no more
When it comes to the thoughts of Banana the Bore.

She has published some verse in her time
Which was jolly so far as it went;
It lacked only rhythm and rhyme,
And no one could tell what it meant;
But every intelligent man
Is sure she could write, if she would,
Some verse which would not only scan
But be more or less well understood—

Banana, Banana sits mum as a cat;
They say she is deep, and perhaps it is that.
She hasn't much use for the men of her race,
But dig up a Dago and watch the girl's face!
She doesn't like me, as I've hinted before,
And I can't say I dote on Banana the Bore. A. P. H.

An Appeal to the Nation.

Mr. Punch begs to remind his readers at home and abroad that April is SHAKESPEARE'S birthday month, and that cheques made payable to his Stratford Memorial Theatre Fund and addressed to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. 4, will be gratefully received and handed over to the National Fund inaugurated by *The Daily Telegraph*.

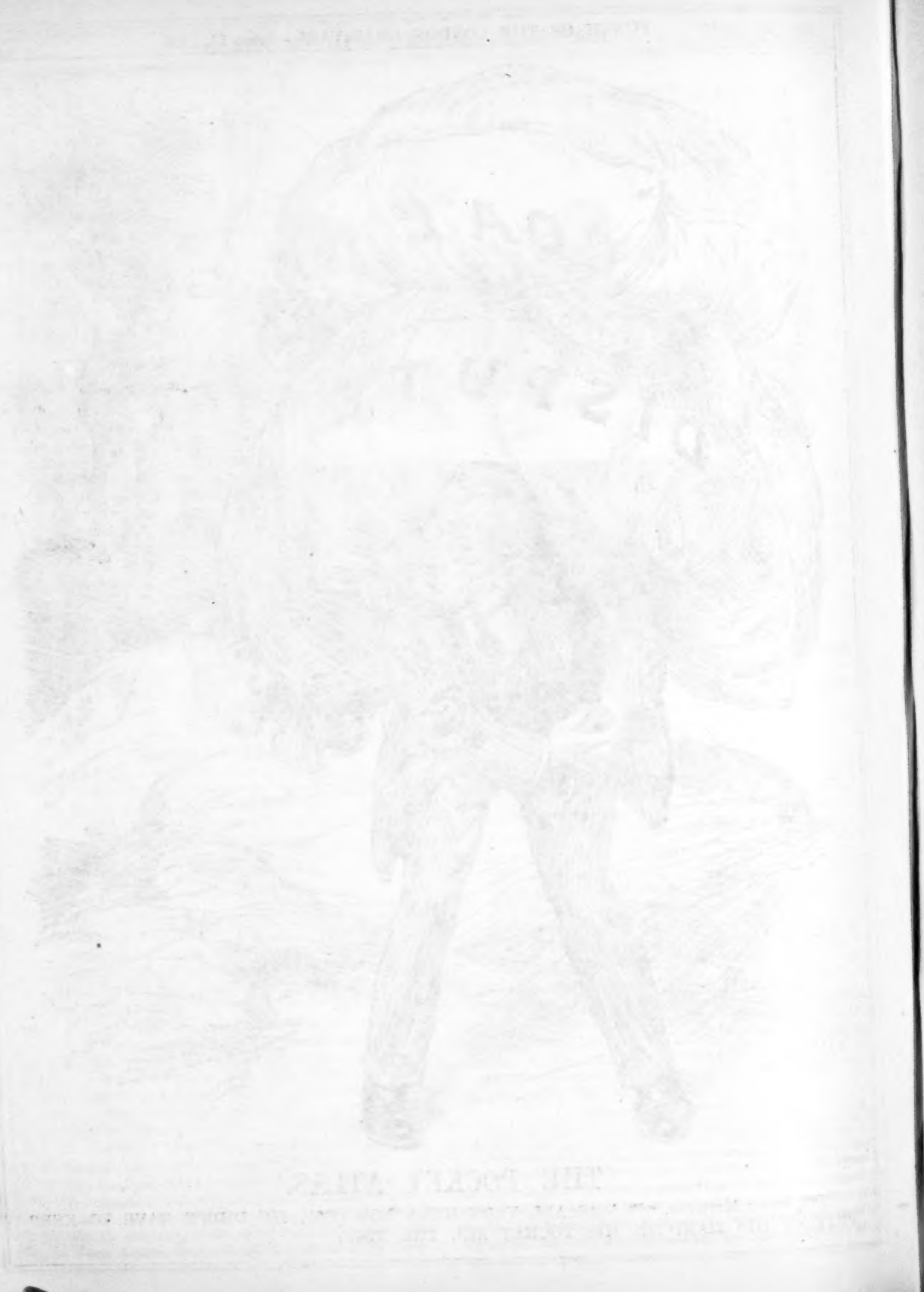
"Even the days of Agiers, who used all kinds of methods to make defaulting Jews pay their taxes, has been dragged in for comparison with Mr. Churchill, who looks like adding another to his titles, namely 'the hardest chancellor Britain has ever known.'"—*Canadian Paper.*

Though our recollection is somewhat at fault with regard to details of MR. AGIERS' career, we feel moderately certain that an apology is due to Mr. CHURCHILL, who, to do him justice, squeezes the Jews no harder than he does everybody else.



THE POCKET ATLAS.

The Prime Minister. "IT WAS ALL VERY WELL FOR HIM; *HE* DIDN'T HAVE TO KEEP PUTTING HIS HAND IN HIS POCKET ALL THE TIME."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE SKETCH-WRITER LOOKS AT HIS WORLD.

FRIEND of my heart, let us back to the Gallery:
There, where reporters sit all in a row,
Watch with the zest of a FROISSART or MALLORY
Our rough island story a-making below;
Thanking our stars that we'll still draw our salary,
Though the proceedings be never so slow;

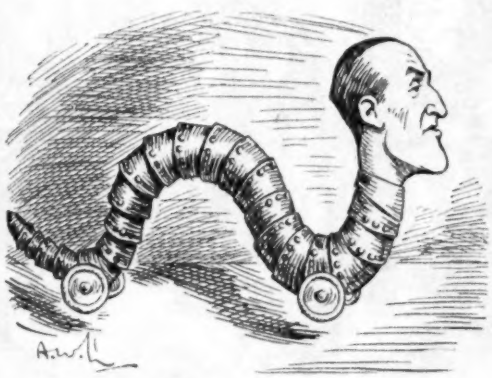
Note the detachment that marks the PRIME MINISTER,
Yawn through Lord EUSTACE and slumber through "SAK";
Wake from our dozing when DAVID or "WINNIE" stir,
Catch the asides of the Socialist back-
Benchers when LANSBURY trounces the sinister
Conduct of "JICKS" who repels the attack.

What's the debate on—Geneva? Economy?
Coal? Electricity? Who's going to speak—
SIMON (Sir JOHN) with his boisterous bonhomie,
Garrulous ——s with his usual cheek?
PHIL the ophidian, whose keen physiognomy
Matches a bosom incredibly bleak?

People, my friend, from Squeedunkville and Patterson,
Tonbridge and Tokyo, Auckland and Ayr,
All go as mad as proverbial hatters on
This sort of thing that drives us to despair.
Let them enthuse! Since there's nothing that matters on
We'll to the tea bar; it's cosier there.

ALGOL.

Tuesday, April 13th.—The artificial silkworm, known to the trade as the "worm that dieth not," is progressing by leaps and bounds. At any rate Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER informed a Unionist inquirer that ten artificial silk factories had been set up in this country since July 1st. The feral silkworm is also progressing, though at a more vermiform rate, "several new factories" having been equipped to cope with his activities. Meanwhile the absence of a specific name for the products of the artificial insect continues to cause confusion, as witness the case of the lady who recently inquired at the local haberdashery for silk stockings. "Certainly, Madam," responded the brisk young salesman. "Worm or arti-?"



THE ARTIFICIAL SILKWORM.
SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER.

Mr. KELLY, the Labour Member for Rochdale, thinks the Government should support the proposed Bill for the registration of "optical practitioners," which is (one gathers) the posh for spectacle-makers. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD declined—not for the first time—to see optic to optic with the Hon. Member and intimated that the Government does not care whether the opticians, of whose illusions London has recently had a delightful taste, become registered or remain as illusory as ever.

Mr. LANSBURY again locked horns with the HOME SECRETARY over one of those peaceful demonstrations that break up in disorder amid shouts of "Up, the rebels!" "Come on, Reds!" and other evocations indicative of philadelphic magnanimity; but failed to shake the MINISTER'S conviction that when the police decide that a demonstration is not going quietly the time for drastic action has more than arrived.

One does not expect little politicians in their nests to agree—it would ruin the politician business altogether—but they occasionally indulge in flights of disagreement that seriously undermine one's faith in the human mind as an instrument of precision. The House went into Committee on the Money Resolutions of the Economy Bill. The first of these, said the SECRETARY FOR WAR, had only one effect, to wit, to enable members of the fighting forces to obtain in future benefits additional to those provided under the existing National Insurance Act.

What could be kinder or more generous? No wonder Sir LAMING WORTHINGTON-EVANS was seen to expand with benevolent pride. Imagine our astonishment when the Opposition began to swell with righteous or, at any rate, simulated, wrath. "Crool, callous and damnable robbers!" hissed Mr. HORE-BELISHA. "Robbers!" echoed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, omitting the word "damnable" because, as Mr. HOPE explained, if you are telling a man he is a robber there is no need to go on and call him names. Mr. JACK JONES alleviated the tension by suggesting that the War-time slogan had been slightly altered, and it was now a case of "Your King and Country Bleed You." The debate proceeded on strict party lines, the Opposition shouting "Robbers!" and the Government supporters mostly saying nothing. The Resolution was agreed to and the House went into Committee on the Economy Bill itself. More Opposition Members shouted "Robbers!" a notable exception being Mr. LANSBURY, who shouted "Thieves!" and the Government supporters continued, like *Brer Fox's Tar Baby*, to say nothing. When the House adjourned at 11.30 the first Amendment to the Bill was still under discussion.

Wednesday, April 14th.—A searching question to the FOREIGN SECRETARY elicited the disturbing fact that the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World, is being conducted largely on tick, seven of the ten members in arrears being South American republics, whose presence in the League, as long as the MONROE Doctrine remains intact, is in any case sufficiently astonishing. Polite notes, it seems, are sent to the defaulters at decent intervals saying that a little something on account would oblige, but there is no unpleasant reference to putting the matter in the hands of the League's Solicitors, for the simple reason that the League has none. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN also revealed that non-payment of its sub. in no way affects a nation's membership rights. If, come September next, Liberia demands a seat on the League Council (with a view to the issue of a new series of zoological postage-stamps) the delicate question of "Pay as you enter" will not arise.

The Resolution transferring £1,100,000 from the Navy, Army and Air Force Insurance Fund to the Exchequer, one of the two money resolutions called for by the Economy Bill, was agreed to after a bright debate. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD said the Government's arguments were those used by the

Russian Soviets when they were preparing to confiscate private property, and proceeded to elaborate a simile which obviously flattered Sir "TROTSKY" WORTHINGTON-EVANS, but which Mr. "OULIANOFF" CHURCHILL was not present to enjoy. Mr. MACDONALD twitted the Conservatives with being ready to go into the Lobby in favour of confiscating private property provided it was the working-man's property that was confiscated, all of which, the MINISTER OF WAR retorted, was claptrap intended to mislead the public.

Sir JOHN SIMON still has the happy knack of conveying the impression that when he calls the Government a rogue and a thief it is not because the Opposition have sent him a brief, but because after mature consideration he can come to no more merciful conclusion. He reminded the House of the rule of law, as envisaged by the melodramatists, that in the absence of a will the property goes to the nearest villain.

One amendment to the Economy Bill having been laboriously disposed of, the House debated Sir HENRY CRAIK's resolution to the effect that the House, while appreciating the work of the Civil Service, is of opinion that that pervasive body should be put strictly in its place. His chief complaint was that the Secretary of the Treasury—not of course any particular Secretary of the Treasury—now formally claims the functions and title of "Head of the Civil Service," and Sir HENRY laid into this "new-fangled piece of mountebankism" in no uncertain terms; but the resolution itself was a milder thing and the House agreed to it without a division.

More Economy Bill, and in the wee small hours thirteen active spirits of the Labour Party, incensed because Mr. WHEATLEY was closured into innocuous desuetude, or just because wee small hours and a certain liveliness traditionally go together, got themselves suspended by the simple but novel expedient of going into the Division Lobby and refusing to come out again. The House got home in time for a late breakfast.

Thursday, April 15th.—The HOME SECRETARY explained to Sir F. MEYER that the police have licensed two types of "Jixi." This seems to call for another effort of nomenclature, and the public will no doubt soon be called upon to choose between a "Flixi" and a "Jivver."

Mr. BALDWIN said that the Smoke Abatement Bill would, if possible, be passed this session. Fortunately this does not mean that the functions of the historic pipe will be abated.

"*L' ultima che si perde è la speranza,*" says the proverb, another version of which is to the effect that "Hope is the poor man's breakfast." Mr. HOPE however is not the last thing the Labour Members would like to lose, and, having had him instead of breakfast this morning, they reassembled later—all but thirteen of them—determined to manifest their displeasure. Mr. HOPE, having squelched the protestants by refusing to say in advance whether he would accept a motion for the closure in certain hypothetical circumstances, called upon Mr. RICHARDSON to proceed with his speech, whereupon Mr. RICHARDSON rather maladroitly reminded the House that those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. The Clydeside gods having utterly failed to madden Mr. HOPE his destruction seemed more remote than ever. The debate produced no thrills, though Mr. HARNEY did his best to coin a *mot*, declaring that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was robbing the poor-box because it was not so well guarded as the jewel-case.

After further debate on this Amendment and all debate on the next Amendment had been closured in rapid succession Mr. J. H. THOMAS rose to voice the indignation of his "insulted" henchmen. He moved to report progress, and the CHAIRMAN put the question forthwith, declaring, in answer to Sir JOHN SIMON, that he was of opinion that the motion was made in abuse of the Rules of the House. Angry shouts rent the air, and Mr. THOMAS said he would ask the House to express "in a parliamentary way" its opinion of his, Mr. HOPE'S, "harsh and biassed conduct in the Chair." While more angry shouts were being emitted by one section of the Labour Party another was "acknowledging the very generous way in which the CHAIRMAN had dealt with" a misunderstanding that had arisen out of the division just held.

Mr. MACLEAN tried to induce Mr. HOPE to vacate the Chair on the plea that it was not "dignified" for him to retain it when notice had been given of a vote of censure on his conduct; but Mr. HOPE replied that there was nothing, unfortunately, in the Rules which thus absolved him from his duty of losing another night's sleep.

Into these troubled waters swam the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, exuding the oil of tactful amiability; and the waves responded in kind. Mr. THOMAS, to be sure, refused to be convinced when Mr. CHURCHILL repudiated the multiple accusation of being the *Fagin* under whose insidious instruction fellow-Ministers were learning to pick pockets with dexterous and callous ease, but he warmly praised the CHANCELLOR'S "method of treating the Opposition," suggesting by implication that if *Fagin* was the perfect gentleman *Bill Sikes* and the *Artful Dodger* had freely added the use of the life-preserver to that of the jemmy.

Good-humour made the belated sitting easier, but not appreciably shorter, and men going about their business long after cock-crow saw the "lantern dimly burning" above Big Ben.



MR. FAGIN CHURCHILL INSTRUCTS HIS PUPILS

(As seen from the Opposition Benches).

MR. CHURCHILL. MR. N. CHAMBERLAIN. SIR KINGSLEY WOOD. SIR S. HOARE. MR. BRIDGEMAN. SIR L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS.



[Owing to the increasing number of raids on banks by motor bandits, it has been found necessary to organise classes to increase the efficiency of bank assistants in dealing with the raiders.]

Teacher. "Mr. Smith, you 're next."

HINTS TO YOUNG JOURNALISTS.

Sporting Interviews.

In this article I propose to indicate to the aspiring journalist how to report verbatim the remarks of the great exponents of our national games.

(1) We will suppose that Mr. Abe Mitchell, in response to a question of yours regarding America's chances of retaining the Open Golf Championship, has said, "Well, they putt like blazes anyway." Develop this as follows:—

"Mr. Mitchell was in optimistic mood when I discussed America's prospects in the coming golf struggle with him at Poke Noses this afternoon. 'Our friends from across the herring-pond,' he said, 'are unmasking all their batteries this year in their effort to retain the coveted trophy. May I be permitted to say with all due modesty that I am supremely confident of my ability to beat the best ball of any two of them, blindfolded and with one arm tied behind my back.' Asked which arm, Abe, as he is affectionately called, replied with that lofty spirit which is now a by-word among golfers, 'I don't mind which.

"'At the same time,' he continued, 'let me pay full tribute to their powers of propelling the elusive orb into the desired orifice. Their knowledge of the ballistic properties of the rubber-cored sphere is only equalled by their amazing control of the intricate dynamics of the directing weapon, whether of the aluminium or wooden genus. Nevertheless I am confident that certainly I myself and possibly one or two other British wielders of the club are their superiors in battling with the fury of the elements so often loosed upon Anglia's northern shores.

"'To sum up, it is my considered opinion that this year the laurels of victory will adorn an English brow.' With this final inspiring slogan Abe languorously slotted a thirty-yarder on the eighteenth green, nonchalantly remarking that he was round in fifty-nine. (We have since heard that this included a 'ten' and two 'sevens.')"

(2) Again, if you have had the good fortune to buttonhole Mr. Tom Newman you will probably be prompted to ask him, "How is your match with Willie Smith going?" To which we may well imagine he will reply, "Pretty fair."

You now have ample material for an interview, which should accordingly appear as follows:—

"'My chances of registering a knock-out over Willie in this the final of our epic series of encounters are, in my opinion, if I may be permitted to express it, somewhat rosy. It is true that at present he holds what may appear to the superficial observer a commanding advantage of some six thousand points; but in my humble view the *venue* of the approaching clash of cues is all in my favour. I am, if I may say so, better attuned to the atmosphere of London billiard-centres than is the ex-linotype operator who finds his Elysium among the richer fumes to be encountered in the saloons of Liverpool and Manchester. In amassing my contributions,' he continued, 'I shall rely largely on my undoubted superiority in keeping the ivories in close juxtaposition at the business-end of the board, while no doubt the Darlingtonian will principally pray in aid the losing hazard off the raspberry into the middle and top bags. It should prove a battle of Titans,' added Mr. Newman, 'and I cannot do better than adopt the words of the old Latin chronicler and say, *Palmam qui meruit ferat!*'"



First Climber. "LOOK—THERE GOES DEAR LADY LONGBEACH!"
Second Ditto. "DO YOU KNOW HER TO SPEAK TO?"
First Ditto. "NO—NO. BUT I KNOW HER *INTIMATELY* BY SIGHT."

IN LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

SCIENCE is a wonderful thing, but, as I think I have hinted before, I do not care much about it.

I was intending to write a short letter and send it, the post having gone, by means of the carrier's cart to Little Pedlington, about four miles away. The carrier's cart stops opposite "The Dun Cow."

It was at this moment that the man called. I think he grew roses, or bees. I cannot remember which. Our acquaintance was of the slightest. I had asked him to come in the evening before and light the petrol lamp, which I do not understand. That conferred an obligation of a kind, but not one, I hold, on which a neighbour ought to presume. As it was, since the sun was shining and I was impatient to get my errand finished, I regarded the fellow's visit as a murrain and himself in the light of a blain.

We talked of this and that. The weather, the surrounding scenery came up, were sacrificed to courtesy and passed away. Every now and then I looked at the clock, the door, the window and the wallflowers in the garden. Instinctively I felt that there was a worse tribulation to come. There was. He sat down. I pointedly refrained from offering him a cigarette. He took one of his own. I sighed.

"I don't know," he said, "whether you are at all interested in wireless?"

There is a great deal of inexcusable ignorance in the world.

"If you are," he went on, "I have a little two-valve set which I made myself which you might be amused to see."

From how many lips, I wondered, during the past few years had I heard that same infatuate sentence proceed! In the hereafter, as I fondly fancy, there will be a separate place reserved for those who have had little bi-valve—I mean little two-valve sets in life while the red blood pulsed through their strong limbs and youth's follies and lusts were theirs. In that place they will talk of little two-valve sets for ever, and of little two-valve sets alone. But the place will be strongly padlocked and barred.

"I should love to look at it—at both of them, I mean," I added hastily, "some other time."

"Do," he said, "and we'll pick up some stations together. Picking up stations, to my mind, is the most interesting thing in the world."

"Have you tried," I was about to ask, "cigarette ends?" but I swallowed the words.

"What kind of stations," I inquired gently, "do you generally pick up?"

"I was picking up a lecture in Hamburg last night."

"Oh, you understand German?" I said quickly. It seemed a simple escape. "Now tell me, what are your real feelings about Germany's coming into the League of Nations?"

"I don't know a single word of German," said the man. "I didn't listen to the lecture. When I had picked up Hamburg I just went on and picked up Berlin."

"Miasma!" I thought. "Scourge!" But I smiled brightly at him as he prattled on.

"That's what I do all the time. My interest is purely scientific, you see. First one station and then another. Berlin, Hamburg, Brussels, Prague, Paris, Rome. I never dream of listening-in."

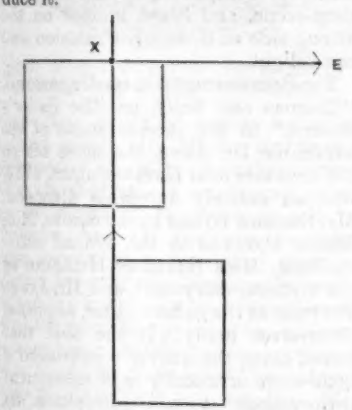
The birds were singing in the bushes, a lemon-coloured butterfly drifted lazily past the window. The blain lit another cigarette. He was a small insignificant man with spectacles and a brown beard. Strange that he should have his finger

in this way on the pulse of Europe. I thought of the carrier's horse pawing the stones opposite "The Dun Cow." I attempted to stifle a yawn.

"I suppose," I said, "a great many people in the vi-aw-age do listen in?"

"Very likely," he said. "Anyway they all have sets. That's just the worst of it. They don't know how to use them. They knock 'em up out of old orange-boxes or anything. They oscillate horribly."

He began to explain to me what occurred when they did this. The waves of his words flowed violently over me, leaving me stunned and dazed. Every now and then I found myself saying mechanically "Yes" or "No," sometimes with a bright quick intonation, sometimes with a soothing sympathetic sound, sometimes with a note of indignant surprise. I gathered that when the people in the village oscillated he took what he called his frame-aerial out in his motor-car and drove to the top of a high hill. In this place some kind of ritual occurred. He took a piece of paper and made a diagram for me. I reproduce it.



When he had finished this piece of Cubist art he jabbed down his pencil on the point X.

"And *that*, you see, is the point of intersection," he said.

"Ah!" I exclaimed.

"And there," he said, jabbing the same point angrily again, "is where we have the offender."

I looked carefully at the point X. It seemed very black. Involuntarily I shook my fist at it.

"There he is, the little rascal!" said I.

He looked pleased.

"And what," I inquired after an interval, "do you do then?"

"Sit down and write a letter to him at once," he said.

A cow in a distant field began to oscillate. I thought of the mighty nexus of intrigue, the immense underworld of plot and counterplot amid the seeming innocence of rustic life. I wondered if the carrier had a two-valve set.

"Well," I said, moving carelessly to the door and opening it, "what you have told me to-day has interested me most profoundly."

We stood in the entrance-hall. I handed him his hat and stick. There was now but one barrier more. I unfastened it and let the golden sunlight stream in. He stood in the middle of it like a wen.

"Remember, any evening that you care to come round," he said. "I expect to be picking up Belgrade to-night."

Why was it that the notion of picking up Belgrade suddenly broke down my fortitude and swept my politeness away? Is there something, perhaps, about the atmosphere of Yugo-Slavia that leads to hot temper and violence of speech?

"The only thing I can't quite understand about your little valve sets," I murmured, "is what happens when the cat-whisker ceases to accumulate."

There was a kind of sharp bark, the gravel crunched, the sunlight poured unimpeded into the house—I was alone.

I scribbled my note hastily and took it round to "The Dun Cow." The carrier's cart for Little Pedlington had gone.



Lady Angler. "Now tell me—what is the difference between the Established and the Free Church here?"

Scotch Gillie (an ardent Sectarian). "Weel, there 's no that muckle deefference, only we 're better and mair releegious, if we werena too humble to say it."

To Warwickshire.

Fair country, that so English art,
'Tis meet thou liest at England's heart,
Yet prouder claims to thee belong
For waking England's heart to song.

AT THE PLAY.

"RIVERSIDE NIGHTS" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

MR. NIGEL PLAYFAIR is still happily bent on experimenting—the mark of an intelligent man of the theatre who is not content to sit broody on a good thing he happens to have found or laid. *Riverside Nights* is a most attractive and original diversion—a revue with a difference—written and arranged by Mr. A. P. HERBERT and Mr. PLAYFAIR. The antiquarian bias is no doubt to be attributed to the Director. The rest has the genuine *Haddock* flavour. There is also that jolly air of friendly amateurishness and suggestion of easy impromptu which is the most engaging quality of this kind of show at its best.

Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR is the reluctant *compère*, forced into the position by his seven daughters (apparently septuplets): they and their talented guests at the Riverside House party provide the ensuing entertainment.

At *Miss Pinkerton's* Academy in Chiswick Mall that mischievous wanton *Becky Sharp* (Miss KATHLYN HILLIARD) introduces to the class, which includes, of course, the blameless *Amelia Sedley* (Miss PHYLLIS DAWN), the new dance that she has learnt overnight from a whiskered French lieutenant. Not the stuffy discrete minuet, but a dance in which you are actually closely embraced by your partner and whirled round in a glorious amorous ecstasy—the waltz, in fact. No wonder ultra-virginal *Miss Pinkerton* (Miss BEATRIX TEMPLE) detested it.

If Miss PENELOPE SPENCER invented the detail—mask, poses, steps and mood—of her *pas seul* to Lord BERNERS' witty music—"Funeral Dance for the Death of a Rich Aunt"—I bend very low before her in homage. Even if she only interpreted somebody else's suggestions she did it passing well. Here certainly is the spirit in which the death of many a Rich Aunt has been mourned by the Worst People. A most engaging turn.

Miss RENÉE DE VAUX sang sweetly "an admired ballad" ('37), "I Wish He Would Decide"; and the way in which Miss MARIE BRETT-DAVIES expressed her chagrin at the general situation by a twist of the eyebrow, a vicious thrust of the needle into her embroidery, a shamefaced bored smile, was well worth watching. Clever Miss MARIE DAINTON was a charming flaxen-haired widow in "Tommy, Make Room for Your Uncle" (a characteristic abomination of the noisy 'seventies). Breezy Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL was the *Uncle* and Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN a most plausible *Tommy*.

"Please Sell no More Drink to My Father!" a pathetic ballad of the 'eighties, had the pathos well kicked out of it by Miss ELSA LANCHESTER's glorious burlesque. What an artist!

Mr. W. EARLE GREY as Mr. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH declaimed one of that



PART PLAYWRIGHT, PART PLAYER AND ALTOGETHER PLAYFAIR.

worthy gentleman's dullest poems over a tableau well grouped, lighted and decorated. But it was the only turn I could have missed without regret.

No perceptive person who read A. P. H.'s horribly cynical "Policeman's Serenade" in these columns could fail



MISS ELSA LANCHESTER AS HER UNIQUE SELF.

to see that it simply clamoured for a musical setting. Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS has done this, as it seems to me, in just the perfectly right spirit, and as interpreted by Mr. GEORGE BAKER (bass *Policeman*), Mr. JAMES TOPPING (tenor *Milkman*), Mr. MILES MALLESON (shall we say mezzo-tenor *Burglar?*), and Miss KATHLYN HILLIARD (soprano *Housemaid*) is a sheer delight. I venture to think it will survive as a classic of its kind. Perhaps the singers might give a little more attention to the clear enunciation of their excellent words.

The two pretenders in the historical drama by a precocious ten-year-old, "MICHAEL COWLEN," were played in exactly the right mood by Mr. MILES MALLESON (*Warbeck*) and Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN (*Simnel*). The production was more or less after Sir BARRY JACKSON's modernised *Hamlet*, with a few cocked hats thrown in.

Friend *Simnel*, degraded to the King's kitchen after the failure of his extremely ingenuous plot, and conferring in that inappropriate place with *Master Warbeck* as to the success of his little affair, narrowly escaped decapitation by the drop-scene, and found himself on the wrong side of it, to his confusion and our delight.

The BICKERSTAFFE dramatic pastoral, "Thomas and Sally, or, The Sailor's Return," to the tuneful music of the admirable Dr. ARNE, the scene set on the riverside near Hammersmith, 1783, was an entirely agreeable diversion. Mr. GEORGE BAKER as the *Squire*, Miss MARIE DAINTON as the cynical *entremetteuse*, Miss KATHLYN HILLIARD as the virtuous dairymaid, and Mr. JAMES TOPPING as the gallant sailor, acquitted themselves nobly. If the boat that jerked along the quayside jerks even a little more erratically at a subsequent performance, it will precipitate its crowded and grinningly anxious crew into the river and add yet another note to the gaiety of the evening. To my regret it just missed doing this on the second night.

"Love Lies Bleeding, or, The Puss in Russian Boots," an exercise in the Tchehovian manner by Mr. A. P. HERBERT, was an unbelievably perfect parody which even the illustrious Russian author would have been forced to laugh at. In plot it differed little from its excellent gloomy model. Mr. HERBERT had worked off in one fitte his well-known exasperation with the income-tax authorities, and his preferences for the English as against the Russian view of life. Mr. JAMES WHALE as *Thomas William Love*, the goalkeeper to whom "it is all one" whether the ball goes through the net or not, or whether the time is 3.30 A.M. or P.M.,

might have stepped out of *The Cherry Orchard*, and ended with six shots from the inevitable pistol into the body of the wrong man. Had it been the right



MISS MARIE DAINTON AS A JOLLY AUNT IN "LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

man they would of course have all missed him. Mr. Miles Malleson gave one of his really admirable studies of queer character, a newspaper seller as he might be supposed to sell in Moscow: and Mr. Richard Goolden was superb as a provincial steeplechaser, his grotesque breeches obviously cut in the same town by a tailor tinged with the prevailing philosophy. If there are any present at this glorious burlesque who have done plays out of the Russian into English they will see that Mr. Herbert has missed little of their characteristic technique.

I don't quite see how "It May be Life," out of "Laughing Ann," by the same author, could have been better set than by Mr. Dennis Arundell or sung than by Miss Dorice Fordred. The theme—a promising one in such competent hands—is the difference between the emotions registered by this romantic maidservant's young actual man and by the flamboyant Valentinos of the screen.

In the lamentable history of "The Rat-catcher's Darter," Miss Lanchester exploited with extraordinary cleverness her most interesting and challenging personality. She knows exactly where to begin and where to stop, and all is done with such an air of casualness. A really brilliant performance. It is not easy to sit at the piano and sing comic songs without rousing the critic's most combative instincts, but the most sardonic could find nothing to condemn in Mr. Harold Scott's programme or accomplishment.

Here is an entertainment, intimate, witty, the work of true amateurs, with the audience and players perfectly *en rapport*, admirably decorated by Mr. John Armstrong, Mr. James Whale and Mr. Michael Sevier, attractively dressed by Mrs. Lovat Fraser and others, and, as its promoters proudly boast, without a single item that is not English to the core. I shall be surprised and chagrined if I find that this time next year *Riverside Nights* is not still running. T.

"Autumn Fire" (Little).

Mr. T. C. Murray's homely tragedy, *Autumn Fire*, is not only interesting from the first sentence to the last, but it is technically a brilliant achievement. Having without waste of a word adequately sketched in his principal characters and his chosen situation he shows you the inevitable development of that situation and those characters without importing anything irrelevant or unbelievable. I should commend it to student playwrights (and some others) as a model of how this difficult business can and should be done.

The scene is set in an Irish village in County Cork. Young *Nance Desmond*, daughter of one of the labourers of *Owen Keegan*, a genial and prosperous farmer, has returned from the town to set up as a dressmaker—a girl of character and a lively spirit, the kind that makes herself noticed, and that not unpleasantly, wherever she goes. She is coldly received by *Keegan's* daughter, *Ellen*, but you can see that the more than middle-aged widower, *Keegan*, well-preserved and proud of it, just a little too self-satisfied altogether, but a kindly decent man, is overwhelmed by his visitor. You see too that his son *Michael* is similarly struck. It is not unnatural. The girl has charm; the town has, without spoiling her, given her something which the dull countryside has denied to her untravelled sisters. Flattered by the elderly man's attention, she becomes his wife. And shortly after the marriage a stroke, for which the audience is intelligently prepared, makes him a bedridden invalid.

Meanwhile *Michael* and *Nance*, thrown much together, are inevitably attracted. There is no treachery. *Nance*, warned of her danger, sends the boy away. It is their kiss of renunciation which the old man, who has staggered down from his bedroom, sees. All the suspicions which the bitter *Ellen* has subtly fostered and a well-meaning kindly brother has unwittingly emphasised are dreadfully confirmed. All his trust in his wife, his confidence in himself, his affection for his son is burnt up in a swift flame. The truth told by the two suffering honest young folk is merely lies—lies. The son is turned from his door; the wife shut out from his heart. The daughter contemplates, half in a twisted joy, half in remorse, the ruin of three lives, the reinstatement of herself as her father's chief comforter. The old man turns to his beads. Nothing else is left.

A simple moving story, told with consummate skill. Yes, one dares to give it that honourable label—masterpiece.

The playing of the principal characters seemed to me almost flawless. Mr. Wilfred Shine made his *Owen Keegan* a credible lovable figure, lovable even in his anger and injustice. You felt him to be in the toils of something too strong for normal human strength and patience to master. There was no trace of exaggeration in his gaiety and childish vanity; and when his kindly tolerance turned to bitterness you knew that you had seen him to be capable of that from the beginning. Miss Una O'Connor's *Ellen* was a quite brilliant piece of work. You saw behind that shrewish bitterness and jealousy something kindlier and finer moving, as it were, beneath a cloud. An easy part to play tricks with, to force the pace and extract the applause of the unthinking by over-emphasis. There was no trace of these vices. I am not



FIERY AUTUMN AND GENTLE SPRING.
Owen Keegan . . . Mr. Wilfred Shine.
Michael Keegan . . Mr. Percy Robinson.

at all sure that Miss Cathleen Dragg's *Nance* was not just as good. The part was more difficult and might easily have

been bungled. Here was a real girl, with faults and vanities, but substantially honest and fine in grain. Her little passages of embarrassment were admirably done. Miss LEAH BATEMAN'S portrait of that kindly and rather nice old peasant-woman, *Nance's* mother, was a jolly piece of work. And I liked Mr. PERCY ROBINSON'S tongue-tied romantic *Michael*, and the friendly, puzzled, clumsily kind uncle, *Morgan Keegan*—Mr. FRED GROVES.

I cannot feel ashamed of my enthusiasm. A fine play finely played. The Little Theatre ought to bulge with intelligent playgoers for a long while. This is one of the enterprising "Q" Theatre successes. Kew apparently has a quicker sense for the fine thing than Shaftesbury Avenue. Why else had we to wait so long for the unknown Mr. MURRAY'S admirable work? T.

AT THE CINEMA.

"ROSENKAVALIER" (TIVOLI).

THE story of Dr. RICHARD STRAUSS'S opera may be said to gain rather than to lose by being presented through the medium of the screen. The eighteenth-century settings are beautifully executed, and the additions to the "plot" need cause no anxiety to the most ardent admirers of the original opera. The story is so straightforward and the acting of such excellence throughout that I found the lavish use of sub-titles quite exasperating, for they seemed to hamper the action rather than to help it. However they were couched in English, so that, if unnecessary, they were at least intelligible.

There were one or two lapses into conventional film-acting, notably when *Werdenberg*, in order to cover the *Princess's* retreat to a rendezvous, encounters single-handed about twenty determined swordsmen. As shortly afterwards he starts a duel with the youthful *Octavian*, I was greatly relieved when *Sophia* stopped what would in the circumstances have been a very one-sided fight.

I thought that Mlle. HUGUETTE DUFLOS was a trifle unconvincing as the *Princess*. M. JACQUES CATELAIN makes a perfect *Octavian*, but is not so successful with his *Mariandel*. Herr BOHNEN enters thoroughly into the spirit of his part of *Lerchenau*—I am using the screen versions of all these proper names—and Mlle. BERGER'S *Sophia* struck me as being a masterly little study.

It was an interesting experience to hear the familiar melodies introduced at the most unexpected moments. The re-casting of the musical matter to suit the screen version of the story has been effected with considerable skill, and many of the themes are astonishingly well suited to their new situations. Dr. STRAUSS has composed "new" music for a martial *scena* and for a garden fête. In each case the effect is exactly what is required. The music that accompanies the Marshal in the field is adequate and guileless, without ever descending to the commonplace. A word of praise is due to the Orchestra, upon whom so much of the success of this presentation depends. Their playing at this, the last of the three daily performances, was of a uniformly high standard throughout, and their task is very different from the ordinary run of "playing for the pictures."

The ending is so lovely that I would like to see a fine imposed upon anybody who dares to stand up or to become noisy until the very last close. I do not think that the principal waltz theme should be played again after "God Save the King." The whole musical fabric is too exquisite for us to appreciate one solitary thread being pulled out and dangled before us as we go. I. P.

THE KANGAROOS.

THERE is a (Kanga) rumour
That sixteen Kangaroos
In first-rate fighting humour,
In cricket caps and shoes,
With bowlers out to fool us
And cunning bats and fields,
Are sworn to (Kanga) rule us
And see that England yields.

Our wiles will all be needed,
Our every (Kanga) ruse,
Before these guests are speeded
Upon their homeward cruise.
All day they 'll feed the scorers
And keep their pens a-swing,
All day to cheer their fourers
The (Kanga) roofs shall ring.

Our nights we now must squander
From early eve till late
In sitting down to ponder
And (Kanga) ruminate;
But if we end by getting
A team to take us through
There 'll be no need for fretting
And nought to (Kanga) rue.

W. H. O.

Motto over the refreshment stall at a village fête:—

"An ancient proverb sadly ran—
'Call no man happy till he 's dead.'
We 'll change it for a better one—
'Call no man happy till he 's dead."

The improvement is not very obvious. Possibly "fed" should be substituted for "dead" in the second version; or, again, as we have no information regarding the quality of the refreshments, possibly not.

PRUNING AND PRISMATICS.

THE under-rated efficacy of the "Prunes and Prisms" formula has not led to its general adoption at moments of urgent deportment. The need for such aids is pooh-poohed. People simply do not believe that mere sounds can affect their haughtiness of bearing. This is a natural concomitant of the widespread laxity of manners characteristic of the younger generation. Yet, though it may be too late to attempt the rehabilitation of this ancient and honourable *sotto voce* pick-me-up, there are other more delicate and insidious fillips by which the well-behaved may check the lowering of conversational levels.

To begin with, we must restore to their rightful distinctness those vowels which are now so slurred over that phonetics is driven to the use of a new symbol indicating vacuity and animal huskiness. We must exaggerate in order to counterbalance others' deficiencies. We must make "rib" the principal syllable of the word so often pronounced as "horrable." We must have an unmistakable "toe" in "photograph." When we hear the slovenly "Your Washup" we must get up and say "Your Worship" so correctly that we are ejected for contempt of court.

That is the plain ordinary duty of the plain ordinary prunes-and-prisms diehard. But there is higher work for the enthusiastic; there is the sonorification of weakly words and the altitudinisation of low words. The enthusiast will be able to compose his own improvements according to the observed sickliness of his environment. But I give a few illustrations which I am putting forward as a suggestion for general experiment. The word "history" is a poor word for what it represents. Compare it with "estuary," an excellent and precise mouthful wasted on a minor geographical point. Let us then say "histuary," and watch the public for signs of an increased interest in the past. Let us similarly say "scullury," and make the inhabitants thereof less envious of luxury. Let us take the trouble to say "burgular," and help him to be more regular in his habits.

Do not imagine that this salutary beautifying of the language is a forlorn hope. Language is changing continually, in spite of dictionaries. Impressive coinages clamour for admission to the *N.E.D.* Take the word "fruitition," for instance. This has been so long and so confidently sung in churches that its bent and aged parent is almost ready to be pensioned off. Look also at the word "plentitude," its well-nourished foster-brother. What man hath done man can do. Go and do it.



A FOREST CHANGE.

["Regarding for a moment the development of artificial silk, he believed the time was not far distant when the forests of the world would be depleted to make stockings."—*The Right Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.*]

If woods must fall
For gold commuted,
If Dryad maids
Mourn deep for shades
Where once Pan fluted—

If woods are gone,
The goat-god mocking
Still pipes his air—
The woods are there
In Celia's stocking.

Evoe.







Lady of the House. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT *HAVE* YOU DONE? THIS ISN'T THE NURSERY—THIS IS MY HUSBAND'S STUDY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MISS PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S *Old Wine* (COLLINS) is what the studios used to call a gallery piece. It deals with the post-war fate of the Austrian aristocracy—hardly a race of Titans—and deals with them in the grand style on a large canvas. There is something not unimpressive about its vast expanses of shadow and piercing flashes of light, and several compassionate pictures of intimate Viennese life have gone to the eclectic making of it. Finance is responsible for the darkest shadows; and it is towards finance and its Jewish myrmidons that *Otto Wolkenheimb*, Count and head of his house, turns on the abdication of the EMPEROR. Naturally he has to turn somewhere. His cousin *Franz* is teaching English in a Berlitz school, *Franz's* sister *Eugénie* is nursing, another cousin, *Eugen*, whose own fortune is secure, is awaiting the initiative of his feudal superior. *Otto* is the fixed star of their system. Yet when *Otto* explains his design—the world of their loyalties is gone and he proposes to prey on its successor—his kinsfolk hesitate. *Franz* and *Eugénie* draw back. *Eugen* temporizes. *Otto* embarks on a liaison with a middle-aged Jewess and learns to manipulate public charities. He encounters foreign relief-workers, and, although his mistress's machinations are frustrated by an English lady doctor, he himself makes headway with an American journalist. The journalist is young, pretty and a reputed millionairess. *Otto* begins to see, and his anxious relatives anticipate, a way out of the wood. Yet Nemesis, who looks, if you may believe PLINY, not at all unlike Venus, is lying in wait for *Otto*. And, though Miss BOTTOME'S Nemesis is, like a little of her dialogue and some of her characterization, a trifle melodramatic and conventional, the melodrama in this case is exciting and the convention a righteous and acceptable one.

Two classes of readers are explicitly advised by its author that *Evolution and Creation* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is not their book. It has nothing to say to the rationalist and it is not suitable reading for a Tennessee back-parlour. Personally I agree with Sir OLIVER LODGE'S caveat and add as a corollary on my own account that thinkers of all intermediate classes should find it extremely interesting. I feel however that it is a pity to base a book intended for popular appeal on a misuse of traditional religious terminology. Creation might just as well, for all Sir OLIVER has to say against it, remain the divine work of making something out of nothing, the activity which is not mixed up, except as a figure of speech, with any of the activities of nature or art, but presupposed in them all. This is really the upshot of Sir OLIVER'S own doctrine, for he admits that life only proceeds from antecedent life, that life itself is not explicable in terms of physics and chemistry, that it is *sui generis* and not one of the forms of energy, and that science does not deal with ultimate origins at all. Yet the ultimate origin of the world and his own vital spark is exactly what the average man means by their creation; he distinguishes with ST. AUGUSTINE between the *opus propagationis*, which is the work of Nature, and the *opus creationis*, which is the work of God. Sir OLIVER'S thesis is that there is no essential opposition between creation and evolution because they are not two processes. One is the method of the other. "To me," he says, "creation seems to be an eternal purpose always going on." Make this concession or not as you like, his book remains eminently readable and full of suggestive theory.

"Great Mrs. Delany" was not quite so brainy
As some of the strenuous Sibyls
Who, blue in the hoof, were a standing reproof
To the frail eighteenth-century fribbles;
And yet she was sung by the eloquent tongue
Of Burke; she was one with the Wits;
She was honoured by Swift, and her delicate gift
In artistry Reynolds admits.

She hadn't a voice in her guardian's choice
Of her husband, a bibulous squire,
And bore the long trial with fine self-denial
Until he'd the grace to expire;
Then for nineteen gay years in the highest of spheres
She moved, a Society queen,
Till, sobered and steadied, she happily wedded
A kindly Hibernian Dean.

Mr. Johnson (R. Brimley) discloses how trimly
She kept her propriety's poise,
In outlook Victorian and pre-Montessorian,
Yet far from a killer of joys;
Decorum's strict fetters are felt in her letters,
And yet they've a flavour that's "Jane"-y;
They charm and enthrall, so I thank Stanley Paul
For publishing *Mrs. Delany*.

Love's Blindness (Duckworth) is by Mrs. Elinor Glyn, author of *Three Weeks;* but there are no tiger-skins in it. *Hubert Coverdale, Eighth Earl of St. Austel*, and a Ouida Guardsman every inch of him, was in a tight place. Through no fault of his own he had to find a "cool half-million" within a week or be ruined. His only hope was *Benjamin Levy*, the moneylender. But *Benjamin Levy* had a daughter, *Vanessa*, whom he wanted to marry into the peerage, and here was his chance. If the earl would take the girl he should have all the money he wanted and more. Our *Hubert* gnashed his teeth, but there was no escape; "No girl no money," said *Benjamin*. Now *Hubert's* trouble, although neither he nor Mrs. Glyn knew of it, was that he was too full of breeding to have any room left for brains or a sense of humour. Having married the girl he could think of nothing better to do than to drag her up and down the country, afraid to look at her for fear that his heart might be softened and only speaking to her to say that dinner would be at nine o'clock, or, in some dangerously expansive moment, that it looked rather like rain. Such a story is like nothing in life; but it can be made plausible with the right type of heroine. She must, of course, have beauty and a heart of gold, but she must be something of a bitter pill, at least for an earl to swallow. *Vanessa* had almost everything; she was beautiful, rich, well-bred, well-educated; her mother was an Italian noblewoman and her father was, at any rate, "the straightest and most respected moneylender in London." Was there ever such a fool as *Hubert?* In everything but price and binding, *Love's Blindness* is a twopenny novelette, "the latest addition, Madam, to our popular Marigold series." That or a very subtle joke.



Shopwoman (to customer who has inquired the price of strawberries). "Ten shillings, Madam."
Customer. "Ten shillings a basket? Dreadful!"
Shopwoman. "Ten shillings a strawberry, Madam."

Robert Chambers is sixty-one and has written between

fifty and sixty novels. *Marie Halkett* (T. FISHER UNWIN) is his latest, and is as fresh and exciting as any he has written. All is fish that comes to Mr. CHAMBERS' net, and he is as much at home—fictionally speaking—with the intrigues of supposititious European statelets or the Bohemians of the Quartier Latin as with New York Society entanglements, dodo-hunting professors or piratical "hijacks." It is with the last-named breed that the plot of *Marie Halkett* is concerned, and one reads on breathless as the plot grows thicker—and Mr. CHAMBERS' plots thicken at high speed and to a maximum density—in an atmosphere of "gats" and "dope" and that picturesque but unsavoury section of New York's underworld, whose activities extend from the farthest flung purveyor of illicit case-goods to the scoundrel-manned craft that swing at expectant anchor off Rum Row. Incidentally and in the course of his narrative the author takes occasion to express himself with force and freedom on the subject of American Prohibition and the people responsible for it. Improbability never stands in Mr. CHAMBERS' way—on the contrary, he takes a whimsical delight in forcing the reader against his will to give momentary credence to the most impossible situations—and *Marie Halkett* is as impossible and as delightful as most of his heroines. As a picture of the great American industry of rum-running in its most unappetising form this story is not exaggerated, though it is coloured with a romance that is probably absent from the real thing. It will suffice for the British reader, still immune from the horrors of the tyranny of the fifty-one per cent., that Mr. CHAMBERS has written another jolly good yarn.

There are four stories in *Wanderings* (JONATHAN CAPE), and each one of them attempts to give us a study of some special form of emotional relationship. To put it more simply, they are all love stories. Mr. ROBERT HERRICK, I believe, is a Professor at some American University, and, whether he teaches English or the amatory art, his pupils may be congratulated. For he can write, and he knows something of the heart, human and canine. His four short novels, as he prefers to term them, are quite well done. The first deals with that form of the grand passion that begins with a decided aversion: the scene is laid in the mountain region of New Mexico. The second story is a somewhat shadowy and unsatisfactory affair in a sugar-plantation somewhere on the shores of the Caribbean; the third has a welcome spice of comedy and relates the adventures of a pair who seek to escape from quarantine in St. Lucia. And the fourth is concerned with the life and death of the dog *Trotsky*, apparently a Scotch terrier. All four are stories that would be read with a certain interest, encountered singly in the pages of a magazine. Taken together in one solid volume they are perhaps a trifle indigestible. Mr. HERRICK is clearly a strong believer in the romantic possibilities of middle-age. Among feminine readers this should make for his popularity. The heroine of his first story is a grey-haired widow; the enchantress of his third is a grandmother—a girlish grandmother with pretty golden hair—who had run away from home. Both ladies wear horn-rimmed spectacles on occasion; but that device only seems to make them the more fatal. I recommend readers who may chance to have begun at the beginning to try the third story, if they find themselves becoming a little weary. *Dr. Charlotte Day* is most decidedly an original character.



Lady. "CAN'T YOU FIND ANYTHING TO DO?"
Mendicant. "NOTHIN'—'CEPT WORK."

Miss MADELINE LINFORD, in *A Home and Children* (PARSONS), has evidently laid herself out to demonstrate that even the most sheltered and seemingly uneventful of lives is worth writing about. In that task she has been abundantly successful, so much so that the more sensational elements (which I shrewdly suspect her of having introduced as a concession to the demands of those readers of fiction who require something exciting) are the least effective part of her tale, certainly the least true either to human nature in general or to the particular characters concerned. I found it especially hard to swallow the incident of the fugitive organ-grinder; surely even the uninstructed Victorians were seldom quite so destitute of ordinary "horse-sense" as *Margaret* showed herself on that memorable occasion! Nor is the sequel—*Mavis's* sordid love intrigue and subsequent *mésalliance*—much more credible. But the picture of *Margaret's* daily life, of her neighbours, pleasant and unpleasant, of her social difficulties and all the small beer of her existence, even down to the amazing feminine garments of the "'nineties," which Miss LINFORD describes with such gusto, is wholly delightful, full of quiet humour, occasional pathos and delicate observation.

I hope A. M. ALLEN will accept it as a compliment when I admit a difficulty in regarding *One Tree* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) as fiction. To me it is a history of the Northern English labouring class of the last century, and in spite of its *longueurs*, and they are many, it arrested and held my attention. For it reveals and explains these rather dour and very determined people so clearly that I felt, not always to my complete comfort, that I was living with them. The Victorian world might be shaken by national disasters, but they were of small importance when compared with the local dissensions which were of such supreme significance in the lives of these fiercely religious and hard-working men and women. Could they afford to rebuild their chapel? If they could was the Communion plate still to be pewter? These are a sample of the questions which shook this community to its foundations. This intensely local point of view still prevails in many parts of England to-day, and I recommend those who wish to understand its influence to read this book. They may not be amused, but they will certainly be enlightened.

"Two undergraduates who scaled St. Clement's fountain at Oxford have been fined. Early morning passers-by, to whom the clock renders good service, were surprised to find that the two hands were missing. The Watch Committee took a serious view of the prank."
Evening Paper.

Naturally.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to Lady ASTOR it is Puritanism that has made England what it is. On the other hand some people still blame Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

Parasols, it seems, are to be fashionable this summer. But has the weather been told?

* * *

A science journal declares that we can conceive of nothing as being out of Time and yet occupying Space. It seems to have overlooked some of our Beauty Choruses.

* * *

Mr. J. H. THOMAS is to have the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him for the third time. It will thus become his own property.

* * *

An American film shown in London last week was described as having reached the limit in rubbish. We feel that critics who jump to these hasty conclusions underestimate the capabilities of American producers.

* * *

A jazz band visiting Glasgow was received with bagpipe selections. Terrorism must be met with terrorism.

* * *

"Wells Dried Up," says a heading. Not H. G., if we know him.

* * *

A chief constable suggests that negligent walking should be made an offence. Some of our foxtrotters are thoroughly alarmed.

* * *

A writer remarks that champion boxers are men of good character. Then it's practically certain that DEMPSEY and WILLS will meet at last in a better world.

* * *

To enable theatre-goers better to familiarise themselves with the players taking part in Russian tragedies we understand that in future the names of the characters will be printed on the programme in the order of their demise.

* * *

An East African mouse is said to be as small as a bumble-bee. It simply loves to sting a cat and then buzz off.

* * *

A bookmaker in the courts the other day stated that very often clients refused to pay when they lost. No wonder so many bookmakers die of a broken heart.

* * *

Sawdust is being used for street-paving. We were sure that fretworkers would ultimately justify their existence.

* * *

A gossip-writer states that Chelsea artists affect quite ordinary ties. We often used to wonder what they wore under their whiskers.

* * *

With reference to the newly-formed Soho Chefs Concert Party it seems that one of their favourite numbers is "Men of Garlic."

* * *

A fox hunted by the South Devon hounds rushed into a temperance hotel and then dashed out again through a window. That's what one animal thinks of temperance hotels.

* * *

While fishing the other day a Worcestershire man hooked a basket containing two bottles of pre-war whisky. He has been inundated with inquiries as to what particular bait he was using at the time.

* * *

The New Oxford Dictionary describes the horse as a "solid-hoofed perissodactyl quadruped." But you ought to have heard what we called our selection for the City and Suburban.

* * *

It is said that nobody has yet made a song about architects. But what about the one which goes "Be it ever so humble"?

* * *

A Scottish motorist recently drove from London to Aberdeen in twelve hours. That's the way to flee from temptation.

* * *

A new variety of marble which is a faint rose pink has been discovered at Carrara. This will come in handy any time we want to raise a statue to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

* * *

Two German tradesmen, fighting a duel recently, both fired into the ground. It speaks well for their steady nerves that neither missed his target.

* * *

A gossip-writer relates that Mr. BALDWIN has been seen to accept a cigarette and light it. Well, what was he expected to do with it? Stick it behind his ear?

* * *

It is estimated that on the average eight thousand five hundred murders are committed annually in America. Too many, some people think.

* * *

We read of women who make a point of seeing every wedding at a fashionable London church. There is no accounting for this morbidness.

* * *

There are said to be zones of silence at sea where wireless cannot be heard. We are now looking for a place like that on land.

* * *

A young L.C.C. teacher accounts for her proficiency at mental arithmetic by the fact that, to her, figures are like notes of music. There is some talk of asking her to sing the Budget.

* * *

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is reported to have been stocking his pond with goldfish. We had a feeling that he was up to something.



Juvenile (to nervous beginner). "I SAY, IS THIS BALL YOURS, MARKED WITH A SKULL AND CROSSBONES?"

Prophecy Fulfilled.

"It is announced that DEAN INGE is to lecture in Holland. It looks as if Iceland will lose its monopoly of being the starting-point of severe depressions."—*Punch, April 21st.*

"A large depression centred over Holland."
The Times, April 22nd.

"Professor Dibble, of Pittsburg, predicts that before long the broadcasting of heat waves will become general.

The method to be adopted is to reduce by 25 per cent. the value of bank-notes in circulation."—*Australian Paper.*

No doubt that would engender a great deal of heat among the plutocracy.

THE LINKS OF MANDELIEU.

To W. B.

LET others flog the dunes of Rye
Or Sandwich of the broad fairway,
Or any course where one may lie
On pretties wrought of *pré-salé*;
But give me—what was mine last week
And now is very far to seek—
Give me, for choice, to *faire mon jeu*
Upon the links of Mandelieu.

If once again I might "explore"
Those avenues of sun-drenched pine
(So apt to aggravate my score
During excursions off the line);
Trace to its lair, with female aid,
My truant through the dappled shade,
Or follow where for joy it went
To breathe the wild thyme's trampled scent.

With you I would that once again
I might revive that golden scene,
And view across the Elysian plain
My second planted "*sur le green*";
And in the storied ferry go,
Which oft has traversed, to and fro,
That gleaming elbow of the sea,
Bearing the belted Earl of B.

Mid-Surrey 's not the *Côte d'azur*,
But turf it has more green and true,
And there, by way of after-cure,
Those comrade hours will we renew;
There in a flight of fancy's wings
We 'll make pretence of lovelier things,
And dream that we are back, *mon vieux*,
Upon the links of Mandelieu.

O. S.

CRICKETERS I RECALL.

(*With acknowledgments to Mr. T. P. O'Connor.*)

REMINISCENCES are so greatly in vogue just now, and cricket is so much in the air, or at any rate in the Press, that I feel the time is ripe for my recollections of the national game.

ALFRED MYNN I never knew; he was before my time, and nothing I could write about him would add anything to what has already been written. Very reluctantly therefore I leave him and turn to the great figure of Dr. W. G. GRACE.

I never spoke to W. G. GRACE. It so happened that, with the exception of one occasion, I never had an opportunity of doing so without interrupting an important match or intruding upon him in the privacy of a pavilion.

The occasion to which I refer was on a grey winter day when I was out with the beagles somewhere near Eltham, on the fringe of the little known North Kentish hinterland. Even if he had not been pointed out to me I should have recognised the burly figure with the bushy grey beard, although he was not clad, as I was accustomed to visualise him, in white flannels, with a red-and-yellow M.C.C. cap, but in a knickerbocker suit of a stout darkish material. For the greater part of the day the old Doctor was to be seen on the summit of a low hill which was a feature of that wild suburban landscape, whence he could follow the hunt as it circulated round him without exerting those legs that had then to support the weight of many years in addition to the burden of a massive frame.

I might of course have detached myself from the breathless pursuit of the hare and joined him, breaking the conversational ice with a remark or two about the weather or the sport, and leading up to an interesting chat about old cricketing days. What he would have said to me in that high-pitched West Country voice of his I can only conjecture. In the excitement of the chase it did not occur to me to make the advance. I let the opportunity go by and it will not return.

When I think of the great cricketers of Australia, as so many are doing just now, the name of HUGH TRUMBLE comes instantly into my mind. For, although I never spoke to HUGH TRUMBLE, HUGH TRUMBLE spoke to me.

It was on a bright day in early May at the beginning of the 'nineties. My return to school had been delayed by a providential attack of measles. The Australian cricketers had just arrived in this country and, as was their custom in those good old days, were practising at the nets on Mitcham Green, only a few miles from my home. I used to walk over every day and watch them. Among them I remember ALEC BANNERMAN, the stone-waller; BLACKHAM, the bearded wicket-keeper; little GREGORY, such a physical contrast to his tall fast-bowling nephew; GEORGE GIFFEN . . . When I come to expand these memories I shall of course give the complete team.

On the particular day of which I write a ball was hit in my direction. To my lasting regret, for my forgetfulness has deprived me of some interesting copy, I have forgotten who the batsman was. He cannot have been J. J. LYONS, that terrific smiter, to whose prowess several broken windows in the neighbouring cottages bore witness, or I should hardly be here to write his name. At any rate, as the ball came towards me at a moderate pace I fielded it, neatly, I think I may say, with my feet together, as I had been trained to do.

The tall bowler who was standing in readiness for me to return it to him was none other than the great HUGH TRUMBLE. I threw it to him. He caught it, saying as he did so, "Thank you." Although I took no shorthand note of them at the time, I am certain that those were his exact words. In the agitation of the moment I did not think of saying, "Not at all," or "You are very welcome," and so our—to me—memorable conversation ended.

This, I am afraid, exhausts my personal recollections of the super-cricketers of two hemispheres. Next week I shall have something to say about the splendid fellows who used to play for Slogfield and Long Hopton.

[No! No!—ED.]

SHE-SHANTIES.

A TOAST

(*and a humble offering to after-dinner speakers*).

DULL politicians, pray forbear!
We 've slept through six orations;
Let Beauty's health be now our care,
And hang the health of nations!
If you have sweetheart, wife or niece,
Then charge a glass (or two) apiece,
And every man stand up who can—
Up, Gentlemen—the Ladies!

Though in these murky modern days,
When Youth knows what is what, Sir,
When Oxford struts about in stays
And Lady Dash does not, Sir,
Boys will be girls and women men—
And who can swear to cock or hen?—
Still, one may say in a general way,
Up, Gentlemen—the Ladies!

Now powder decks Sir Galahad
And smoke surrounds Elaine, Sir,
And nobody is good or bad
But psychic or insane, Sir;
And skirts are brief and trousers bold,
And Youth is sadly young, we 're told;
But that 's a tale that 's very old—
So, Gentlemen—the Ladies!

Though high and low allure, we know,
The rich are not the ripest;
To Ascot for the Fashions go,
For Beauty to the typist;
But beauty 's not the only charm,
The plainest countess means no harm,
So, fair or not, salute the lot—
Up, Gentlemen—the Ladies!

The Parties bark and scratch and bite,
And by an implication
That black is black or white is white
One risks a conflagration;
But here 's a subject (praises be!)
Where cat and dog at last agree;
Non-party now, we make our bow,
United, to the Ladies!

In every club I hear it said—
I have it from a Dean, Sir—
That England, if not wholly dead,
Is not what she has been, Sir;
I am not much concerned, because
It 's my belief she never was.
And now, I think, it 's time to drink—
Up, Gentlemen—the Ladies!

A. P. H.



WAITING FOR A REPRIEVE.

The Coal Industry. "THE SANDS ARE RUNNING OUT. HOWEVER, YOU CAN ALWAYS TURN THESE HOUR-GLASSES UPSIDE DOWN."



Child (suddenly). "GRANDMA, THERE 'S A STRANGE BURGLAR UPSTAIRS!"

BALBUS THE BAT.

Balbus was just an ordinary bat. A bat, in case you don't know, is one of those things that whizz silently up and down the lower air at incredible speeds while you are strolling in the Mess Garden in the evening. The only other information I have about bats is that they do not appear to like cigar smoke and that their steering is too wizardly for words.

The bats that use our Mess garden do not have names as a general rule, but Balbus distinguished himself from the others by actually coming into the Mess on three occasions.

The first time it happened there was a bit of a sensation. We were sitting at dinner indulging in the usual high-souled chit-chat of the Army taking its leisure; I think the question under discussion was: Where should a Quarter-Master Sergeant be when a battalion is on the line of march? The answer to which, according to the drill-book, is "on the right of No. 16 Section Commander," but in practice is of course "in the next village getting the best billet for himself." In the middle of all this Balbus just simply appeared.

He winged his silent way in at one window, circled the room once, flicked so suddenly across the Mess-waiter's face that the man dropped a toast-rack, and shot out into the night by another window. It was all over almost before we realised anything had happened. Then Captain Bayonet remarked severely to the world at large that that was no sort of way to go on at all, and Lieutenant Holster said he could hardly credit a thing like that. The junior subaltern, who is a Natural History expert and spends his field-days lining a hedge and studying beetles, said it was a bat, while the waiter's unexpressed opinion appeared to be that it was a "Hush-hush" aeroplane.

That, so to speak, was Balbus's preliminary reconnaissance. He appeared again the next night, and exactly the same thing happened, except that unfortunately the Mess-waiter was this time carrying a plate of soup. Captain Bayonet said he could hardly credit a thing like that, and Lieutenant Holster said it was no sort of way to go on at all. After which considered opinion there was a silence, broken only by the rather too audible voice of the waiter in the adjacent kitchen telling the cook that a "plurry weasel on wings had blown in his blinkin' face."

Next evening was the night of the big battle. Previously we had been restrained from reprisals by the Colonel's presence, but this night he was dining out and we had determined to take a strong line over things flying about in our Mess-room. Balbus in short, if he arrived, was to be driven out at once.

Balbus did not appear till after the port had been round twice. We had almost forgotten about him when he came suddenly in at the window and the cautious Mess-waiter, who this time was carrying a full decanter, left hurriedly at the door. Balbus flew round and round the Mess-room at an unbelievable speed a bare inch or so above the heads of those sitting at table. Each time he flew down the line everyone's head ducked in turn—like one of those wooden toys representing chickens feeding out of a trough. Then Captain Bayonet took the matter in hand and, as pre-arranged, gave the call to arms.

There are hanging on the wall at the end of the Mess various weapons and insignia which at one time belonged to a platoon of African natives. We rose from table and seized upon these. Captain Bayonet wore a chief's headdress and directed operations from a corner. Lieutenant Holster had a rusty two-handed sword, while Lieutenant James secured a bow and a quiver of arrows.

Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, who was dining in that evening, took a tom-tom, pronounced "tum-tum," as we all rudely pointed out to him within ten seconds. The junior subaltern got a Dyak blowpipe from somewhere, and I secured a dagger. Others had various weapons, ranging from a stick with spikes on the delivery end to a club with large and nobby-looking warts. As soon as we had all fallen in, battle was joined.

The difficulty was, we soon found, to see Balbus at all. He went so fast that he had arrived there almost before he had left here, if you know what I mean. But our *moral* was high. We were resolutely determined to evict him as soon as possible.

The attack opened with a broad-sword charge by Lieutenant Holster, our archery-squad—Lieutenant James—being in support. The blow-piper was kept in tactical reserve.

To the inspiring notes of the "Charge," by Captain Ledger, they advanced gallantly, and Lieutenant Holster clave a chair from helm to chine, while James put an arrow through a portrait of a Very Distinguished General. Balbus was unharmed and instantly delivered a surprise air attack upon our left flank, where the subaltern who was wielding the stick with spikes, in attempting a TILDEN service, hit himself behind the ear and had to be taken to the Casualty Clearing Station.

Captain Bayonet then ordered the second wave to go over, and, standing on the table, I nearly succeeded in pinning Balbus to the ceiling with my dagger. Balbus, however, produced a good IMMELMANN turn at the critical moment, and the dagger is still there. As we can't get it out the Mess-sergeant is going to use it to hang mistletoe on at Christmas; but that is beside the point.

The conflict raged, with three-quarters-of-an-hour's break for refreshments, for an hour-and-a-half, at the end of which time Balbus appeared to be developing slight engine-trouble, but seemed otherwise fit and well. The casualties on our side, however, had been terrific. Arrows were sticking everywhere, and the portrait of the Very Distinguished General looked rather like a picture of SAINT SEBASTIAN. A large amount of crockery had been broken and chairs shattered; and Lieutenant Holster had been severely damaged in the eye by an olive from the junior subaltern's blow-pipe. Incredible as it may seem we had so far failed to drive Balbus out. He even appeared to be enjoying it.

At eleven P.M. Captain Ledger was badly punctured in his "pronounced tum-tum" and put out of action. At eleven-five Balbus took refuge in Captain Bayonet's headdress, and Captain Bayonet only just stopped the subaltern with the nobby-looking club in time.

At eleven-six the Colonel walked unexpectedly in.

There was a silence.

The Colonel just looked at us all. He asked what we were doing. We replied that we were just driving a bat out of the Mess as live-stock was not permitted in barracks. We added that we had had a little trouble.

The Colonel looked at us all again. He can look too.

Then he just looked at Balbus, and without any more fuss Balbus got up and flew straight out of the window.

There was another silence as the Colonel stalked out, broken only by Captain Bayonet remarking in an undertone that that was no sort of way to go on at all. Lieutenant Holster was heard to add that he could hardly credit a thing like that.

A. A.



THE CHARLESTON IN THE HOME.

A STUDY OF AN OTHERWISE AMIABLE COUPLE.

At a Rural District Council:—

"The Sanitary Inspector reported that he had received a complaint as to the smell from Mr. ——'s piggery.

It was decided to ask the Inspector to write asking the proprietor of the piggery to be as careful as possible to keep the smell within bounds."—*Local Paper.*

The Wise Men of Gotham must look to their laurels.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XI.—THE COTTAGE.

I SAID that I wanted perfect peace in which to write a book, and they told me there was nothing like a tiny village in the Cotswold hills. Most emphatically I ought to take a cottage there. Knowing the country, I asked why. I said it would be a noisy place. They said no. The noises of a country village, they said, irksome at the start, would soon merge imperceptibly into a deep undercurrent of sound (I think they said undercurrent, but it may have been undertow) the net result of which was silence—a sort of natural hush. This was the best atmosphere in which to write a book.

I was rather fascinated with the notion and said I would try.

Then an afterthought occurred to me.

"Who will do the cooking?" I inquired.

"You can easily get a factotum in the village," they said.

I found the village and the cottage. Either the Evenlode or the Windrush runs through the village, I will not tell you which. Nothing runs through the cottage except mice. I also found the factotum. On the third day she developed mumps. She now sends her sister, aged fourteen, to factote. I have no fault to find with the work done by this child except that she very seldom turns up, and that when she does she cannot cook.

* * * *

The cottage is built of grey-and-yellow stone. Within it is all whitewash and black beams, and has no modern conveniences except a small garage. (I insisted upon that.) The garage-door is fastened by leaning a brick against it, and has always been fastened that way, I gather, since it was used as a kind of lounge for hens. The front-door of the cottage living-room opens into the tiny main street of the village. The back-door empties—opens, I should say—into the tiny cottage sink. Both doors are difficult to open, for the wood is warped by rain. There are a great many spiders in the cottage. They keep coming down from unexpected places in the old oak beams and climbing up the chairs.

* * * * *

It was some time before I set pen to paper. I sat down, dreamily trying to analyse the deep undercurrent of minor sounds that made up the grand natural hush. I did this in the living-room, because that is the place from which one hears them best. There is bird-song to begin with—ordinary bird-song and swan-song. The first kind continues all day, the second only occurs when the village blacksmith comes out of "The Swan." And then there is cock-crow.

It is a common error made by many writers on agriculture, and even by minor poets, to regard cock-crow as an early morning affair. The hours of cock-crow in this village are as follows:—

False dawn cock-crow . .	3 A.M.
Early dawn cock-crow . .	4 A.M.
Summer-time cock-crow .	5 A.M.
True dawn cock-crow . .	6 A.M.



"HELLO! WHAT ARE YOU FISHING FOR, LITTLE MAN?"
"WOOGLIES."
"WOOGLIES? WHAT ARE THEY?"
"DUNNO—AIN'T CAUGHT ANY YET."

From this time onwards cock-crow proceeds without intermission till about eleven o'clock, at which hour it seems to be unanimously agreed by the village cocks that dawn has now occurred. This fact established, they rest. There are no other cock-crows except the midday, the afternoon and the evening cock-crow, the latest of these closing at roughly seven P.M. The night remains calm. No attempt appears to be made by the cocks of this village to interfere with the owls.

A less persistent note in the deep underhush is caused by the lowing of cows and the action of the circular wood-saw in the timber-yard next door. And with this there is blent, as it were, imperceptibly into the natural silence the merry noise of children at play, the clattering of cart-horses, the thunder of cart-wheels and the various barkings of rival dogs. When these barkings occur, my own dog, which I brought down to keep me company in the underhush, merely utters short yaps. When for any cause the front-door of the living-room is violently opened on to the tiny village street or the back-door is opened on to the tiny cottage sink he barks loudly, as if challenging a foe.

* * * * *

The factotum says that the sink is stopped up.

* * * *

The front-door seems to open on to the tiny village street rather too frequently. The usual causes are the arrival of the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the newspaper-seller and the postman. But now it is none of these. It is the Diocesan Inspector of Schools, whom I asked a day or two ago to lend me new gramophone needles. I brought the gramophone down with me because I thought when I was not working life in a country cottage might be rather sad and lonely. It is not that.

* * * *

Rather a curious thing has occurred. It is a windy day and the grocer has just opened the front-door of the living-room at precisely the same moment as the factotum opened the back-door which leads to the sink. The result of this was that all my manuscripts were blown suddenly into the tiny village street. The grocer and I had to collect them carefully, all except one, which has gone into the Windrush, or did I say the Evenlode? Maybe it will set the Thames on fire.

* * * * *

Some strange presence seems to have entered into the living-room. It is a most uncanny thing. The dog is staring into a corner. He snarls, his hair bristles and he shudders in every limb. . . . I see now that it is a small duck. It must have come in with the grocer.

* * * * *

Except for moments like these the silence is practically unbroken. Motor-cars never seem to penetrate into this secluded street. Indeed it was only with great difficulty and a severe dent in the right mud-guard that I got mine into the tiny hen-house—I mean garage—at all. . . .



GOOD TEAM-WORK.

Mark now. There is a new note in the deep natural hush. I suppose that will be a lamb.

* * * * *

There seem to be a lot of lambs. They must have been driven with their mothers into that large green meadow at the top of the village main street. I often wonder whether sheep and lambs are not better off in their own familiar cotes. Driven into a strange field like that, and always in plaintive uncertainty as to each other's whereabouts, they add very considerably to the deep undertow. The circular saw has started again.

* * * * *

The factotum says that she cannot do any more cooking because of the sink.

* * * * *

I wonder whether I am developing mumps.

* * * * *

There is this to be said for those who prefer to write amidst a noisy hum of urban traffic: its component parts are more easily analysed. Newsvendor, motor-bus, taxi-cab, trade-van—all of them are taken for granted. One does not so frequently pause with lifted pen in hand and endeavour to sift them out.

"Come in. . . ."

I find that I was making a mistake. The children had no desire to enter. They were merely playing cricket against the front-door. The sound of the ball striking it led me naturally to imagine that there was a knock. In some such village as this, no doubt, will be matured one of the future great batsmen of England, or a bowler who will restore the prestige of the old country in Test Matches that I shall scarcely live to see.

* * * * *

The Diocesan Inspector of Schools has helped me to mend the sink.

* * * * *

What I actually intended to write when I began this article was the outline of a scheme for preserving the Cotswolds in their deep ancestral peace from the ravages of big motor roads and villadom, and from the ruin which must naturally overtake them with the general decline of agriculture and the passing away of the old rural life. If a certain number of American millionaires could be persuaded to buy up and enclose with a ring-fence these little sleepy hamlets within a few miles of Oxford, and keep them, for the sake of their picturesqueness, after the manner of the Indian reservations, untouched by the hand of Time, eternally drowsing—— Damn!

* * * * *

What really caused me to come in here was not the water which has flowed in from the kitchen, but the steam-roller outside. I have no kind of objection, of course, to the sound of crushing flints. It merely adds to the deep natural underhush. But the driver of the steam-roller has a silly way of staring in at the window every time he passes, probably because I have had to put my feet up on a chair to get them away from the water, as though I were something quaint in a museum, and this puts my sentences out of gear. So I have taken my writing materials into the garage and fastened the door. The driver's seat of a motor-car is, after all, as comfortable a place to write in as any other.

I have started the engine and opened the throttle fairly wide. Every now and then I accidentally press the button of the electric horn with my right elbow. By degrees I am recovering something of the impossible urban atmosphere in which I usually do my work. . . . Yes, I thought so. Even the midday cock-crow is almost stifled now. Evoe.

In Memoriam.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT.

BORN 1841. DIED APRIL 19TH, 1926.

WHAT memories your passing brings,
Dear "B.," of half-forgotten things—
Of unsophisticated plays
That gladdened mid-Victorian days;

When in the service of your art
You helped to raise the "Thespian cart,"
And, as the old class-barriers fell,
Made history and made it well.

Then, still "well-graced," still in your prime—
Strangely unlike the average mime—
You stood aside, and won in age
A higher place than on the stage.

Strong in the goodness that endears,
You seemed to mock the flight of years,
So gallantly their weight you bore
Four-square when you were past fourscore.

So, though we miss that reverend head,
White as the blameless life you led,
That slow kind voice, that gentle mien,
Love long shall keep your memory green.

"B."

THE year 1841 was a vintage year. Apart from the fact that KING EDWARD VII. was born on November 9th, it saw the birth of two illustrious commoners, one on May 14th and the other on July 17th, who were destined for eighty-four years to flourish side-by-side. The younger is still hearty; the other, Sir SQUIRE BANCROFT, died last week.

And when he died there died more than a distinguished actor, a courtly gentleman and a shrewd observer of affairs; there vanished a symbol of a more leisurely age than ours, a link with the past. Not that he was merely a survival; far from it, for he took the liveliest interest in the affairs of the moment, whether political or social, theatrical or financial, the theatre by no means coming first with emphasis. While you never forgot when you were with him that here was a man who had travelled by coach, who had seen the Duke of WELLINGTON, he was of 1926 too.

A sound philosopher with very wide interests, he accepted things (like his younger contemporary of 1841), even the newest, as they came, even if he did not welcome them, and adapted himself to them. He might not have desired the cinema, but he studied it. He might not like the motor-car, but he rode in it and did not permit it to run over him. And he remained very young. Although so calm and judicial in conversation, as a playgoer he was capable to the end of a sentimental enthusiasm that the simplest might envy. When I went with him on his eighth visit to *Marie Rose* (in his own old theatre) his tears splashed on the floor.

As an actor BANCROFT was urbane, polished, adequate; but as a manager he was more: he was creative and great, and it is chiefly as a manager that he will be remembered. Audiences and actors alike, wherever plays are performed, should honour his name, for he was the father of the modern stage. He found theatres ill-arranged and insanitary and made them comfortable; he found the drama too often conventional and unreal and made it recognizable; he found too many actors and actresses without proper consideration and self-respect and gave them a new status and pride.

Could he read these lines Sir SQUIRE (or "B.," as his friends called him) would be the first to disclaim the credit for such innovation and influence; he would point out that but for his wife, the bewitching MARIE WILTON, he could not have thought of or carried out half his enterprises, and but for T. W. ROBERTSON, who provided them with that series of domestic comedies which began with *Society* in 1865 and came to its finest flower in 1867 with *Caste*, he would not have thrown his weight into the easy naturalism of production and performance which is associated with him; but the fact remains that it is to the name of BANCROFT that these reformations are allied, and that name was his.

Whether it was by ROBERTSON'S wish or by his own instinct that the young actor-manager as long ago as fifty-nine years dared to play *Captain Hawtree* without side-whiskers or any of the stock accessories of the heavy swell, but as someone that everybody in the house might have known, I cannot now say; the interesting thing is that he did it, and thus drove another nail into the coffin of facile and unthinking staginess.

In any tribute to Sir SQUIRE'S social labours one expects to find appreciative reference to that heroic series of readings from DICKENS to which he devoted much of his leisure in his latter days, and through which he was able to hand over very considerable sums to charities. He once showed me the copy of the *Christmas Carol* which he had prepared for this task, and it proved the patient thoroughness which he brought to everything he did. Only its essentials remained, specially adapted for the purpose to which he was putting it, and these were printed in a very large type, while the leaves were so bound that they fell widely open at each turning and could not swing back. Although he knew the words by heart, he was never without the book on the lectern. An examination of it made one realise the more clearly why the BANCROFT rule at the Prince of Wales's Theatre from 1867 to 1879, and at the Haymarket from 1880 to 1884, was so successful. He left nothing to chance.

Exactly the same patient thoroughness was his when you asked him a question. Whether you wanted to know how he felt, or what was his opinion of some last night's first performance, or if it would rain, or if such-and-such was a promising investment, he was equally on his honour. Withdrawing himself a little and fixing you with a steady gaze through his eyeglass, he would give the subject every consideration before, with head tilted back and slightly swaying, he delivered the verdict. But when the verdict came it was complete; the oracle had spoken.

It is then no wonder that BANCROFT stories are legion, most of them turning upon this oracularity. Probably no one's tones and mannerisms are mimicked with more success than those of "B.," not only by actors who knew him and have the right, but (as is the case with HENRY KEMBLE) by those who have acquired the data and machinery only at second-hand. But though these re-creations often have their mischief they are wholly without malice. It was "B.'s" happy fortune to be made fun of by his fellow-actors only "as though they loved him."

No one, however, must deduce from what I have said that "B.'s" remarks were empty. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Always sagacious, he could also be very apt and witty. He might best be described, however, in his later years of repose, as wise, cautious and kind. Kindness indeed knew no more congenial soil.

If the theatre has lost a bulwark London has lost a landmark. Never again will Piccadilly be aware of that imposing presence: that hat of a shape and magnitude peculiar to the wearer; the eyeglass with its broad black ribbon; the regal tilt of the fine head; the large benign features and the white moustache; the assured deliberate onset, with the character-



THE APOLOGIST.

istically prudent pause at every corner. "B." did not on those stately progressions look at the world: he surveyed it. Outdoors, as thousands of Londoners will agree, he was superb; but indoors, when he had removed his hat, he was more: he was beautiful, so exquisite was the silvered hair massed above his brow. By the loss of that noble head alone the West End is the poorer—"B.'s" own particular section of the city being the streets between the Albany, where he had his rooms, and the Garrick Club and the Athenæum, where he met his friends and lost some of his loneliness.

And who was the other famous child of 1841? None other than Mr. Punch, whose first number was dated July 17th of that year. It was "B.'s" pleasant boast that he had known personally all *Punch's* editors, from Mark Lemon onwards; and he was thus in a special way our friend. Never can he be replaced. E. V. L.

INFLUENZA.

If I 'm hot I don't know; if I 'm cold I don't know;
My bed is so hard and the pillow 's too low;
Then you prop me right up and it 's worse than before,
And the room is too cold if you open the door,
And if it is shut then the fire is too big,
And I know I am cross an' I know I 'm a pig;
But I 'm hungry and yet I can't eat anything,
And I 'm thirsty but hate all the drinks that you bring;
And I don't like a noise or for people to talk,
But I can't be alone, so you can't have a walk;
And the doctor is silly as silly can be,
For he whispered to you, "She 's a hundred-and-three!"
Oh, if I felt better I 'm sure I should laugh,
For everyone knows that I 'm five-and-a-half!



Archæologist (*in search of prehistoric implements on Wiltshire Downs*). "I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY COLLECTING FLINTS ON YOUR LAND?"

Farmer (*suspecting mental trouble*). "NOT ME! YOU JUST FILL YER POCKETS WITH 'EM AND TAKE 'EM 'OME TO MOTHER."

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

A HEAD.

(*After Mr. J. C. SQUIRE.*)

It will be stealthily, ah, almost imperceptibly
That Time will reave the glories of my head.
I shall look into the glass and say, "This is not me!"
And gasp, and cry, "This is not I!" instead,

And go to the sleek barber in his brilliant parlour
With barren pate, and humbly ask him if
With GEORGE R. SIMS (or was it GEORGE A. SALA?)
He faced a task so lamentably stiff.

This hair, my hair, oh, now the fate that comes to it,
The thinning thatch that scarcely I may part,
Makes me resolve to sacrifice great sums to it
In one last throw of science and of art.

No oil has bettered it, its swift decline arrested,
Once so luxuriant, so well arranged;
No paste or lotion, nought that I have tested
The grim inexorable blight has changed.

Each group of hairs is lonely now, attenuate
As straggling cornstalks in a calcined field;
Daily the follicles dilapidate,
Yet am I hopeful, yet I will not yield.

This head, this dome, this casket of high fantasy,
Shall it unjewelled stand, its splendours shed,
Ravished of beauty irretrievably,
As some exhumed Egyptian's hairless head,

While the swart hog in grunting vile contentment
Achieves his bristles in the muck of sties,
Careless of dreams or thought, without resentment
Of snout and fatuous tail and weazen eyes?

Lilies and weeds from pools and slime arising,
Even that pale moonlight Lily of Malud—
These have wild growth beyond a quack's devising,
These have no stimulants but light and mud.

And all the hosts of shining constellations
Imponderably shake their manes of fire
Without massage or patent preparations,
Whilst I am frustrate in my great desire.

Baldness and chills will come, and hard the hats will be,
Yet imperturbable this head will stand,
Meeting unflinchingly the barber's scrutiny,
Eager to try the friction of his hand.

W. K. S.

"A keen motorist who had just returned from a tour of Southern Europe was being questioned by his friends about the trip. 'I suppose you went to Venice and Ventimiglia and all those places?' asked somebody. 'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the traveller with a yawn; 'you see, I was driving all the time.' "—*Indian Paper.*

"A keen motorist who had just returned from a tour of Northern India was being questioned by his friends about the trip. 'I suppose you went to Agra and Delhi and all those places?' asked somebody. 'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the traveller with a yawn: 'you see, I was driving all the time.' "—*Same Paper, same day.*

The following explanation of this strange coincidence has been furnished by an obliging Welshman: "India and Italy both begin with an 'I,' and there is roadhogs in both."

THE TOURIST'S MODEST REQUIREMENTS.

By An Old Traveller.

For some years it has been my annual practice to spend my three weeks' holiday on the Continent. Therefore I may reasonably claim to be no longer a mere tourist, but rather an old traveller. That being so I feel bound in all fairness to offer a little advice to the responsible authorities of the countries I am in the habit of visiting.

Of course the old traveller knows that when he goes abroad he will encounter difficulties, even discomforts. This is inherent in the fact that no other nations enjoy the advantage of being British. But, if certain obvious conditions were complied with, those discomforts might be greatly mitigated and foreign countries need not then ever fear to lose the patronage of the travel-loving Englishman.

First of all the hotels must be cheap, considerably cheaper than for the same accommodation at home. While up-to-date in all respects they should retain their old-world charm and their national characteristics; while centrally situated, with a cheerful bustling outlook, they should be absolutely quiet.

The towns should be clean and well managed, and should provide all modern conveniences, as well as the newspapers, cigarettes, tobacco and, of course, tea, to which the tourist is accustomed at home; but they must maintain unimpaired their mediæval appearance and atmosphere.

The inhabitants should not be too obviously busy, though they should engage in picturesque handicrafts, preferably in picturesque costumes. Always obliging and merry, they should esteem it a privilege to render a service to the stranger within their gates, even during their working hours, and should accept the smallest gratuity with charming courtesy. A few artistically ragged beggars might be tolerated, for they are all known to be capitalists and probably owners of house property, but no one who looks dirty or really miserable.

No new buildings should be erected in those parts of the towns visited by travellers.

Churches should preserve the atmosphere of places of worship and not of museums, but services should not be held in them at those hours of the day when it is most convenient for foreigners to inspect their artistic treasures.

An Englishman abroad enjoys being taken for a native when speaking the language of the country or in the company of a less-travelled compatriot, but not otherwise. Even if he is wearing his oldest clothes—as he well may be in a country where he feels that his best confections would be wasted—something in the way he wears them should show anyone of the least intelligence that they are British clothes, and of course as such the envy and despair of all Continental nations.

First-class carriages on the railways should be kept as far as possible for the tourists, especially one's fellow-countrymen, and not too many of them. They should not be heated more than is usual in English trains.

It need hardly be said that all hospitals, prisons and similarly dismal buildings should be kept entirely in the background. Travellers can see plenty of them at home, and they go abroad to enjoy themselves.

Something must, I presume, be allowed for the changes of the seasons, but surely the resources of modern horticultural science might do a good deal to lessen the inconvenience that they cause. What can be more annoying than to take all the trouble of going to Sicily and then find no ripe oranges left, or to Switzerland and find the wild flowers over?

If the above suggestions were carried out I am sure that a very large number of my countrymen would willingly continue to patronise places abroad, for many of these are in their foreign way quite worth while. Moreover an Englishman would never know the one unfailing delight of foreign travel, the return to England, unless he went abroad.

These remarks will, I trust, be received in a proper spirit. I have nearly always been treated with courtesy abroad, or with what I believe was honestly intended for courtesy. That courtesy I shall continue to repay, as I have invariably repaid it in the past, except on those occasions when I felt that a little lesson was called for.



Peacemaker. "But, even if he did hit you, you ought not to have retaliated."
Urchin. "'E retaliated fust, Sir."

"Woolly Rhinoceros Remains in Scotland."

We infer he is not a native or he would have come South long ago.

'LOGICAL NOVELS.

III.—THE GENEALOGICAL.

TOLD BY TIME.

IT was Great-great-grandmama's birthday—her hundredth. She woke early. She always had done so since those long-ago days when she went riding in the Row with her father, one of the heroes of Waterloo.

Great-grandmama Borden and her daughter, Grandmama Sinclair, had arrived the night before. And Grandmama's eldest daughter, Mrs. Mackenzie, had been motored down by her children, Joan and Peter, in Joan's new car, to the Sussex watering-place. There were so many descendants of Great-great-grandmama's in the world that they almost deserved an Outspoken Essay all to themselves. And Joan and Peter, the twins, though they disapproved strongly of the marriage tie, had youth's candid civic belief in the growth of nations and the colonization of Central Australia.

"I don't believe in FREUD, as mother does," Joan remarked in her clear precise little voice; "his day is over. But I believe in the duty we owe to the white races. Peter and I are determined to maintain their numbers and supremacy against the rising tide of colour."

Great-great-grandmama, in spite of her marvellous powers, felt herself bewildered by the voices of all her descendants and she refused to entertain more of them than could sit at her round table for dinner.

"It will be too much for you, Mama," urged Great-grandmama Borden.

"Tut-tut, my dear," said Great-great-grandmama; "you young people haven't our Waterloo stamina. I shall enjoy it immensely, only you all speak so indistinctly I find it hard to understand you."

Joan was the first birthday visitor to Great-great-grandmama's bedside.

"Many happies, dear," Joan said, taking up the ear-trumpet. "Look, I've brought you two volumes of STRACHEY. You *do* like him, don't you?"

"I do, my dear. He pulls all your Great-grandmama's idols to pieces. Poor dear, she does talk so much about FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and dear QUEEN VICTORIA, and it's a comfort to know they *were* human beings. For myself, I find the Victorians unco' guid. A little spice of the Regency period appeals to me. But don't tell the other grandmamas."

"Of course not," said Joan gravely, sitting down on the big bed. She was very simply clad in a wet bathing-dress and a bath-cloak. Her slim wet figure and her candid face framed in damp shingled hair seemed very touching to her ancestress. For Great-great-grandmama, like the Sphinx, sat on the edge of eternity, smiling inscrutably.

"Have you been bathing, child?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother and I and Peter, we went down to the sea. Grandmama *would* come too. You know, now that she's a Christian Scientist, she insists that she can bathe in March and not get rheumatism."

"That's the ninth religion your grandmama has taken up in the last three years. She can't satisfy herself. She belonged to a period that got upset by Mrs. EDDY. I think your Great-grandmama is happier. She was moulded by the Oxford Movement. Church History is her atmosphere. But where is your mother?"

"Mother is playing tennis on the hard court with Peter. Poor Peter! she always beats him. Did you know, darling, that Mother decided this morning to work for a Law degree?"

"No. She must have got her taste for law in the days when she was always attacking policemen and being sent to prison."

Joan nodded.

"Yes, one forgets how poor mother worked for the Vote," she said; "it all seems so long ago—like the Boer War, which Mother remembers, and rhymed verse, though that is coming back again. Peter and I have been rhyming lately. You *did* know that Peter and I have just produced a volume of poems, didn't you, darling?"

"Yes, yes, child, to be sure. Grandmama said she couldn't understand a word of them, and Great-grandmama thought they weren't very nice. But I'm sure your poems are as pretty as yourselves, my chick. What is the booked called?"

"*Noughts and Crosses*," answered Joan; "it's the design on the cover, you know—symbolic, of course."

She stood up.

"Perhaps I should dress now," she explained; "I'll have to run up to town before lunch and give some orders at the garage. You know I run a garage? And then I'm Broadcasting at 3.15, and speaking on Tower Hill to Communists at 4.30; but I shall be back here in time for your dinner, of course, darling."

* * * *

That night, at the polished round table in the Sussex house, five generations of women met to celebrate Great-great-great-grandmama's century. Peter and one of the Grandpapas were there too. But it was difficult to feel that they really counted quite so much, for, as Mrs. Mackenzie said in her neat little after-dinner speech, "Woman is at the winning-post."

The ancestress smiled ironically. She had small sympathy with causes, although, as she pointed out, she could just remember the excitement in her family when the Reform Bill was passed, and how dear Great-great-great-grandpapa had disapproved of it. And then she could well remember the Abolition of Slavery in the British Dominions in 1833. All the same—with a little bow to Grandpapa and Peter—she hoped that Man would always be the slave of Woman. Joan raised her candid eyes from earnest contemplation of some French chocolates.

"I don't believe in sex," she said simply; "I choose to ignore it."

Great-grandmama did not understand Joan as the ancestress did, and she never failed to "rise," as Peter said.

"Not believe in sex, Joan," she protested, "when Woman is Man's most ennobling influence? Where would the world be but for FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the woman whose example influenced all my youth? Ah! if you had been a girl in 1854, as I was, and led by the vision of the Lady of the Lamp to realise Woman's power as ministering angel!"



New Local Magistrate (to defendant). "THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS CASE. PAY HALF-A-CROWN."



Visitor (who has been asked to criticise the latest masterpiece). "Ah, very neat." *(Collapse of Artist and Wife.)*

Joan grew a little pert.

"If I 'd been old enough, Great-gran, of course I 'd have been a Fanny or a Waac or something in the Great War. I'm sure Florence Nightingale would be nowhere with our women to-day."

Great-grandmama could not always be suppressed even by the youngest generation.

"Woman has, I consider, largely forfeited the chivalrous protection and admiration of Man," she continued. "The Oxford Movement, led by dear Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble, raised Woman to a pedestal that she has now sacrificed for the sake of silk stockings, Russian boots and a dress like a—like a——" Great-grandmama hesitated to say "chemise" before Peter.

"Bathing-dress," suggested Joan. She drank her glass of champagne with a lucid and confident air.

"The Oxford Movement entirely failed in its recognition of Woman's real place in life and government," protested Joan's mother in her platform voice. "It was reactionary and sentimental in this respect. A few Archdeaconesses and Canonesses would have leavened the Church and taken the world a stride forward towards perfection. Law is impossible without Woman's equal co-operation."

"There I partly agree with Mother," said Joan kindly. "But we have gone further. The women of my day—the women who count, I mean—have realised that all law is reactionary. As I said in my speech on Tower Hill to-day, 'law should be made illegal.'"

Grandpapa laughed. He thought Joan so very pretty. He felt sure that any man would vote for her to be anything she wished. But it occurred to him that his own wife had not spoken. She was sometimes ignored. Her chief function in life had been to be a beauty. She had been greatly admired by the Pre-Raphaelite School. Sir John Millais had made a sketch of her and she had a funny quizzical letter from Burne-Jones. Indeed, she often assumed the rather drooping delicate pose of a Pre-Raphaelite Madonna.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" Grandpapa asked. "Don't let your period be ignored."

"I don't think history will ignore it," she answered, "though I know Joan and Peter don't think anything of Tennyson. Do you, darlings?"

Peter groaned slightly.

"Or Swinburne or Ruskin or Gabriel Rossetti? But you know I don't think there 's any *hero*-worship in these days, Joan. When I remember how we all adored Gordon and how we felt when he was killed in 1885! Your mother *would* admire Mr. Gladstone, but she never learnt that from me. I always blamed him about Gordon and about those dreadful Irish murders in 1882. Some people made Parnell a hero—I saw him once at a railway-station. But really I think mistaken hero-worship is better than none. I do think you young people are rather commonplace."

"Peter went on a journalistic mission to Ireland in 1922, Gran," Joan explained, "and got so used to murders that I don't see how he can be expected to be interested even in murderers, however high they rank as heroes in our Press."

Joan's mother interrupted with a smile.

"I claim the greatest day," she declared, "with woman's vote."

But Great-great-grandmama was tired. She clutched her stick and rose to her feet.

"Joan, your arm," she commanded. "Peter, open the door for me. I have had enough history. Good night."

W. M. L.

"Our education fails us, not only civically and socially, but culturely also."
Provincial Magazine.

So it seems.



MŒURS ET MODES (MONTE CARLO).

HORTENSE AND JACQUELINE, HAVING TAKEN THEIR MORNING EXERCISE ON THE SWINGS, PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR THE PROMENADE.

IN ENGLAND, MERRIE ENGLAND.

(In which the poet endeavours to present all the literal features of a Spring Song on the most esteemed models, not overlooking the menace of a coal-strike on Mayday morn.)

In England, merrie England,
It fell upon a day,
The lark was in the welkin,
The merle was on the may.
Sing hey! Sing hey!
Jug-jug!
Tra-la!
For Phyllida hath kissed me;
For Phyllida hath kissed me;
But there was no agreement
About the miners' pay.

In England, merrie England,
It fell upon a morn,
The miners vowed to leave us,
As I could well have sworn.
Forlorn, forlorn!
Jug-jug!
Tu-whit!
For Phyllida doth mock me;
For Phyllida doth mock me;
The subsidy expireth
Because it can't be borne.

In England, merrie England,
It fell upon a noon,
Before the cowslip faded
Or cuckoo had her tune;
So soon, so soon,
Jug! jug!
Pee-weet!
For Phyllida doth flout me;
For Phyllida doth flout me;
The miners met the owners
And asked them for the moon.

In England, merrie England,
It fell upon an eve,
The time was growing shorter
And I must well believe
And grieve, ah, grieve!
Jug, jug!
Cuckoo!
For Phyllida is faithless;
For Phyllida is faithless;
This coal is dead and done for
And miners do deceive.

In England, merrie England,
It fell upon a night,
Her ships were lying empty
Before the may was white.
Ah, spite! false spite!
Jug, jug!
Tra-la!
For Phyllida repenteth;
For Phyllida repenteth;
But who will save old England
And keep her fires alight? EVOE.

An Appeal to the Nation.

Mr. Punch begs to remind his readers at home and abroad that April is SHAKESPEARE'S birthday month, and that cheques made payable to his Stratford Memorial Theatre Fund and addressed to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C. 4, will be gratefully received and handed over to the National Fund inaugurated by *The Daily Telegraph*.

Our Cynical Clerics.

From the list of addresses to be delivered at a local church association:—

"April 15 'Great Faith.'
" 22 'The Marriage Service.'
" 29 'Hell.'"

Our Oracular Journalists.

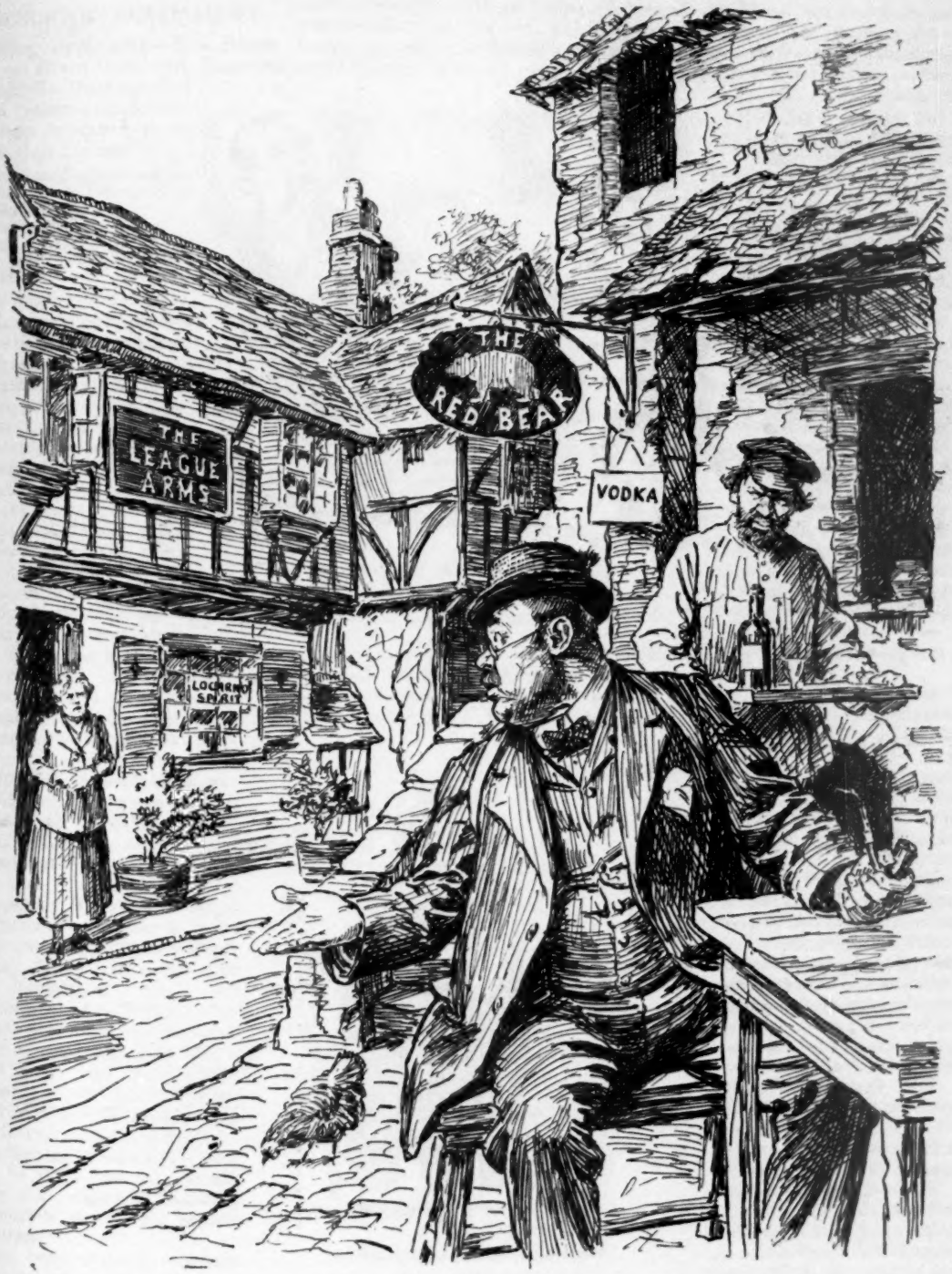
"I suppose the love of pretty things is innate in most women, even from the days of their childhood."—*Provincial Paper.*

It is astonishing how early these innate qualities are acquired.

From an article on "Newspaper Publicity":—

"Thoughtless men and women criticise newspapers for trivial mistakes."
Canadian Paper.

Not wishing to be regarded as thoughtless we refrain from comment.



FORTIFYING HIMSELF.

Landlady of "The League Arms." "WHAT ARE YOU DOING OVER THERE?"

The German. "WELL, YOU WOULDN'T SERVE ME TILL SEPTEMBER, AND I COULDN'T WAIT ALL THAT TIME FOR A DRINK."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 19th.—The Secretary of State for the Colonies informed Mr. Ramsden that he *had* "received representations from Antigua with regard to their finances."

Said the beautiful isle of Antigua
To Great Britain, "How wealthy and big you are!
Our financial posish
Isn't all we could wish:
Pray assist with a nice little figuar."

The Assistant-Postmaster-General regretted that he saw no likelihood of making the telegraph system self-supporting. A good deal of the loss, he agreed with Commander Bellairs, was due to unremunerative Press rates for betting and other intelligence. This revelation caused Mr. Jack Jones to take up a highly moral attitude. "Will the Government," he asked, "at the same time they stop the miners' subsidy stop this subsidy to the most dangerous section of the community?"



RACING INTELLIGENCE.
Stiggins resists the Tempter.
Mr. Jack Jones and Lord Wolmer.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his *Club of Queer Trades*, tells of a man whose profession was to go to dinner-parties and make pre-arranged remarks which were to be heavily scored off by other diners anxious to secure a reputation for dialectic brilliance. There are moments when Captain Garro-Jones fulfils this *rôle* so perfectly that one assures oneself only with the greatest difficulty that his discomfiture is not prearranged. To-day he asked the Foreign Secretary to insist on the publication of the Franco-Turkish Treaty "in accordance with international law." Sir Austen replied with great dignity (*a*) that there was no foundation for the suggestion that a secret treaty had been made; (*b*) that it was not for the British Government to insist on action by any other government, and (*c*) that if another government did propose to break its engagement under the League of Nations' Covenant it was for the League to protest.

The suspension of thirteen Members last week bobbed up again. Mr. Thurtle with apparent artlessness asked the Speaker why he had not been counted in the Division List on that occasion, and was told that it was because he had passed the clerks into the Division Lobby but had not passed the Tellers out again, the latter movement being what constituted the act of voting. Then how, demanded Mr. MacDonald quickly, could Members who had committed no crime except that of not voting be suspended? The Speaker said he was not going to reopen that question, nor would he "make it clear" that it was not to be taken as a precedent. Having made a useful effort towards spring-cleaning the House, he was not going back on it.



AFTER THE SPRING CLEANING.
"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust."
Shirley.
Mr. Speaker.

In Committee on the Economy Bill the Home Secretary gracefully undertook to arrange "in another place" for the withdrawal of certain clauses amending the election law, and, when twitted by Sir John Simon with speaking "as if he had the House of Lords in his pocket," retorted that the precedent (for thus avoiding a discussion on the Report stage of a Bill) was established by Mr. Lloyd George. "At that time," he added drily, "the House of Lords was in the pocket of Mr. Lloyd George."

In attacking Clause 14, dealing with Education, Sir John Simon likened the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the old stag in "The Story of a Red Deer," who when hard pressed used to rout out of his comfortable lair some younger stag or hind to be pursued in turn while he "nestled down in the warm bed which he had caused his junior colleague to desert." When the House adjourned the junior colleague, Lord Eustace Percy, was still showing the Labour hunt a clean pair of heels.

Tuesday, April 20th.—Captain T. J. O'Connor drew the Chancellor of the Exchequer's attention to the fact that a young British artist had been fined six pounds for bringing his own sketches back from the Continent by passenger train, they being "imported merchandise" within the meaning of the Customs regulations. Mr. Churchill was naturally moved by the recital—for has he not himself returned from the Continent laden with similar merchandise?—and said the six-pound fine had been refunded in this case, but it must not be assumed that such fines would not be imposed in future. Artists can console themselves with the thought that their pictures are "merchandise" in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's eye, no matter who else refuses to attach a value to them.

Two Private Bills which might be regarded as complementary to one another were introduced—the first by Sir F. Meyer, "to provide for the licensing of petrol-pumps by highway authorities," and the second by Mr. Trevelyan, "to secure to the public the right of access to mountains and moorlands." In these days, when the public seems to have almost lost the use of its legs, Mr. Tre-

VELYAN'S measure would be of little use without Sir FRANK MEYER'S.

Wednesday, April 21st.—Their Lordships' debate on the thorny question of the League of Nations' Council might perhaps be described as "Geneva without Tears." Lord PARMOOR, while congratulating everybody that Lord CECIL was going to represent Great Britain on the Constitution Committee of the League, intimated that the Committee would probably wrangle as actively and as hopelessly as did the Assembly itself. Lord CECIL in reply declared that it was beyond the wit of man to select a League of Nations' Committee that was both impartial and influential. Having aimed this highly destructive shaft at the bosom of his own offspring Lord CECIL embarked on an explanation of how, in his opinion, the League Council should behave and how he himself expected to be instructed by the Government to behave, which cannot have left their Lordships much wiser than they were before.

Mr. DIXEY having failed to secure a First Reading for his Bill for the registration of bookmakers, the House went into Committee on the Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill. This has always furnished an opportunity for the Opposition to exploit the grievances of the private soldier, and often has resulted in debates being carried into the small hours. To-day the House was content with a discussion on the abolition of the death penalty in the Army, the most telling contribution being that of Major ATLEE, who declared that if the discipline of a unit broke down it was the officer in charge who should be "for it."

A livelier debate followed on Sir ALAN BURGOYNE'S motion dealing with Communist propaganda. Mr. SAKLATVALA described himself as "a child of the Labour Party" and said that his policy was not to bother about constitutionalism, but to go out and get the things of which the trade unionists told him he had been wrongfully deprived by the capitalists. He could not use his fists while the Government had armed forces, so he appealed to the latter not to shoot. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS in reply said that his fingers had itched to go out and get Mr. SAKLATVALA, and intimated that the hon. Member and his fellow Reds might at any moment feel the weight of that itching palm if they broke the law. As Sir HENRY SLESSER had already urged Sir ALAN BURGOYNE to leave these matters in the hands of the accomplished HOME SECRETARY, Sir WILLIAM'S remarks presumably satisfied all parties, and the motion was decorously talked out.

Thursday, April 22nd.—The proverb says that there is no smoke without fire. It is the purpose of the Public Health (Smoke Abatement) Bill, discussed to-day by the House of Lords in Committee, that there shall be no smoke anyhow, at least in our busy marts of trade. Lord DE LA WARR introduced an Amendment which would have the effect of abolishing the coal-fire from all houses built under the Housing Acts; but Lord SALISBURY stoutly championed the open fire and drew a pretty picture of the noble mover of the Amendment standing in front of his own hearth, the coat-tails removed from the risk of ignition in the customary manner, preparing the speeches with which he illuminated their Lordships' House. Another Amendment, seeking to bring steamships within the purview of the Bill, struck Lord INCHCAPE and sank almost immediately. Unlike *Sir Ralph the Rover*, who tore his hair and cursed himself in his despair, Lord DE LA WARR kept his emotions well in hand.

A little homely back-chat always endears the House of Commons to its patrons. The thirteen suspended Labour Members returned to the House yesterday in a sort of Pyrrhic phalanx, amid the cheers of their friends. Their entry coincided with the middle of an answer by the HOME SECRETARY. "You ought to have been here yesterday," cried that cheery Minister, who no doubt regretted a lost opportunity of telling the Member for Bow and Bromley that his fingers had itched for him too. "You took jolly good care that I wasn't," retorted Mr. LANSBURY with amiable truculence. The House called the honours even.

Mr. BALDWIN presented the Bill to make the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND a Principal Secretary of State, complete with Under-Secretaries, and informed Mr. MACDONALD that the Labour Party's motion of censure of the CHAIRMAN was less important than the Budget and would not be taken next week.

The Third Reading of the Economy Bill was voted after all the critics had repeated their criticisms. The sting was deftly removed from them by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who in a sort of statistical abstract pointed out that in the debate the word "robber" had been used sixty-seven times, while the epithets specially applied to himself included "villain of the piece," "robber," "marauder," "cat-burglar," and "Artful Dodger." He then proceeded to get a bit of his own back by referring to the Opposition as "a number of estimable but angry and excited politicians engaged in abusing the Government," and by applying the term "paragon" to Mr. TREVELYAN, who, unlike Terrible James, does not like people calling him names.



THE SAFE SIDE OF THE HEDGE.
MR. SAKLATVALA AND SIR W. JOYNSON-HICKS.

Another Sidelight on History.

From a political speech:—

"The Bill out-Herodded Herod in its Socialism."—*Daily Paper.*

This is the first we have heard of HEROD'S Socialistic tendencies.

"The white elephant that was to have sailed a month ago from Rangoon to London missed his boat."—*Sunday Paper.*

He must have gone back for his portmanteau.

"If a fox is destructive, let it be shot by all means. But let us shoot it decently and quietly, and not to an accompaniment of baccahanalian revelry."—*Evening Paper.*

A beautiful sentiment, but its sincerity a little marred surely by that untimely hiccough.



Melancholy signs of depression on the aspidistra plantations of South America, due to the spread of artistic culture in the suburbs.

TO THE INFANT PRINCESS.

In those dim days that song and story mellow,
Ere ever *news* essayed its fierce white arts,
Each Monarch was a merry wise old fellow,
And every Queen acclaimed a Queen of Hearts;
Princes were brave and true, and all Princesses
Found wit and beauty in their horoscopes,
But what I 've always wondered, I confess, is
What sort of conduct marked the Royal hopes?

Did Princess Goldilocks refuse her bottle,
Steal out of bed or give her nurse a shock
By saying "Shan't!"? Did anyone say, "What 'll
Your dear Mama do when she sees your frock?"
Did she get spanked for walking into puddles,
Did she climb trees and bring the dog indoors,
Or weep because her sums got all in muddles,
And dub French verbs and history horrid bores?

We do not know, my dear; but if *you* do 'em
(And, *entre nous*, we rather hope you will,
For childish pranks, although we 're made to rue 'em,
Denote a zest of life that 's none so ill),
We 'll know—or guess—since it becomes each dutiful
Subject of yours full interest to evince;
So please to grow up merry, wise and beautiful,
And all the world will be your Fairy Prince. Algol.

"The well-known author of Roget's 'The Saurus.'"—*Scots Paper.*

The title "*The* Saurus" is widely recognised. It was assumed by the head of the Ichthyo branch of the Saurus family.

"Lost.—Tabby Cat, since Thursday, answering to name of 'Perdu.'" *Channel Islands Paper.*

Give a cat a bad name and he 'll deserve it.

DEEP-SEA MANNERS AND MODES.

(*By our Scientific Correspondent.*)

Though the steamer *William Scoresby*, which is being fitted with a laboratory in which scientists will arrange experiments to discover the birthrate of whales and whether they are monogamous, is the first to take official cognizance of these social problems of the deep, it is understood that several societies have been working on similar lines in the past. The organizing secretary of one of these bodies states that it seems to have been established beyond a doubt that in certain circumstances lobsters may change colour without the agency of boiling water. This happened to a young British specimen which had been caught and fitted with an identity disc before being transferred to the waters of the Lido during the bathing season. Further experiments are to be carried out this summer at Deauville. If successful, the existence of a somewhat demoded sense of propriety in crustaceans may be regarded as an established fact.

The exceedingly high rate of infant mortality among soles and plaice is causing considerable anxiety among restaurant proprietors, and a special commission is about to be formed to look into the matter and make a report. Flat-fish are notoriously careless mothers, but the establishment of welfare-centres is not regarded as practicable at present.

The question whether the giant squid ever mates with his deceased wife's sister has been engaging much attention, but so far this problem remains unsolved.

"The aspirant to new records is a leviathan oar of 400-h.p. (which develops 600-h.p.), and theoretically is capable of something like 200 miles an hour."—*Daily Paper.*

The rumour that the O.U.B.C. has ordered eight of these powerful oars for next year's Boat Race is at present unconfirmed.

TESTS—AND OTHERS.

AN EFFORT AT PROPORTION.

Now Spring is here and once again
Brings cricket in her golden train,
And many a young heart swells with high endeavour
To drop this fault, to shun that vice,
That let him down not once nor twice
Last year, and this time not to be too clever.

Now at the first sweet scent of oil
The schoolboy gives scholastic toil
A miss, and turns his liveliest concentration
On cricket's comprehensive art
From every side, and, as a start,
Raising a new bat out of some relation.

Enlivened by a lick of paint
Old railings doff their wintry taint,
Rough wickets own the influence of the roller,
While the committee contemplates
The likelihood of decent gates,
And prays the gods to send a good fast bowler.

Not likely; for too oft, methinks,
The young man fresh from court or links
Prefers his cricket seen from the pavilion,
And village youths are prone to strike
'Gainst cricket for a motor-bike
With one behind ensconced upon the pillion.

Yet England, as a whole, is true,
And still the old spell comes anew
To an extent misunderstood by aliens,
And far and wide the call goes forth
From West to East, from South to North,
Including, as a detail, the Australians.

* * * * * *

E'en those whose day is past and gone
Save in the *rôle* of lookers-on
Expend their shillings and their leisure gladly,
And, though the game, as they agree,
Is far from what it used to be,
They somehow manage not to do so badly.

They wander back with faint regrets
To that first moment at the nets,
A yearly rapture; still the memory lingers
Of some loved bat; their thoughts recall
The glory of the first red ball,
And how infernally it stung their fingers.

Again they reconstruct the list
Of catches tragically missed,
Remembering each melancholy sitter,
A life-long injury dispelled
By thought of one real corker held—
Left-handed too—from some prodigious hitter;

The side their bowling put to rout,
The day they ran that fellow out,
Triumph and shame, their centuries and zeros,
Pervade them as they sit alone
On gloomy deal or bitter stone,
Watching the game and thinking of past heroes.

* * * * * *

So year succeeds to year. And, though
The Press has got the game in tow
Already, as a kind of hothouse copy,
And though to-day we see no more
The good TOM RICHARDSONS of yore,
And though, no doubt, the two-eyed stance is sloppy,
Alike to those that play or gaze
The year should hold some pleasing days
Of sound enjoyment, take things altogether;
And—specially perhaps this year
With the Australians over here—
I hope there 'll be good sport and decent weather.

DUM-DUM.

PANAMA IN THE PARK.

THE scheme for converting Tagg's Island on the Thames into a miniature replica of Palm Beach by the plantation of palms, the accumulation of a copious supply of the finest sea sand and the provision of facilities for mixed bathing is, we are glad to learn, not an isolated example of the laudable effort to rise superior to the disabilities of our climate, and to invoke the resources of science in enhancing the amenities of refined society.

The prospectus of another scheme has just reached us, the main object of which is to establish a permanent stately pleasure dome in the heart of London, surrounded by every sort of open-air attraction, to be called the Panama Palace.

Negotiations are already on foot with the view of taking over the Albert Hall and reconstructing it to meet the needs of the situation; but this design, if carried out, will only be one of the minor features of the scheme.

With unerring sagacity the promoters realise that it is absolutely essential to secure a temperature and a climate which shall warrant the adoption of the name Panama. They have accordingly arranged with Sir ALFRED MOND to import a small but active volcano from Central America, which it is proposed to erect on the site of the Albert Memorial, guarded, however, with barriers to prevent the outflow of lava from interfering with the aquatic activities of bathers in the Serpentine, which will be renamed the river Alph or Alf, in grateful recognition of the great magnate's services.

The Alph (or Alf) will by means of a powerful Calorifier be kept at a uniform temperature of seventy, so that bathing can be indulged in throughout the year without danger of chills, catarrh or spontaneous broncho-combustion. To lend completeness to the picture it has been thought desirable to import a few tame hippopotami and crocodiles; and a splendid stretch of sand specially conveyed from the Sahara is to be laid down for the joint delectation of racing motorists, barefoot dancers and children of all ages.

It remains to be added that the services of a distinguished psycho-physicist have been retained with the view of concentrating the solar rays on the Palace and grounds and so supplying a special climate to the area irrespective of the meteorological conditions prevailing elsewhere.

The list of Directors of the Panama Park Company here appended is calculated to inspire not only confidence but enthusiasm:—

His Prismatic Highness the Xanthogenate of Cellulose (*Chairman*).
Lord Waterstock of Rampton.
Baron Bortch.
Sir Gulliver Dodge, F.R.S.
Dr. Ploverley Egham, President of the Psycho-Dietetic Society.
The Right Hon. Lord Aldehyde.
Mr. Aureole Calverley.
Sir Cibber Wright.
Lord Runnymede of Rum.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Buds on the fruit trees locally are well advanced for this season of the year, but no danger from frost is anticipated unless there should be a sudden drop in temperature."—*Canadian Paper.*



THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

When August is here and our lessons are done,
The Island of Wight is the Island of Fun,
Entirely surrounded by sea—and the legs
Of Mollies and Michaels, of Peters and Pegs,
Whose questions as early as breakfast begin:
"Is the tide going out?"
"Is the tide coming in?"

When the sun does his best to behave and be hot,
Then Totland is truly the Land of the Tot;
The lodging-house keepers go seldom to bed,
And count up their money (our money) instead;
But two things alone are we anxious about:
"Is the tide coming in?"
"Is the tide going out?"

E. V. L.











AT THE PLAY.

"THIS WOMAN BUSINESS" (HAYMARKET).

THE author of *This Woman Business*, Mr. BENN W. LEVY, has a very pretty wit and a full store of lively ideas. If he suffers also from that last infirmity of nimble minds, the inability to sacrifice his good parts in the interests of his artistic whole, 'tis a fault that can be remedied. This diverting comedy is too long by half-an-hour, and it misses its way just a little at that dangerous turn from the flippant and fantastic to the serious—towards the end. But it would be churlish to complain too querulously after such excellent entertainment.

An eccentric millionaire and misogynist, *Hodges*, has offered hospitality to some fellow-sufferers: to *Bingham*, a retired ex-judge whose work had been in the most humanly interesting department of Probate, Divorce and Admiralty; to *Crofts*, a retired soldier who had once had his heart broken by a woman; to *Brown*, a middle-aged stockbroker fresh from a tiff with a devoted wife; to *Honey*, a young poet and charming ass who ninety-nine days out of a hundred is a practising woman-hater, but on the hundredth is as wax in the hands of the moulding sex.

The house-party has been in progress some three weeks and everybody except the judge is bored or on edge. *Honey's* hundredth day dawns, and



THE SLEEP OF THE JUST.

Bingham (a retired Judge) } MR. O. B. CLARENCE.

to the cynical delight of the old man, he is discovered kissing the parlourmaid in open lounge. You can see, however, that the young poet will have recovered tone by the morrow, when the girl is to leave.

Follows a debate in which wise, clever, bitter and stupid things are said—you hear our fair companions in the stalls wriggling with pain and anger as the



VIRILE SPORT.

"WOULD YOU CARE FOR A GAME OF CLOCK GOLF, SIR?"

Crofts . . . MR. A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT.
Brown . . MR. SEBASTIAN SMITH.

shafts strike their defenceless minds—an ungallant advantage, Mr. LEVY, but you make full amends. And just as the toast, "An Eveless Eden, Never a Woman!" is being drunk there bursts in a most attractive young person, apparently biting and kicking the butler. This is *Crawford*—no one has a prefix in this play—who has run away with a wad of bank-notes from a "persecuting" employer.

She confesses with much pathetic circumstance that she is an orphan, that her father used to beat her (the old judge happened to know him to be a devotedly fond and inoffensive clergyman), and tells of an employer too kind, a sudden temptation—what are you going to do with me? The judge mischievously chortles at the final decision that she is to be taken on as parlourmaid. An admirable parlourmaid too. The house routine moves on smooth wheels and the moths (always excepting the judge, who is perhaps too old to be a moth) flutter round the candles of *Crawford's* bright eyes and gracious smile. The host flutters also but in a curious way, as if candles made him angry, but *Crawford* knows. His wings at last touch the flame. *Crawford* has only to gather the poor singed fellow into her hand.

But don't think that our author does all this crudely. Even at the curtain's fall there is no kiss to seal the surrender. An incoherent gurgle from *Hodges*, a strangled apology, an embarrassed dash from the room—and the triumphant entomologist of a *Crawford* is left tearing up that jaundiced essay on Woman that never since her entry would get itself finished.

The playing seemed to me almost faultless—admitting, to the author's credit, that his is a piece which plays itself. The order of mention cannot but be the order of the characters as they appear. Mr. CLIFFORD MOLLISON (*Honey* the poet) is an authentic droll, and the part was made for him. But that doesn't mean it wasn't carefully studied and cleverly controlled. Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE had the relatively difficult part of the host, *Hodges*. You seldom find his admirable sense of character fail him. It didn't here. It was delightful to see Mr. O. B. CLARENCE, smiling with infinite enjoyment, wagging the wise old head and shrewdly enjoying the amusing quips of *Sir Arthur Bingham*, the charmingly polite and intensely selfish cynic. Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH was exceptionally diverting as the profoundly stupid, pompous, kindly *Brown*, and Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT sketched in with real perception the part of the grumpy soldier—an excellent performance.

Miss FAY COMPTON always looks so charming and so much at home that one



THIS MAN BUSINESS.

Crawford . . . MISS FAY COMPTON.
Hodges . . . . MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE.

is apt to forget that she is playing a part with skill, selecting and contriving her effects, and not just prettily walking through it. Mr. FRANK CELLIER as the clumsy sensualist employer of the fugitive typist made a brief entrance



"Wot 's the trouble up the court, Mrs. White?"
"Nothin' much. Only the furniture man come for 'is easy payments."

and a distinguished, as is usual with him.

A very jolly piece of fooling with a background of brains. I should have enjoyed it even more had it not been for four congenital imbeciles and egotists, *promiscui sexus*, behind me who bleated comments throughout the whole of three long Acts. I could wish them no direr punishment than to be forced to listen to a gramophone record of their long-drawn-out fatuities. T.

"Henry IV., Part II." (Stratford Festival).

A miracle, as Mr. Shaw's *Archbishop* says, is an act of faith, and I imagine that Mr. Flower, the Chairman of the Council of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford, and Mr. Bridges Adams, the able director of the present company, must be heaving immense sighs of relief and feeling that Mr. Shaw was more right than usual. For a miracle has happened at Stratford, and I should not like to guess how many acts of faith have gone to its achievement.

Imagine yourself on the eve of starting three weeks of rehearsal with your theatre burnt down, your scenery gutted, your wardrobe scorched to cinders and the devoted labour of years destroyed in the passing of a night. Mr. Flower and Mr. Bridges Adams, however, were undaunted. With incredible courage and industry, supported by the loyal co-operation of the company and of the good citizens of Stratford, many of whom have been working all night for three weeks, they faced the situation with calm nerves, and at the appointed hour to the minute the curtain rang up on *Henry IV.*, Part II., in the local picture-theatre, rapidly converted for the purpose.

If that isn't a miracle I don't know where to look for one. "Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow." Thus speaks *Falstaff* in this very play. The words are apt for the occasion. No praise can be too high for what has been done. Whether it was wise in the exceptional circumstances to attempt so much is another matter. No one would have blamed Mr. Bridges Adams if he had modified his programme. Six different productions, each rehearsed only for four days, and then under difficult conditions, meant heavy work for the first week of the festival, and some of the company showed signs of wear and tear. It might have been wiser to let a rather glorious pride go by the board and to have concentrated on not more than two plays as a beginning.

The performance of the second part of *Henry IV.*—surely one of the noblest plays in the language—was, taken all round, a very creditable one. There were rough patches, of course, but by the end of the festival, which lasts until May 15th, these will doubtless have disappeared. To those who saw Mr. Bridges Adams' magnificent production of the same play at Oxford two months ago a visit to Stratford will prove of particular interest. Miss Ethel Carrington was a great improvement on Miss Olga Lindo as *Doll Tearsheet*; at least we were spared the incongruity of an American accent. But one missed the *Mistress Quickly* of Miss Clare Greet. The warriors wore a braver

aspect and looked either at each other or at us, not at their armoured toes, as some of the more bashful undergraduates persisted in doing. The battle scenes went with a firmer swing, and some—not all—of the smaller parts had the professional rather than the amateur touch.

As for the leading parts, let it be said in the smallest possible whisper that, judged on the performance I saw, such experienced and admirable actors as Mr. RANDLE AYRTON, Mr. GEORGE SKILLAN and Mr. ROY BYFORD must look to their laurels. Mr. AYRTON'S *Falstaff* was entertaining and impressive, but it lacked, I thought, the amazing virtuosity that the youthful Mr. SPEAIGHT put into the part. The best performance came from Mr. WICKSTEED, who was very good indeed as *Shallow*, without making the usual mistake of over-acting the old rascal. As at Oxford, Miss ESMÉ VERNON had her little chance as *Lady Percy* and took it with both hands. This young actress has beauty and personality. I shall be surprised if she does not make a name for herself.

A fine production, then, on the whole; a little lacking in distinction, but one that will improve with time. Spring is in the air, the road through Oxfordshire to Banbury and then down Edgehill to Stratford is of a great loveliness. This year of all years everyone who thinks of the theatre in terms not bounded by Shaftesbury Avenue should make the pilgrimage. E. S. A.

NOTE.—Owing to the programme's reticence as to the respective parts played by Miss RENÉE DE VAUX and Miss MARIE BRETT-DAVIES in "An Admired Ballad" (*Riverside Nights*) the compliments which our critic paid to both actresses were distributed in the wrong quarters.

NAVAL DRAMA.

As Mr. Punch has recently opened his columns to a military producer of amateur theatricals, I feel that H.M. Navy may with propriety break that silence for which it has a reputation and enlighten your readers upon the subject of the tremendous difficulties encountered by Naval producers in the exercise of their duties. I am happy to be able to state that the existence of these difficulties never has and never will deter the sailor from taking to the boards whenever the exigencies of the service and the state of the weather permit.

It is, I believe, an axiom of the theatre that a stage is a necessary aid to a theatrical performance, and I should like to ask my Army comrades what they would say were they told to produce a show with the knowledge that the stage would probably be built up under their feet during the final dress rehearsal?

This is a common event afloat, since the woodwork of which the naval stage is constructed plays many parts in its chequered and economical career. (*Vide* Admiralty Order XY, No. 999/066, "Economy in the use of Wood in H.M. Ships and Establishments, Issue of quinquennial supply of Timber for Boats, repair of.")

Moreover a lack of imagination on the part of the Royal Corps of Constructors has led them to design a number of warships in which it is necessary to suspend the stage over the ship's side. A lesser annoyance is often caused by the presence of a high-angle gun in the centre of the only space available for the front of the stage. It is customary in these cases to convert the gun into a "blasted pine" in the First Act, a factory chimney in the Second, and a church steeple for the happy ending in the Third.

Then there is the question of trousers. The general public may not be aware that the trouser of the British blue-jacket is of a design which makes the standing rigging of braces a superfluity. When on the stage he has a preference for civilian trousers, but unless carefully supervised he scorns the use of braces.

I recollect the singularly unfortunate spectacle of two stokers who, having got on to the stage in an unbraced condition, discovered their trousers round their knees and remained deaf to my commands to exit right and left centre. Owing to the fact that the stage had as usual been rigged for the first time that afternoon (during the dress rehearsal) the curtain refused to drop.

I could write a book on this subject, which is one near to my heart, but I trust I have said enough to convince you that, though the Naval author-producer has hitherto suffered in silence, we are not as a class undeserving of sympathy.

The Traffic Problem.

"The new regulations will make the Strand from Charing Cross Station to the Grand Hotel a one way traffic street—east to west—and Duncannon Street a one way traffic street from east to west."—*Evening Paper.*

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way," but is not this rather over-doing it?

Of a foreign prince:—

"He is never happy unless he is living like a grand seigneur, with two outriders on the back of his carriage heralding his appearance along the roads with a fanfare of trumpets."

Daily Paper.

Outriders, of course, should always go outside.

A WIRELESS AWAKENING.

ONE James as a youth had a passion
For various venial vice;
He smoked and expended his cash on
Slow horses and dancing and dice;
One evening he swallowed a ration
Of spirits too great for his girth
And, following rather a scene with his father,
He quitted the place of his birth.

O'er James's ensuing malpractice
A veil I would willingly pin;
The lad, from his domicile sacked, his
Attention devoted to sin;
The brutal and pitiful fact is
That lower and lower he sank;
He picked people's purses, robbed housemaids and nurses
And deeply and frequently drank.

One night, at the "Rosebud and Thistle,"
Involved in a bibulous brawl,
He caught up his can as a missile
To level his foeman withal;
It sped through the air with a whistle
And struck on the wall with a jar
That shook into gear (full) the switch of a fearful
Loud speaker that stood in the bar.

'Twas Sunday. The publican's dumb pet,
Aroused by this singular fluke,
A hymn bellowed forth from its trumpet
(Broadcast from the Church of St. Luke);
It called up the evenings when "Come, pet,"
His Ma had remarked to her Jim,
"It's time to go bye-bye," and then, sitting nigh by,
Had crooned him that very same hymn.

And James at the sweet recollection
Was smitten with pangs of remorse;
He severed at once his connection
With crime as a matter of course,
And, taking the nearest direction,
Set off for his home at a run,
Became Dean of Sodor and died in the odour
Of sanctity, aged eighty-one.

Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed.

Memorandum supplied for Mayor's guidance at civic function by secretary:—

"SUBJECT OF SPEECH.

'At Mayor's discretion, if any.'"

"SOCIETIES, CHARITABLE AND OTHERS.

——'s Theatre and Palace of Cruelty to Animals.

Society for the Prevention of Varieties."

Indian Directory.

The second seems to be "charitable," but the first must be one of the "others."



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XV.—MR. JOHN MASEFIELD.

WHY is his face so wan and sad?
What is it irks our sailor lad?
Is it the longing, nursed in vain,
To "go down to the sea again"?

Is it the "Bye-Street Widow's" case,
Or "Reynard," suffering in the chase,
That leaves his brow with furrows graved?
Or have his puppets misbehaved?

But, when the LAUREATE comes to tea
And there is talk of Prosody,
Then with his laugh he shakes the Hill
And dances like a daffodil.



Irate Mother of Gladiator. "If you want knocking about, my lad, you come 'ome and let your father do it."
Rival Mother. "Mind what you 're a-doing of, Mrs. Wilkins. That 's mine you 've got."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

When *Mr. Pringle* of *Tanglewood Tales* rebuked *Cousin Eustace* for "Gothicising" the Greek myth he laid his censorious finger on the exact process that rendered Attic folklore acceptable to American children. It is, I believe, a lack of the barbarian element, so grateful to English nurseries, that makes Mr. Maurice Baring's accomplished fairy-tales an offering of dubious attractiveness to the English child. This, at any rate, is the explanation I should hazard for the instinct which bids me add *The Glass Mender and Other Stories* (Heinemann) to my own bookshelves instead of handing it on to some small acquaintance. The ordinary apple-eating boy or girl prefers sour jennetings to peaches; and most of Mr. Baring's stories are peaches. "The Cunning Apprentice," a Russian folk-tale translated, has however a touch of the right crudity. It is ingenious, heartless and picturesque. Far prettier original tales, such as "Vox Angelica and Lieblich Gedacht" and "Forget-me-not and Lily-of-the-Valley," belong, I feel, to the category of "Little Ida's Flowers," which the grown-up lovers of Hans Andersen insist on reading to you when you want "The Ugly Duckling" or "The Steadfast Tin Soldier." "The Vagabond," which has two or three D'Aulnoy features—an ugly princess with a good heart, a wicked fairy with a yellow face, and the wicked fairy's misshapen nephew—is the best of the moral tales. Children willingly allow an ugly princess to be good, while, like the God of the Turks, they resent all-round perfection in a creature. The whole series indicates a sound but not sufficiently catholic appreciation of old materials; and these *redivivæ* are handled with exquisite grace. If only an adequately brutal child had played the part of Molière's housekeeper the collection might have been very nearly perfect.

Readers of *The Field* who have since last autumn been delightedly enjoying the weekly instalments of the Osbaldeston papers will be glad to know that Messrs. John Lane have now published these gallant records in book form—*Squire Osbaldeston: His Autobiography.* The book is edited, with twelve chapters of commentary, by Mr. E. D. Cuming, who is to be congratulated on the completely satisfying way in which he has accomplished a most laborious task. Felicitations are also due to Sir Theodore Cook, of *The Field*, who writes a charming introduction. But most of all must our acknowledgments be made to the broad-minded and lovable memory of Mrs. Osbaldeston, who persuaded her husband, in the autumn of his life, to write his recollections. The Squire was born in 1786 and died in 1866: he therefore lived his years when it was, I suppose, better fun to be a wealthy country gentleman than at any time before or since; and if man ever made hay while the sun shone surely that man was George Osbaldeston. A hard-bitten, hard-hitting, light-weight Yorkshire landowner, as good as or better than the best in England at any manly sport or game you care to mention, Osbaldeston was first and foremost a master of hounds and a horseman. He hunted in fact ten different countries in his thirty-five years as an M.F.H., and that in the heroic age of the chase. "Young Osbaldeston," says Creevy, "stands only five feet." (In fact the Squire was five-foot-six.) He had "the

features of a fox cub, but very good humoured and gay;" and from the Squire's own vivid pages (he is the born narrator) we can see for ourselves with what gay and headlong zest he lived his life. This book, which has so much to notice in it, fills the reviewer whose space is limited with vacillation and despair. However, the old Squire will be in every country house in England before long or I am vastly mistaken, and at that I must leave him. There is a five-guinea edition, which I hear is already over-subscribed, and the book is published in America by SCRIBNERS. The illustrations are unique.

There's a land where yaks and camels
Roam untouched by human trammels,
  To the nose-ring and the halter still unbowed,
Where if once a month you met an
Undemonstrative Tibetan
  You would murmur, "Well, we are a jolly crowd!"
Where the eagles and wild asses
Hold the deserts and the passes
  And drought and cold are masters of the land;
Where explorers set their courses
For the Brahmapootra's sources
  And old lost cities buried in the sand.

Talk of "nature's sweet restorer"!
Read *My Life as an Explorer*,
  And it's little sleep you'll care for or have had
Till you've followed where he'll take you,
Twixt the Hoang-Ho and Baku,
  And from Tashi-Lunpo back to old Baghdad.
And by "he" I mean SVEN HEDIN,
For his book 's amazing readin',
  Packed with facts and thrills and sketches neatly done;
And CASSELLS who produced it
Have a perfect right to boost it
  As worth a score of novels rolled in one.

Evan Lee, the attractive hero of Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND'S latest novel, *But in Our Lives* (MURRAY), is a man of two desires. The first, traditional in his family, is to do the job set before him without making difficulties, in the Balaclava spirit. The second, peculiar to himself, is to discover underneath the secondary dogmas, social and religious, in which he has been brought up the fundamental meaning of life. His boyhood, Sandhurst, and his career with an average regiment in Central India show these interests somewhat at variance; and on his second leave *Lee* contemplates abandoning the Army and taking up definitely apostolic work. He is reminded however by a philosophic friend who shares his own religious leanings that it is the affair of most of us to serve God not with our lips but in our lives; and our lives, in default of more explicit guidance, had better be the lives we are born and bred to. So he returns to India, and his decision to make the most of his soldier's career is crowned by the heroic performance of a difficult task on the Northern frontier. The present chronicle is supposed to be the work of a colleague, reinforced by the reminiscences of *Lee's* sister. This device is only sustained spasmodically, and it accounts, I feel, for most of the book's defects. The profaner portraits, *Lee's* family, his fellow-officers and the Forest Officer *Woods*, are vivid and true to



THE ELOPEMENT.

The Girl. "WAIT A MOMENT, DARLING. FATHER SAID HE 'D STAND AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER TO MAKE SURE WE HAD NO ACCIDENTS."

type; but the spiritual advisers, a man and a woman, are shadowy folk. The only dull pages of the book are those in which these two comment on or expand *Lee's* simple cravings and conjectures. A vigilant sense of humour would, I think, have lopped these scenes to more helpful dimensions and perhaps added further comic relief to one excellent but isolated episode of a frontier *tamasha*.

In *The Not Impossible She* (T. FISHER UNWIN), the hero, *Sebastian Wake*, despite a Methodist upbringing grafted on a Salvation Army childhood, figures as a co-respondent at eighteen, a Quite Impossible She being the cause. He later meets yet another Impossible (and rather Improbable) Her, whom he makes the mistake of marrying before the Not Impossible *Moira* turns up, herself married. And this gives Mr. ARTHUR WEIGALL the chance to develop his theme: Is it more immoral to continue in an admittedly mistaken marriage than to take one's real lover, despite the clergy and the law? *Sebastian* thinks it is, with the result that he takes another trip through the divorce courts, and starts to qualify for a third. The question is meanwhile being argued out at great length by everyone, when the death of *Sebastian's* wife, who was refusing to divorce him, frees the lovers in the eyes of the world, and the death of *Moira's* ex-husband in the eyes of the clergy. A peerage *ex machinâ* for *Sebastian* helps them into Society in the last chapters. Mr. WEIGALL is better on the incidentals than on the broader issues. His description of the group of modern cranks who affect to worship *Isis*, of the Salvation Army episodes, and of Mrs. Alton's fallen girls, are all handled with a candour which is both fresh and cynical. But at the end of the book the author rides his theories too openly, while in the school scenes he is frankly lost. There is a little too much harping throughout the book on the distressing effects upon the human body of exercise in the hot sun. Few characters escape either the author's or *Sebastian's* rather coarse condemnation in this respect.



Musician (who has failed to recognise the air). "TELL ME—WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU 'RE PLAYING?"

Performer. "WELL, SIR, THEY TOLD ME WHERE I 'IRED IT IT WERE A CORNET."

If I were to be asked to choose a novel for one of those Gentle Readers of whom we hear so little nowadays I should select firmly and at once *The Black Flemings* (MURRAY), by Mrs. KATHLEEN NORRIS. That is by no means to disparage it. *Gay* the heroine and *David* the hero are such thoroughly nice young people—*Gay* is one of the most convincingly good-looking girls I have ever met in fiction—and they go through so much tribulation so creditably and come out of it to such idyllic happiness on the last page that every Gentle Reader must delight in their history. For the other sort of reader there are an excellently filled-in background of a great ghostly old house in the Eastern States, a sketch of the Fleming family with their strongly-marked characters and amazingly complicated marriages, a winter house-party where you positively feel the wind and see the snow, and a secret told in instalments which cheat you every time into thinking you have heard all of it. Altogether, I found it a very enjoyable piece of work, full of colour and quite well written in spite of a few improbabilities, such as the activities of "old *Margret*," who is "'most eighty" at the beginning and lightly sets out to travel half round the world as maid to her young mistress a year later. Not bad for an octogenarian.

Before I had introduced myself to the *Emperor of the If* (HEINEMANN) I had discovered from the imperial jacket that Mr. GUY DENT "is a man of vast imaginings and can fling his thoughts over a cycle of centuries as easily as the average man can look into next week." Concerning this statement, a little humiliating as it is to the average man, I will only say that if thought-flinging were one of the contests at the Olympic games I should beg Mr. DENT to enter. He can fling backwards as well as forwards, he flings far and he flings wide, but in this story he seems to me to have flung once too often. *Chilton-Greyne*, by an invention I will not attempt to describe, made a sad mess of our present-day civilization. What he expected to do was to waft us back to "conditions like they were at the Upper Cretaceous or Eocene Tertiary Period." But what he succeeded in doing was to land his fellow-countrymen in a period before the Ice Age. So far, though not without some mental discomfort, I was prepared to follow this flight of imagination, but on Mr. DENT'S second and forward flight I admit myself a reluctant traveller. The fault doubtless is mine; having only the imagination of the "average man" I am not equipped to enjoy these violent excursions.

Although Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS in *The Marylebone Miser* (HUTCHINSON) does not reach the standard he set himself in *The Red Redmaynes*, he has given his readers more than one difficult problem to solve. His story, in which there are no fewer that three murders, held me enthralled and guessing until the murderer's name and methods were revealed. And then, admirer of his work in this field of fiction though I am, I confess to a feeling of slight disappointment. In short, the solution, or perhaps I ought to say one of the solutions, leaves me not entirely convinced. In all other respects I derived nothing but satisfaction from a story whose psychology and construction are alike admirable. Mr. PHILLPOTTS in whatever branch of literature he may be engaged upon is nothing if not liberal, and in this tale of miserliness, murder and mystery his liberality in the use of material amounts almost to lavishness.

"Handy Gardener Wanted, willing musician preferred."—*Local Paper.*
Our last man might do. He was great on the saxifrage.

CHARIVARIA.

"MR. CHURCHILL will get what is coming to him," says a leader-writer. He has already got what was coming to us.

* * *

We understand that there is one man who is quite satisfied with the Budget. But then it was his idea.

* * *

A contemporary reminds us that Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN is singular in being a former CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER who has never introduced a Budget. It is greatly to his credit.

* * *

A correspondent of *The Times* objects to the application of the word "gyratory" to the new traffic system. We hesitate to tell him of some other words we have heard applied to it.

* * *

Mr. GEORGE MOORE complains that the noise of the buses in Ebury Street interferes with his writing. In literary circles it is hoped that the L.G.O.C. will arrange to run reduced services during Mr. MOORE'S rush hours.

* * *

We read in *The Daily Express* that the new Shah of PERSIA has little sense of humour; that his anger is savage in its ferocity, and that mercy, pity and sympathy are beyond his conception. This decides us not to ask him to tea.

* * *

Members of a visiting football team helped to put out a fire in a Worcestershire village. It is not known whether a return fire is being arranged.

* * *

At a declamation of poems (with music) given in Chelsea last week the performers were hidden from the audience. The "Safety First" idea seems to be spreading.

* * *

It is stated of a man in County Meath that his skin is harder than leather. What is a man like that doing outside politics?

* * *

Mr. EDSEL FORD recently visited the Ford works at Manchester. We understand that upon seeing him all the little cars raised their bonnets.

* * *

"Men and women become centenarians by not worrying," says a weekly newspaper. We should worry.

* * *

A doctor thinks that everybody should breathe deeply. We agree, so long as they don't do it into saxophones.

* * *

Mr. R. S. BLAY has protested against Lady DOROTHY MILLS'S statement that cannibalism exists in Liberia. It seems that several men have visited the place and have returned home without so much as a single bite having been taken out of them.

* * *

The Charleston may not always be intentional. It may be that the girl has been freshly shingled that day, and some of the clipped hairs are causing irritation down her back.

* * *

We are promised a film of the habits of the mosquito. Is no home life to be sacred?

* * *

One effect of this duty on imported wrapping-paper will be that your lizard shoes are going to cost you more.

* * *

A scientist says that, as smell is a matter of wave-length, there is no reason why we should not broadcast the scent of flowers. We ourselves should reject a loud-smeller for onions.

* * *

It is pointed out that people are not taking advantage of the withdrawal of the prohibition against smoking in Tube lifts. We can only suggest that it should be made compulsory.

These new check spats that are on the market should not be confused with the "brilliant footwork" that one reads about in lawn-tennis reports.

* * *

Several musical comedies recently produced in London have undergone radical alterations since the first night. A wonderful improvement can be effected merely by changing the music, the words and the cast.

* * *

In view of her latest cult Oxford is to be known as the home of lost aspidistras.

* * *

A daily paper has acted wisely in drawing attention to the fact that there is a boom in yachting. It is apt to knock careless people overboard.

* * *

It is estimated that the total number of English-speaking people is 160,000,000. These figures are greatly in excess of Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S.

* * *

Sir ALFRED MOND declares that to bring the Liberal leaders together he had to drag them by the hair of their heads. His task, however, was facilitated by the fact that some of the Liberal leaders wear their hair so long.

* * *

With reference to the question of treating certain taxes as essential *The Daily News* declares that it will see Mr. CHURCHILL boiled first. We understand, however, that in Ministerial circles the idea of boiling Mr. CHURCHILL, even to gain the support of our contemporary, is viewed with a certain amount of disfavour.

* * *

A well-known novelist who has adversely criticised the Betting Tax is an owner of racehorses. He hopes one day to own a best-selling plater.

* * *

We understand that a man admitted in a police-court that he threw a sledge-hammer at his mate but pleaded that he didn't mean any harm.

* * *

A new watch for women is to be worn at the waist. But where is that?

* * *

"The lady owner," we read, "is much older than is generally known." We regard this observation as uncalled-for and unsportsmanlike.



Dancing Instructress (to assistant). "I'LL TAKE MRS. SMITH THIS TIME, JOAN. YOU TAKE MR. SMITH AND MAKE HIM DANCE WITH A LITTLE MORE *ABANDON*."

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

"EVERYBODY was there too," she told me with just a faint murmuring emphasis on the last little word. "Simply everybody."

"At the Academy private view," I agreed, "everybody always is. This shows how unjust those are who pretend that the English take no interest in Art."

"No interest in Art indeed!" she exclaimed with an indignant sniff. "Why, one could hardly move, and everybody was somebody. I suppose," she added with a happy little sigh, "one celebrity or another was standing on my toes practically the whole afternoon. Politics, Society, the Stage, the Divorce Court—all had sent their leading representatives. They say that even Art was not forgotten."

"Do you think it 's going to be a good Academy this year?" I asked. "Did you notice anything outstanding?"

"At almost every step," she declared with enthusiasm. "One feels the fashions this summer will have no surprise for one. And I saw a leading mannequin in a harmony of greenish blue-green and bluish green-blue chatting with one of our best actresses in squashed tomato and bilge. People stood still to watch."

"Possibly she has a part in one of the new Society plays. But I meant outstanding in painting."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" she cried; "I saw a simply exquisite thing—a real masterpiece. It was a painted taffeta cloak, all bunched and ruched—what 's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," I answered. "Did you notice the ORPENS?"

"Do I know them?" she asked doubtfully. "I was introduced to someone with a name like that. She wore silver, green and yellow, and her hat was most *chic*. It was trimmed——"

"That 's not who I meant," I said firmly. "By the way I heard there were to be one or two rather noticeable effects in the nude."

"People do say the most awful things," she protested. "But that 's no reason for repeating them," she added severely. "Of course I know people don't wear much now, and I do think myself, though I know I 'm old-fashioned, that a skirt ought to reach quite near the knees. But to talk about the present style as nude, especially when sleeves are beginning to come again, and perhaps other things as well that one used to wear, is simply too absurd; and of course, if flesh-coloured stockings do look like—like—well, flesh, one can't help that, can one?"

"Of course not," I agreed. "Did you notice any artists there?"

"Why, heaps and heaps," she cried. "There was Dolly Dazzle from the Magnificence, and the Sweet-and-Twenties from the Newest New Cabaret. They wore ——"

"Did you get into the sculpture-room?" I asked.

She laughed outright.

"One doesn't get anywhere," she explained. "One just drifts. There was one big room," she reflected, "with a lot of statues and things cluttering up the floor. Most uncomfortable; one could hardly get by at all. Everybody said it ought to have been cleared before they opened the place."

"It may," I suggested, "have been "one of those new dodges they have for trying to control the traffic."

"Then," she said with emphasis, "they ought to try it in the Strand or somewhere where it wouldn't matter. Blanche said she liked that room best of all, though, because the only quiet moment she had was there, when she got pushed into a corner behind some big stone thing where no one could get at her—only it was so long before she could spy a chance to wriggle out again."

"Blanche was luckier than some," I told her gloomily, "for it is said one poor lady was squashed so hard against the wall she became a bas-relief, and was criticised most severely by all the best papers. I suppose you didn't notice any crowd collecting round anything specially striking?"

She lowered her voice impressively.

"There was one woman," she said, "with the new convict crop—most successful, the Eton crop nowhere. It 's done with a safety-razor twice a day and then polished. But there was such a crowd I couldn't get near enough to see properly. It was most exciting."

"By-the-by," I asked, "were there any pictures?"

"My dear man," she cried, laughing heartily. "Of course there were. Why, you know, it was the pictures we were all there to see." E. R. P.

Fougasse and Fougassine.

An exhibition of *Punch* and other drawings, in colour and black-and-white, by KENNETH BIRD ("FOUGASSE"), and of water-colours by Mrs. KENNETH BIRD, will be held at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, 148, New Bond Street, from May 7th to May 22nd. Private view to-day, May 5th, and to-morrow.

"BOMB OUTRAGE.

The outrage was an act of personal revenue." *Hongkong Paper.*

Possibly a debt of honour. At any rate the idea seems to have been to pay somebody out.

NIGHT AIRS.

(*Tropic Coasts.*)

"FOLKS in Blighty, y' know," said Bill,
"They can't tell whether it 's blowin' or still;
Unless they cycle or shoot or sail,
Or unless it comes to a downright gale,
They don't notice the air 's astir
Or think of the gifts they get from her.

"But if so be 's you 've lived in a place
Like a warm wet rag tied round your face,
Or lain long fevery nights and choked
In an air like an oven all hell has stoked,
Toasted cotton an' dead, dead still—
Why, then I reckon you 'll know," said Bill,

"How just when you feel the last hope 's fled
And one more moment 'll kill you dead,
A something shifts in the smothering heat,
A stir and a movement soft and sweet;
It isn't a breeze—it 's much, much less,
But, Lord, it 's a wonderful blessedness.

"And the roar of the frogs gives way to it
And the screech of the insec's backs a bit,
And in it comes like a woman's hand
And it smooths the pillow and takes command,
And you get your breath and you sleep till day . . .
But folks don't know it at home—not they.

"And that 's just one of 'em. Take the night
When you 've sat in a tree in the blue moonlight,
Sat for a tiger or some such game,
Sat for a something that never came,
And you 're stiff and sticky and cramped and sore
And you can't abide it one moment more;

"And then—it 's less than the babiest breeze,
It 's less than enough to stir the trees,
But the same soft hand goes through the air,
And the dawn comes running to meet you there
Like a nice girl steppin' to meet her boy—
And take it from me, Sirs, that 's just joy.

"But folks in Blighty, *they* don't know
A wind 's a wind till it starts to blow;
They never feel those gentle hands
Like us poor devils in tropic lands—
Less than a breath and less than a breeze,
But, chaps," said Bill, "thank God for these!" H. B.



A LARGE ORDER.

JOHN BULL. "WHO FAILED TO CUT THIS TREE DOWN?"

WINSTON. "I WILL NOT TELL A LIE. WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET I HAVE FAILED TO MAKE MUCH IMPRESSION ON IT. BUT I PROPOSE TO CONTINUE THE GOOD WORK."

["The Cabinet Committee on Economy will pursue its work unceasingly."—*Mr.* CHURCHILL.]



Exceptionally Honest Man (seeing nephew off to school). "I DON'T WISH I WERE YOU. YOU'RE NOT A LUCKY YOUNG BEGGAR GOING OFF TO SCHOOL, AND I SHOULD JUST *LOATHE* HAVING MY OWN SCHOOL-DAYS OVER AGAIN."

BETS AND BUTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Pardon me for returning to these bets, but you were the first paper in the country to talk sense on this subject, and now that the cat is definitely among the chickens it is clear that you will have to do it again.

The opponents of the tax are the greatest fun. In particular it is extraordinary with what ease and alacrity our ex-Cabinet Ministers rush to make themselves ridiculous. "The tax," says Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, "will drive hundreds of bookmakers on to the streets," which is like saying that a five-per-cent. tax on tickets of admission to the Royal Academy will force many R.A.'s to become pavement artists. Then Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN says, "How many policemen would be necessary on the racecourse to see that every bookmaker gave a ticket to the person who booked a bet? There are not sufficient policemen to see that such a tax would be collected." On an Australian racecourse, dear Mr. SNOWDEN, you can scarcely see a policeman. A ticket passes naturally with every bet and on every ticket there is a Government stamp. If bookie A were to evade the tax (which he don't) someone would soon hear about it from bookie B on the next stand, and bookie A would then lose his licence. Nothing could be simpler. Are there enough policemen to see that inn-keepers obey the law, Mr. SNOWDEN? No. But somehow it is obeyed.

Mingled with the gloomy prophecies of ex-Prime Ministers are the apprehensive whinnies of the race-horse, who, once again, is afraid that it will stop breeding. A "prominent member of the Jockey Club" says in one paragraph that the tax will be so easily evaded that it will have no effect, and in the next that the effect will be so serious that, though "racing will continue, there will probably be a falling off in attendances in the number of race-horse owners, and in consequence a decline in the prosperity and extent of the breeding industry."

So what with the horses refusing to have children, racing-men refusing to go to the races, book makers starving, and prosperous West End commission-agents being forced into the back alleys of Houndsditch in order to scrape a livelihood, it is a black look-out for England.

Then again there are the moralists. "10,000 MINISTERS TO ATTACK BETTING TAX," I see. A National Emergency Council has been formed. An "educational campaign" is to be launched. "It was determined to raise a fighting fund." England has not been so roused since the Huns were at the gate. But while they are about it will not some of these earnest people, with their excellent motives and extensive influence, spare a little attention for some other features of our taxation system?

Why not a fighting fund against the Entertainment Tax (which works out roughly at 14 to 16 per cent.)? This may be thought of as a luxury-tax by those who never go to the theatre or only go to musical comedies, but in effect it is a tax on art, education, culture and creative effort, since it falls most heavily on entertainments of the better and therefore, as a rule, the poorer sort—*e.g.*, repertory theatres and the "serious" drama. If such a theatre takes, say, seven hundred pounds in the week it pays one hundred pounds to the State—a monstrous proportion. (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE says a five-per-cent. tax will drive hundreds of bookies on to the streets!) Now these small theatres know just how much money their public will pay for a seat, and they will tell you

that if the tax were removed they could charge more for their seats; and if this is so it is not the public who pay but the producers, authors, actors and musicians, or, in other words, art, education, culture and creative effort. But even if it is the public who pay you have the position that a poor man who goes to see a SHAKESPEARE play is taxed three shillings in the pound, while a rich man who puts five pounds on a horse pays nothing to the State. But our Mr. SNOWDENS, LLOYD GEORGES, horse-breeders and moralists have nothing to say about this.

Again, have "the Churches" considered my old friends the income-tax "allowances" for wives and children? Do they realise that for my first child I am "relieved" to the extent of £7 10*s.*, and for all the others to the generous tune of £5 4*s.*; that these allowances are the same for rich and poor, and continue the same when the children reach the expensive education age? Do they realise, and are they surprised, that in the "upper" classes the marriage-rate and birth-rate are going down, while in the "lower" classes philanthropic and protective legislation is doing more and more to keep them up? And is there not here some important food for thought? All this has been going on for years, but not a word, not a murmur from the ten thousand ministers. Art, culture, music and the production of educated children may be taxed and harassed, and not one Wesleyan will raise a whimper; but, when it is proposed to tax (and possibly discourage) a man who bets, the massed bands of morality blare out in protest, though not a voice is heard to say that there is any power in the world which can stop the man betting (except perhaps a tax). Really, Sir, when I read about these moral explosions I begin to wonder if I am quite sane; and surely, Sir, if they must butt into legislative affairs they might reserve their energies for something that really matters.

The sad thing is that these serious people do not pay more attention to the lighter papers. In America, at the moment, there are bishops, statesmen, publicists, moralists and judges all saying about Prohibition, with the air of an immense discovery, exactly what we said about Prohibition some five or six years ago. Committees of Inquiry sit for days, sift evidence, draft Resolutions, consider Reports, and at the end of it all they have said no more and discovered no more than was contained in a single joke in the year 1921. In five years' time, when the betting-tax is a normal thing, when racing is as orderly as it is in Australia, when betting is legalised, there is one law for rich and poor, and the scandals of street-betting have practically disappeared, the moralists will realise once again that we were right. Of course we are right; for we have a sense of proportion or we should not be in this line of business at all; the moralists, it seems, have not. But will they never learn? It is all most strange, perplexing and sad.

A. P. H.



HOW FAST BOWLERS ARE MADE.

Captain (to hurricane performer). "OF COURSE I SHOULD HATE YOU TO HURT ANYBODY, CHARLIE, BUT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW THAT THIS FELLA COMING IN IS SOMETHING TO DO WITH INCOME-TAX."

Cherchez la Femme!

From an account of the home-coming of the Manchester City team after the cup final;—

"The general recognition that a little more lucy might have given them the cup was generously expressed."—*Local Paper.*

CIRCLING THE SQUARE.

THOUGH in Terpischore's abode,
Amid the saxophonic skirling,
The giddy waltz is out of mode,
And slithering takes the place of whirling,
Our traffic-masters, who enforce
New methods to prevent congestion,
Adopt a wholly different course
In dealing with this burning question.
Circles are often vicious found,
But they, remembering the quotation,
"'Tis Love that makes the world go round,"
Seek safety in gyration.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XII.—THE INN.

WE were very hungry and tired. At about evenfall we came down-hill into the little town, which I will call Aston-in-the-Mould. After my experiences of a Cotswold cottage I had responded with alacrity to Gregory's suggestion that I should walk with him in the Cotswold Hills.

We had been trying to follow the line of the road called Akeman Street, which was built by the Romans, but has been subsequently mislaid. We had knapsacks on our backs. All day we had rejoiced in the sun and wind and had been beset by the multitudinous beauties of an English spring. We had discussed Communism and Spiritualism, literature and art. I had a blister on the side of my right foot.

There seemed to be only one inn at Aston-in-the-Mould. The landlady, who was elderly and stout, had a bright though rather apologetic air.

"Can we have two rooms for the night?" I inquired.

We could.

"And some dinner?" I added.

"You can't have anything *hot*," she said, "but you can have some ham."

"Ham?" I said.

"Ham," she said.

I turned to Gregory. "Would you like some ham?" I asked.

"Not if there's anything else," he replied.

I turned to the landlady. "We should like some ham," I said.

We had some ham.

While they were laying the board we examined the room into which we had been led. It was large and cold and had a peculiar musty smell. Horse-hair was exuding from the sofa and chairs and the pattern of the carpet had expired. There was a large upright mechanical musical-box. Happily it did not work. The walls were decorated with photographs of the landlord and the landlady in their early prime, full-flushed with optimism and ham. He wore moustachios, a large white tie and a horseshoe pin; she was distinguished by a straw-hat and a bun. There was even a wedding group. On the mahogany sideboard there were seventeen electro-plated coffee-pots. The number of electro-plated coffee-pots in the coffee-room of an English country inn is always apt to surprise the wayfarer until he tastes the coffee. Then he understands the joke.

On one wall was a glass-case containing a stuffed animal, which had become almost unrecognisable through the action of moth and time. Gregory said that it was a small otter. I said that it was a large stoat. We debated this problem with acrimony until the feast was prepared.

"Can we have the wine-list?" I said to the serving-maid as we sat down.

A look of consternation overspread her face.



Barber. "WHICH SIDE DO YOU PART YOUR HAIR, SIR?" *Languid Gentleman.* "REALLY—ER—I DON'T KNOW. MY MAN DOES THAT."

"Beg your pardon, Sir?" she said.

"The wine-list," I repeated.

Her bewilderment was visibly increased.

"I'll go and inquire," she said.

A few minutes later she returned.

"Please, Sir, I was to say there isn't a wine-list, and what wine would you like? We have sherry, claret, burgundy and sauterne."

Gregory had a remarkable inspiration.

"Bring the whole lot," he said.

There was a noise outside and we were confronted by seven stained bottles on a japanned tray, the labels being wholly obliterated through the passage of years.

"Ena, mena, mina, mo," murmured Gregory.

It is a very sound way of selecting wine. The chosen bottle was uncorked and turned out to have a light yellowish tint. I took some ham and tasted the wine. Then I looked at Gregory. He was eating ham. A moment or two later he tasted the wine. He looked at me. I nodded.

The centre of the table was graced by a large aspidistra plant, which further to beautify it had been set in a crimson-coloured china pot with edges of gold. I took the bottle of wine reverently by the neck and irrigated the roots of the aspidistra slowly and with care until not a drop remained unused. Dark black blotches instantly broke out upon the aspidistra leaves. I swear that this is true.

We went on with the ham.

"What about a fire?" said Gregory, lighting his pipe afterwards.

The grate was full of corks, small pieces of paper, match-ends and the stubs of cigars.

"I think not," I said judiciously; "it would spoil the *tout ensemble*."

We made another tour of the room. I found a small bamboo cupboard, hitherto unobserved.

"Literature!" I cried with delight, opening the twin doors.

The cupboard contained a copy of *The Boys' Home Companion*, published thirty-five years ago, and an issue, two weeks old, of *The Chipping Norton Shoppers' Gazette*. We sat down in silence and read.

"Have you ever studied pea-shooting as a scientific branch of education?" I said to Gregory after a while.

He looked at me with hate.

"No," he replied.

"Then I expect you scarcely realise," I went on, quoting rapidly from the work before me, "that the most effective way to use a pea-shooter is to keep up a steady fire of single peas, searching out the weak spots in the enemy's defence with unrelenting perseverance. Against a fire like this the furious discharge of volleys of peas is of but little avail. It is a case of breech-loading revolver or rifle against the blunderbuss. In this way the player, having his mouth full of peas, is able to keep up an unintermittent fire of missiles, each one of which in skilful hands does its appointed work. He can keep his pea-shooter to his mouth ready for instant action for



Anglo-Indian Colonel (fiercely entering Doctor's consulting-room). "DOCTOR, OVERHAUL MY LIVER!"

long spaces of time together, and, if he be dexterous, can, by seizing the opportunity as it offers, refill his mouth without abandoning his offensive attitude."

Gregory smiled. It was a hard and bitter smile.

There was another short silence and then he rustled the leaves of his periodical.

"Did you know," he began suddenly, "that Mauritius has on an average only one thunderstorm every eighty years?"

I didn't, I confessed.

"Or that snails boiled in barley-water used to be considered an excellent remedy for coughs?"

"No."

"Or that the ordinary steam-engine puffs ninety-six thousand times in one hundred miles?"

"It had escaped me."

"Or that a single haddock will lay as many as one million five hundred thousand eggs in one season?"

"You surprise me," I said.

"Or that whenever the POPE signs his name he uses gold-dust instead of blotting-paper to dry the ink?"

Gregory appeared to be winning. I closed my book.

"I vote we have a glass of port from the bar," I said.

I went to the mantelpiece and pulled the cord of the bell. It came down from the ceiling and hit me on the head. However, it rang. The landlady appeared in person and bustled to satisfy our request.

"Is anything happening to-night," I asked her, "at Aston-in-the-Mould?"

"Not to-night," she said. "But if you were here to-morrow week like there's a vordvill coming on at the Market Hall."

I consulted my engagement-book.

"We will certainly try to get back for that if we can manage it," I said. "And oh, by-the-way, do you mind telling me what that stuffed animal is in the glass-case over there? We were wondering whether it was an otter or a stoat."

"'Tisn't either," she said. "That's a mongoose, that is. My son Charlie brought it home from India with him."

I felt a tear trickling down my cheek.

The landlady departed, and Gregory and I took a sip of our port. We looked at each other once again. Then with a simultaneous impulse we advanced towards the aspidistra.

We breakfasted next morning off grilled ham. The leaves of the aspidistra had turned bright pink.

Shouldering our knapsacks once more we advanced into the English spring.

EVOE.

SUSAN'S PARTY CLOTHES.

Woods don't like party frocks,
Frillings or fussy lace,
Neither do fields or rocks
Nor any hedgy place.
Woods don't like Sunday hats,
Stockings or gloves; and that 's
Why mine are always torn
First time they 're ever worn!

Bushes hate ribbon bows
Fastened on tidy hair,
That 's why the briar rose
Tangles mine everywhere.
Trees don't like proper things,
That 's why the bramble clings,
That 's why the hawthorns tear
All the best clothes I wear!

"A goldcrest was recently shot at —— Park by a sportsman who mistook the bird for a tit."
East Anglian Paper.

It is not generally known that the tit-shooting season begins in April.

"Né en 1854, Sir James Frazer s'est consacré à l'Histoire des religions et des croyances. Son œuvre principale—*le chameau d'or*—est connue du monde entier."—*French Paper.*

The writer of this paragraph seems to share with the famous German essayist the power of evoking camels from his inner consciousness.

OUR BATTALION.

SOME DEFINITIONS.

(1) *The Lance-Corporal.*—This is the soldier's first step up from the common herd. He then becomes somebody very important, is allowed into a small room in the canteen called the Corporals' Room, and orders his beer through a different hatch from the privates.

(2) *The Batman.*—He is a most valuable cog in the military machine, for without him it is doubtful whether there would be any officers at all. He is the man who is responsible for getting his own particular officer up in the morning and launching him forth neatly dressed and with a clean pocket-handkerchief into a cold and excessively early world.

(3) *The Mess Waiter.*—He is in the first place generally detailed for the job by the Sergeant-Major because he happens to be no good at drill or is a platelayer by trade. When the Officers' Mess have trained him sufficiently not to join in the conversation at dinner and only to play billiards when there are no officers present, he is usually transferred to the Sergeants' Mess.

(4) *The Battalion Cook.*—The cook is a useful man, but rarely seen on parades. When he does reluctantly appear on a full-strength inspection it is generally found that he has lost his pack, has a broken pull-through rusted into the barrel of his rifle and is wearing elastic-sided boots. This supplies his platoon-sergeant with a fertile topic of conversation.

(5) *The Defaulter.*—He is a man who, owing to no fault of his own, but rather through the hostility of a vindictive corporal who is jealous of his superior attainments, has found himself up at Company Orderly Room, and has there failed to make his Company-Commander realise the truth.

(6) *The Sergeant-Major.*—He can always be distinguished by the fact that he conducts light conversation at fifty yards' range, generally with a kindred spirit like the Quartermaster. If in the heat of the moment he raises his voice he is liable to blow a fuze in the neighbouring power-station.

(7) *The Regimental Sergeant-Major.*—As above, but for "fifty yards" read "seventy-five," and for "a fuze" read "two fuzes."

(8) *The Pay-Sergeant.*—According to himself he is an overworked and underpaid slave. According to his friends he is a lazy —— who never comes on parade. According to the brutal and licentious soldiery he is a budding Crœsus—or ought to be, with his opportunities.

(9) *The Orderly Corporal.*—He is always "in" everything that 's going on and delivers his version of it as one long sentence without wavering or punctuation, in a kind of rough voice which takes the glaze off foolscap: "Sir-hon-the-nineteenth-hinst-hat-or-about-eight-thirty-hay-hem-I-was-orderly-corpril-of-'B'-Company-I-see-accused-not-shaved-I-say-you-ain't-shaved-'e-say-no-I-ain't-shaved-I-say-why-ain't-you-shaved-you're-for-Office-this-mornin'."

(10) *The Messing Officer.*—He is expected to be able to run a sort of a cross between a Sunday-School treat and a Guildhall banquet. Whatever he succeeds in doing someone will have a complaint.

(11) *The Quartermaster.*—No barracks is complete without a Quartermaster. In such moments as he has to spare from either starting rumours or verifying them, he issues clothing to the troops. His idea of a part-worn great-coat is a literal one. Generally there is only a part of the great-coat left and that has certainly been very much worn. For deep calling to deep, see under *Sergeant-Major.*

(12) *The Mess Secretary.*—He is everybody's prey. Everything can be blamed on him, from the fact that one's batman's idea of darning a sock is that of a "Chain-mail repairer, Class III. (unskilled)" to the lack of hot water in one's morning cold bath. For those who are of too junior rank to be rude to him during meals a suggestion-book is provided in the ante-room.

(13) *The Adjutant.*—He must be able all at the same time to telephone, sign returns, and ask the R.S.M. what the dickens Private Sling was doing singing "I 'm tired and wanna go ter bed" at six A.M. outside the Married Officers' Quarters. He is a useful intermediary between the junior officers and the Colonel in such matters as tours of duty and leave. Properly handled, it is estimated that this last is worth about a hundred pounds a year to him. A. A.

GARDENING FOR THE WEEK.

HOW TO MAKE A SIMPLE CUCUMBER FRAME. FOR BEGINNERS.

THE ordinary amateur of small means would often be glad to add to his horticultural triumphs by producing in due season such delicacies as cucumbers, melons, pineapples, etc., very acceptable in the hot weather so soon to be with us, but is deterred by the belief that these subjects are difficult to grow and require a large outlay. This is quite erroneous. Below we give full instructions for the creation and maintenance of a very satisfactory frame which can be made by any resourceful gardener with a minimum of expense and labour.

An important consideration is the selection of a site, which must be chosen with due regard to the inclination of the ground and the aspect of the sun both by day and night. Though the frame should not be placed in too sunny a position it would be foolish to rush to extremes and trust entirely to a north light, unless it be made large enough to be used as a studio. On the whole perhaps the best place to put the frame would be somewhere else.

The ground should then be thoroughly cleaned, preferably with carpet soap.

Now comes the question of materials. Any odd pieces of wood lying about may be pressed into service, good kinds being cedar and sandal-wood, but the best of all is well-seasoned teak, easily procurable from any old ship in the neighbourhood. The pernicious practice of joining the wood by means of nails is discouraged nowadays, as the sharp points injure the tender rootlets of the plants.

It is quite unnecessary to buy a light for the top of the frame; all old bottles, glass broken in the house, etc., should be saved and the pieces joined with glue or stamp-edging.

The frame being now completed the question of a suitable compost arises. If cucumbers are the special object it must be remembered that they will not tolerate any soil that is lacking in vitamines; thus it will readily be seen that sandy or gravelly soils are not to be thought of. On the other hand, clay, marl, chalk, tar-paving and all kinds of loam must be rigorously excluded, and it is hardly necessary to add that animal manure is fatal.

The compost then having been duly prepared it is not advisable, as some people think, to add wood-ashes or steel-filings prior to sowing.

It should always be borne in mind that the proper temperature and the requisite degree of moisture must be maintained in the frame, and the common error of watering the plants must be avoided. When the cucumbers are ready, a few may be picked, and the rest either dug in as green manure or saved for beating carpets in the ensuing spring.

"WHITE STAR LINE ALE.
CUNARD LIKELY TO SECURE CONTROL.
AN AMERICAN DREAM FADES."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

We don't know this particular beverage, but can understand the United States' disappointment.

"VIOLET ATTACK ON POLICE."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

We understand the culprit's excuse was that at the time he was seeing red and the constable's blue uniform disordered his vision.



"MUMMY, WHEN I'M A BIG MAN *I* SHALL HAVE A NET TO HIT THE BALL INTO."

GROUNDS FOR REPRIEVE.

[The latest garden ornament is a life-size dog fashioned realistically of stone, and an instant popularity is predicted for it.]

Fido, full often have you heard me mention,
When some fresh havoc met my saddened view,
That it was my immediate intention
To get a better garden dog than you,
One who would never disregard my orders
And thereby move me to indignant groans
By utilising my herbaceous borders
As savings banks for bones.

And now there comes the news of your successor.
Here is the very animal I need;
He is no horticultural transgressor,
He baits no cat among the new-sown seed;
My soul, which your behaviour often harrows,
Would find his presence like a soothing balm,
Noting among my marigolds and marrows
His state of stony calm.

But, though his merits are indeed beguiling,
So far from mourning for your coming plight,
Fido, old lad, I seem to see you smiling,
And on the whole I fancy you are right;
Things *would* be dull, though many a floral treasure
Bedecked my rod (or pole or perch) of land,
If, when I came, no glad tail wagged its pleasure,
No cold nose sought my hand.

"PRIZES FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.—The *Daily* —— offers large monetary prizes for the best London gardens (see Pige Nine)."—*Daily Paper.*

Anyhow they start with the right Cockney atmosphere.

THE POME HAWKER.

SOME time ago a hawker sold my wife a neat enamelled plate bearing the words "NO HAWKERS." I spent a Saturday afternoon screwing it on the gate. Like better men I have my off days with the screw-driver.

That warning acted like an insane charm. Where hawkers had come as single spies they swooped down in battalions. Soap, flowers, toothbrushes, lavender-bags, matches, notepaper, shirt buttons, pins, books—they jostled one another on the doorstep. Then, at first noiseless and unseen, came the Pome Hawker.

I found an envelope in the letter-box one morning. On it was written in a laboured hand:

"Price 2 pence the Author will call."

Inside was a single printed sheet, from which with bulging eyes I read the following:—

"I WISH I WAS A SUNBEAM."

I wish I was a Sunbeam
A-flashing from the sky
On man and child and woman
With bright and shining eye.
I wish I was a Sunbeam
To gaily dance and leap,
To brightly throw my radiance
Across the heavens so deep."

This kind of thing went on for five stanzas, the last concluding with these lines:

"So it would be my mission
To give the weary rest,
To help the weak and sinful,
To cheer the good and blest.

Price 2 pence only ladies and gentlemen please help an invalid which is his sole means of livelihood."



First Tramp. "IS THAT WHAT THEY CALLS A MACKEREL SKY?"
Second Tramp. "FOR 'EAVEN'S SIKE DON'T REMIND ME O' GRUB."

Then I realised that the time had come when a stand must be made against these hawkers. The infliction, always a nuisance, had become intolerable. It must be ended.

It so happened that I answered the door myself when the Author called.

He was one of those short, fat, heavy-breathing men who have the appearance of being perpetually gorged to repletion. His face was shiny and mottled, he had a large ginger moustache, and his breath smelt prodigiously of beer. Anyone with less prospect of becoming a sunbeam it would be difficult to imagine.

"Goodmorninsir," he said thickly. "I left a pome 'ere, Sir, me own unaided composition and me sole means of livelihood. Price tupns only. I 'ope you liked it, Sir?"

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "I consider it the very worst pome ever written."

"It 's thort 'ighly of by many, Sir," he answered stoutly. "In fact, Sir, a lidy furver up this street 'as jest bought twelve copies to send to friends. What don't you like about it, Sir?"

"Anything," I said. "Everything. Go away and do something honest for a living."

I fetched the pome, thrust it in his hand and closed the door firmly.

But next day there was another envelope in the letter-box bearing the inscription:—

"Price 3 pence each the Author will call."

This time there were two pomes. The first was headed "True Service" and began:—

"To nobly and with stedfast heart
Serve all mankind,
That is what shows the man what has
A Christian mind."

I could read this no further. But with misguided curiosity I opened the second. Was it possible to plunge still deeper into banality? It was.

"Look at the ant. See how it labours;
To do its utmost it does try.
A fine example, friends and neighbours,
For you and I."

* * * * *

The Pome Hawker waylaid me cleverly as I was entering the gate. I pointed to the enamelled plate.

"Can you read that?" I demanded sternly.

"I 'm not a nawker, Sir, but a nauthor," he replied proudly; and before I could recover he had got inside the gate and closed it behind him. "I brought you them two other pomes, Sir," he said, "because I thort you might like 'em better. I picked 'em out speshul as bein' me best work."

"They are even worse than the other," I cried hotly.

"Sorry, Sir," he said; "but they 're only sixpence, and that 's nothin' to a gent like you."

"As a matter of principle," I bellowed, "I would not give you a farthing for them."

By this time he had contrived to take up a commanding position on the doormat.

"Seeing as 'ow you don't care for literchoor, Sir," he pleaded, "won't you give me a trifle for the sake o' charity—just for a crust of bread-and-cheese, Sir?"

"Most certainly not!" I shouted. "Not one farthing will you ever get out of me. Not one single farthing, you understand."

I flung the pomes at his feet, slammed the door violently and retired in triumph. I had pulverised the Pome Hawker.

* * * *

But the Pome Hawker won. All three pomes were back in the letter-box next day. On the envelope was written in the now familiar hand:—

"With the Author's compliments. No charge."

"BLACK COAL REPORT."
Headline in Daily Paper.

We await with interest the Report on the slate-coloured variety which seems to be our own coal merchant's favourite.

"A NEW 'TOWN' IN THE EAST END.
HOUSING HELD UP BY LACK OF PORT."
Evening Paper.

We always thought beer was the favourite beverage of the British bricklayer.

"Among the birds which nest in this sanctuary are thrushes, cuckoos, blue tits, jays, blackbirds and water wagtails."
Evening Paper.

Ornithologists will be glad to hear of these reformed cuckoos.

"For the first time during the last sixty years a pine martin, which is acknowledged to be a very rare bird, has been captured on Doon Hill, East Lothian."—*Sunday Paper.*

A very rare bird indeed, and, as *Hamlet* observed to *Polonius*, "Methinks it is like a weasel."

GOLOSHES—SIZE TEN.

IT happened last winter.

"If you imagine," I began, "that I am going to wade two miles in the snow in my dancing shoes——"

"Nonsense!" cried Charles heartily. "Why, it 's easy. You wear your ordinary boots for the walk and just carry your pumps and a dry pair of socks for the dance."

"I see," I replied sarcastically. "And dry the bottoms of your trousers with the clean towel in the bathroom. Afterwards you put on your nice wet boots and socks again for the two miles home. Charming! Personally," I concluded, "if I must come I shall go and buy some good big snow-shoes."

"Very well," he said; "I shall stick to my own method and we shall see which works best."

Of course mine was the better plan in theory, but unfortunately our village shop, though it keeps a very nice line in shirts or eggs, or anything like that, could hardly be expected to rise to snow-shoes. However, after much climbing and burrowing, the old man produced one pair of goloshes.

"These are size ten," he said, "so you 'll get 'em on all right."

I take eights, so I could "get 'em on all right." It was also quite easy to take them off. There being no choice, however, I bore my purchase back under my arm, and at a quarter-past eight that evening we started off through the snow to our dance.

I don't know whether you have ever tried to walk through six inches of snow in goloshes size ten. I began with a sort of up-and-down motion, rather like a man walking over ploughed clay after a full day's work. I turned my toes down hard to keep the goloshes on at all, but even so the heels flapped down and folded themselves underneath so that I trod on them.

For a time I carried on my walking experiments in peace because Charles was engaged in trying to exert his influence over Theo. Theo, by the way, is short for Theophilus, and means Charles's puppy. The name was originally given to him (Charles's knowledge of Greek being rather thin) on the ground that he knows everything worth knowing; where bones are to be found, for instance, and where you keep your slippers, and what you really want him to do, so that he can do something else.

"Good dog; go home," said Charles persuasively. "Home, Theo, go home."

Theo turned homewards and Charles caught me up again. So did Theo.

"Grrr. . . ." growled Charles, shooing him off. "GO HOME."

"Grrr. . . ." said Theo, entering into the spirit of the thing. (He has only just learnt to say this really well, and is rather proud of it.) Here Charles threw a snowball at him.



"WHAT FUN WE *ARE* HAVING TO-NIGHT!"

"Hurrah," cried Theo. "This is a splendid game. What fun we *are* having to-night!"

He tasted the snowball just to make sure about it and then cantered up for more. So we had to give in and let him come.



"SEE WHAT I 'VE FOUND."

By this time I had given up walking in three dimensions at all. I found it better to keep in one plane, just sliding my feet along the ground where the snow had been trodden down. A friendly policeman permitted himself a smile as we passed.

"My friend hopes to get some skating next week and he 's practising the action," Charles explained at once. And then aside, "He 's all right really, constable, and I can manage him if he gets one of his attacks."

I trudged on doggedly, buoyed up by the thought of how wet Charles's feet would be before long. The heels of the goloshes still insisted on folding themselves underneath most of the time, which was uncomfortable but reassuring, because I could tell by the feel that the goloshes were still there. At intervals, when a heel had slipped up into the right position somehow, I would be struck with a sudden fear that I had dropped one golosh altogether, and stop and peer back for some dark object on the snow.

Only once did I see anything. I shuffled back a few yards, and found it was part of an old sock, which someone else must have dropped.

"Come on," said Charles encouragingly. "Only about a mile now. At least, a mile for me; about one-and-a-half for you if you keep on going back to look at things."

As the goloshes never did come off, I gained confidence in time and gave up looking back. Presently, after I had been sliding along with unusual comfort, one foot suddenly began to feel very cold and wet. Simultaneously Theo trotted up with a "find." His head was of necessity held very high, and his forelegs travelled well out sideways to prevent him tripping over his burden.

"See what I 've found," he said, tossing it about proudly.

"Looks like a golosh," suggested Charles.

"It *is* a golosh," I said. "To be quite accurate, it is a left golosh. I 'll give you three guesses how I know."

"Come here, Theo. Good dog."

Not a move.

"Good boy. Fetch it, then. Drop it, Theo."

Charles moved towards him, and Theo sheered off sideways, taking his prize with him.

"All right, Charles," I assured him. "Leave it to me. I know how to get it. G-r-r-r. . . . Go HOME!" I shouted.

Theo can be obedient sometimes. This was one of the times, and he started off home without further persuasion. We pursued him fitfully for a hundred yards, and then, for Charles refused to go to the dance alone, followed him the rest of the way. On



Rear-Admiral (to Navy Candidate). "HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE A REAR-ADMIRAL?"
Boy. "THE LOWEST TYPE OF ADMIRAL, SIR."

reaching home I suggested that one of us ought to go and telephone. "Call," I said.

"Tails," he cried. "Dash you! Very well, I'll ring up and tell them what happened."

I thought it over. "No. Don't bother," I said generously. "I don't mind. I'll go and do it myself."

So I did.

You see, Charles would probably have got the story all wrong. I mean he would probably have got it all right.

At the I.L.P. Conference:—

"Miss Margaret Bondfield attended the conference when it began, but it was announced now that she had been taken with influenza, and the delegates sent her a massage of sympathy."—*Evening Paper.*

Deeds, not words.

"With one or two exceptions, the meetings under National Hunt rules have been exceptionally flat."—*Daily Paper.*

It is not true, however, that the Jockey Club means to retaliate by introducing some stiff obstacles into the Derby course, including a water-jump at Tattenham Corner.

QUININE.

IT has been said of the cinchona-tree that its bark is worse than its bite. This I can scarcely credit when I consider my personal experience. But before relating it I will introduce some of those general considerations with which every essay should begin.

Formerly it was a matter of common knowledge that quinine was an absolute specific for malaria; in fact the only real specific known to medicine. Quinine attacked and killed the malarial germs in the blood in a million hand-to-hand struggles.

It is now known that all this is untrue—a perfect example of the progress of medical science. The present idea is that quinine is merely a dope for the phagocytes; and I am quite prepared to hear in a few years' time that it is only the medium of a faith cure.

Anyhow, I am quite certain that in India, where even health is militarised and illness is often regarded as a court-martial affair, quinine is still used as an instrument of discipline. Old Colonel Blackrigg, Civil Surgeon at Arampur, used to boast that he had banished malaria from the region. He defied anyone to show him a real case. And certainly nobody dared to approach him a second time with complaints of ague or recurring high fever. Thus, so far as his knowledge went, malaria had been stamped out in Arampur.

When I first went to the station—I was of course very young at the time—I did not know what beneficent work he had done in clearing the district of the disease, so when he asked in his genial manner, "Well, what the blazes is the matter with you?" I innocently answered, "Malaria, I think, Sir."

"Nonsense," said he affably; "don't tell me that rot." But when he had examined me he felt slightly less confident.

"You just want a stiff dose of quinine," was his second pronouncement.

"But, Sir," I objected, "I have already taken two bottles of quinine."

"Yes," he roared, "I know; that muck in tablet form. That stuff is useless; you can't even taste it."

It seemed that the taste was an essential part of the cure.

"Powder for you, my boy," he vociferated; "ten grains three times a day. And don't let me hear you mention the word malaria again."

However, the fever persisted and I was forced to consult him again.

"Are you taking that quinine regularly?" he inquired.

"Yes, Sir; as you ordered."

"Then double the dose; you aren't taking enough. Why, your hearing isn't affected yet."

Evidently the Colonel was alarmed, for he began to come to my bungalow three times a day and make me absorb the vile stuff in his presence. I had overcome some of the horrors of the powder by rolling it in a cigarette-paper and swallowing the whole. On his first visit he caught me in the act and a terrible scene followed.

"I tell you," he thundered, "you must *taste* it. Do you think I 'm going to let a young tick like you have malaria in my district? Now pour a twenty-grain packet into some lime-juice and drink it up. I'll be back before tiffin to see you take your second dose."

At the end of a week I was quite deaf as a result of the drug and we communicated by means of pencil and paper. This, so to speak, took the edge off his tongue. His diction became less, shall we say, colloquial, but he was as determined as ever.

"Glad to know you are deaf," he wrote. "Another week's course and your digestion won't be worth twopence."

His prediction proved correct. Within a few days I was experiencing all the after-horrors of *homard à l'Américane* without having enjoyed the previous ecstasy.

A later written message ran, "The quinine is acting splendidly; your eyesight should begin to fail very soon."

Next day I gave in. Before his arrival I had prepared my opening speech: "I am now quite cured. I can never be sufficiently grateful for your——"

His face glowed with delight.

"What did I say?" he wrote briskly.

"I knew it."

Then he gave me a look and started writing again. This time his message was, "If you are well, why are you trembling like that?"

I must deceive him or that quinine would kill me. I pretended not to be able to read his writing in order to gain time. Then at last I said, "I always tremble in the presence of senior officers."

He looked at me in an almost fatherly manner, then he stooped and wrote again. The next moment he was waving good-bye.

When he had been gone a short time I pulled the paper towards me. His last words were, "There is nothing like quinine." And for once I heartily agreed with him.

I must admit that I have never had malaria since that day. True, my teeth have sometimes chattered involuntarily and I have on occasion registered as high as one hundred-and-two, but that was not malaria. Oh, no! I am of a nervous temperament, and, after all, thermometers are untrustworthy.

E. P. W.



Employer. "WELL, I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS, SIMPSON. BY THE WAY, I SHALL PROBABLY HAVE SOMETHING RATHER SERIOUS TO SAY TO YOU ON YOUR RETURN."

Another Headache for the Historian.

Of the new "round-about" traffic system in Trafalgar Square:—

"The harassed folk are the pedestrians, who find that one-way traffic is surprisingly difficult and hair-raising when they try to cross the road."—*Evening Paper.*

"Pedestrians were startled to find that the notorious 'death-trap' crossing between Nelson's lions and Whitehall, where Londoners daily fly for their lives, was so deserted that several throws would have been possible for anyone who chose to play marbles there."

Same paper, Same day.

A FUTILE PROTEST.

["Fine transparent veils will be worn with the season's cloche hats."—*Fashion Note.*]

WITHOUT a veil my pretty Grace
Like some fresh-opened blossom glows;
The tints of lily and of rose
In her complexion I can trace.

'Tis but a filmy thing of lace,
But she looks sweeter, as she knows,
Without a veil.

Yet now she veils her pretty face;
It is the fashion, I suppose,
Set by the Millinery Shows.
I say a veil is out of place—
Without avail.

From an article about the POET LAUREATE:—

"'How far up is it?' he asked.

'Four flights,' I answered.

'We'll take them two at a time,' he said. 'Watch me!' and he capered up . . . in an astonishingly agile way."—*Provincial Paper.*

Due, no doubt, to long practice on the steep slopes of Parnassus.



"LIZARDS" AND THEIR PUPILS: A COMMON RIVIERA EXHIBITION.

STATE RECOGNITION.

(*More Gilbertiano.*)

AT Wapping stairs lived Ivan Grew;
A bishop's crozier shook he;
A resident of Wapping too
Was Peter Blobbs the bookie.

No more antagonistic pair
On dry land or aboard ship
Could be encountered anywhere
Than Peter and his lordship.

Plump Peter had a loud check suit;
He lived by gains improper;
This Ivan loved the Absolute
And donned a curious topper.

"Pooh! pooh!" his lordship used to shout
As Peter passed the Palace,
"Your job is working chances out,
That's why you've grown so callous."

"Fie! fie!" his lordship used to sneer,
"All gambling should be jumped on;
I flout Newmarket and I fleer
At Doncaster and Plumpton."

Poor Peter was a deal nonplussed
And writhed with indignation
To hear thus scornfully discussed
His favourite occupation.

"You laugh, my lord," he sternly said,
"Yet, though you deem me so low,
All Johnnies to some trade are bred;
Episcopari nolo."

Then Mr. CHURCHILL's Budget came,
And both observed the taxes,
And both from casting mutual blame
Went off in private waxes.

Good Ivan vowed the awful toll
Would sanction people's sinnings;
But Peter Blobbs was up the pole
Because it pared his winnings.

The Bishop took his fountain-pen
And wrote *The Times* a beauty
Beginning, "Sir,—All decent men
Abominate this duty."

Which Peter read, and thought, "Ho, no,
I bain't so blooming awful,
No, not by half as them what go
And make my business lawful."

He took his gamp and started straight
To seek his lordship's pardon,
But had a fit inside the gate—
They found him in the garden.

The Bishop went and picked him up
And brought him round with brandy,
Cold beef-steak pie and claret-cup
And sticks of sugar-candy.

Thereon these two of different bent
Became by process rummy
From wrath against the Government
Incomparably chummy.

At noon and night by Wapping Stairs
They meet and talk together
About diocesan affairs,
Australia and the weather.

Old yarns about a whisky-peg
To Ivan now seem sweeter;
The story of the curate's egg
Ecstaticises Peter.

Each day he grows more mild in looks,
Less roystering and less sporty;
He's started reading Ivan's books—
They number nearly forty.

His books he also loves to lend;
The Bishop likes to see 'em;
Last week I hear he put his friend
Up for the Athenæum.

And oft with lively joke and song
Directed at the Budget
These two will join the merry throng
Newmarketwards who trudge it.

Nay, worst of all—it makes me weep,
But truth must have recorders—
Old Grew has entered for a sweep,
While Blobbs is "taking Orders."

EVOE.

"In conclusion Mr. Churchill said that the Government did not think the betting tax would be so difficult to collect or to administer as was the silk hat."—*Daily Paper.*

On the subject of collecting hats the CHANCELLOR speaks, of course, if we may believe the caricaturists, with unique authority.



A MIXED OPPOSITION.

BOOKMAKER (*choosing his words with care, to Bishop*). "MY LONG-LOST BROTHER, I REJOICE THAT YOU SHARE MY HORROR OF THIS INIQUITOUS IMPOSITION."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE EX-CHANCELLORS.

"So one and all set up a roar
And laughed and hooted more and more."—*Struwwelpeter.*

MR. CHURCHILL, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, SIR ROBERT HORNE AND MR. SNOWDEN.

Monday, April 26th.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER always plays to a full House on Budget night, but contrary to tradition nothing particularly snappy was put on in the way of a Question-time curtain-raiser.

The most topical Questions concerned certain wealthy persons who attempt to defeat the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's ruthless search for revenue by fleeing to the Channel Islands. Mr. CHURCHILL assured the House that our British Frisians must not expect to elude the Internal Revenue Department's automatic milking-machine merely by pretending to be Jerseys. The CHANCELLOR having intimated in his answer that he recognised the particular case to which most of the Questions referred, Mr. SNOWDEN invited him to name the political party to which the gentleman in question had adhered. "From the point of view of the Inland Revenue there is no such thing as a political party," retorted Mr. CHURCHILL.

A Budget debate is not what it was in the old days when the watch-dogs of the Treasury yelped with pain every time a PEEL or a GLADSTONE let go of a sovereign, and expansive Ministers entrusted with the nation's shopping were warned by a thrifty electorate to bring back the right change. It may be that the enormous figures in which the post-war budgeteer deals stun the House and the country into a sort of uncomprehending numbness. Or it may be that those who receive the first impact of what is known as the "incidence of taxation" have become so expert at passing on the jolt to the next in circuit and so *ad infinitum* that there is no shock.



Sir J. Simon (playing with Mr. Macquisten). "TUT-TUT! BANG GO FIVE MORE SAXPENCES. I DON'T APPROVE OF THESE GAMES OF CHANCE."

Mr. CHURCHILL's speech was shorter than many of its kind, and better cast than most of them, for he never wandered off into irrelevancies or gave disproportionate attention to matters of small concern. There was always a daring simile or a soothing *mot* forthcoming just when the figures threatened to become tedious. As for the matter of the speech, one saw the financial tree being shaken with adroitness and vigour in equal proportions. Rare and refreshing fruits, some, like the betting-tax, a bit on the green side, others, like the four million gently detached from M. PERET—a sort of Souvenir de Congrès pear—a little over-ripe, tumbled into the CHANCELLOR's receptive lap; while the ten-year extension of the McKenna Duties fell squash on the Free Trade Benches opposite.

Mr. SNOWDEN congratulated the CHANCELLOR on his manner, and signified his intention of assailing his proposals at a later stage. He seemed particularly impressed with the CHANCELLOR's almost painless extraction of an odd five million from the brewers.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE asked the CHANCELLOR to remember that two Committees of men predisposed in favour of a tax on betting had finally decided against it. He also deplored the return to the gold standard and the CHANCELLOR's raid on the Road Fund, but added his meed of felicitation on the CHANCELLOR's "fine Parliamentary achievement."

Sir ROBERT HORNE included the taxpayer in his felicitations—on what he had done in repaying his creditors rather than on how he had been done by the CHANCELLOR—and put in a word for the super-taxpayer. Sir H. PAGE CROFT

put in quite a number of words for the safeguarding of the steel industry.

Tuesday, April 27th.—An unusually large number of indignant Peers set about the Ministry of Transport this afternoon and, led by Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, roundly accused the Ministry of bolstering up an obsolete tramway system at the expense of the public. The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS defended the Ministry's action as stoutly as circumstances permitted, but the consensus of the House was clearly in favour of what Lord PHILLIMORE described as a "fair fight and no favour" between the trams and the buses.

The sad case of Mr. GHOSE, a noted revolutionary forcibly separated from his finger-prints by the French authorities while visiting a friend in Pondicherry, found Mr. LANSBURY more than usually plaintive; but he failed to shake the determination of the Foreign Office to treat the matter with silent equanimity.



PENNY-WISE SUPPORT.

The Head (Mr. F. G. PENNY, to the Tail, Sir FREDRIC WISE). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE AUDIENCE WILL THINK OF THIS PERFORMANCE, BUT WE MUST DO OUR BEST TO KEEP IT GOING."

The MINISTER OF TRANSPORT assured Mr. NAYLOR that there was no intention of adopting the gyratory system at Ludgate Circus. The question of erecting something—an unchippable policeman or a statue of Mr. COOK, the Father of the Circular Tour—for the traffic to gyrate around does not therefore arise.

The House settled down to hear Mr. SNOWDEN make mincemeat of the Budget, but Mr. SNOWDEN is one of those mills that grind slowly as well as exceedingly small, and a speech really notable in the manner of its dealing with the complicated question of national credit was overloaded with the sort of debating points that every ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer has aimed at every Chancellor of the Exchequer since Budgets first began. Mr. R. MCNEILL likened Mr. SNOWDEN to the officials of DARIUS who sought occasion against the prophet DANIEL, but intimated that on the present occasion the lions would remain innocuous. Sir JOHN SIMON recalled what was said about Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, that the "power and prehensile character of his mind were like the trunk of an elephant, equally able to pick up a pin or uproot a tree;" and took exception to several of the unconsidered trifles to which the CHANCELLOR had laid his devastating proboscis. The betting-tax also aroused his ire, though he confessed that he had sometimes ventured half-a-crown on a round of golf. The implied suggestion that the royal and ancient pastime is a game of chance aroused strong protest from Mr. MACQUISTEN. Mr. HILTON YOUNG said they should abandon the idea that expenditure must necessarily be good because it was benevolent, and urged the Government to encourage self-help by refusing further to come



AN ANCIENT MONUMENT.
LORD PEEL.

to the assistance of trade or of individuals. Another friendly critic on these lines was Mr. PENNY, who however strongly supported the betting-tax.

Wednesday, April 28th.—On the Budget Resolutions Sir ROBERT HORNE gave a general blessing to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but thought him a trifle too ready, when the question of responsibility for expenditure arose, to "pass the buck" to the faithful of his own party. Mr. RUNCIMAN denounced the betting-tax, which he said would have the effect of sending the bookmakers to join the super-tax dodgers in Jersey, and intimated that if and when his party got to the Treasury Bench again the McKenna Duties would get a short shrift. But another financial pundit, Sir FREDRIC WISE, gave the Budget general if critical support.

Mr. CHURCHILL, replying "in all meekness" to Sir ROBERT HORNE, maintained that it was the Conservative Party and the House generally and not the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that was really responsible for expenditure. He derided the suggestion that the betting-tax would drive speculators to the street-bookmakers and drew an amusing picture of the backer who for the sake of extra odds equal to a shilling in the pound was expected to "go wandering about in the districts of some manufacturing town looking for a mysterious individual into whose hand he might surreptitiously press half-a-dollar."

Thursday, April 29th.—At the instance of Lord BEAUCHAMP, who as one of the "auld lichts" of the Liberal Party takes a natural interest in departed glories, Lord PEEL told the House of Lords what the Office of Works was doing in the way of preserving ancient monuments, and the House—an ancient monument which has had some difficulty of late in preserving itself—heard with sympathetic attention that over twenty "major" monuments had passed under the FIRST COMMISSIONER'S care since 1925.

Lord CRAWFORD then broke into a rhapsody on Waterloo Bridge, which he described as "the greatest architectural and artistic monument that Britain possessed of the nineteenth century," and denounced the "vulgar and deleterious practice of restoration." Lord PEEL sympathised, but intimated that the L.C.C. was not to be easily diverted from its deleterious course.

In the Commons the HOME SECRETARY told Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, who wants the legal age of marriage raised, that the more he delved into the ancient marriage laws the more difficult the subject became, and that he rather



LITTLE-KNOWN VOCATIONS.

COMMITTEE OF SPECIALISTS AT SEASIDE RESORT TESTING DECK-CHAIRS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

thought the legal age for marriage would turn out to be two. "Is not that a proper question for the Committee on Juvenile Delinquents?" inquired Mr. GRENFELL.

Is Napoleon brandy an antique or a work of art, or does it still come under the vulgar but dutiable head of "wines and spirits"? Sir R. BARNETT suggested that it should be admitted free under one of the former classifications, but Mr. MCNEILL declined to commit himself.

The House, on the motion to go into Committee on Civil Service Estimates, discussed Empire Trade. Mr. WADDINGTON, the mover, thought there could not be too much of it and argued that the Overseas Trade Department should advertise itself better, particularly to the cotton industry. Mr. BARNES, of East Ham, said, Alas! his poor black brother, or words to that effect, and declined to stand by and see him exploited for the benefit of British capital. Mr. JOHNSTON made sarcastic reference to the fact that the Government which professed to represent the Empire had recently guaranteed two millions to a Greek electrical scheme undertaken by a French firm.

Dr. HADEN GUEST wanted the Government to send out "a clarion call for high wages," but said nothing about the Trade Unions emitting a fanfare on behalf of harder work.

THE ELFINOLOGIST.

When the cushats are a-cooing
And the froggins gone a-wooing
  In the muddle
  Of the puddle
That was never known to drain;
And the orange-tip 's a-caper
Like a flighty bit of paper
  Down the thicket
  By the wicket
That is entrance to the lane;
Then I grip my trusty weapon
  (It 's a sturdy-handled net)
And I sally forth a-sweeping
  Just to see what I can get.

I sweep the dainty blooming
And the leafage unassuming
  Of the hedgerows
  And the sedgerows
Where the little folk of spring,
From their footholds flippy-flopping,
In their myriads come dropping
  Till the set
  Of my net
Is all bulging in a ring;
Then I sit and wipe my forehead
  (I am elderly and stout)
And with infinite precaution
  I sort the fairies out.

There are some who stagger laden
  'Neath a sack of spider's eggs;
There are others wind the clock-work
  Of a midge's little legs,
Or build a hippy-hopper's house
  With bubble-pearls of froth,
Or polish up the spectacles
  Of some old granny moth.
There 's one who always rides upon
  A baby woolly bear;
You may not sort him out at all
(He 's very, very, very small),
  But all the same he 's there.

In the Children's Cause.

Mr. Punch must again be importunate on behalf of the Crippled Children of the Heritage Craft Schools at Chailey, Sussex. There is no charity that has a firmer place in his affections. It stands in great need of help, and on Wednesday next, May 12th, it is to hold a Festival Dinner at the Savoy Hotel (Embankment entrance), at 7.30 for 8, followed by a dance (inclusive tickets, £2 2s.), when it is hoped that a large sum may be raised for the perfecting of its splendid equipment. This is a work which Mr. Punch eagerly commends on the strength of personal knowledge, and he appeals to his readers' goodwill, of which he has already had proof, to do it such service as lies in their power by contributing to the Chairman's list of donations.

Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RESCUE PARTY" (COMEDY).

IN an age when everybody claims the right to live his own—and more particularly *her* own—life (as the jargon goes) it is perhaps a little too late to do a tilt against the discredited bogey of narrow-mindedness. In holding up to some rather old-fashioned ridicule the "rescue party" that sets out to reclaim *Hermione Gordon* from her irregular mode of life Miss PHYLLIS MORRIS is just reviving a corpse for the joy of knocking it down. What we want to-day—and what indeed we get here, but without the author's apparent intention—is a satire on the cant of broadmindedness that wears the uniform and draws the pay of a Church to whose creed it has long ceased, if ever it began, to subscribe.

The *Reverend Timothy Bray*, whom we are invited to admire, is a masterpiece of insincerity. In his professed broadmindedness he pours contempt on the rescue party and on all people—preferably missionaries—who "interfere" with the lives and views of others; yet himself he retrieves *Hermione* (for the sake of her attractions) and gives her sanctuary in his own house as his typist, thus bringing on his bald head the condemnation of a scandalised neighbourhood and an outraged bishop. The obvious solution, freely tendered by all those whose concern it doesn't happen to be, is that he should marry the girl; but this he isn't man enough to do. In the end he is cut out, under his eyes, by a fellow-cleric (billeted on him for a few days) who is narrow-minded enough to be a missionary.

The *Rev. Timothy* is so charitable that this girl, who had run off with a married man simply because the duties of a hospital nurse bored her, and then lived with another man in a block of flats frequented by women of the street, is declared by him to be as desirable a mate as any virgin; so catholic of heart that he tells a prostitute (no modern play is complete without one of these) that if ever a sad man has found solace in her society she may count with confidence on getting to heaven; and yet, as he recognises in a rare spasm of self-revelation, he has no charity for those who need it most, namely the uncharitable.

All this however might have mattered little if he had been honestly serious in his inconsistencies; but he starts, and continues, as a buffoon, and, except that he shows a certain stolid persistence in keeping alive the scandal of a pretty typist in his bachelor parsonage, he has no mind of his own. "What," he asks his sister when she advances a fantastic claim to broadmindedness—"what is the use of broadmindedness if you have no mind to be broad with?" And this, though he didn't seem to know it, was a question which he would have found difficult to answer if addressed to himself. He failed indeed, and badly, to answer one very awkward question which *Hermione* put to him. "How," she asked, "did you come to enter the Church?" "Don't be a cynic" was all the answer he could think of. Yet *Hermione* was nothing like a cynic; she merely reflected the very natural curiosity of every member of the audience who possessed an elementary sense of fitness.

From time to time the *Rev. Timothy*, having firmly established in our minds his taste for puerile humour, wanted us to take him seriously when he attacked the narrowness of the unco' guid; but this was too much to ask, and I had no stomach for his final rhetoric about the ideal of a Church that should be "a vital factor" in people's lives.

Mr. AUBREY MATHER, who played the part, got all the possible fun out of it, but little else, for there was little else to be got. If he hoped (which I doubt) to persuade us to believe in him he was doomed to disappointment. But apart from a tendency to abruptness and *gaucherie* in his movements he did as well as could be expected.

Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE was something more than passable as the type (less common in life than in art) which can touch unsavoury things without any visible effect on its virginal purity. But she could not make the character of *Hermione* appear as probable as that of *Madelon* in the earlier scenes of *Lullaby*; for *Hermione* was not the drifting victim of circumstance, but deliberately chose what she was pleased to call a life of "freedom."



SMART MISSIONARY WORK.

Hermione Gordon . . . . MISS MERCIA SWINBURNE.
The Rev. Jeremiah Tulkhart MR. FREDERICK LLOYD.
The Rev. Timothy Bray . . MR. AUBREY MATHER.

Of the rest, Miss KATIE JOHNSON (as *Lady Holmes* of the rescue party) made a good prattler; Mr. GILBERT RITCHIE (with a rather unlikely taste for spiritualistic communion with PLATO), a good butler; Messrs. ERIC STANLEY and BREMBER WILLS, good hierarchs (orthodox); Mr. FREDERICK LLOYD (in the LIVINGSTONE style brought up to date), a good missionary; Mr. ÉLIOT MAKEHAM (as a flat-agent who was prepared to accommodate his lighter *clientèle* for a consideration), a good cad; and Miss HILDA BRUCE-POTTER (one of his tenants), a good prostitute.

I suspect Miss PHYLLIS MORRIS of having read M. CLÉMENT VAUTEL'S recent romance, *Mon Curé chez les Riches*. But the lovable *Abbé Pellegrin*, with his devastating slang caught from the *poilus* with whom he served in the trenches, his scandalous contempt for the formalities of the Church, his noble ardour in preaching and practising the essentials of true religion and charity, bears little resemblance, except for a certain fecklessness which they share, to Miss MORRIS'S frivolous advocate of a broader Christianity. I'm not sure that I don't prefer the old stage way of putting up silly curates to be giggled at; there at least no pretence was made that they were anything but silly.

You will not, I hope, mistake *The*

Rescue Party for a great play, or even for the stuff of sound propaganda; but it seemed to give a lot of fairly innocent pleasure when I saw it on the second night; and I should say that its happy things outnumbered its banalities. So, if you are content to have a loud and easy laugh now and then, it is my advice that you should go and see it; you will at least be rescued for a brief evening from the strain of thinking too much. O. S.

"CORIOLANUS" (STRATFORD FESTIVAL).

The lovely sleepy little town of Stratford was all a-buzz on its hero's birthday. In general I do not care vastly for the traffic of shrines. When, making pleasant conversation with Phyllis at mine inn, I said, "I suppose WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE occasionally gets a little on your nerves?" she replied, "Oh, no, Sir; we get so as not to notice it at all." A charming sidelight! But our Phyllis was an exception—too busy no doubt attending to our comfort. The friendly streets were thronged with complacent citizens grinning proudly and expectantly. Rubber-necks twisted with a new fervour. Everybody that was anybody "had a plan." And no wonder. Great things had been done and were to be done. Fire had come down from heaven and consumed one of the least lovely buildings that had ever been put up to the memory of a creator of imperishable beauty. Let this be taken as no slur upon the generous founder, the late Mr. CHARLES FLOWER, for the gods had inspired his good deed at a moment when mid-Victorian architecture had reached its nadir. But a new bloom has burgeoned in a happier age, Mr. ARCHIBALD FLOWER, to carry on the notable tradition of his family.

The flames had hardly got the better of the firemen before this worthy citizen had guaranteed all immediate expenses and a further generous sum towards re-endowment; the burgesses had met and within a quarter-of-an-hour voted further monies with a promptness not incident to burgesses; Mr. BRIDGES ADAMS, the producer, Mr. L. L. DUSSAULT, architect, and Mr. PRICE, master builder of Stratford, were measuring the ground for the conversion of the modest local cinema into an adequate theatre for the Festival presentation. It was indeed a Saga of Heroes of which my colleague last week only hinted at the half. Had not bricklayers, defying the lightning of their unions, laid bricks as swiftly as



MOTHER PLEADING WITH VOLSHEVIST SON.

Volumnia . . MISS ETHEL CARRINGTON.
Coriolanus . MR. GEORGE SKILLAN.

a mother-moth lays eggs? Had not carpenters knocked up dressing-rooms with the energy of worker bees busy at their cell-making, and electricians made lights to glow with the despatch of fireflies? In three short weeks three thousand feet of waste ground had been covered with dressing-rooms, green-rooms, switchboards and the whole complicated apparatus of scene-making and scene-shifting.

In the new lovely theatre which, if every real lover of SHAKESPEARE at home and abroad does anything like his bit, is shortly to rise—on the banks of the placid Avon, I hope, though controversy waxes fierce as to the site—I see a tablet by mason-sculptor GILL, on which will stand for centuries the names of these heroes of reconstruction.

The happy day dawned bright, but a cloud no bigger than a MUSSOLINI's hand had showed its threat. It may yet be that our gentle SHAKESPEARE'S Stratford will do more for the peace of the world than the League's Geneva, for even our impetuous pseudo-Fascists, choke-full of the fiery spirit of *Caius Marcius Coriolanus*, and sharing his lack of humour—together with a local vicaress—announced that they would, out of tactful consideration for the poet's birthday feast, refrain from insulting a foreign Power's representative who had come to offer "a tribute of love and respect from the Union of Soviet Socialists' Republics to the world's greatest poet and literary genius." Therefore *Lion* (Mayor of BIRMINGHAM); *Eagle* (Mr. JAMES M. BECK, tactful and resolute Anglophile, who won our hearts in our dark hour); *Bear* (M. MAISKY), *Ex-Eagle* (Dr. SCHICK), and others who cannot be zoologically classified, stood together in amity at the unfurling of the flags of the sixty-five nations, and later sat at lunch, where eloquent and jolly things were said.



A LITTLE ROMAN BACK-CHAT.

Menenius. "Your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion."

Menenius Agrippa . . . . . MR. RANDLE AYRTON.
Sicinius Velutus . . . . . MR. FRED MORGAN.
Junius Brutus . . . . . MR. ROY BYFORD.

And so to the play—*Coriolanus*. A stupendous affair even with a thousand or so lines tactfully excised, worked out according to the authentic formula of tragedy that such-and-such characters in such-and-such situations shall move to their doom according to the remorseless logic of the premisses—the proud and headstrong *Caius Marcius* to a traitor's death, the glib Tribunes to the imminent ruin of their city, the vain *Aufidius* to treachery and dishonour. Mr. GEORGE SKILLAN had the noble mien, the devastating fire, the impetuous speech of the natural tyrant

and uncompromising soldier. The pace at which he was forced or chose to take his lines, or the inadequate acoustics of the auditorium, made him difficult to hear. Mr. RANDLE AYRTON was an admirably smooth and crafty *Menenius Agrippa*, and his careful elocution made us miss nothing of a glorious part. Mr. FRED MORGAN and Mr. ROY BYFORD were excellent and well-contrasted as the Tribunes, *Sicinius Velutus* and *Junius Brutus*. Miss ETHEL CARRINGTON was a noble, steadfast and (quite properly) a little less than human *Volumnia*. I thought Mr. KENNETH WICKSTEED a little over-zealous as the ædile, but he may have meant to present himself as one of those rash cooks that spoil the broth in the troubled kitchen of the State.

A fine end to a day of gay excursions and happily-stilled alarums. Nay, but not quite an end. Decorously carousing till near cock-crow with some of the heroes of this great adventure, we talked of how we could charm the monies from the shrunken purses of Englishmen at home or in exile, and of kindly strangers, to build a shrine of such beauty, honour and technical efficiency that our great Ghost can walk at ease and at peace till the last Curtain.

What offers, mites or magnums, Ladies and Gentlemen, for a bargain you shall never repent? T.

"THE UNSEEMLY ADVENTURE" (GARRICK).

I could well imagine Mr. RALPH STRAUS's novel, from which *The Unseemly Adventure* has been adapted for the stage by Mr. SYDNEY BLOW and Mr. GORDON WHITEHEAD, to be a very entertaining book. Not once in a hundred times, so far as my experience goes, does this experiment of adaptation succeed; the methods and limitations of the two mediums are so entirely different—novel discursive, play compressed; novel leaving so much to the imagination, play offering you a three-dimensional affair with all its raw edges and awkward corners challenging the critical eye. What would pass for fantasy in the one easily becomes heavy-footed in the other; and this is precisely what has happened in this "Frolic in Three Acts," upon which the happy hundredth chance has not lighted. The best thing about it, and it is a good thing, is that it provides an admirable comedian, Mr. BRUCE WINSTON, with a most attractive flamboyant part, which is up to his weight.

The business begins well enough in the stodgy library of the local châtelaine of dead-alive Queen's Dorsett. A crudely energetic parson, a *locum*, has quite truthfully stigmatised the inhabitants of this sleepy hollow as "negative slugs." He plants a seed of distaste for his smooth obedient life in effeminate young *Dorsett*: a seed watered by the girl with whom he thinks himself to be in love, and who urges him for God's sake to do something; and sunned by a Gargantuan tramp who reads ARISTOTLE and what-not for fun. This roomy wanderer—he is a duke in disguise—whom he finds sleeping off the effect of six bottles of beer in his summer-house, persuades him to an adventure—a sudden journey in a battered caravan to nowhere in particular, in the course of which adventure many things happen which are so unplausible in fact and manner that I am afraid I lost interest. The entertainment remains merely a rather jolly affair for children.

Mr. REGINALD BACH gave us a delightful parson, and Mr. VICTOR STANLEY made a good enough thing of a young man whom our duke-tramp seduced from haberdashery to caravanning. T.



A LESSON IN BABY CULTURE.

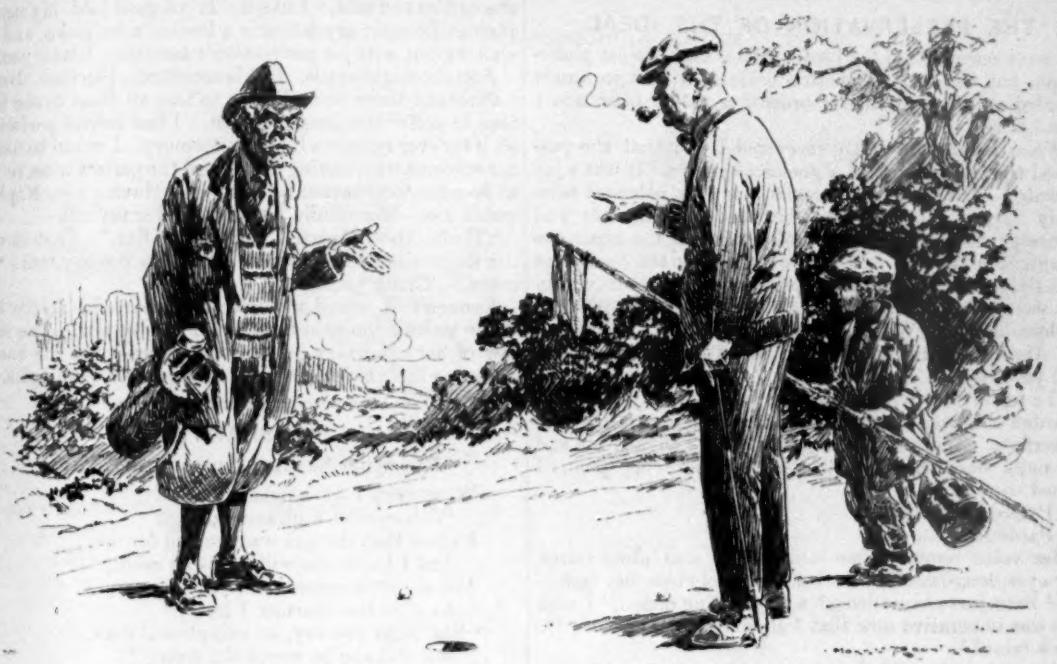
Humphrey Dorsett . . . . MR. FREDERICK COOPER.
Appelby Magnus . . . . . MR. BRUCE WINSTON.

"1926 Saloon Car, with chauffeuse, nursing qualification."—*Daily Paper*.
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THE FUTURE OF OSMICS.

THE part played by noses in history is too well known to call for detailed illustration. Let the names of JULIUS CÆSAR—"the hook-nosed fellow of Rome"—CLEOPATRA, the length of whose nose decided the fate of empires, CYRANO DE BERGERAC and the Duke of WELLINGTON suffice. Did not the great NAPOLEON remark, "when I want any good head-work done, I always choose a man, if otherwise suitable, with a long nose"? Yet, as Dr. J. H. KENNETH points out in his masterly survey of "Odours and the Sense of Smell" in *Nature* for April 24th, Olfactology or Osphresiology is sadly deficient in scientific literature. Such experts as ZWAARDEMAKER, HOGEWIND and HEYNINX, of CHWOLSON, BUCCOLA, MOLDENHAUER and VASCHIDE, deserve grateful recognition for their industry as well as for the euphony of their names. And the experiments on Javanese and Europeans by GRIJNS, we rejoice to read, "adumbrate a more extensive investigation of olfactory acuity in the different races of mankind." Isolated observations abound; a mass of interesting data is available. But the co-ordination and integration of the heterogeneous elements composing the science of smell have yet to be done, and osmics "provides a most extensive field of research, not only for the individual morphologist, but for team work."

But "while noses have an interest all of their own"—a remark which Mr. Punch most cordially endorses—"it is their performances which make a wider and more intensive appeal." Some people speak through their noses; with others, as WORDSWORTH says of the sonnet, "the thing becomes a trumpet." In these lean years nearly all of us pay through the nose, and yet, so far as we are aware, there is no course of lectures at the London School of Economics indicating how the process may be rendered less painful. These *lacunæ* in our equipment will no doubt be filled in time. For the moment we cannot over-estimate the service rendered by Dr. KENNETH in emphasizing the need of co-ordination and research, not merely in the interests of pure science, but also on account of the numerous applications of osmic lore to everyday life. He discourses luminously on the interesting



First Player. "HOW MANY?"
Second Player. "TWELFE!"
First Player. "TWELVE? WHY, I COUNTED YOU TAKING THIRTEEN IN THAT BUSH."
Second Player. "WELL, IS IT MY VAULT IF A SNAKE I HAF TO KILL PEFORE I MAKE MY SHOT?"

field opened up by the investigation of olfactory reflexes and odour preferences. There are, as he simply observes, "inborn and acquired likes and dislikes which form a kind of olfactory syndrome or diathesis characteristic of the individual."

And this leads on, as he shows, to the momentous conclusion that "owing to fluctuations in the affective judgment of odours due to changes in metabolic conditions, it would seem probable that an olfactory diathesis would have some diagnostic value, especially if linked with an examination of colour preferences." We agree; and we also note in this context the interesting fact of the absence of olfactory pigment in albinos.

The field of osmics is so wide that Dr. KENNETH has necessarily limited himself to its physiological and psychological aspects. He only hints in a single sentence at one of the most attractive and fruitful branches of the study when he briefly records the suggestion of HEYNINX that "the olfactory pigment functions so as to provide something like resonance." He refrains in his present article from discussing the possibilities of cultivating the vivid images called up by odours in works of art. Some modern composers have called in colour to reinforce the stimulation of sound. The Osmic Symphony has yet to be composed, though the materials are extraordinarily rich and varied. As he remarks, "an odour constitutes a more effective characterisation of persons, objects and places than a verbal description, and the absence of a direct vocabulary of olfactory sensations raises difficulties."

Now the creation of this vocabulary would be effectually promoted by the manufacture of special instruments designed to diffuse odours which lend themselves to solo or synosmic treatment. Think of the impulse to lyric inspiration afforded by the heliotropola or the verbenovector; or the exhilarating effect of a quartet in which the hackneyed strings were replaced by first and second violets, acetylene and breakfast-bacon (bass); or a symphony in which the four movements were (1) *Allegro Acqua di Colonia*, (2) *Presto stincopato*, (3) *Andante Assafetida*, (4) *Adagio Ammoniacato, poco a poco asfissiante.*

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A RAILWAY RHYME.

"THE 12.11 will not run;"
"The 9.16 is ten mins. late;"
"Suspended is the 7.1,"
And "Cancelled is the 7.8;"
"Restricted service during fog;"
"A partial service during snow"—
These facts the Railway is agog
To let its little victims know.

The news is always for the *worse;*
Announcements never seem to say,
"HARD TIMES MAY MEAN AN EMPTY PURSE,
THE 5.15 IS FREE TO-DAY."

"That eternal want of peace
Which vexes public men."
Weekly Paper.

Mr. CHURCHILL, we believe, sees no reason why the quotation should be garbled. With him it is still "want of pence" that destroys his rest.

From an article on the work of the U.S. artillery during the late war:—

"Battery commanders frequently failed to report whether they had fired at ten thousand or seventeen thousand kilometres on a given target furnished them from corps headquarters."—*American Paper.*

What we cannot understand is why, if they had guns of this range, the United States authorities troubled to send them to Europe, when they could have done all their shooting without leaving home.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE IDEAL.

I HAVE encountered the Ideal. She is very like her photograph, but much, much better-looking. I was so dumbfounded at the sight that I ordered a pot of toast and a round of tea.

When I had sufficiently recovered I saw that she possessed that rarest of gifts, a graceful carriage. It was a joy to watch her trip to the counter, her tray balanced carelessly on one hand. She set her feet down daintily and squarely; she moved with a pretty swing of the hips; she was grace in action. In a glance I saw that she could pass with flying colours two of the primary tests of beauty: her feet were small and neatly shod; her ankles were all that ankles should be. Would she pass the third test? I doubted it. Absurd to expect physical perfection in a teashop. And yet——

The tea arrived with miraculous rapidity. My table was a garden of flowers, over which fluttered her hands like twin butterflies. And her fingers were slender and tapering and her nails were the true filbert-shape and softly pink. I sighed with relief.

"Passed!" I breathed.

"Pardon?" said she.

Her voice reminded me strangely of cool clear water. Her eyes, long-lashed, were bent demurely over her task.

"I have just come through a most trying ordeal," I said.

It was imperative now that I should see her eyes. "Do I look faint?"

The dark lashes lifted and two blue eyes gazed impersonally at me; but the tiniest of smiles touched for an instant the corners of her mouth.

"You look strong enough to eat your toast," said she, and was gone. Have I said that her nose was short and straight, her chin firm and rounded? I'll say it now.

Juggling with my crockery, I watched her feed the multitude. It was amazing to behold how the tired business-man came to life as she approached his table. Elderly gentlemen beamed benevolently and looked as though they would like to pat her hand. Dashing young gentlemen ogled her meaningly and looked as though they would like to take her to the pictures. With true feminine coolness she seemed quite unconscious of it all; only now and again that tiny smile came and went. Although she was deft and swift-moving, she took longer than the average over her work. The tired business-man would try to make her talk, kept her at his table as long as he dared and lingered unconscionably over his bill. One and all, as they mounted the stairs to the upper regions, turned to see if they had made a hit; but the last they saw of her was the back of a demure little cap encircling the trimmest of shingles.

Who was she? Obviously she was a newcomer, for that schoolgirl complexion was as yet unsullied by this underground atmosphere.

The New Poor! That was it. Here was a field for romance. Obviously she was the only daughter of an ancient family, driven from her ancestral home by those Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Income-tax, Super-tax, Rates and Death-duties. Her noble sire had refused to allow her to sell herself to the Scottish Jew who held the mortgages. And the Scottish Jew had flung her to the Lyons. That was it.

How I wished I had the courage of these young blades and could talk to her and smile! What would she say if I were to ask her for her pitiful story? How I wished I had a moustache to curl and could say in the best Lyceum manner, "You are much too pretty to spend your days in performing these menial tasks."

But would it be wise to speak? Suppose, horrible thought, she sniffed and said, "I like it. It's a good job. My name's Harriet Bloggs; my father's a brewer's drayman, and I'm walking-out with an undertaker's assistant, thank you."

And she might say it. Life is sometimes like that. But no, a thousand times no! Better to hug an ideal to the heart than to suffer the pangs of truth. I had beheld perfection; let it for ever remain a fragrant memory. I would be like the connoisseur, who, having discovered the perfect wine, refused to do more than savour its bouquet. Having seen Naples, I would die. Meanwhile I would ask for my bill.

"Hadst thou stayed I must have fled." That is what the vision should have said. What she did say was: "No cakes? Thank you."

Enough! I seized my hat and departed. At the bend of the stairs I too paid my tribute and turned. The last I saw of her—the very last I saw of her—was the back of a demure little cap encircling the trimmest of shingles.

SHE-SHANTIES.

BUT WILL SHE BE WORTH THE WORRY?

WHENEVER I see a delectable she
With eyes of a pleasing design
I know that the girl was created for me,
And I know she will never be mine;
And sly little voices remark in my ear,
As after the charmer I hurry,
"She is, as you say, an exceptional dear,
But will she be worth the worry?

She will probably wed an attorney instead
Or be caught by a curate in Surrey;
Agreed that she seems the adored of your dreams,
But will she be worth the worry,
Young man?
Are you sure she is worth the worry?"

And you, if you find you are giving your mind
To mountains and fountains and forests—
Young man, if you feel a distaste for a meal
But are constantly seen at the florist's—
If the rest of the race appears prosy and base,
And you 'd like to reside on a star—
If life is a pain till you 're with her again
And, if anything, worse when you are—

Take ship, I implore, to a tropical shore
And embark on a diet of curry,
For History shows there is danger in does,
And which of them's worth the worry,
Young man?
Ah, when are they worth the worry?

These sweet pretty things, they may fit us with wings,
But we fly to the deuce in their talons,
With a casual "Thanks" they will empty our banks
And go off to a man with a balance;
In a minute they spoil our devotion to toil,
They drive us to whisky or worse,
We cease to digest, they rob us of rest,
And inspire the most terrible verse.

But, though this has been the unbroken routine
Since Helen went off in a hurry,
I know that, as I, you will stoutly reply,
"Never mind—they are worth the worry,
So there!
They ALWAYS *are worth the worry."* A. P. H.

Our Classics.

From a British trade report:—

"Whatever royalty does is pretty freely copied by the 'hoi poi.'"
American Technical Journal.

BLUFF; OR, THE ONE-MAN SHOW.



"Hullo! . . . Yes, Consolidated Universal Gadgets Corporation speaking. Whom do you require?—



"The General Manager? Just a moment and I'll put you through to his secretary—



". . . . . .



". . . . . .



"General Manager's Secretary speaking. Shall I put you through to the Manager myself?—



". . . . . .



". . . . . .



"General Manager speaking. What is your business? . . . I see. I'll transfer you to the Works Manager—



". . . . . .



"Works Manager speaking. Your business, please? . . I see. I 'd better refer you to the Export Department.



"Export Department speaking. Your business, please? One moment; the Chairman of Directors has just looked in and he 'll attend to you.



"Chairman of Directors speaking. Your business? . . I see. Well, in future your orders will receive my own personal attention."



THINGS THEY DO BETTER IN ITALY.

THE MILKMAN GOING HIS ROUNDS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN DISRAELI said that the English nation would concede any degree of political power to a class making simultaneous advances in the direction of great social duties, he was not, I think, explaining the position of the present Conservative party as a whole, but he was certainly putting in a good word for Mr. BALDWIN. The PREMIER'S public utterances of the last two years, now republished as *On England and Other Addresses* (ALLAN), would make a handsome comment on DISRAELI'S text. They are mainly non-political, their audiences are treated as human beings, not as voters, and the man who addresses them has a sound idea of social service and the country he is serving. He speaks "not as the man in the street even, but the man in the field-path;" and with a welcome disclaimer of the absurd "Briton" he extols the nature of Englishmen. They may be less intellectual than the Latins, but they produce geniuses; more taciturn but they beget poets. They are individualists and he deplores their recent losses of character—their dialects, for instance, crushed out "by a process which for want of a better name we have agreed among ourselves to call education." Having savoured this phrase with enjoyment, I was curious to know what Mr. BALDWIN would find to say when he came to address teachers, and discovered that he dissertated with engaging candour on the triumphs of school hygiene and the need for moral training. His speeches are full of charm and humour; and whether they deal with rivals or friends, with contemporaries or the dead, with the ancient classics or with SHAKESPEARE, with democracy or imperialism, with disarmament abroad or disarmament at home, they are of the integrity that needs no limelight and can stand the most searching rays of publicity.

The person depicted in *Ernest Escaping*
Is one of those perky attractive young men
Whom Mr. PETT RIDGE is so clever at shaping,
And who are the product of no other pen.

They 're Londoners born or in London they 're rooted;
Their tongue is pure Cockney—or passes as such,
Though strictly it 's Cockney refined and transmuted
By Mr. PETT RIDGE'S alchemical touch.

The present example 's a grocer's assistant
Who dreads the results of an ardent affair
(Breach of promise, and so on), and takes to a distant
Locality, hoping to hide from the fair.

At first he succeeds, though he marries her later,
But not till he 's figured as boxer (no go),
As clerk to a bookie, house-parlourman, waiter,
And property man in a music-hall show.

And if, when fate offers him raps on the knuckles,
The wildly improbable saves him—why not?
The story (from METHUEN) is brimming with chuckles
And I 'm more than ready to swallow the lot.

The Athenæum, which celebrated its centenary two years ago, has now issued its official history, based on the materials collected with great industry and devotion by the late Mr. H. R. TEDDER, for many years Librarian and Secretary. Mr. HUMPHRY WARD, a member of forty years' standing, has accomplished a difficult task with conspicuous skill and judgment. *The History of the Athenæum, 1824 to 1925* (Printed for the Club), not only traces the origin and growth of that august institution in a concise but animated narrative; it gives a complete list of the men elected under Rule II., with admirably written biographical notes upon

those so elected who are no longer living. "Golly, what a Club!" some young people, paraphrasing *John Finsbury's* comment in "The Wrong Box" on the paper of the same name, might well be tempted to remark as they read the time-honoured legends, mostly imaginary, which are resuscitated from time to time in the evening papers. The story Mr. HUMPHRY WARD has to tell and tells so admirably is of a different complexion. He has no sensational secrets of the prison-house to reveal, but he seasons his recital with many excellent anecdotes and, for one thing, brings out very clearly how much the Club owes to the shrewdness and capacity of the much maligned CROKER, who was the driving force and chief organiser of victory. The volume is profusely illustrated with admirable portraits, amongst which that of THACKERAY in his early prime is peculiarly interesting. Altogether this is a delightful book and a most valuable commentary on the social movement which converted the old coffee-houses into the clubs of a *régime* which is now passing away.

It is a pleasure to come across another of Miss AGNES MURE MACKENZIE'S stories in silverpoint, and I congratulate her heartily on the spirit and delicacy of *The Quiet Lady* (HEINEMANN). This is congenially set in two contrasting districts of Scotland, at a period when cheroots lit from tinder-boxes were the modish rivals of rappee, and the last fiery contemporaries of BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE were all quieted down in their graves. Its hero, *John Crawford*, returns from serving KING GEORGE at Waterloo with no more romantic intention than to settle down on his Daurside lands and marry a discreet and well-dowered wife. Having arranged with his father that the favoured lass is to be *Burnett Silver*, niece and heiress of a rich Baltic merchant, he leaves the head of his house to make overtures to the head of hers and sails for Isle Lonay, in the Outer Hebrides, on a visit to a Gaelic kinsman. Here he gets acquainted with a tacksman or gentleman-tenant of the SEAFORTHS, one *Torquil Macleod*, and, in righteous retribution for his prosaic views on marriage, with *Torquil's* tocherless and beautiful daughter, *Flora*. It must have been extremely hard for Miss MACKENZIE to assign even so stiff a palm as her egotistical *John* to either maiden, seeing that both are adepts at the womanly art of self-sacrifice, both highly attractive and both genuinely in love. However, she manages to award the prize satisfactorily. A note of falsetto in dealing with episodes of violence and a certain straining to introduce felicitous adjectives (both, if I remember rightly, noticeable in *The Half-Loaf*) are the worst vices of which I can accuse *The Quiet Lady*. Its characterisation is formal but never fumbling, and its dominant note of tranquil precision uncommonly refreshing.



Fair Partner. "I—ER—FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW. WHAT STEPS ARE YOU DANCING?"
Strenuous Dancer. "HANG THE STEPS; I'VE GOT THE TEMPERAMENT."

You might, hurriedly glancing over the first few pages of *Posterity* (CAPE), by DIANE BOSWELL, think you were in for something just a little dull. A new state of society at a distant date is visualised. This is to be a propagandist's or a sociologist's tract, you guess. Moreover our author's imagination of the changes to take place in the next fifty years is not very resourceful, nor does she seem very happy with her economic speculations or her appreciation of the problems of craftsmanship. Happily, this is all a secondary matter. In *David Amber*, the carpenter who was in the "specials'" workshop, and *Caroline*, his intellectual wife, a teacher by profession; in *Rona*, the unmarried mother of *David's* son, and in *David's* friend, *Shenley*, the detached journalist who shelters *Rona* and finally marries her, thereby frustrating *David's* desire to have a son of his own that he could acknowledge, we have four live people, developed skilfully in a human

situation and not at all overshadowed or jerked about by any dominant thesis. It should be explained that, in order to keep up the price of labour, the Trade Union regulations of the period enforce the resignation of any member who has more than two children, and *David's* were both daughters. On the other side, the capitalists hold the unmarried mother in honour and give her every encouragement, as the one hope of carrying on the work of the country. One thing caused me extreme sorrow. *David* spends a great deal of his time with a fretsaw; I cherish a hope that by this imagined date the punishment for deliberate fretwork will be death or, at least, permanent exile. Our author has a fastidious sense of style. *Posterity*, which looks like a first novel, is full of real promise, and as a vision of a time when workers and directors are much more near each other in their standards of taste and knowledge and comfort her vision has some plausibility.

I know Miss G. B. STERN as a writer of witty but quite serious novels. Mr. GEOFFREY HOLDSWORTH, though the fault may be mine, I do not know at all. Since therefore *The Happy Meddler* (WARD, LOCK & Co.) is quite unlike any previous book of Miss STERN'S, I am inclined to believe that the original idea was Mr. HOLDSWORTH'S and that he called upon a more experienced hand to aid in its execution. Not that it matters very much. To whichever of the collaborators the major responsibility should be assigned, it is a very light one; for nothing could well be lighter than this string of episodes in the nomadic and maladroit career of *Richard Spurnville Carew*, gentleman of fortune and incurable romantic. Clad in slouch hat and dungarees, travelling for choice by caravan, there is more than a touch of LOCKE about *Carew*; while in the drawing-rooms of the polite he can talk pure Michael-Arlenese. Nevertheless both he and his adventures are sufficiently original for the not too exigent mood to which they are addressed. *The Happy Meddler* is a frivolous book for frivolous moments. *Carew* earned his sobriquet by an irresistible passion for putting his foot into other people's affairs. When the world was out of joint for his friends or even his most casual acquaintances he was quite convinced that he was born to set it right; but he never talked about "cursed spite" or nonsense of that kind. He was not only a meddler but a happy meddler, and the happier the more meddlesome. Nor did the fact that the results of his interferences were always unexpected and often disconcerting make any difference. He never wearied in good intentions. He just tried again—perhaps a little too often. In other words the book is rather too long for its kind. *Carew* is the sort of man who, though one is glad of his company for an hour's gossip, can easily outstay his welcome.



Lady. "DO YOU GO TO THE IMPERIAL THEATRE?"
Conductor. "NO, LADY. I DON'T SUPPOSE I'VE BEEN TO A THEATRE FOR A TWELVEMONTH."

Mr. Allen (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the joint work of Mr. H. A. VACHELL and Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, and the right way of dealing with it is to push everyone else out of the room, because other people do chatter so, and give yourself up to it. If you don't reach that conclusion at the outset, on finding that the hero, a rich bachelor, has taken a "moated grange in Essex," you will certainly be faced with it a few pages later when you learn that his neighbour and landlord is a much-travelled man of mystery who calls cannibals by their first names and carries about with him a tobacco-pouch made of three thicknesses of human skin. And that's as much of the plot as I propose to reveal to you. The genesis of a collaboration is always matter for an interested speculation, particularly where each of the partners has already proved his ability to write books by himself. As there is nothing in *Mr. Allen* which either of its two authors could not have written alone, we may assume that they got together for the sheer fun of it. And very good fun it must have been. As a "thriller" *Mr. Allen* does distinctly come off, and, unlike others of the species, it does not violate the probabilities. Mr. VACHELL and Mr. MARSHALL will now, I suppose, return to their private practices, to the edification and delight of their respective followings; but they may spend their holidays together as often as they like.

Mr. VERNON KNOWLES, at the outset of *Beads of Coloured Days* (GARDNER DARTON), bamboozled me. His story begins so placidly and p'easingly with the youthful enthusiasms of *Alec Holt* that I imagined myself embarking upon an entertainment which my most juvenile friends would be glad to share with me. In his boyhood *Alec* jumped with activity from one enthusiasm to another. In turn he was in bondage to art and to chemistry; but, having survived these servitudes, he decided with some reason that he was born to be a poet. His father, however, feared that he would merely become one of the world's greatest "dabblers," and *Alec* was only just seventeen when he found himself occupying an office-stool in Bishopsgate, which it must be allowed was not an inspiring position for a budding poet. From this point *Alec's* history moves quickly, and as it moved I felt a real admiration for the style and form in which Mr. KNOWLES relates it. As a study of a sensitive young man who lacked creative genius it demands attention, but I erred widely from the mark when I harboured the thought that this was a story destined to delight children.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The natural result of the two deals is that they have created an impression of double dealing."—*Daily Paper.*

NOTICE.

It is the desire of the Proprietors to preserve, if possible, the continuity of this paper. In the present difficult circumstances, Mr. Punch has to ask the indulgence of his readers and to beg them to overlook the reduced size of the present issue and its imperfections.

Editor.

CHARIVARIA.

There is not a word of truth in the rumour that the newspapers were suppressed at the instigation of the Test Match Selection Committee.

***

Cricketers have had cruel bad luck at the beginning of the season—first no grounds fit for play and then no papers to write for.

***

With reference to the stoppage of newspapers an old lady writes urging us to use our influence to get these Natsopas sent back to Natsopaland.

***

A bull is reported to have displayed extraordinary intelligence in working the handle of a pump with its head in order to obtain water. It would have been less surprising in a cow accustomed to watching the dairyman.

***

We read of a Camberwell boy of twelve who has become an editor. It is very sad in one so young.

***

According to *Judicial Statistics* issued by the Home Office the number of murders committed in this country is not keeping pace with the increase of population. The explanation is, of course, that so many potential murderers have taken up trying to buy cigarettes after 8 p.m. instead.

***

A daily paper has printed the autographs of the Australian cricketers. It is noticed that, in writing, most of them favour the two-eyed stance and have a variety of strokes at their command.



"How would you like it cut, Sir?"
"Without the slightest reference to the strike."

Since 1909, says a motoring expert, Fords have advanced by leaps and bounds. This is too strong a generalisation to be accurate; we have sometimes noticed them advancing fairly steadily.

***

Dr. W. Köhler has discovered that the sound produced by the cricket is not a mere cry, but a language. We have sometimes thought so at the Oval.

***

The same model is said to figure in six Academy pictures. As the rules stand at present, however, there is nothing to prevent this.

One of the exhibits in the sculpture section of the Academy is the work of a solicitor. A statute, of course.

***

At Lord's the other day Kent and Sussex beat the Rest of Britain at stoolball. What is wrong with the rest of British stoolball?

***

Brigadier-General S. A. E. Hickson claims that, in addition to the works attributed to Shakespeare and other Elizabethans, Bacon wrote *Don Quixote*. Well, anyway he didn't write *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

MILK, AND THE PRESS.

If any good thing comes out of the great strike it will be this—that we shall learn to appreciate many things of which we have not thought much; for example, the poor despised newspapers. Already, on this black Wednesday (May 5th), many have discovered, I fancy, that their best-hated newspaper is preferable to a still small voice at 10-0, 1-0, 4-0, 7-0 and 9-30. Especially if you must creep into someone else's house in order to discover what the still small voice has said.

For a new vice has already sprung up—which I may call news-cadging or bulletin-begging. Having from my youth up kept myself unspotted from wireless, I now find myself under the humiliating necessity of crawling to my neighbours for news four or five times a day. And I know few things more tantalising than watching my neighbours' faces while they sit with the "phones" on their heads, drinking in the news (if any) and not telling it to me.

Up to the present, it appears, there has not been much news. Yet I have watched my neighbours' faces for hours. Most of my neighbours' faces are more or less expressionless normally, but when they are listening to wireless news they take on a particular look of rapt and mysterious meaninglessness which is quite maddening. Now and then even my neighbour Philpott is betrayed into what might almost be called an expression, suggestive of some dramatic event. What has happened, I wonder? Is the strike over? Has one of the Councils met one of the Committees? "*What is it?*" I whisper. Philpott makes a Napoleonic wave of the hand, deprecating all interruptions at such a crisis. Or else he says, "Milk supplies normal," and instantly becomes rapt again. For this is the great defect of wireless news, that the imperfect human brain cannot receive it and read it out at the same time. I wait, on tenterhooks (whatever they may be) for another five minutes, and then Philpott removes the phones from his head, sighs heavily, and says, "There's no news."

"But you seemed so excited!" I cry, "Is there *nothing* definite?" "Oh, yes," says Philpott. "He said milk's plentiful everywhere."

For this is the one definite wireless fact that takes hold of all my neighbours. Milk—plenty of milk. Bread, meat, beer—there is nothing about these. But milk. Yet how much milk does Philpott drink in a week? A few teaspoonfuls, I suppose. And it is a very beautiful thing to me to see Philpott getting his daily moment of cheerfulness out of milk.

Well, there is one good thing the strike has done. But, with all due deference to the T.U.C., no one is going to persuade me that this is a better way of distributing news than by the poor old "Capitalist Press." I wonder if even the T.U.C. are not beginning to regret the extinction of the Press. It is conceivable that they may even in the end convict themselves of the tiniest ingratitude. For where, after all, would the T.U.C. be if it was not for the capitalist Press? The T.U.C. could scarcely have existed. Who raised the Labour Party to power, who made their leaders famous, printed their speeches, spread abroad their pronouncements, and grievances, and opinions, with as much care as was given to the utterances of Prime Ministers—and often more? The Capitalist Press. How would even Mr. Thomas's genial personality have found its way into every home in the country? How much would smaller men have become household words, but by the efforts of the capitalist Press? Why, even on this issue, I suppose half the London Press were more favourable to the miners' case than not. As for the others, what, at the worst, are a few partisan leading articles to set against the solid services that *every* newspaper has rendered to Labour by simply circulating the *news?* It is the news that counts in the long run, not leading articles; and at the end of all this I fancy there will be some on the T.U.C. who will think more tenderly of the capitalist Press than they did before.

Well, there is another good thing. And if Philpott's affection for milk proves lasting then there are two.

A. P. H.

GENERAL ORDERS.

I.—THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

(1) *Arrow-Heads.*—Heads, arrow, flint, complete with barb, are now available for issue at the Advanced Base at Venta. Quartermasters should submit indents, carved in triplicate on limestone, before 09.00 hrs. on Woden's-dag.

(2) *Inspection.*—Her Majesty QUEEN BOADICEA ICENORUM will inspect the fourth (Camulodunum) Brigade to-morrow. Unit Commanders are reminded that bowstrings must not be greased with fat taken from the ration-store, but with grease supplied for the purpose, which latter should not be used for culinary operations. On conclusion of the inspection three battle-cries will be given for Her Majesty and a Roman will be sacrificed in her honour by the Hypostatical Method (see *Manual of Military Torture and Sacrifice*, slab 32, para. 6).

(3) *Chariot Knives.*—The G.O.C. has noticed with displeasure the increasing tendency of chariot drivers to notch the knives on their chariot wheels. This practice, which tends to ragged and incomplete severance of hostile arteries, must cease forthwith.

(4) *Archery.*—During following week O.C. the Prisoners of War Camp will supply four Romans daily for moving target archery practice.

(5) *Woad Staining.*—Para. 457 Army Regulations is repeated for information of all concerned:—

> "*Woad.*—Only service designs for woad-staining may be used. Concentric whorls, triangles and caricatures of superior officers are absolutely forbidden. Stripes, if worn, must be of moderate length."

(6) *Stationery.*—The illicit purloining of office stationery from Ixilianum quarry must cease at once. Disciplinary action according to "Torment Regulations," tablet 102, will be taken against future offenders.

(7) *Conspicuous Gallantry.*—No. 4672 Slave Brodgin, E. On the night Thors-Frei-dag, during an attack by a party of the enemy upon the H.Q. of the Verulamium Brigade all ammunition was expended, and the garrison was being overpowered. With great presence of mind Slave Brodgin collected all the memoranda and letters from the Staff Captain's Office, and within three throws killed the enemy centurion with a granite Forage Expenditure Return, whereupon the attack drew off. The Army Commander directs that a record of this deed be carved upon the above slave's pay monument at the base, and that he be taken off the Druid's Weekly Sacrifice Roaster (*sic*).



Lady. "YOU ASK VERY HIGH WAGES CONSIDERING HOW VERY LITTLE EXPERIENCE YOU SAY YOU HAVE HAD."
Applicant. "WELL, MA'AM, AIN'T IT HARDER FOR ME WHEN I DON'T KNOW HOW?"

NOTICES.

Lost.—Lost or strayed from lines of 2nd Royal Spearmen, adult Cave Bear; Regimental Mascot; brown, flint chippings off near hind-claw, slight mange towards south transept; very ferocious.

Sermon.—At evening service on Sonndag The Most Venerable Father Donda, Senior Druid to the Forces, will deliver a sermon on "Modern Methods of Torture." C.O. 2nd Slave Bn. will detail one N.C.O. and ten slaves to report to the Senior Druid half-an-hour before the sermon is due to commence, for purposes of illustration. This party should hand in all their kit, clothing and blankets to battalion store before setting out. It is imperative that identity flints be worn.

A. A.

From a weather-forecast :—

"Wind between W. and N.W., moderate. Mainly air . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

A very common feature in wind.

"The spectacle of a smartly dressed man sucking an orange along the pavement with his be-spatted feet this morning excited some little interest."—*Local Paper.*

It would.

GARDENING FOR THE WEEK.

We have received an anxious letter from a correspondent whose aspidistra is ailing, and as this is a matter of wide interest it will be dealt with here at some length.

The aspidistra is notoriously a very temperamental subject, one whose wants must be studied with the greatest care and nicety. Our correspondent says :

"As soon as I perceived that my aspidistra was ailing I resorted to the usual remedies, wrapping the roots in red flannel and putting it to bed with a hot-water bottle. When I took its temperature I was alarmed to find symptoms of red-spider and apparently black-fly or blue-cockroach, I am not sure which, so I gave it a strong injection of 2 L O, which caused the leaves to quiver slightly; but the improvement was not maintained, and when I tried later to take its temperature again it swallowed the thermometer, a sure sign that it was gasping. It has taken no other nourishment for over a fortnight, though I have tried to tempt it with a little superphosphate. I should be very grateful for any advice from you or from any readers of your valuable paper, as the patient has been in our family for many years, and should anything happen to our little favourite the window of our front-room would never seem the same."

Now the treatment outlined in this touching letter would of course be admirable for gross feeders such as roses, but such rough-and-ready methods are not at all suitable for the aspidistra. After all, aspidistras are not by nature solitaries, though circumstances may often compel them to lead lonely lives. It is probably suffering from repression, in which case a psycho-scandalist would be the proper person to consult. He will probably remove the inhibitions with a pruning-knife or a sharp pair of scissors; pinching out should be avoided. Should he find on further examination that the trouble lies deeper and that the affections of the aspidistra are involved, we suggest that our correspondent advertise for members of its family. Meanwhile a perusal of Erasmus Darwin's *The Loves of the Plants* would probably be helpful.



"MY NEPHEW HAS AN AVERAGE OF TWENTY-NINE, ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T ALWAYS MAKE IT. SOMETIMES HE MAKES MORE AND SOMETIMES LESS."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XIV.—ANOTHER CROSS-WORD.

"WHAT'S a word for 'repeat' in ten letters, everybody?" shouted Clare.

She was lying as usual on her front and kicking the floor alternately with either leg. I don't know how it may be with other households, but in this one the hectic craving for cross-word puzzles has for the last year or so considerably lessened, and the industry is mainly in the hands of the young. But that is not to say that elder persons are relieved of their share of responsibility. Far from it. If Clare contributes five words totally unaided to the solution of a crossword puzzle, in any part of it, usually selected more by hope than knowledge, and often incorrectly spelt, she feels that her duty is done. But the rest has to be filled in, and the harder the pencil is licked the better. It is not too much to say that when Clare is doing a long cross-word puzzle she has a stranglehold on the life of the community.

Obviously Clare ought to be at school. But even if she were not under the joint suspicion of mumps, chicken-pox and measles due to develop, if at all, at different dates variously estimated by different authorities, nobody knows whether in present circumstances there would be any way of getting her to school, or whether indeed school has actually begun.

This being so, it seems the more tragic that one of the first supplies cut off from England by the unfortunate dispute now raging is the supply of fresh morning and evening cross-word puzzles. One might have done without pictorial strips showing the action of rabbits and other fauna in difficult situations; one might have survived, though with more difficulty, the loss of those more intimate details which accompany the cricket scores, but it does seem a pity that neither by wireless messages nor in its own official substitute for the journalism of yesterday does the British Government attempt to satisfy the schoolroom appetite for cross-words. One is obliged to ransack the shelves for the cross-words that did not perish in the grates or waste-paper baskets. One is obliged to buy books of them from the otherwise newsless stalls. There are few things that look to my eye so gloomy as a crossword puzzle of yesteryear.

"What's a word for 'repeat' in ten letters, anybody?" shouted Clare, indifferent alike to the duties of special constables and the proper use of a motor-car in these times of economic unrest.

I consider myself, if I may say it with modesty, fairly good at cross-word puzzles when they confine themselves to the main stream of English language and literature and do not deviate into scientific phraseology and the by-paths of special knowledge.

I own freely that I had been beaten by ARD. It was necessary to call in a week or two earlier one of Clare's uncles to deal satisfactorily with ARD. I had arrived at ARD by the process of exhaustion and the correction of Clare's previous inaccuracies, but I did not feel happy about him until I sought ecclesiastical advice. The clue or



Captain of the Team. "I SAY, OLD MAN, IF YOU'RE GOING TO SWEAR AS YOU DID IN THAT LAST CHUKKER, YOU MIGHT DO IT T'OTHER SIDE OF THE GROUND—AWAY FROM THE CROWD."
Player (who stammers). "M-M-M-MY DEAR BOY, I-I-I S-S-S-STARTED C-C-C-CUSSING AT T-T-THE O-O-OTHER SIDE."

definition simply said Numbers 26-40, and several schools of thought came into being, one insisting that ARD referred to the numbers on motor-cars, another that the phrase had some abstruse arithmetical significance, and a third inclining towards the higher criticism of the Pentateuch. I wrongly dismissed the last theory on the ground that there were not forty chapters in the Book of Numbers, and had not the faith to believe that Numbers 26-40 (so printed) could refer to the twenty-sixth chapter and the fortieth verse. The makers of cross-word puzzles, however, find an inspiration in Old Testament history which is beyond the calculations of the ordinary layman. And so it was with ARD.

"ARD?" said the authority to whom I referred. "According to Genesis he was the brother of Huppim and Muppim. A very well-known man. But Numbers has it differently. There he is spoken of as a son of Bela, and Huppim and Muppim appear to be his uncles; but their names are written Hupham and Shupham."

"Thank you, Buppim," I (rather irreverently) said.

As I say, however, I am not very often beaten, and Clare's question, as soon as I had taken the head-phones off and was ready to attend to her, was an easy one to answer.

"Ingeminate," I said.

I then spelt the word letter by letter, and Clare, after obtaining sufficient nutriment from her pencil point, wrote it laboriously in.

There was no difficulty in my mind about "ingeminate." The word belonged to one of those few phrases which have stuck in my mind ever since I first read them at school, and needed nothing but a cross-word puzzle to make them stand out again in their exact place on the page.

"Lord Falkland fell," writes RICHARD GREEN, "ingeminating 'Peace! Peace!' and the London train-bands flung Rupert's horse-men roughly off their front of pikes."

I explained the matter briefly to Clare. After all, I reflected, she ought to have been at school. "But why," she enquired, "if he was fighting did he say 'Peace, peace'?"

"I don't know," I replied; "I suppose he was that sort of chap."

"But isn't there a great rebellion now?" she asked, sucking a lead.

"Oh no," I told her, "only a general strike. And the worst of it is," I went on, "that although they're not fighting, a lot of people seem to go about ingeminating War! War!"

"Why is that?" said Clare.

"I don't know," I answered. "I suppose they're that sort of chaps."

EVOE.

I WONDER.

SOMETIMES when Spring is budding
and I've nothing else to do
I watch the flushing apple-bloom
and wonder, wonder *Who*,
And whether he is dark or fair,
with eyes of grey or blue. . . .
I wonder if my old great-aunts have
ever wondered too?

In 1855 or so, when they were young
like me
(They wore their hair in ringlets
and a frock below the knee)
I wonder if they ever said, "I
wonder Who he'll be?" . . .
I wonder if my own great-niece will
wonder that of me?

THE HUM OF THE HIVE.

SWEEPS AND THE ASHES.

So widespread is the extraordinary interest that the Press has aroused with regard to the forthcoming Test Matches that nowadays one is constantly hearing the names—and the Christian names too—of JACK HOBBS and MAURICE TATE, WARREN BARDSLEY and CLARENCE GRIMMETT, in circles where they were unknown a few weeks ago. In the drawing-rooms of Mayfair and the flats of Bohemia England's prospects of recovering the "Ashes" are being eagerly discussed by people who have never to their knowledge set eyes on a first-class cricketer, and schoolboys and others able to explain the intricacies of the game and elucidate such abstruse technicalities as the difference between a "lob" and a "blob" are naturally in great request.

A significant outcome of this newly-kindled enthusiasm is the organisation of Test Match Sweepstakes at several of the Clubs.

With every first-class English cricketer to draw from there must of course be many duds. To draw a "selected" player means a minor prize, but the luckiest will be those who have drawn the England captain, or the batsman who makes the highest score, or the bowler with the lowest average.

In the big Test Sweep promoted at the Plenipotentiary, our latest supper-club *de luxe*, that favourite of fortune, Sir Lazarus Schnorrer, has drawn WOOLLEY and FENDER with the only two tickets he took. On the shrewd advice of his young son, Cedric, who as an Etonian is of course an authority on the game, he has disposed of a half-share in each of them for a substantial sum and invested in quarter-shares in CARR and SUTCLIFFE, leaving himself already in pocket and with rosy prospects.

Sir Lazarus, I hear, has expressed the opinion that the introduction of the speculative element gives to our national pastime just the zest from the lack of which it has always suffered in comparison with the Turf.

"ALL MY OWN WORK."

The variable winds of fashion in house-adornment are apt to blow good in unexpected directions, and just now no home can be considered really smart unless it contains some specimens of the formerly-despised work of the pavement-artist. I do not refer to those portable pictures of doubtful authenticity which are propped against the wall in the morning and packed up again at nightfall, but to the genuine designs in coloured chalks which we are accustomed to see in process of execution on the flag-stones.

It is of course out of the question to remove a part of the public side-walk thus decorated. What you have to do is to supply your own stones, select your pavement artist and get him to decorate them with sections of salmon, portraits of notabilities, or whatever he may specialise in, during the time he can spare from his pitch.

The fugitive nature of the medium makes it imperative to have these works hermetically protected under stout plate glass, and the correct way to display them is to have them let into the floor along the sides of a room.

There is a fascination in searching for pavement artists whom nobody else has yet employed in this way. It was in Wandsworth, I understand, that Euphrasia, Countess of Dawlish, discovered Sam Gutteridge, whose portraits of the Royal Family are such a feature of the hall of her Portslow Square house; and Bill Underdown, whose old mills in winter and lighthouses amid foaming waves delight all who visit the Hon. Mrs. Boggart in Belvenor Place, was, I believe, an Islington "find" of hers.

As might have been expected, desperate efforts have been made in Chelsea to take advantage of this vogue. But from the attempts I have seen in the studios it is evident that it has been found more difficult to acquire the facility characteristic of this branch of Art than to imitate the more sophisticated schools.

THE B.Y.P.

A good deal has been heard from time to time of those exuberant junior members of Society who are known as the "Bright Young People" and of their ingenuity in devising paper-chases in motor-cars, make-believe treasure hunts and so forth. We are likely to hear much more of them now that their numbers have been augmented by such fertile brains as the Ladies Hilaria and Gladiola Ragge; the vivacious Rowena Schnorrer; Captain Alaric Binge, Heavy-weight Dancing Champion of the Brigade of Guards, and that irrepressible spirit, "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation, to name but a few.

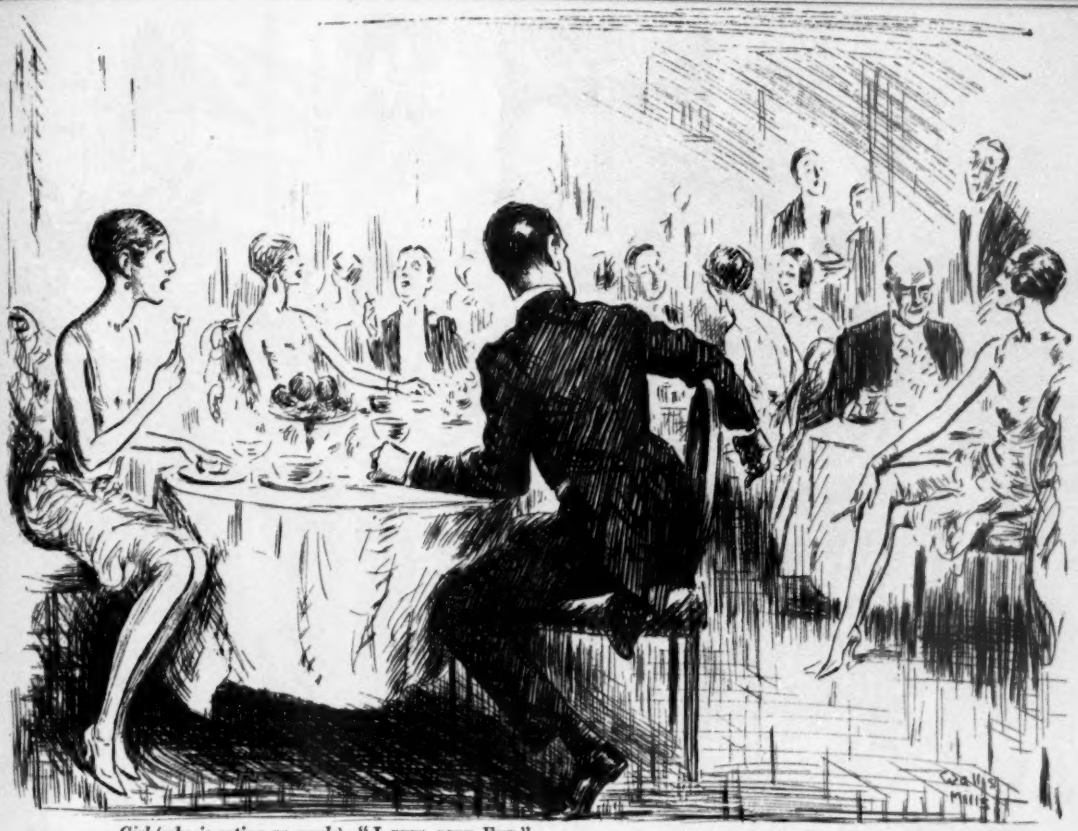
To these we owe the merry games of "Nuts-in-May" and "Kiss-in-the-Ring" that have lately relieved the solemnity of Hyde Park, where, by the way, we are promised a great "Rounders" match between Mayfair and Belgravia in the course of the Season.

Their games of "Hide-and-Seek" of course extend farther afield, and much cleverness is displayed both in choosing and detecting the places of concealment, the hiding couples sometimes being found in such unexpected and little-known places as the British Museum and the National Gallery.

But perhaps the favourite pastime of these joyous ones just now is "Follow-my-leader," and many people in London have been astonished and sometimes not a little alarmed to see a breathless procession of well-dressed young men and girls rushing in and out of the Tubes and threading the perilous traffic in the endeavour to keep so daring, agile and resourceful a leader as "Pogo" Corusco in sight.

As with the paper-chases, the pursuit of the leader often ends with a "surprise" party at the house of a friend, with the difference that the surprise is provided by the guests. Some hostesses find these irruptions of the uninvited a little disconcerting at first; but it is becoming generally realised that, even without the shortest notice, there is no difficulty about entertaining young people who are so well able to entertain themselves.

The nine stories which Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE has christened *The Heart of a Goof* (JENKINS) must be carefully avoided by those who have not bowed their knees to golf. "A goof," to quote our ancient friend the *Oldest Member* (whose age excuses his garrulity), "is one of those unfortunate beings who have allowed this noblest of sports to get too great a grip on them, who have permitted it to eat into their soul like some malignant growth." More briefly a "goof" is a golf-maniac; and when I remember how infinitely exasperating this madman can be in the flesh I am bound to congratulate Mr. WODEHOUSE on presenting him as partially human and almost entirely humorous. I see Mr. WODEHOUSE referred to on the jacket (or ought I to say the jumper?) of this volume as the "National Humourist." Anyhow, apart from the first story, which is dull, his special brand is here as gay and fresh as ever.



Girl (who is eating an apple). "I FEEL LIKE EVE."
Companion. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. SEVERAL WOMEN HERE AREN'T CLOTHED ANY MORE THAN YOU."

THE LESSON.

I TRAMPED along the little flower-starred lanes, but I had no eyes to know that they were fair. I knew the cherry-blossom was blowing in the sunshine and the blue-bells shadowed the grass, but I only saw my dear's soft eyes, her dewy mouth, the cool freshness of her cheek. The laughter that lurked near the curve of her lips, the proud little lift of her chin were sunbeams and blossoms to me.

And I dared not even hope—for everyone adored her.

I leant over a gate gazing into space, and after a time I became aware of an insistent reiterated command. "Speak up! Speakup! Speak up!" a sweet, piercingly sweet voice bade me, and without turning I groaned, "She would not listen—why should she?" "Kiss her quick! Kiss her quick!" came the advice, and the daring of it brought me round in a flash. A little brown bird with a soft speckled breast fluttered for a moment on the bough above me, then cocked a bright understanding eye with his cheeky head bent down.

I shook my head, but the songster shook his too, and lifted his throat to the sun again. "Do it now. Do it now," he carolled. Then, looking down at me again with a wise nod, he flew away—to meet *his* heart's desire, no doubt.

And I went back down the lane too. I *would* win her.

I found her in the garden, the scent of wall-flowers around her and forget-me-nots springing up at her feet.

She stopped me with a lifted finger, then presently she beckoned—"Come quietly."

We leaned together on the old sundial and she pointed to the thrush.

"Listen. What do you think he says?"

"I know. 'Do it now,'" I told her as I kissed her.

Presently she turned and looked away. "You were wrong," she whispered, and I too turned and knew her words were true.

She hurried on before I could speak. He was speaking to his wife, and he said, "Something for tea."

Yes, my little adviser was offering a succulent worm at that very moment to the little lady in the nest in the hedge.

A very wise bird; I shall have to think of that too.

THE LIFT.

I LIKE to go shopping
With Mummy in the town,
But I like the little cage best
Where the upstairs comes down.

I like bread-and-butter,
And tea from Mummy's cup,
But I like the little cage best
Where the downstairs comes up.

"—— has a long gaol record, though he is only 28. The son of a Baltimore artisan, he began his career of crime as a Sunday school boy."—*Daily Paper.*

Came to scoff perhaps and remained to prey.



Country Visitor (to hotel acquaintance). "WE WANT TO SEE LONDON LIFE, BUT WE'RE GENERALLY IN BED BY NINE. ISN'T THERE ANY NIGHT CLUB THAT'S OPEN IN THE AFTERNOON?"

"CHLO."

IN Chloe, Lady Portland-Plaice,
You see the regent of the race;
My husband, who has not much brain,
Is in the Cabinet again;
My brothers all are bishops or
Command at least an Army Corps;
My aunts and uncles own the Press—
And I control them, more or less.

But in spite of all that
I'm as gay as a sprat,
And the friskiest fish that I know;
I am known to the mob
As "Topsy" or "Bob,"
While Bishops address me as
"Chlo."

Whenever England is at sea
I have the Cabinet to tea;
Prime Ministers look in and hiss
"What is your view of that or this?"
"Shall Toodles have the Board of Trade?"
"How much should engineers be paid?"
And I reply, "One lump, or two?"
And tell the booby what to do.

By the third or fourth cup
We have fixed the thing up,
And after a sandwich or so
The statesman withdraws
With a burst of applause
For the charm and acumen of Chlo.

I publish every second year
A new account of my career,
For people itch to know the truth
About my short exciting youth;
The papers pay substantial sums
For my impressions of the slums,
While Balham with Belgravia shares
An interest in my love-affairs.

And if everything fails
There are saleable tales
Of political figures I know,
Indiscretions of kings
And the many smart things
That were said to the creatures by
Chlo.

My dinner-parties (which I give
But rarely) are superlative;
I make my husband dine elsewhere,
But everybody else is there—
Prince, poet, politician, Press
(Provided they have evening dress),
And in that scintillating show
None shines so bright as Countess Chlo.

Archbishops I shock,
Ambassadors rock
At the tiniest threat of a mot,
And many a peer
Dines out for a year
On a single quotation from Chlo.

To every charitable aim
I gladly give at least my name;
If it will help in any way
I will be photographed all day,
If necessary take the Chair
And let them photograph me there.
Indeed, when I am dead and gone,
I doubt if England can go on.

And, though now and again
I may suffer from strain,
It's a great satisfaction to know
That Britain would stop
With an audible pop
If an accident happened to Chlo.

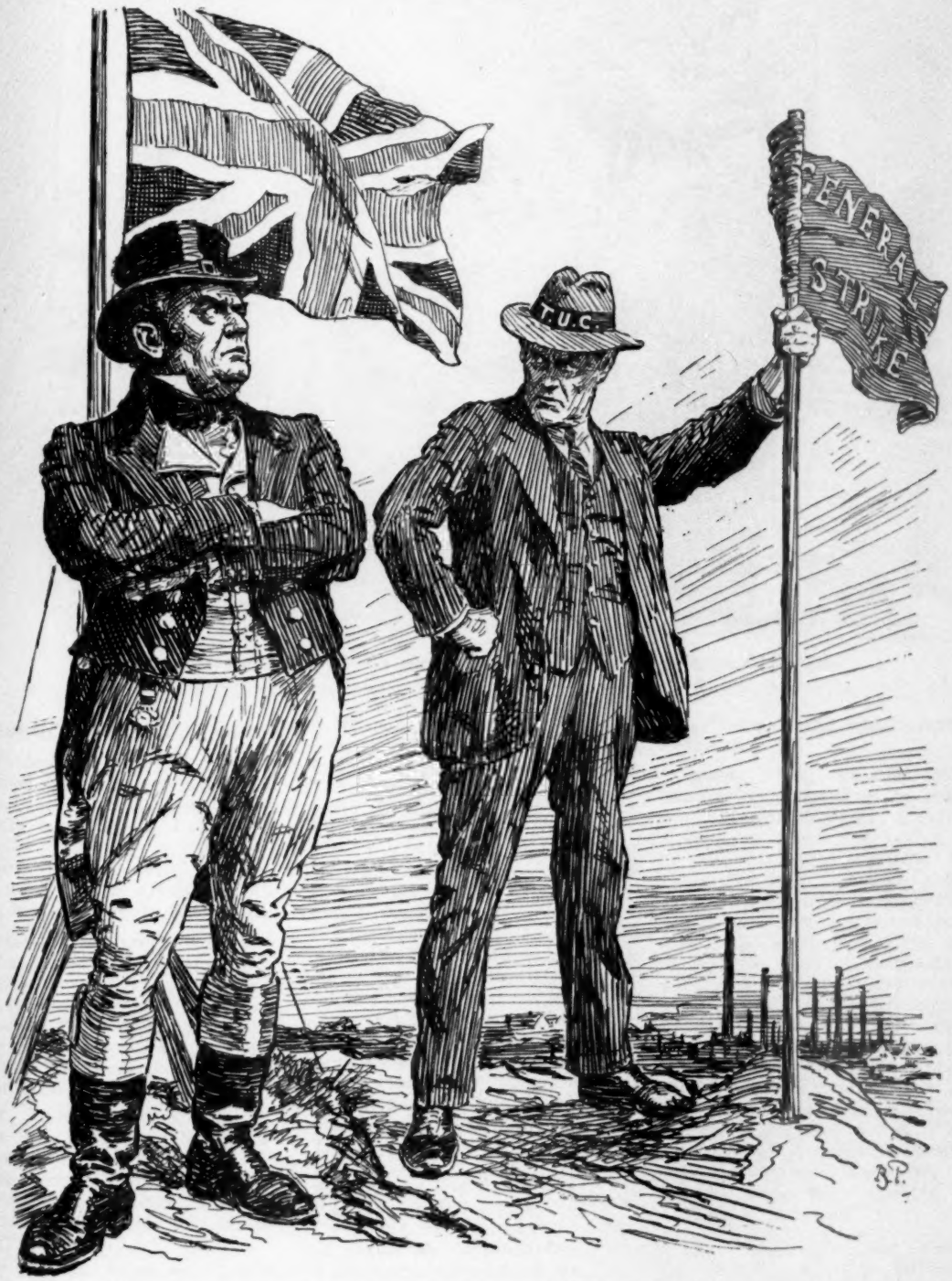
A. P. H.

"Young Man, from South Australia, with knowledge of First Aid, requires Position as Billiard Marker."—*Australian Paper.*

An occupation notoriously full of hazards.

Wireless Candour.

"'I Know Where I'm Going' (By request)."—*Broadcasting Programme.*



UNDER WHICH FLAG?

John Bull. "ONE OF THESE TWO FLAGS HAS GOT TO COME DOWN—AND IT WON'T BE MINE."



"IT'S COSTING FAR MAIR TAE MAK' OOR JOHN A GOLFER THAN IT DID TAE PIT HIM THRO' COLLEGE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 3rd.—The House is crowded and behaves as might be expected, the more responsible Members slightly funereal, the Labour Back Benches hysterically truculent. The sub-sense of pleasurable expectancy that novel situations, tragic or otherwise, invariably evoke fills the air.

Questions are proceeded with at some speed, and amid a gentle hum of conversation and intermittent back-chat, punctuated with a crash of cheering as the PRIME MINISTER takes his seat, and an answering peal as Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD slips into his accustomed place.

Mr. FOOT MITCHELL wanted to know what reason the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE assigned to the decline in the number of pigs in this country between 1924 and 1925. The MINISTER ascribed it to a plethora of foreign pigs.

Sir FREDRIC WISE was informed that in 1925 several millions of coins were struck by the Royal Mint for Soviet Russia, the motto of that excellent institution being to strike whenever and wherever there is something worth striking for.

Mr. BALDWIN introduces the King's Proclamation of a State of Emergency and moves the usual Address in reply. The Address is carried by a large majority, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and other Liberals voting for it. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD seems to want to debate the reply but is finally persuaded that it isn't done. Mr. BALDWIN then moves the adjournment. He looks tired and has a right to, as they say in Ireland. His summary of all the events that had led up to the crisis is full and fair, and he ends by declaring that, though everything he has striven for in the past eighteen months is being smashed to bits before his eyes, he will lose neither hope nor courage. Mr. THOMAS follows detailing the progress of events as it appears to T.U.C. eyes and declaring that there is still time between then and midnight to avert the crisis. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE all speak, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declaring in no uncertain tones the Government's determination not to allow its hand to be forced by the Trade Unions. Minor speeches follow, but, as all parties concerned preserve an admirable restraint, all speeches are largely a repetition of the same admirable sentiments.

Tuesday, May 4th.—Mr. SULLIVAN opened proceedings by reading in totally inaudible tones a Petition, of which the matter is likely to remain for ever wrapped in mystery. Only a few Members had been able to secure copies of the day's Order Paper, and the SPEAKER announced that he would call the number of the Question and the name of the Questioner. The House, having no idea what the Question might be, was duly impressed when Mr. PONSONBY was informed that the answer to the first part of his Question was in the negative and the second part did not therefore arise. The process had one outstanding advantage, supplementaries by Members other than the actual Questioner were manifestly impossible, and matters were thus expedited in a wonderful way.

The PRIME MINISTER informed the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION that on the following day (Wednesday) the House would debate the measures taken by the Government to meet the situation brought about by the general strike, and that any further orders or regulations which had to be made

would also be laid before the House for its approval.

The PRIME MINISTER then moved to take Private Members' time up to Whitsuntide in order to get the financial business of the House completed in the statutory time. The motion having been carried and public business begun, Mr. SNOWDEN and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE explained that they would not under the abnormal circumstances oppose the various Budget Resolutions on the Order Paper otherwise than by vote. Mr. CHURCHILL gracefully acknowledged their magnanimity and assured them that nothing they might omit to say would be taken in evidence against them when the time came to debate the Resolutions at a later stage. The House thereupon carried sixteen Resolutions, all but four being taken into the Division Lobbies, and adjourned. Moral:—How much perfervid eloquence would cease to clog the wheels of the political machine if Members of Parliament knew that the sweetness of their oratory was to be wasted on the comparatively desert air of the House.

Wednesday, May 5th.—Lords and Commons both debated the Regulations issued by the Government under the Emergency Powers Act. Dramatic moment in the Lords when Lord BIRKENHEAD, transfixing Lord HALDANE with accusatory finger in the manner of an entomologist with a beetle, called upon the noble Viscount to say that he approved of the general strike. The noble Viscount, needless to say, was not prepared to do this nor would any of his Socialist colleagues bestow even an academic blessing on the machinations of the T.U.C.

The Commons, after the game of "Hidden Question" had been duly played, heard the HOME SECRETARY explain, in a vein of dignified austerity which he usually denies himself, all the measures taken by the Government to keep the wheels of civilization turning. The Socialists were even more noisy than usual and it taxed the SPEAKER'S persuasive powers to keep them partially quiet. Mr. J. H. THOMAS reiterated his account of all that is supposed to have happened on Sunday night and gave the cue to his followers which was to "put it all on the *Daily Mail*" and perpetuate the rumour, already busily circulated, that the editorial which the *Mail's* high-minded machinists refused to print was especially concocted in order to bring about the interference with the liberty of the Press of which the Government had complained. The rumour drew a sinister picture of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL sitting in the *Daily Mail* office at midnight compiling the said leader with his own Machiavellian fountain pen, but Mr. THOMAS did not go so far as that. The speech of the evening, however, was that of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who virtually threw up his hands and besought the House to do something or anything to bring about peace. He spoke, he said, for himself and not as a trade unionist and appeared to be deeply moved. The usual long-winded but unproductive back-bench debate on the Emergency Powers regulations then ensued and at a latish hour was still in progress.

THE LINGUIST.

"Can you speak Japanese, Uncle George?" asked my little niece, Angela.

"Of course, my dear."

"Then say some."

Here was a poser. In an unguarded moment I had put myself at the mercy of that greatest of tyrants, a small inquisitive girl. It was not that I had uttered an untruth. I can talk Japanese when in Japan, ordering servants, rickshaw coolies and drinks in great style. In fact, late of an evening people have complimented me and said how fluid—I mean fluent—I was. But to be suddenly confronted with a command to say something in a foreign tongue, that is another pair of shoes. It means creating out of one's own brain, saying something original and *à propos* of nothing in particular. And I must say something translatable too, for Angela would be bound to ask the meaning.

"Come on, Uncle, say something," urged my inquisitor.

"'Wakarimasen,'" I grunted.

"What's that mean?"

"'I don't know,'" I replied.

"But you must know, Uncle."

"What I intended to convey to you, my pet," I said in a grave pedagogic voice, "is that the Japanese word 'Wakarimasen' means in English 'I do not know.' It also means 'Thou dost not know; he, she or it does not know; we, you, they do not know; nobody knows.'"

"It cannot mean *all* that, Uncle," said Angela reproachfully.

"I assure you it does, my dear. Japanese is a remarkable language. One word can mean so much and a great number of words just as little; less in fact."

"Can you swear in Japanese, Uncle?" was her next question.

"No, my dear. The Japanese never swear."

Neither do they in the profane, fullblooded and very satisfying way that Europeans do. Nevertheless there are expressions enough which, used at the proper moment, will stir to wrath the man against whom they are directed. But such words are not for your ears or Angela's.

"What do little Japanese girls wear, Uncle?" asked the seeker after knowledge.

How should I answer? It all depends on the climatic conditions and the station in life of the wearer what amount of dress—or undress—the very young ladies of that country consider necessary.

"The kimono is the usual costume," I ventured.

"Just like the one Mummy has?"

"Not quite, my dear." My sister Miriam possesses an atrocity that she fondly imagines to be a kimono such as is worn every day in Japan. She wears it on occasions, and when I object to its material, colour and shape as being totally different from anything I have ever seen there I am treated with scorn. As a matter of fact no self-respecting Japanese lady would be seen dead in it.

"I thought 'kimono' was an English word. I saw it in a book Mummy was reading."

Aha! So Miriam is studying Japan with the aid of Mr. JOHN PARIS, whose clever and rather brutally candid pictures of Japanese life can only be appreciated by those who have lived there. It reminded me of the title of his latest book, and also of an avenue of escape.

"There is one more word I must teach you, Angela," I said. "It is 'Sayonara.' Try to say it."

"'Sayonara, sayonara,'" said Angela very prettily.

"Splendid!" I cried. "Your accent is excellent. And I hasten to take the hint," I added, rising. "I must go and write some letters, my dear. 'Sayonara.'"

I made for the door.

Angela rushed after me.

"But what's it mean, Uncle, what's it *mean?*" she cried.

"It means 'Good-bye,'" I murmured as I slipped out of the room.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XII.—SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

YOUR own creation, that great sleuth
Who spent his life in chasing Truth—
How does he view your late defiance
(O ARTHUR!) of the laws of Science?

He disapproves your strange vagaries,
Your spooks and photographs of fairies;
And holds you foot-cuffed when you're fain
To navigate the vast inane.

We sympathise with *Holmes;* and yet
In *Punch's* heart your name is set;
Of every DOYLE he's still a lover
For DICKY'S sake, who did his cover.



Tourist. "DON'T YOU EVER GET LONELY UP HERE?"
Mountaineer. "OO AY, BUT I HAVE SOME GOOD JOKES I TELL MYSELF."

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Most of the stories in *Ann Lee's* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON) are what CARLYLE would have called *Coterie-marchen*—stories in which the writer convinces her own literary set of her fitness to belong to it, and the outside world of sin, of death and of judgment. Luckily however Miss ELIZABETH BOWEN is beginning to outgrow these ambitions. In her cleverest tale, "The Back Drawing-Room," a figure of humble sincerity triumphs over representatives of precisely that artificial susceptibility which seems responsible for the rest of the book. Any one of the cultured animalculæ described in this story might have produced the remaining ten tales. They are little more than relations of strange and inexplicable contacts. If that is all you demand of life and one of its most assimilative arts, you have it. Personally I feel that Miss BOWEN confuses distortion with originality, as though you pulled two petals off a dog-rose and flattered yourself on having invented a new flower. There is for me a sense of deficiency in such a story as "Human Habitation." Two students benighted on a walking-tour knock at an isolated house and are greeted as "*Willy*." They are given tea, but not allowed to eat *Willy's* kippers, as he is evidently expected at any moment. *Willy's* advent is heralded by so much (? wifely and auntly) tension that, had he come in, I would have got his kippers out of the oven myself and stayed to watch him eat them. But of course he never did. The students went away kipperless, speculating about *Willy* "with tingling minds." My own mind, I gathered, was expected to tingle too, but it didn't. I am afraid you have to be a native born, or at least a conscientiously practised tingler, to get the marrow out of a book like *Ann Lee's*.

RIN-CHEN-LHA-MO, a lady whose Tibetan name comes more musically than the one she has acquired by marrying an Englishman, has written a book about her native country—*We Tibetans* (SEELEY, SERVICE)—that gives one a much more human idea of the land of the mountains than I for one ever had before. Her homeland, she claims, is not all cold and bleak, but sun-lit and flower-decked and incomparably beautiful; and her people are not backward or unenterprising or priest-ridden, but only wise in their acceptance of simple things, finding their satisfaction in spiritual content, and secluded at thirteen thousand feet above sea-level from the too intense rush of the Western world. All that the writer has to say is put forward with a kind of earnest simplicity that is rather impressive and sets one considering—along with other matters connected with death rates and sanitary science, for instance—whether Tibet of to-day may not be rather like England in the possibly golden Middle Ages, a kind of paradise for the G. K. CHESTERTONS of Asia. However that may be, here is a book of pleasant homely things. Here are games, like "Gundru" and "Wolf and Sheep." Here are unexpectedly twisting fairy tales that always end with "the sun of happiness shining on the mountain top and the staff of misery being washed away in the river." And here are popular divinations; tea-leaves discovered in your dumpling, for example, bespeak you a generous person, but a lump of charcoal something quite different. In Tibet small people who are doing nothing in particular are not "twiddling their thumbs" but "poking the ashes," and



Mistress (pointing out cobweb). "HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THIS?"
New Help. "LOR, YES. SOMEFINK TO DO WITH YER WIRELESS, AIN'T IT?"

little girls who make mistakes are said to "fetch father's hat when sent for mother's boots." I told these things, gently but firmly, to my small MARGUERITE, and she was very rude about it. But even in Tibet, so RIN-CHEN-LHA-MO says, "many children who ought to be smacked are not smacked," and any way I beat MARGUERITE at "Gundru."

Treasury Notes is the intriguing title
Of DOROTHEA CONYERS' book—this day
New come from HUTCHINSON'S—the gay recital
Of how a sweet young heiress ran away
From fussy guardians and uncomprehending,
To hunt in Ireland on the strict q.t.
With a portmanteauful of notes for spending,
For cheques are tell-tale to a sad degree.

Isobel Daventry is our Diana
All rosebud innocence and girlishness;
As yet she knows no more of hunting than a
Mere babe unborn, but in a week or less
She leads the field; and here, to tally-hoing,
Villain with hero (tall and silent) vies
To capture *Belle*, and, after desperate going,
Sir Rattray Hubert (hero) wins the prize.

Now, though the runs appear a bit machine-made,
And though the riders seem a wooden troop,
And though the innocence of *Belle* has been made
So much of that she seems a nincompoop,
And though the sentiment in sweetness grovels,
Still Mrs. CONYERS has a tale to tell,
And countless folk, I know, who love her novels
Will once again declare that all is well.

Mr. H. F. STEWART, in his brief memoir of *Francis Jenkinson* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS), the disciple and successor of HENRY BRADSHAW, has given a true picture of a notable Cambridge scholar, a great librarian, a man whose presence was a delight and "whose memory is a benediction." This is a book which cannot be read without emotion by those who had the privilege of his friendship. I was a small boy at a great public school when he was at the head of it, and even then, though no athlete, he inspired respect and admiration by his character and a certain unaffected distinction and graciousness of bearing. These qualities he retained throughout his life. I have never known anyone who changed less between the ages of eighteen and seventy in his looks; and, to borrow a favourite phrase from his friend, Sir GEORGE GROVE, he had "a beautiful interior"—in the French sense—an instinctive love of things of good report and an instinctive abhorrence of all that was mean and ugly and evil. Yet he was never a pedant or a prig; though a fastidious scholar he was capable of turning the study of journalistic jargon to good account. He had many outdoor interests, was a first-rate entomologist and botanist and knew a great deal about birds. He had the same *flair* as an observer of nature that he had with books. And he was at home with people of all ages. He loved and understood children, who adored him, and the letter to his little niece—reproduced in facsimile on page 130—is not only remarkable for the beautiful script but for his power of entering into the mind of the very young. And so I find the photograph of him with his child playmate in 1910 even more satisfying as an interpretation of the whole man than SARGENT'S brilliant portrait which forms the frontispiece.

Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH seems to me to have constructed her new novel, *The Housemaid* (CONSTABLE), from three of what I believe dressmakers, speaking of materials, call "short lengths." All three of her lengths are excellent in themselves, though I like the close-patterned low-life materials of which she has made the beginning and end better than the English county-family piece, which comes in the middle. Still I cannot help feeling that a full length of any one would have been more satisfactory, and that the joins between them are really a little too flimsy. I found it, too, very difficult in these days of a servant problem to believe in three generations of London girls whose highest ambition is to shine in domestic service, or in the undertakers of Islington and the ironmongers of Fetter Lane being likely to see how desirable it was that their daughters should embrace such a career. This trick of putting the wrong labels on their figures is a common failing with novelists, who do not realise that social distinctions are quite as sharp below their own social grade as on a level with it or above it. Apart from that I found the story of *John Page* and his wife *Ann*, his daughter *Annie May* and his friend *Mr. Parminter*, the printer's reader, delightful altogether. *Ann's* acceptance of *John's* middle-aged passion for another woman is quite beautiful in its simple sincerity. I never remember to have seen such an incident treated from just that angle; it is moving and rare yet perfectly true to life. The love story of *Michel Sherlock* and *Dorothea Feilding*, both devoted to Mayan antiquities, which takes up the middle of the book, is clever too, but though all the characters in it are correctly labelled, they are not half so attractive as those in the other set.



Thirsty Mountaineer (failing to see any place of refreshment). "MUMMY, I DO WISH MOSES WERE HERE."

It must be a long time since I saw anything by the hand of the lady who still writes under the name of ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. Time was when she published *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* and was a "best seller"; elegant extracts from her various works were even brought out in the harmless guise of birthday books—one quotation to the day. Her style of writing indeed rather lent itself to this sort of anthology, for she had a talent for epigram. For the sake of old times I should like to say something pleasant about *Signs and Wonders* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), but it is not easy. This is a book of short stories—"stories of things seen and unseen"—some of which, we are told, are the record of actual experience; and the author, who has no craven fear of the obvious, boldly prints on her title-page the lines spoken by *Hamlet* to *Horatio*. Now I have no quarrel with stories dealing with the occult—indeed I have rather a liking for them when good of their kind—but these seem to be undistinguished. Those that record fact might have appeared in *Light* or some such periodical and been of use to the earnest inquirer; as fiction they fail to arrest. And the stories that set out to be humorous (there are two or three towards the end of the volume) have a tendency to be tiresome. I like Mrs. FELKIN least when she writes in the first person masculine.

Captain "BULLY" WATERMAN, the famous clipper-ship commander, in whose personality brilliant and daring seamanship and incredible cruelty were so amazingly blended, "got religion" in his later years, when such diversions as picking men off the yards with a six-shooter began to pall, and took to saving men's souls instead of smashing their bodies. Mr. ARTHUR MASON, the author of *The Ship That Waited* (FISHER UNWIN), may well have had WATERMAN'S case in mind when he wrote the story of *Captain Joel Sparhawk* of the *Edna A.*, who—his New England sweetheart having urged the claims of piety and humanity upon him with more zeal than discretion—goes to sea with the amiable intention of making the *Edna A.* more of a "hell-ship" than ever. It is only after a succession of crushing disasters that he returns, a wiser and a better man, to his *Lydia* (who for her part has learned the wisdom of toleration), and the way is clear for the conventional happy ending. At sea, of course, nothing is too strange to be true, and for that reason one hesitates to set down as a sheer "cuffer" one of the main incidents in the story, the re-discovery of *Captain Sparhawk's* lost ship in the doldrums, several months after her abandonment. But there can be no two opinions on such concrete matters as ordinary nautical terminology, and in this respect expressions like "the lee leach sail," "seven to eight—the last dog," "the ship's clock struck eight bells" and "backstay her now" show Mr. MASON to be by no means infallible. It may be added that the day of the "coffin-ship" had long been over by the eighteen-eighties, the period of Mr. MASON'S story, and that it would have been quite impossible at that date for a British vessel to be sent to sea, like the *Demerara*, in a totally unseaworthy condition in order that her owners might "get insurance from a rotten ship."

"DANGERS OF THE HOUSE FLY."

House flies do or can communicate dissentery."—*Daily Paper.*

Can't the Bishops do something?

Mixed Hockey!

"The match in the Aga Khan Hockey Tournament yesterday resulted: Poona Rangers, 5 girls; Bombay City Police, nil."—*Indian Paper.*

CHARIVARIA.

One of the events postponed owing to the strike was the National Road-Walking Championship. Otherwise pedestrians were unusually active.

* * *

According to the Berlin correspondent of *The Times* the Germans were struck by the calmness with which the strike in this country was entered upon by both sides. It struck us too as very striking.

* * *

One reassuring fact that has "emerged" from the strike is that there are thousands of people in this country who could have settled it in no time if they had been Prime Minister.

* * *

The manager of the Albert Hall is trying to find out how to make the place pay. Why not sue it in the County Court?

* * *

During the last Parliamentary session over two hundred members did not speak a word. There is some talk of the matter being referred to the secretary of Our Dumb Friends' League.

* * *

There is said to be an increase in the number of persons who talk to themselves, we read. We have noticed that quite a number of actors do so on the stage.

* * *

PRISCILLA Countess ANNESLEY says that she only went to a beauty parlour once, and left because they wanted to skin her. In most cases of course it's the patient's husband who undergoes this process.

* * *

It is denied that one enterprising newspaper, rather than disappoint its readers, endeavoured to continue its serial by means of sky-writing.

* * *

This Charleston menace is becoming serious. It is reported that the pygmy elephant at the Zoo has got rickets.

"The saxophone is the nearest approach to the human voice," says Mr. H. LEWIN. We understand that a good performer can make it say "Sor-r-rry you've been tr-rr-roubled!" with real feeling.

* * *

These ankle watches ought to prove a boon to belated worms who want to get home before the early bird rises.

* * *

A German professor says that shingled hair will in time cause women to grow beards. This won't be so bad if it teaches them that safety razors ought not to be used for sharpening pencils.



DOING HIS MODEST BIT.

A Finchley constable whose work in timing cars has resulted in hundreds of cases being brought into court was presented with a clock on leaving the police. He'll find it a comparatively dull job timing the plumber as he whizzes to the rescue of a burst pipe.

* * *

Some scientists recently made a cricket stridulate to its mate on the telephone by rubbing its hind-legs in the air. We've often seen an excitable old gentlemen in a call-box doing something like this.

* * *

We understand that the keenest collectors of autographs now concentrate on obtaining the autographs of autograph-hunters who have obtained all the Australians' autographs.

* * *

A well-known comedian has opened a public-house. Beer itself is funny stuff these days.

* * *

An American Admiral has invented a sort of telescope for reading very small print. It would also come in handy for reading other people's papers in the train.

* * *

We sometimes wonder which fellow-passenger is the more irritating, the one that tries to read the back of our paper or the one that won't hold his paper still for us to read.

* * *

A prominent actor is said to suffer so much from stage fright on a first night that he forgets his lines. In some plays this might be serious.

* * *

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR mentions that he recently advised Mr. J. H. THOMAS to take a rest for a few days. Why only a few days?

* * *

Oxford trousers are said to have re-appeared here and there. There is no reason for un-easiness; this is liable to occur until they are worn out.

* * *

Dr. FRANK H. VIZETELLY estimates that a newspaper editor knows 45,000 words. He refers of course only to words that can be printed.

* * *

We question the wisdom of a weekly paper in mentioning that the author of a certain detective novel is a Government official who keeps his pseudonym a close secret from his colleagues. It is calculated to engender mutual suspicion and mistrust among the bureaucracy.

* * *

The question of whether golf should be played on Sundays is hotly debated in several places. Some people take the view that it shouldn't be played on week-days either.

FRATERNITY.

One did not expect anything extravagantly sensible to happen in the Great Strike, which was without doubt the most lunatic thing that ever happened (not excepting the Great War), but really our little local riot had features which might almost be described as incongruous or bizarre. Both *The British Gazette* and *The British Worker* announced that perfect order prevailed everywhere during our little riot, so it may be that my eyes and ears deceived me. But what I *thought* happened was this. Early one morning I was surprised and delighted to see at the corner of the street a General omnibus in motion. Thoughtlessly, I boarded the omnibus—I sent no wire to the T.U.C.; I got no permit from the Amalgamated Society of Nail-Hammerers and Screw-Drivers—I simply boarded the omnibus in the ordinary brutal capitalistic way. The conductor of the omnibus, I noticed, was wearing "plus-fours," which pleased me, for this is obviously the most convenient wear for clambering up and down the back-stairs of omnibuses.

On the top of the bus was another capitalist in a straw hat with a hat-guard. This man told me that the gates of Regent's Park had been closed because the Government were training lions to attack the strikers. The bus then moved on towards Hammersmith Broadway, roaring considerably in its innards.

Whether by this inward roaring, or the presence of Haddock on the top, the bus began to excite general comment. The most opulent motor-car I have seen flashed by (labelled T.U.C. PERMIT), and a man leaned out of the window and shouted a sentence of which all I could catch was the word "Oy!" Pedestrians made expressive shrugs and gestures suggesting to the driver the approach of some misfortune. And presently, when the bus stopped, a small crowd gathered round and "peacefully persuaded" the driver to descend.

"Of course you can please yourself, mate," said one of the advisers in a friendly way, "but if you go on you'll get your something head knocked off." And others assured the driver that if he reached the Broadway alive the persons gathered at that place would certainly "handle" him.

But while these negotiations were proceeding and the driver was considering his position, up came a poor striker on his motor-bicycle, followed by a number of still poorer ones on push-bikes. These men wasted no time on words, but in a business-like way removed the bonnet and madly tore from the engine's bowels a number of disagreeable objects which I took to be "plugs." They then stood back with folded arms and a satisfied air, as if to say, "Well, that's the end of *that* bus!"

And so I supposed. These men were evidently in the trade, skilled manual labourers who knew their jobs, and, if they could not disable an omnibus, then nobody could. I therefore prepared to descend from my dear little bus, faintly resentful against the T.U.C., for I had paid threepence for three hundred yards.

But not a bit of it. Suddenly, miraculously, as if possessed by some demonic frenzy, the bus charged forward. Disembowelled but undaunted, like some smitten elephant or tiger that crashes through the jungle unaware that it is dead, the devoted magical omnibus careered down King Street and, roaring terribly, swung round a corner into a side street.

And, on the top, I regret to say that Haddock, though in the presence of a State of Emergency, lifted up his voice and laughed aloud. The man who had told me of the Government's plans about the lions in Regent's Park regarded me in mild surprise. "It almost looks," I said, "as if some of the manual workers do not know everything, after all."

But at this moment up came the bicycle brigade in hot pursuit. The starving motor-bicyclist rode alongside the bus-driver looking a trifle ridiculous, and shouting at him words and phrases which were quite new to Haddock. At last the magical bus stopped, the engine was still more drastically mutilated, the driver and conductor were peacefully pulled off, and they were informed that they were "parasites" and "scabs." Having taken so much trouble to get the two parasites off the bus it was perhaps a little bizarre of the motor-bicyclist to taunt them with having deserted their bus, "like they deserted the poor soldiers in the War."

However, after a little pacific shaking of fists the party broke up and I walked on to the Broadway, mildly wondering what contribution this little incident had made to the adjustment of the wages question in the coal-mines of South Wales.

At the Broadway, it appeared, there had been a number of similar incidents, only more so. Half a score of buses stood in a side-street in various degrees of decomposition, and an excited member of the crowd told me all about it. Perfect order had prevailed throughout, it seemed; the bricks thrown through the bus-windows had been thrown in a most peaceful manner, and the engines smashed with the utmost gentleness, while in some cases the petrol-tanks had been ripped up with a movement that was almost a caress. One bus had been burned but without the smallest disturbance or ill-feeling; the driver of another had been taken off to hospital after being knocked about the face and body in a peacefully persuasive way, and even the passengers of his bus had not been allowed to descend without a well-intentioned blow or two; but perfect order had prevailed throughout.

Meanwhile, full of passengers, the "Pirate" buses were proceeding without let or hindrance, which was satisfactory but perhaps a bit bizarre, for it meant that the crowd were cheerfully permitting members of their own class to make a good thing out of strike-breaking, while knocking on the head (however pleasantly) public-spirited young men who were doing their job from a sense of duty.

However, I did not mention this to my informant. What I did say was, "I am a good Hammersmith man, and so, I take it, are you; but do you really think that Hammersmith Broadway is the best place in which to adjust a wages dispute in the coal-mines of South Wales?"

But he did not answer. A wild light had come into his eyes as I spoke, and, following his glance I saw far off an approaching omnibus. "Come, brothers," he cried, "there's another of them!" and, mounting his bicycle, he rode away upon his fraternal mission.

A.P.H.



"THE BRITISH WORKER."

MR. PUNCH (*to Volunteer*). "THANK YOU, SIR."

[With MR. PUNCH'S enthusiastic compliments to the great army of amateur workers who sustained the Nation's life.]



Emergency Service: Granny turns Typist.

THE TWO LUNCHES.

I had put myself for a whole spring day at the service of some friends from abroad.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked.

Anywhere, they said, that was pretty and English and blossomy.

Easy in April.

"But," they added, "do let there be an old-fashioned inn. The real thing."

Not so simple, I told them; and I went on to lament the decay of that institution. Among the things that are no longer so good as they were, I assured them, the English roadside inn comes almost first. "The causes are many," I said, "and not the least is the passing of the horse and, with the horse, leisure. Other factors contributing to the disaster," I continued, "are the company system, under which inns are acquired by syndicates and the landlords become mere managers; the high price of beer; the restrictions as to the hours of opening, and, by no means least, cold storage, which makes beef cheaper and affects its flavour."

My friends looked depressed.

"All the same," I said, "there are a few innkeepers left who still make a gallant effort. There is, for instance, 'The Fakenham Arms,' at Dullingworth. We will go there."

There are days, as all travellers know, when things go wrong; and this was one of them. There was nothing the matter with the journey: the car ran well, the tyres avoided upturned nails, the sun shone, the pear-blossom was dazzling on the branches and primroses gleamed from the banks in terrestrial constellations. My friends were in ecstasies of appreciation.

But at "The Fakenham Arms," where we arrived a little later than I had meant, our good luck ran out. The famous room, with its musicians' gallery high at one end and its array of choice furniture and ancient weapons against the walls, was a little too full; its staff was too busy. At the moment of our entrance the head-waiter was absent, and therefore we had to find a table unassisted (which did not matter), but also unnoticed (which mattered very much). The result was that we sat for many minutes without any attention at all, growing steadily more hungry and more thirsty, with no consolation but the hopeful perusal of the *menu* and the contemplation of leather bottels, culverins and other curiosities, which, from having on our arrival a lure as quaint historical pieces, were now rapidly declining, in our estimation, into mere junk.

There are days when waiters, always deaf, are deafer, and, always blind, are blinder; and this was one. There are days when other people eat too much and receive too much attention; and this was one. At last I ran the elusive head-waiter to earth and succeeded in giving an order which in course of time was carried out; but without success, for the soup was chilly, the fish suspect and the mutton too tough for any of us.

Filled both with sorrow and with anger, but with nothing else, and ashamed of my country, I sent for the landlord and informed him of his shortcomings. Apologetic and apparently distressed, he made the usual offers. If we would wait a few

minutes something should be specially cooked. A chop. Cutlets. What about a slice of ham?

But I refused. "No," I said, "we will go somewhere else." I had noticed a nice-looking inn on the other side of the wide street. "We'll see what your rivals can do. We have had too unfortunate an experience here; you have failed too dismally. Someone else shall have our money this time."

And so yet again the great mistake was committed by the famished, and one inn abandoned for another. Only the famished can be so foolish. Better even to change horses in mid-stream.

A spectacle of delight to the replete and contented at the other tables, now basking under coffee and tobacco, we made the most dignified exit that was possible and crossed the road to "The Cat and Adage," which had the appearance of comfort and might even, by a miracle, behind its pleasant façade conceal a solicitous host or hostess. But external paint and flower-boxes signify in these matters very little, and the lunch of the day must have been an innutritious affair when it was first ready. By now it had cooled and dwindled into something exceedingly unattractive; but as we were starving we made an effort to be filled, while I renewed the apologies begun across the way and again enlarged upon the decline and fall of the English Inn.

"At any rate," I said as the bill was laid before me, "we have the satisfaction of not paying any more money to that fraud at 'The Fakenham Arms.'"

At this moment who should enter the room but the fraud himself! He advanced smilingly upon us.

"I hope you've done better here than in my other house?" he said.

E.V.L.

We rather admire the enterprising dramatist, who, at the conclusion of the first performance of his play, suddenly appeared before the foot-lights and booed the gallery first.

* * *

Some new table-napkin rings have "Good morning" engraved on them. A glance out of the window will frequently refute this rash assertion.

* * *

A London ambulance was called to assist a boy who had got wedged in a milk-churn. It appears that the lad had been fired by the feats of a cat burglar.



REPERCUSSIONS OF THE STRIKE.

Maid. "WHAT WILL MADAM WEAR?"
Mistress. "WELL, I REALLY DON'T KNOW. WHAT DOES ONE WEAR FOR A STRIKE?"

ON THE LANDING.

FIRST a yawn and then a sigh,
Watches Mary passing by,
Cook soon follows ("*Now then, Pup, 'Tisn't time—you can't get up*"),
Interval for forty winks,
Wakes and shakes himself and blinks,
Manicures a paw with care,
One eye watchful on the stair,
Views his basket with disdain,
Chews it, falls asleep again,
Fleeting dream of next-door cat
In *our* garden—— What was that?
Starts up suddenly—Hooray!
Mary coming with the tray
And hot water! Joyous sight!
Little growls of wild delight,
Scurryings across the floor,
Frenzied scratchings at their door
("*Who on earth now can that be?*"),
"Please don't tease—of course it's me!"

"A Refined Girl (17) seeks position as Mother's help; no children preferred."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

Perhaps a little over-refined.

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XV.—ELAINE SUPPOSES.

WHATEVER may be said about a General Strike, there is no doubt that it affords Elaine an opportunity for displaying her peculiar gifts.

Elaine has a temperament. This much was clearly stated by her previous mistress before she came to us to cook. The word, no doubt, has many meanings. With Elaine, temperament takes the form of a desire that the worst should happen, and a saturnine delight when it does. It is her constant hope that something should not be ordered, or that something should not be procurable. Not for worlds would she blight that hope by making any suggestion till the hour is too late to remedy the deficiency. Then in dark triumph she appears.

"I suppose you know there is no more butter?"

It was easy to detect the secret exhilaration beneath the mask of gloom when on the first day of the General Strike she was able to announce:

"The milkman says we're not to have more than a pint."

And she visibly wilted when on the second day of the strike the milkman's mandate was removed. There were, however, occasions for rejoicing.

"I suppose you know," said Elaine with a glad heart, "that there's no more kindling wood?"

"Oh, yes, there is; the grocer has lots of it."

"Well, if you call *that* wood. Boxes and things. You don't expect me to chop it?"

I arranged to chop the wood.

Coke came as a further boon to Elaine.

"We are very low," she pointed out, "in coke. I suppose you don't expect me to wash up without hot water?"

I said I would take the car and get some coke. For this purpose, I freely admit, it was necessary to explain to me how coke is procured. Gradually, as the General Strike went on, the whole of our suburb, I found, swam like a new planet into my ken. People like the milkman, the butcher, the grocer, previously abstractions, became definite personalities. Their habitats were known. I must say that coke gave me rather a surprise. If I had been asked offhand to describe a coke office, I should have suggested a dingy wooden shed in a rather grimy-looking yard. In our suburb the grimy-looking yard is there all right, but that is not the place where one orders coke. In fact, I passed the office two or three times in the car before I identified it.

The place is a kind of summer pavilion, built of light-blue wood and stucco, rather suggestive of the Wembley Exhibition. In one window, reposing upon orange velvet, there was exhibited a single piece of coke. The sanctum contained a sprightly middle-aged gentleman in morning dress, and two or three gay-looking typists.

"You quite understand," said the gentleman in morning dress, "that you are doing this entirely at your own risk?"

Having said this he handed me, holding it delicately between thumb and fore-finger, a large coarse kind of sack, and one of the typists handed me a shovel. They wished me God-speed and directed me to the yard, which lay a little lower down the road.

In front of the yard there was being enacted a scene thoroughly typical of England in her great hour of unrest. About fifteen pickets stood doing nothing to a policeman, and a policeman stood doing nothing to them. These were on the pavement. But on the roadway all was activity and bustle. Two enormous rectangular pieces of road had been hewn up, leaving a narrow roped gangway into the yard, and inside each of them British working men were toiling for their lives, impeding the traffic with as much earnestness and goodwill as if the community were entirely at peace. I don't suppose there will ever be a General Council of Trade Unions in England strong enough to call out the stolid road-breakers of the Metropolis, who must all have the fine satiric humour of Elaine.

However, I got in. I found a truck, filled my sack, heaved it into the car, returned my shovel to the exquisites in the coke boudoir, and drove at a cautious crawl out of the yard. The pickets peered inquisitively at me and looked at the sack, but said not a word. The busy road-wreckers did not pause from their toil as I came through the gangway into the congested traffic stream. I was almost destroyed by a motor-omnibus, the terror of whose aspect was terrifically reinforced by the presence of one ordinary policeman and one special constable sitting on the driver's left. If we had collided, I felt, no motorist would ever have been more majestically slain.

Returning with my treasure, I opened a round hole in front of the house and poured it in. This was a thing which all my life I had longed to do, but the chance had never been vouchsafed to me before. I was considerably elated, and could not help feeling how Elaine's heart must be cheered by the noise of the fuel rumbling down into her subterranean abode.

I had misjudged Elaine.

"Was there any fighting at the yard?" she asked hopefully when I went down to see her, rather in the Galahad manner, and receive compliments on my success.

"Not a bit," I said cheerfully.

"Well, there was the other day," she grumbled. "They were all stabbing each other with knives. My brother was in the thick of it."

Elaine has the worst possible opinion of her brother.

"What was he doing there?" I inquired.

"Standing about watching them, I suppose," she said.

It would be impossible for Elaine to admit that her brother ever did any work, even during a stabbing affray.

"I don't believe a word of it, Elaine," I rejoined.

Elaine sniffed. She then went out to the coal-cellar and looked inside the door. I followed her. Surveying the results of my expedition for a moment or two she seemed at a loss, but not for long. "I suppose you know," she said, "that a lot of this coke is too large? It won't go into the stove."

"Where's the hammer?" I asked.

Ecstasy thrilled through every fibre of Elaine's being.

"You've buried it under the coke," she said.

I extricated the hammer and began to bash the coke. I realised that, if a coke-getter's lot was a happy one, it was not going to be the fault of Elaine. She retired to her fastness and I went on bashing. When I had finished the job I was suddenly sensible of a loss.

"By the way Elaine, did I leave my pipe in here?" I asked her, coming back into the kitchen.

Glory shone in her eyes.

"I suppose you left it down at the coke-yard," she said.

As a matter of fact I had.

EVOE.

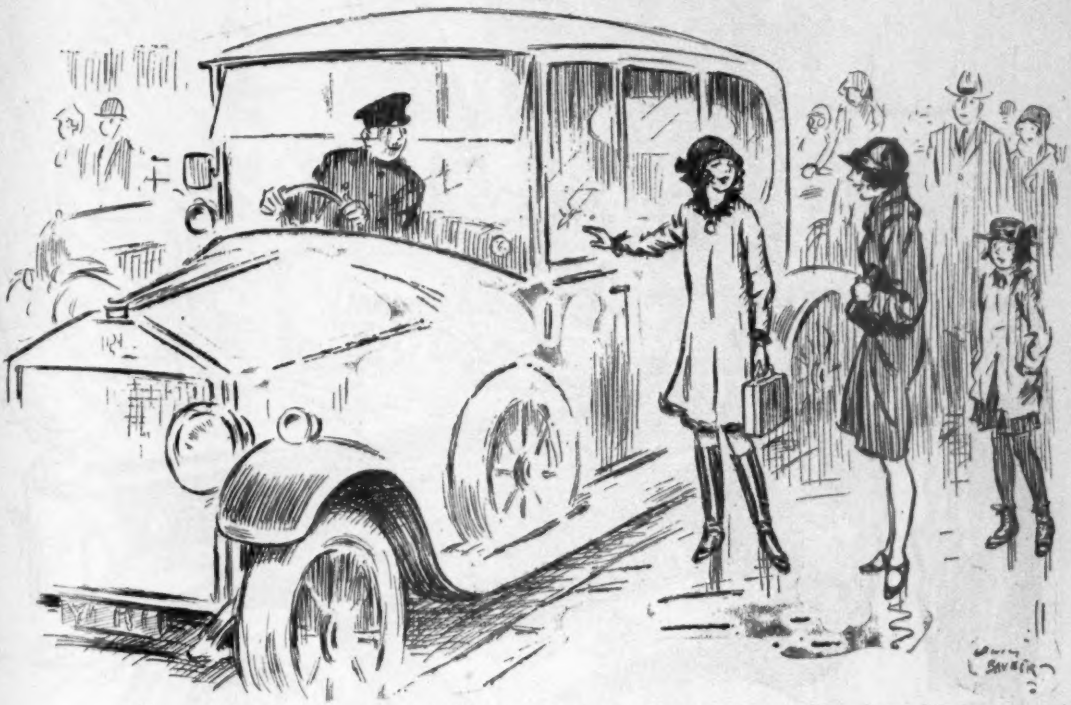
Editorial Irony.

"We regret that our medical contributor is ill and, therefore, not able to write his weekly column, 'How to be Healthy,' at present."—*North Country Paper.*

"With set teeth he clung on to the luggage carrier as the great car accelerated, his feet dragging in the road."
Feuilleton in Daily Paper.

Clearly one of the bulldog breed!

STRIKE NOTES.



Flapperette (*who has secured a lift, to friend*). "CAN I DROP YOU ANYWHERE, MISS JONES?"



TAKING NO RISKS.



Pedestrian. "I'M AFRAID YOU'RE FULLY LOADED, AREN'T YOU?"
Owner-Driver. "NOT AT ALL, MADAM. THERE'S STILL ONE KNEE VACANT AT THE BACK, IF YOU DON'T MIND LETTING YOUR LEGS DANGLE OUTSIDE."

OUR DEBT TO DICKENS.

WHEN not engaged in listening-in
Or on constabulary duty,
Protection of his kith and kin,
Of England and her homes and beauty,
Punch, though unshaken in his nerves
Even by peril's close proximity,
Finds that a little reading serves
At times to foster equanimity.

Not to the psychological tale
That saddens, scarifies or sickens
He turns, but joys that never fail
Discovers in the works of DICKENS.
From that great lucky bag some blanks
He draws, of course — for who disguises
That DICKENS nods?—but oh! what thanks
We owe him for the frequent prizes.

How often are we fain to bless
The brain that gave us *Richard Swiveller*,
The incomparable *Marchioness*
And that inimitable driveller,
Good *Mr. Nickleby*; and when
We want our blood to freeze or curdle
What is the matter with the pen
That told the end of *Mr. Merdle*?

I leave the greater lights alone—
Micawber, Pecksniff, Crummles, Jingle—
Whose lives have passed into our own,
And with us in the spirit mingle,
But even in minor folk he finds
Scope for imperishable parley,
As he reveals the curious minds
Of *Codlin, Short* and *Mrs. Jarley*.

Yet how can we enumerate
The characters of the great romancer
So multifarious, small and great,
All needs and claims they fit and answer?
Enough that in all hours of strain
When care assaults or trouble thickens
We turn and never turn in vain
For solace to the page of DICKENS.

THE CONVERT.

Reactionary in my mood
Most modern gadgets I've tabooed,
And wireless hitherto eschewed
With undisguised aversion;
To-day you'll find me free to own
My error, ready to atone
For libelling the wireless 'phone
With undeserved aspersion.
And if you ask me what has taught
This sudden change of mood and thought,
What potent influence has brought
Me swiftly to my senses,
It is Big Ben's familiar boom,
As clear as if 'twere in my room,
That now in hours of doubt and gloom
Comfort and hope dispenses.
A symbol? yes; and yet so long
As Ben resounds, deep, firm and strong,
One feels that nothing very wrong
Can happen to the nation—
That English stedfastness and grit,
By the survival of the fit,
Shall still, as in the days of PITT,
Prove England's sure salvation.



THE LEVER BREAKS.





Lady (to new maid from the neighbourhood). "I DO NOT TOLERATE GOSSIP, BUT IF YOU KNOW ANY INTERESTING NEWS ABOUT THE PEOPLE HERE YOU MAY IMPART IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

Monday, May 10th.—The SPEAKER'S ringing declaration that the Mother of Parliaments would continue to function, if need be, sans printing, sans light, was not tested to-day. There was light, but whence and by whom generated was not explained, though curiosity had been whetted by the report (unconfirmed) that Captain GARRO JONES had offered to illuminate the chamber free of charge for the rest of the session.

Question-time was devoted to the special constables, the Government's commandeering of newsprint and the contents of *The British Gazette*. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY wanted to know if the newsprint was to be distributed to all papers irrespective of politics; in other words (though he did not use them), if *The British Worker*, like poor doggie, was going to get none. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intimated that as long as the staff of newspaper life was scarce it would be the enemies of constitutional government and not their friends who would go short.

The exclusion of the pacific appeal of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alike from the Broadcasting Programme and from *The British Gazette* was the subject of anxious inquiry by the Opposition. Mr. CHURCHILL'S explanation was in effect that such things must be forgiven before as well as after a glorious victoree, and that some errors of commission and omission were not surprising in the Government organ in view of the conditions under which it had been organized and was being published.

The CHANCELLOR expanded this rather apologetic explanation later in reply to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. It did not particularly please his own followers, who would have preferred him to say point blank that the Government stood by the position that the first step to peace must be by the calling off of the General Strike and that, as the ARCHBISHOP'S slightly flabby appeal called for a recession from this position, the Censor of *The British Gazette* rightly refused to shake the faith of the Government's supporters by publishing it.

Public business brought the House in Committee to a consideration of the Home Office Vote, and Mr. RHYS DAVIES had a number of questions to put to the HOME SECRETARY as regards the number of "Specials" required and kindred matters.

Followed a somewhat tedious narration by the Hon. Member for North Southwark of what sounded to be a terrible and unprovoked mass attack by constables, regular and special, on a number of his constituents who were harmlessly engaged in playing tiddly-winks or some equally innocuous pastime in a public-house. So hideously uncalled-for was this orgy of profane brutality represented to be that the House showed little surprise when the HOME SECRETARY explained that the inoffensive citizens were strikers who had violently assaulted a Special and stoned the police who came to his rescue. Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS expressed the deepest sympathy with the Hon. Member, himself a sworn upholder of the law, and any of his innocent constituents who might have suffered inconvenience, but roundly declared that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs or a riot without breaking heads.

An attack by MR. LLOYD GEORGE on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for not printing the ARCH-

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S peace appeal in *The British Gazette* caused Conservative members to take quick offence at what they thought to be the MEMBER FOR CARNARVON'S desire to make political capital when he should be supporting the Government. They received the speech with hostile interruptions and derisive jeers. This got Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Welsh goat and his indignation was not diminished when Mr. CHURCHILL, having made the explanation already outlined, suggested that the Rt. Hon. Member might find something more helpful to do in the crisis than pick out points of criticism.

It could not be said, however, that the House, from which all the Labour leaders were absent, was a prey to tragic emotions. "Yesterday was Sunday," announced a Labour Member in the course of a long-winded supplementary question. "All day," added a resigned voice—also from the Labour benches.

Tuesday, May 11th.—The House listened attentively while Sir JOHN SIMON expanded his previous speech on the illegality of the General Strike with a relentless and icy logic calculated to paralyse the lay opponent. A quotation from the ex-Sollcitor-General's, Sir HENRY SLESSOR'S, *Law Relating to Trade Unions*, wherein Mr. MACDONALD'S legal henchman expressed himself as "having very little doubt" that the Trade Disputes Act did not cover a General Strike very nearly paralysed that eminent lawyer, who in reply, deplored the raising of the question at the present time but made no attempt to disavow his previous opinion.

Wednesday, May 12th.—A crowded House awaited the PRIME MINISTER'S announcement that the strike was ended. Mr. BALDWIN received a great ovation when he rose and the House received a great surprise when he spoke. This morning's official communiqué to the Press occupied two or three typewritten sheets. Mr. BALDWIN'S announcement to the House consisted of about three sentences. He said that the T.U.C. had called off the strike unconditionally and negotiations with the miners would be resumed. He besought all and sundry to regard the victory as one of commonsense, to forgo malice and bitterness and look forward and not backward. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD who, like the the rest of the House, seemed to expect more, asked for it, but the PRIME MINISTER replied that, while a fuller statement would have to be made, to-day was not the day, and the House was left to rub along with the Merchandise Marks Bill.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE RINGER."
(WYNDHAM'S THEATRE).

I hereby hand it to Mr. EDGAR WALLACE! As the coils of his admirable crime-puzzle play unfolded themselves, my first thought was, "Aha! I see clearly how this is going to work out;" and, later; "Isn't he really giving rather too obvious clues to a person of my intelligence?" only to find that he had completely spoofed me and that I had put my money on the wrong man, without the faintest suspicion of the right. As it is impossible to give any specific account of this diverting affair without depriving the author of his well-deserved triumph and the audience of its chief pleasure, it must be dealt with in very general terms. One may safely say that *The Ringer* is a gentleman definitely wanted by the police for two or three murders; they were all fairly well-intentioned murders, the victims belonging to the better-dead class. One, *Maurice Meister*, solicitor and fence, is emphatically in this latter category, and has, moreover, among many other deplorable vagaries, seduced the sister of the famous master-criminal. The unspeakable *Meister* is under the happy misapprehension that *The Ringer* has been drowned. Our astute police happen to know that he is not only alive but in England, and reluctantly feel it their duty to warn our friend, *Meister*, that the object of his visit is very likely to square accounts in the matter of the sister. Let him, they say, put bars to all his windows and bolts to all his doors, and only move out under police escort; with such tenderness does our admirable system deal with gentlemen who are perfectly well known to be criminals, but whose houses may not be searched without warrant, though they may be full to the garret with stolen valuables. Mr. WALLACE does not make the usual mistake of under-estimating the police.



SPRINGTIME IN ITALY.

Peronnella . MLLE. VERA NEMTCHINOVA.
Giannello. . M. LEONIDE MASSINE.

The *Assistant Commissioner* (MR. ERIC STANLEY), *Divisional Inspector Wembury* (MR. NIGEL BRUCE), and *Detective Inspector Bliss* (MR. LESLIE BANKS), all seemed highly competent, especially the ruthless *Bliss*. It is true that *Inspector Wembury* did, at a given exciting moment when the criminal was thought to be effecting a stealthy entrance, make sufficient noise to warn all the criminals in Deptford. But *The Ringer* made little of this; pinked his man with a sword stick (which had been carefully shown us several times in the approved manner) and got away without trace, only to be later recognized, held up, and unmasked by the detectives and finally rescued by a most effective trick of his devoted wife, *Cora Ann*, cleverly played by Miss DOROTHY DICKSON. We had besides a quite excellent piece of work by Mr. LESLIE FABER as *Dr. Lomond*, the Divisional Surgeon; and nothing could have been better than Mr. ARTHUR STRATTON'S *Station-Sergeant Carter*; or Mr. GORDON HARKER'S amusing portrait of an old lag. Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL as *Maurice Meister* thoroughly enjoyed himself; what with drink and dope and seduction and receiving and playing the piano in a semi-hypnotic state, and gibbering with fear, this excellent actor of bizarre parts had a first-rate chance.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is always entertaining, but I hadn't suspected him to be capable of so much restraint as he has exhibited here; he sometimes lets himself off the full rigour of the game. But here he played his hand in a masterly fashion, and I don't hesitate to say that this is the best spoof-crime play that the town has seen for ten years. I have very definite doubts about the effectiveness of false beards and detachable wigs in real life, but we must just indulge him in this point.

Sir GERALD DU MAURIER'S skilful production pushed the show along at a great pace, and without any of those awkward moments when one wants to laugh or say "Pshaw!" What a piece of bad luck that KING COLE, that gloomy old soul, should have chosen this moment for a demonstration in force, with all the sinister possibilities of such demonstrations. T.

"COCHRAN'S REVUE (1926)."
(LONDON PAVILION).

If one feels that Mr. COCHRAN'S new revue is not the best he can do, it is because he did something even better in *Still Dancing*. Joyous as his latest production is, there is perhaps nothing in it quite so rich in humour—of a literary quality, at any rate—as the Shakespearean burlesque of *Spring Cleaning* in the one before; nor any fun quite so well sustained as we got from the Dress-parade attributed to M. PATOU.

But there was an excellent sketch ("Missing Links") in which from time to time a *resume* of the plot was given from the stage for the benefit of late-comers. Here I liked Miss HERMIONE BADDELEY better than in her low-life scene as a flower-woman (partnered by Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG) with a devastating *penchant* for bad puns in the guise of malapropisms. She played admirably too with Mr. LANCE LISTER (a *Postman*) in "Catching the Male." But both she and Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, who was not served so well as last time, had dullish parts in a not very brilliant travesty of *Aladdin*, where a great variety of articles familiar in advertisements was personified, including whisky, soap, motor-spirit, cigarettes, *The Tatler*, a liver specific and *The Sketch*; and finishing up with a parade of perfumes—and SPINELLY, the heavily-boomed *clou* of the evening.

SPINELLY (these great ones, like the peerage, are above the need of Christian names) wore a number of daring costumes with sufficient effrontery; but her English was a little fragmentary. And she seemed too fond of squeaking. In the Deauville bathing-scene I imagine that Mr. THESIGER, who shared some dialogue with her, must have sighed (as I almost did) for Miss ALICE DELYSIA, with her nice sense of a comedy situation. It seemed absurd that SPINELLY'S pretentions as an exotic novelty should have given her a place of honour above an artist like Miss ANNIE CROFT, who could sing as well as wear clothes. Her haunting gipsy-song, "I travel the road," was delightfully rendered.

M. LEONIDE MASSINE had arranged the choreography of two scenes, full of colour, in which Miss VERA NEMTCHINOVA illustrated with great virtuosity the academic style of ballet, and he himself exhibited an irrepressible resilience. "The Masks," a scene of animated waxworks, was rather attractive but not comparable in the matter of imagination with the Hogarthian grotesque of the last two COCHRAN revues.

The dancing was the better for not being quite so acrobatic as usual; and I liked best the graceful waltzing, with embroidery, of CORTEZ and PEGGY.

Altogether a good show, but with the old fault—a continuous breach of the speed limit—against which I am tired of protesting. When will our producers of revue learn that their passion for keeping an audience breathless betrays a lack of confidence in their own resources? Mr. COCHRAN, of all others, ought by now to have enough self-assurance to dispense with this form of modesty. O.S.



"THE ROMAN BATHS AT DEAUVILLE (1930)." THE DEEP END.

A French Lady . . . SPINELLY.
A Bather . . . . . MR. ERNEST THESIGER

IN THE CHILDREN'S CAUSE.

The Dinner and Dance that were to have been held last Thursday in aid of the Crippled Children of the Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, will take place at the Savoy Hotel, on Thursday, June 10th. Contributions towards the Chairman's List should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex.

FOUGASSE AND FOUGASSINE.

An exhibition of *Punch* and other pictures, in colour and black-and-white, by KENNETH BIRD ("Fougasse"), and of water-colours by Mrs. KENNETH BIRD, is now being held at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, 148, New Bond Street. Personally inspected and highly recommended by Mr. Punch.

Sporting and chivalrous actions are frequent in first-class cricket, but we believe there has been no instance of a captain sending in his twelfth man in order to give a bowler who has taken the last two wickets with consecutive balls a chance of completing his hat-trick.

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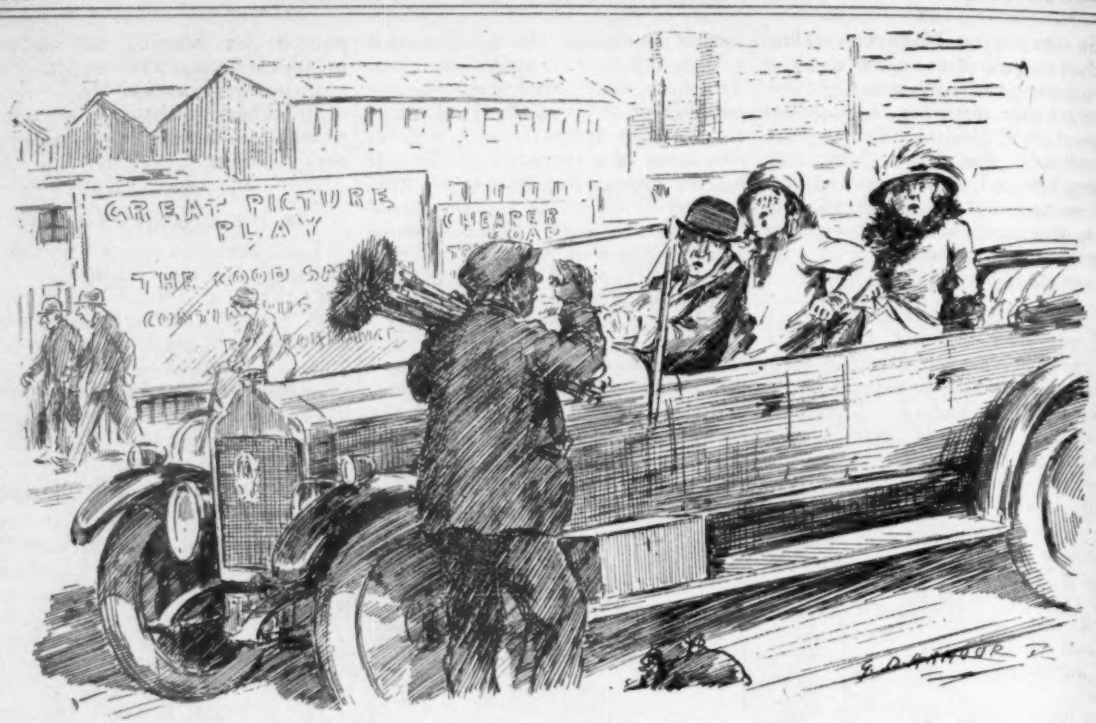
A rising actor complains that he is tied to a certain type of part and not allowed to indulge his longing to act in a TCHEHOV play. We trust he won't let this cloud his young life.

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We see a well-known novelist described as a great conversationalist and raconteur. No doubt he can hold a dictaphone spellbound.

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There is reported to be a growing demand for top-hats in Aberdeen. Confidence is felt that the outbreak will be localised.



THE OFFICIAL REQUEST THAT DRIVERS OF CARS IN WHICH THERE WAS A SPARE SEAT SHOULD PICK UP ANY PEDESTRIAN WHO NEEDED A LIFT WAS WELL RESPONDED TO.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The greater the number of naval officers' reminiscences appearing the better, if only to remind the English people that there is still a Royal Navy which is still indispensable. The *Naval Memories and Traditions* (HUTCHINSON) of Admiral Sir HERBERT KING-HALL cover a period corresponding to the lifetime of elderly persons still extant; and, like other memoirs of the kind, link it with the preceding epoch. Sir HERBERT'S father knew Admiral Sir FRANCIS AUSTEN, whose fame is eclipsed in the renown of that enchanting novelist, his sister JANE. Sir HERBERT'S grandfather, naval surgeon in *H.M.S. Favorite*, visited St. Helena in 1818, beheld NAPOLEON, chatted with Sir HUDSON LOWE and left a record in his diary of some highly curious proceedings in that isle of intrigue. At Antigua, Sir HERBERT discovered letters addressed (in 1787) by NELSON to the dockyard officers, charging them in plain terms with disrespect and neglect of duty. Thus these admirable epistles became part of the equipment of the modern naval officer. Sir HERBERT, who passed into the Navy in 1874, being then, as he quaintly chronicles, "something under thirteen years of age, 4 ft. 3⅞ in. in height, and 5 st. in weight," served through all the broils and troubles, from Admiral HORNBY'S passage of the Dardanelles in 1878, to the Great War, in which, among other services, he commanded the squadron that destroyed the *Konigsberg* in the Rufigi river. But wars do not perturb the naval officer. As another admiral has said, the Navy goes to dinner at the same time, alike in peace and war. Sir HERBERT KING-HALL, having helped to make history, modestly leaves the writing of it to the historian; and, like a courteous host, regales his readers with those entertaining episodes of the world-wandering seaman which relieved the eternal monotony of sea routine; and excellent fare they are.

Miss OLIVE GILBREATH, I take it, knows her Russia from the inside as well as any mere alien can ever hope to know that country of wide extent and strangely intermingled nationalities. I confess that I find books about the Russian Revolution, whether cast in the form of history or fiction, curiously unsatisfying. To read them is like trying to examine a work of art by the fitful light of some giant conflagration, with the disturbing sound of shell-fire and machine-guns audible at no very great distance and apparently coming closer every moment. The fact is we are too near to the actual events. *If To-day Have No To-morrow* (JOHN MURRAY) gives a picture of Russia passing through several phases of her trouble, as beheld through the eyes of one *Michael Acar*, head of a Scottish family domiciled in the land for some two centuries, but still sedulously preserving its British citizenship. And I am quite prepared to believe it is a very good picture, true to life and well executed. We see the gradual approach of anarchy, the flickering hopes raised by KORNILOFF and others, the hopeless darkness that follows their extinction. I believe this is Miss GILBREATH'S first essay in fiction, but she has certainly contrived to catch something of the Russian spirit. We get a sense of huge spaces; of a dull and formless misery; of the futility of effort. These things do not make for easy reading. Yet I am pre-

pared to place my hand on my heart and assert that this is a novel of real value. The fact that I found it so difficult to read was no doubt due to imperfect sympathies of my own. I confess that for the moment I am tired of Russia and all her works.

I expect that many people were as sorry as I was when they realised that that admirable series, *English Men of Letters*, had slipped into abeyance, and as glad to learn that Mr. JOHN SQUIRE had undertaken to complete what Mr. JOHN MORLEY had begun and that the gaps in the list were to be filled. For to read those little books, which are nearly all excellent, is probably the pleasantest way there is of learning the history of our literature. Judging by Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON'S *Swinburne* (MACMILLAN), the first of the fresh batch, the new series is to be as good as the old. In it one finds that mixture of sound criticism with relevant biographical fact to which one is used. There is, of course, a difference. The writers of the older books were Victorians, some of them eminent ones. Mr. NICOLSON is eminently Georgian. He explains his subject's idiosyncracies in terms of complex and repression, terms which would have annoyed LESLIE STEPHEN and rather shocked AUSTIN DOBSON. Not that Mr. NICOLSON is a slave to the psycho-analytical vocabulary. His judgments are admirably independent. He holds that the best of SWINBURNE'S poetry is the result of a nice balance between "the impulse towards revolt and the impulse towards submission." He also holds that the poet became impervious to new impressions before he was out of his nonage. These, if disputable contentions, are very interesting ones. On the biographical side Mr. NICOLSON is as good as on the critical. While acknowledging his debt to Sir EDMUND GOSSE, he is franker than that master of edged discretion. He does not dwell on them unduly, but neither does he gloze over the disorders on which WATTS-DUNTON put his firm and kindly foot. The butterfly's wings were pretty badly bedraggled before he was carried off to his upholstered cage at Putney. All things considered, Mr. NICOLSON is perhaps a little too hard on the rescuer. Domestic legislation at The Pines may have been something too grandmotherly, but ALGERNON'S alliterative vituperations, if he could read what his latest biographer says about his "best and dearest" THEODORE, would be worth listening to.

Fairy Gold (CASSELL) is, as the rose-growers say, "in the way of" *Guy and Pauline*, and a very pretty sport from its beautiful predecessor. It has a large share of the old favourite's affecting charm, a dramatic plot, a likeable hero, a sprinkling of sweetly-conceited comments and descriptions, refreshing interludes of bluff or caustic comedy and a setting of sea, sky and land which amply vindicates Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S *imperium* of the Island of Herm. To Roon, off the coast of Lyonnesse, comes *Dick Deverell*, who, instead of being "sent back like a repainted target to the front," has been appointed, midway through the War, commander of the island's first garrison. To the *Knight of Roon*, a Wardour Street gambler and grandee, the garrison is anathema; and, though *Deverell* himself is obviously an improvement on the urban riff-raff he commands, a very cold reception has been arranged for him by gentle and simple. However, before he quits the mainland he has already encountered and won the heart of *Venetia*, aged twelve, the second of



Man of the World (helping himself to private car in West End). "DON'T PUT YERSELF AHT, GUV'NOR—ANYWHERE IN THE MILE END ROAD'LL DO ME—'OP IN, LIZZIE!"

the knight's two daughters and a blend of *Pauline*, *Puck* and *The Constant Nymph*, who does not convince as much as she attracts. On Roon and its little dependency, Carrackoon—once the home of a German conchologist and now suspect and deserted—is worked out the drama of *Deverell's* love for *Venetia's* unapproachable sister *Vivian*, complicated and darkened by the financial imbecilities of the knight and their exploitation by a theosophical profiteer. The profiteer is sound enough at the core, but handled in a a spirit of caricature, and the ruses that ultimately save the lovers are, I regret to say, grossly mechanical. However, *Deverell* and his *Vivian* are well worth saving, and I personally would not perturbate their paradisal state by enquiring too closely how they got there.

I have it up against Mr. VICTOR L. WHITCHURCH that he has caught me over the title of his new FISHER UNWIN issue, *The Dean and Jecinora*. For "Jecinora" is no lady—no clerical error or indiscretion of the cloth, as I had fully expected—but merely a liver tonic put on the market by *Mr. Julian Stanniland*, a young and very unconvincing company promoter, who, I suspect, appears in the plot only in order to promote a love interest by obligingly marrying his typist. Nor can I learn that the *Dean* was ever connected with even a complimentary or sample bottle of "Jecinora," which compound, in fact, like "the flowers that bloom in the Spring," has "nothing to do with the case." The real story is that of *Edward Lake*, the *Dean's* brother, who is incidentally the father of *Peggy*, the *Stanniland* typist. *Edward* has innocently got himself mixed up in a "bucket-shop" swindle and there is a warrant out for his apprehension. He avoids arrest by flight and by the impersonation of his brother the *Dean*, the latter conniving at both expedients. *Edward*, however, hands over the canonical kit, passport and ticket to the real criminal in exchange for proofs of his own innocence—somewhat vaguely described as "the papers"—and so lets the latter escape to the Continent, a transaction which in everyday life would, one imagines, have rendered the ingenious *Edward* liable to criminal proceedings in sad reality. The rest of the story is concerned with the somewhat poor game of a layman's failing to live up to a parson's borrowed name and livery, and in consequence causing grievously jocose prejudice to the parson. In this case nothing particularly undiaconal occurs, and a quite inoffensive story comes to an orthodox end with the punishment of wickedness and the maintenance of virtue.



THE MILK TRAIN STOWAWAY.

Wife. "NOW JOHN, WHEN YOU GET TO THE STATION, TUCK IN YOUR HEAD AND YOUR FEET, AND DON'T WORRY."

I had quite an easy journey with *Rough Passages* (CASSELL), a collection of short stories by MRS. ALICE PERRIN. The title is a good one, for in most of the stories here collected there is trouble of some kind—a man-eating tiger, for instance, or a drunken husband—to prevent the course of true love from running too smoothly. These are magazine-stories and, as the advertisements say, "you don't need genius to write for the magazines." But, as they don't say in the advertisements but will tell you later on, there are other qualities which you do need, and these MRS. PERRIN has in full measure. A model for the young aspirant, in fact; which means the nearer you get the better, and not that you can take a six-months' correspondence course and write like MRS. PERRIN. For she is an old hand at the game and has the rules at her finger-ends. All these stories, I should add, are well and truly laid in Indian soil, a sufficient guarantee that their local colour will be right and that your perusal of them will be pleasantly informative as well as enjoyable. Try one next time you are ten minutes too early for a meal and see if it isn't better than shifting things about on the mantelpiece.

If you like a simple tale of love and rivalry in a pastoral setting, try *Yellow Corn* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). MISS UPTON GRAY has laid the scene of this her first novel in Hampshire *Clary Simpson*, daughter of an upright but pig-headed old farmer, spends six months and all her money on a visit to the world of fashion, in the hope that her acquired extravagances will disgust *Ned Amyon*, the suitor favoured by her father, and so make the way clear for her engagement to the honest but impecunious *George Dowey*. But *Ned*, though duly shocked, finds the transfigured *Clary* rather attractive, and, to make matters worse, *Clary* has to admit that her change of outlook has taken a good deal of the glamour off the homely *George*. MISS GRAY has made a pleasant story out of these complications. Her descriptions of farm life bear the obvious stamp of truth; she presents her characters clearly, and she reveals a sense of dramatic values in the handling of the big scenes. A creditable first appearance.

My acquaintance with strong silent men in the flesh is negligible, but I can't meet them too often in fiction. *Red Dust* (NASH AND GRAYSON) introduces *John Powell*, who both for his rugged strength and unconscious humour takes rank with the giants of his class. He was the manager of an estate in Kenya when two ladies, one of them of mature age and the other young and surpassingly attractive, purchased a small portion of it. The tale that follows is an old story in a new setting. MRS. FLORENCE KILPATRICK writes admirably of Kenya and of the difficulties which inexperienced and credulous settlers may meet there; but when we come to the struggle between *John Powell* and a handsome plausible scoundrel for the favours of the beautiful lady we are on ground so often explored that no treasure-trove can be gleaned from it. Kenya is the real heroine of this novel, and a very charming one.

NOTICE.

Though there has been no break in the continuity of *Punch* during the General Strike, recent editions have been restricted in number and imperfectly distributed. The issues for May 5, 12 and 19 are obtainable through any Newsagent; or they will be sent by post direct from the *Punch* Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4., on receipt of 7d. in stamps for each copy.

CHARIVARIA.

A BABY born during the general strike was named Theobald Ulysses Cornelius, after the T.U.C. We predict that he'll have something to say about this when he acquires a vocabulary.

* * *

The general strike caused a postponement in the release of several American films. There's a bright side to everything.

* * *

It is reported that on the evening of the day when the strike was broken, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER attended a musical comedy. The man never relaxes!

* * *

Except for some hooligan violence, London during the strike was practically crimeless. It must be a long time since there were so few attempts to buy cigarettes after 8 P.M.

* * *

As many as 228 demonstrators and 118 police were injured in the course of the JEANNE D'ARC fête in Paris. It is rumoured that the French intend to borrow our next general strike and use it as a Bank Holiday.

* * *

In spite of the recent disorganisation of industry the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers carried on with their examinations. Perhaps they felt somebody might want to look for the benefits that the workers gained by the strike.

* * *

During the strike, buses were run on circular routes at a flat rate of threepence. We hear that an Aberdeen visitor alighted on reaching his destination, thus deliberately sacrificing his right to be taken on to the place where he started.

* * *

When the general strike terminated the news was sent to all the Judges sitting in the London Courts. This seems to indicate that they knew that something of the kind had been going on.

* * *

On one day *The British Worker* said, "British Public Backs Strike." Should not this have been, "British Public Strikes Back"?

* * *

A worker recently explained to his employers that he would have been on strike but for the fact that he was ill at the time. Fortunately he did not demand that we should have the strike all over again.



THE RESTORATION OF THE PRESS.
WALLOWING IN IT.

Everybody has complained of the long duration of unsettled weather; but really Mr. BALDWIN can't be expected to settle everything.

* * *

We have nothing but admiration for the quiet way in which, after negotiations had broken down, the Riff War was resumed.

* * *

Mention has been made of a well-known Communist who has lost his voice. We are not offering any reward for its recovery.

* * *

A man who broke into a house at Hastings consumed two bottles of ginger-ale. The best burglars never take intoxicants during working hours.

* * *

From a West of England newspaper: "Wanted, young man to drive a —— car; one used to butchering preferred." But not by us.

* * *

A contemporary has mentioned the various ways in which prominent cricketers were occupied during the winter. We sometimes wonder too how they pass the time in the summer.

* * *

It is a pathetic thought that it took a general strike before some of us could realise our youthful ambitions to become engine-drivers.

* * *

When two members of a golf club were married recently, an arch of golf weapons was made by other members as the couple left the church. The caddy who threw divots in front of the happy pair had not been invited to the wedding feast.

* * *

The two permanent seats which Brazil now claims on the Council of the League of Nations are understood to be for "self and friend."

* * *

HENRY FORD has denied the rumour that he intends to retire to a peaceful country cottage. Thanks to his efforts there isn't one.

* * *

A Bournemouth grocer recently displayed a notice asking for an "Errant Boy." He seems to have known pretty well the sort he would eventually get.

* * *

If *The British Gazette*, as its editor claimed, was unbiassed, why didn't its Court Circular report the movements of Mr. J. H. THOMAS?

* * *

It has been remarked that an industrial dispute is like a sore. Certainly it makes it worse if you picket.

* * *

We read that the woman who has established a world's fasting record lives in a glass case, wears pyjamas and washes in soda-water. Well, we all have our hobbies.

* * *

We understand that several important burglaries which were postponed on account of the strike will take place as soon as conditions become completely normal again.

BRIGHT SPOTS IN THE GENERAL STRIKE.

WHEN those high gods, including Mr. BEVIN,
Ordained a general strike, as swift as levin,
And said, "If means of locomotion stop
The fainting typist in her tracks will drop"
(Whereas she stumped it bravely, morn and night,
Or rode in cushioned transports of delight);
When Racing ceased beneath their awful nods
And Mr. THOMAS couldn't take the odds,
Nay, at the worst, it seemed our railways' mascot
Might have to go without his Royal Ascot;—
Thanks to the calm and courage of the PREMIER,
And British phlegm, which day by day grew
phlegmier,
We common mortals, asking no reprieve,
Just carried on without the Olympians' leave,
Until, remarking they had made a blunder,
Reluctantly they stilled their nine days' thunder.

Now everyone agrees we must eschew
All malice (as the Higher Clergy do);
Must not be bitter, no, nor even cross
About our trade's irreparable loss,
But cool our angry passions when they burn
Nor let the victims victimise in turn.

This view commands my very deep respect,
With all the greater force when I reflect
That, while engaged in holding us to ransom,
Their conduct showed (in parts) extremely handsome.
For instance, when they launched their Little War,
Barely disguising what the thing was for—
To break the nation's heart, if not its head—
They kindly undertook to keep us fed;
All needful food (and milk) they would supply
So that we needn't actually die.
I say—and they themselves have freely said it—
That this redounds to their enormous credit.

And then again, when they cut off the Press,
We were not left purblind to grope and guess;
Licence they gave *The British Worker's* pen,
And had its stuff produced by Union men,
Lest in the dark hours Truth should lack a taper,
Missing the beam of that impartial paper.

And, though we churlishly declined to take
These noble offers, made for Pity's sake,
Of food for body and mind, I here convey
My sense of what we owe—and hope to pay—
To those high gods, including Mr. BEVIN
(Please forward from their late address in Heaven).

O. S.

EXTRA SPECIALS.

Special-Constable Percival paced slowly round the corner to the end of his beat, where he met Special-Constable Mc at the end of mine.

"Mornin', Constable Percival," I said.

"Mornin', Constable Apple," said he, and we came to a halt together on the kerb.

Constable Percival, having folded his hands in the small of his back, bent both knees a short way and straightened them again. Then he raised his left leg slightly off the ground and gave it a little shake. Next he inserted his thumbs in his mackintosh belt and with the outspread fingers of each hand patted his tummy three times in a judicial manner. Finally he slid his hands to and fro along the belt. At the end of all this he said "Damn!" and picked up his armlet, which had fallen off.

"Any serspishus characters on your beat this morning?" he asked at length, when he had become a policeman once more.

"Only someone who looked like Mr. SAKLATVALA," I replied after thought; "but he explained satisfactorily to me that he couldn't help it."

"Ah!" said Constable Percival and made a breathing sound through where his moustache would have been if it had been big enough. He slid his hands to his belt buckle and waggled his right boot. "Everything quite quiet my way," he went on, picking up his armlet again.

"Ah!" I replied, breathing back at him.

Then I bent my knees slightly and straightened them—"Exercise No. 1," we call it in the Force. Constable Percival did the same. We did quite a lot of this for several minutes, and a small boy, eating an orange, came and watched us.

A food van passed down the deserted street and I waved it majestically forward. The driver, a gentleman with a monocle and plus-fours, took no notice whatever at first, and so I continued to wave. When he did see he got quite friendly, waved back at me and said, "Cheeri-oh!"

Then we resumed our knee-bending for a bit. Quite like old times—"Be-end! Stre-etch! Squord-DALT!"

A perambulator arrived and Constable Percival saw it safely across the road. What with the strike and so forth one can't be too careful; these perambulators are being driven quite recklessly. The nurse in charge gave him a nice smile and picked his armlet up for him. Then we went on to "Exercise No. 2—Leg-raisin' sideways; judgin' the time—commence!"

At this point the small boy laughed.

"Now then, little boy, move along there," remarked Constable Percival severely and waved him away.

The laugh became merely more offensive.

"Move-along-there-now-move-along-please!" went on Constable Percival, a little anxiously this time, it seemed to me.

"Shan't," said the small boy, speaking through orange. "I gotter right t'stye 'ere 'f I like."

This we felt was a direct challenge to constablutionary authority. Constable Percival and I drew together. We weren't quite certain how we stood legally, and we hardly had time to ask Sir JOHN SIMON about it. We consulted our book of instructions and eventually learnt that a crowd must not be hurried, but that it should be kept on the move. This wasn't much help. Our crowd, which had started another orange, didn't look like being hurried at all, though, after reading something further about the back of a crowd always moving much slower than the front, I had a shrewd idea of how I would keep it on the move once it started.

"I say, keep movin', please," began Constable Percival once more; but the crowd merely ejected several pips in a primitive and insubordinate manner. We felt the position could not continue and so took a strong line by moving off round the corner ourselves with the stately motion of two battleships.

At the door of a house further on we stopped while Constable Percival tested the gate to the area. A cook came out into the area and he instantly began to twirl gallantly what moustache he had.

"Mornin', Jane!" he began, keeping up the tradition of the Force.

"Morning, Sir!"

"Everything all right? Got something nice for me for dinner?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Can you—er—lend me a safety-pin for my armlet . . ."

Mrs. Percival looked suddenly out of the dining-room



THE MAN IN CONTROL.

JOHN BULL (*to the Pilot*). "YOU 'VE GOT US THROUGH THAT FOG SPLENDIDLY."

MR. BALDWIN (*sticking quietly to his job*). "TELL ME ALL ABOUT THAT WHEN WE 'RE PAST THESE ROCKS."



Dear Old Thing (who is having the strike news read to her). "WHAT CAN THE GOVERNMENT BE THINKING OF? POURING ALL THE MILK INTO A POOL IN HYDE PARK WHERE THE CATS CAN GET AT IT!"

window. "Oh, there you are, Percival," she said. "Don't bother Cook just now; she's behind-hand already. Oh, and if your beat takes you past the grocer's just order half-a-pound of lard, will you?"

"I'll consult with my colleague, Madam," returned Constable Percival stiffly, and we moved off in offended silence. Women have no respect for law and order. A policeman's life is not a happy one.

In a street further on we were inadvertently re-discovered by our crowd. It was still eating orange and seemed disposed to watch us some more.

"Move along there," began Constable Percival in an optimistic tone of voice.

There was no noticeable movement either in the front of the crowd or on its outskirts. Constable Percival looked at me helplessly, and I had an idea. Glancing quickly to either side, I put my hand in my pocket. Then I bent over to the crowd.

"There you are, my lad," I whispered. "There's sixpence for you. Now run off and play!"

The crowd dispersed joyously. We of the Force have always been noted for our tact in dealing with difficult situations.

We stood triumphantly side by side and did "Exercise No. 2" till Constable Percival's armlet fell off. A. A.

A Versatile Volunteer Worker.

"In this office Lady L. M. has been managing the telephone."
Sunday Paper.

"Lady L. M. sold more than 1,000 copies [of the newspaper] in twenty minutes."—*Another column, same paper, same day.*

"Other well-known people who rose nobly to the occasion were Lady L. M., whom I saw gaily wielding a frying-pan at Marble Arch. . . ."
Another paper, same day.

ROBERT THE ANGEL.

O Robert, in our hours of ease
The butt of many an idle wheeze,
And subject to the chaff and jibes
Of fractious and facetious scribes—

In times of civic stress and strife,
When nerves are jarred and rumours rife,
When care writes wrinkles on the brow,
A blessing and a boon art thou.

The foreigner within our gates
Without reserve reiterates
The praises that are justly due
To Britain's peerless men in blue.

In town and country you have been
Quite imperturbably serene
In shouldering the heavy job
Of handling an excited mob.

Bland, comfortable and benign—
Unlike the fretful porcupine—
You managed to diffuse the balm
And solace of infectious calm.

Let rumours percolate the Lobby;
Let feeble hearts wax faint and throbby;
Rocklike, when all around is slobby,
He stands, our priceless British Bobby.

How the Scots take their pleasures.

"A sale of work at ——, Berwickshire, in aid of the fun for providing a shed for the ambulance . . . has realised . . ."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

BLUE MAGIC.

["Do bees like blue?"—*Daily Paper* Correspondence Column.]

Do bees like blue? My great-aunt Ada,
Who kept the creatures, had a wheeze.
When, as was frequent, she mislaid a
Thimble or purse or bunch of keys
She'd straightway go and tell it to
the bees,
Which done, the good soul made a
Bee line, or so she'd say,
To where, all unobserved, the missing
object lay.

And since they're so communicative,
I think the bees might tell—don't
you?—
What blossoms, introduced or native,
Best suit their needs, and what the hue,
The bee-balm's scarlet or the sage's
blue,
They favour; they might also state if
The bee-bread that they bake
Equals the pollen-pies their mothers
used to make.

No doubt the Fabres and the Boses
Who into Nature's secrets pry,
Know just what suits the eyes and noses
Of busy bumble-bees, and why.
I can't help thinking as I watch them
fly
Among the hollyhocks and roses,
It's not her reds and yellows
But Flora's store of sweets intrigues
the greedy fellows.

ALGOL.

HOW THE STRIKE STRUCK SMITH MAJOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a life-long reader of your valuable journal may I crave the use of your columns (I hope you won't mind if this isn't the proper way to start a letter to an Editor) in order to register a complaint as to the absolutely rotten way in which the General Strike came to an end?

At the end of the first week of the strike the news came round school that any fellows over seventeen could volunteer, provided they had their parents' permission. That condition seemed silly. Why put in rot like that when the country was in danger? But we had to put up with it.

I am just over seventeen, and I wrote home at once, but owing to the absolute slackness of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL my letter did not reach the Pater until Wednesday morning. The Pater is not very good at answering letters, even when they are really important, such as asking for a bit of extra pocket-money, but this time he did rise to the occasion. He sent me a telegram on Wednesday morning, saying O.K. You can bet your boots that I danced. Some of our fellows, whose people live in London, had already gone, and we had heard that they were doing all kinds of exciting things, such as punching tickets on the Tubes, etc., etc. It was even said that Fatty Brown was working one of those tophole luggage trolleys that run by themselves on Paddington Station and ring a bell to clear people out of the way. I was ready to do anything. As I am in the Cadet Corps I did not see why I should not convoy food lorries from the docks. I have never driven anything, but I was quite willing to have a shot and to run over anyone who tried to stop me.

And then on Wednesday afternoon the Government let them call the strike off. Of course BALDWIN has kept a jolly good old stiff upper lip all through, and his voice is very good on the wireless, but why damp the enthusiasts who are ready to save the old Empire? I call it rotten that, just when a fellow is ready to go out and has got permission and everything is practically fixed up, they let the strikers chuck it, and a fellow has to start prep. again instead of giving the country a leg-up.

There are a number of us here who will be much obliged if you will let BALDWIN have the tip that, unless he gives the next strike a decent run, we shan't bother about it, and he can save the Constitution by himself.

Yours ever,
SMITH MAJOR.



First Young Woman. "RIDING PILLION ALL THROUGH THE STRIKE, I WAS; AND SUCH NICE YOUNG CHAPS!"

Second ditto. "REALLY, DEAR! I SUPPOSE ONE DOES FIND ONE'S LEVEL IN A CRISIS. PERSONALLY I NEVER SANK LOWER THAN A LIMOUSINE."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XV.—THE U.S.P.

I SHALL never really think of Wilfrid Brown again as the Brown I have seen this week-end starting off with his golf-clubs for Littlehampton, nor as the Brown I knew during the days of the recent industrial dispute now so happily ended, but always as the Brown who stalked through my terrible nightmare—Brown the arch-Communist leader, Brown the unbreakable Bolshevist.

The real Brown during the Great Strike, well and patriotically though he behaved, was a little too obvious for my taste in his conversational openings. He bubbled, to put it rather grossly, with *clichés* which did not seem to me to further the process of thought.

"The national life," he said to me under the lilac-tree at the corner of the road by the pillar-box where the postman was busily collecting letters, "is paralysed."

"Industry," he remarked a moment later as we were almost run down by the butcher's boy on a tricycle, "is absolutely at a standstill."

And once again, as he sank back luxuriously into the Rolls Royce which had offered him a lift into London, "The fabric of civilisation has broken down."

I made no comments, except on one evening, when, after reading a badly typewritten statement posted in the window of a small fruiterer's shop, he suddenly clutched me by the arm and gazed earnestly into my eyes.

"This is Moscow," he said.

"It isn't," I answered rather snappily. "It's Haverstock Hill."

* * * * *

But in my dream, in my dreadful nightmare I ought to have said, it was the general public which had struck and defied the Government, the employers and the workers alike. And Brown was the chairman of the U.S.P.

The origin of the dispute had been comparatively small. It was simply the objection of certain members of the Travelling Public to being told angrily to "Pass right along the car there" when the car was completely crowded and there was no room to pass along it. But there were hotheads amongst us and a threatened strike on the part of the whole Travelling Public terrified Lord ASHFIELD and necessitated Government intervention, as the horrible phrase goes. It was then that Wilfrid Brown came out in his true colours.

A small yet solid and determined figure, I can see him now as he trudged off to interview the PRIME MINISTER.

"Unless our grievance is satisfied," he told him, "there will be a sympathetic strike."

"Of whom?" asked the PRIME MINISTER, raising his eyebrows.

"The Theatre-going Public," said Brown, "will come out in defence of the Travelling Public."

The PRIME MINISTER was visibly moved.

"They have their own grievances," remarked Brown, "as you, Sir, know very well. They are not allowed, for instance, to buy tobacco after eight o'clock at night."



Little Girl (playing Landlady, to prospective Tenant). "HAVE YOU ANY PARENTS?"

"YES, MADAM—TWO."

"AH, I'M SORRY. WE NEVER TAKE CHILDREN WITH PARENTS."

"Is there anything else?" asked the PRIME MINISTER.

"The Motoring Public and the Sport-loving Public will strike also."

"Hum!" said the PRIME MINISTER.

"And the Picture-going Public."

"Ha!" said the PRIME MINISTER.

"*And*," continued Brown, playing his great trump-card, "there is not the slightest doubt that the Newspaper-reading Public will come out as well."

The PRIME MINISTER reflected for a few moments. "The Government cannot continue negotiations under the threat of a general strike," he then said. "Unless you are prepared to call it off our negotiations must cease."

"On your head be it!" replied Brown, furrowing his forehead and placing his right hand melodramatically in the breast of his coat.

So the Union of Soviet Publics struck.

* * * * *

Those were stirring days. It was our avowed plan to bring the nation's industries to a standstill by throwing a large part of the workers out of work. We walked to our offices every day; our motor-cars, if we had them, grew rusty in their garages. This was a self-denying ordeal to enable the rich to suffer equally with the poor. We read no newspapers. We eschewed theatres, the Oval, and Lord's. We neglected the race-courses. We bought no chocolates. There were some who even refrained from cigarettes. Everywhere there was an indication of a great resolve and hardships heroically borne.

But the Government meanwhile was not idle. It was obvious that they could not face the volume of unemployment which would be caused if the workers ceased to work. They therefore decreed that the unnecessary services must be maintained.

Every day the buses and trams, the Metropolitan and Tube trains ran empty except for a few enthusiastic volunteers drawn from the employer class or workers off duty who were dragooned into sacrificing their leisure moments for the purpose. Never had the displays in the windows of the chocolate shops looked so alluring. Never had the wording of newspaper posters been so sensationally bright. Amateur sweet-eaters and newspaper-readers ate bon-bons and read articles ostentatiously under our eyes. Yet we were adamant. We picketed the theatres, the entrances to cricket-grounds, the shops. There was a little rioting, of course. I remember that a small unruly element belonging to the theatre-going public threw cauliflowers and oranges at a State-organised queue wearing brassards, but the hooligans were easily dispersed by means of armoured cars and cavalry. There was a strong hand behind the Government in my dream.

Propaganda of course was rife. We could not start a news-sheet of our own, partly because it would have stultified our own policy and partly because the Government would certainly have com-

mandeered the paper and given it to *The Daily Herald* or *Workers' Gazette*, as it was now called. But the Broadcasting Public, though sympathetic, had decided not to come out, and the B.B.C., fearful lest this dread contingency should arise, got leave from the authorities to circulate our news.

It was difficult nevertheless to resist the importunities of *The Workers' Gazette*, two copies of which were shoved regularly underneath our doors at breakfast-time. I remember that on one occasion at least I succumbed to the temptation myself. The first page was set out in large type as follows:—

HAPPY THEATREGOERS EAT HIPKINS' CHOCOLATE ON THE UNDERGROUND!

The Union of Soviet Publics has betrayed the cause of the Workers of England by calling a General Strike. No Government could refuse to take up the challenge. It is imperative that the recreational services should be maintained, and that the vast army which caters for the transport, edification and amusement of the General Public should not be thrown out of employment by the selfish inaction of a mere foolish majority. There can be no surrender by the Government until the U.S.P. comes to its senses and ceases to paralyse the national life, which is nevertheless proceeding normally in spite of every obstacle.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Hobbs, 24, not out.

I threw the ghastly thing away.

It was, I believe, on the very same morning that Brown came to my house, a pale Napoleonic figure with the appropriate wisp of hair over his brow. He had been moving everywhere amongst the strikers, encouraging, exhorting, imploring them to resist. He brought to me the terrible news that the Picture-going Public had decided to go in. They had been totally unable to resist the allurement of the topical film showing pictures of themselves on strike.

* * * * *

It was the beginning of the end. A day or two later the Government precipated matters by declaring a three-days' holiday. Nobody had anticipated this Machiavellian masterstroke. We now had no offices to go to, no business cares to which we might attend. A few of us roamed moodily round the National Gallery, mingling with the Art-loving Public, which, never very strong, had always held aloof from the Soviet Union. Some of us planted out snapdragons, and a few were to be found in the Reading Room of the British Museum, which was also an unpicketed post.

But early on the second morning Wilfrid Brown came to my house again.

"I am going," he said, and I can remember the icy horror that gripped my heart at the tone of his words—"I am going with my wife and little Hypatia to Hampton Court."

"How?" I asked, looking at him with bloodshot eyes.



"MY HUSBAND LOST FRIGHTFULLY THROUGH THE STRIKE, SO IF I GET A REALLY *good* HAT IT MIGHT CHEER HIM UP A LOT."

"By the Underground," he said hollowly, "and the Southern Railway."

* * * * *

It was then that I awoke with a shriek.

EVOE.

A Striking Anagram.

TRADES UNION COUNCIL
= UNCONDITIONAL CURSE.

"THE REAL SPIRIT.

At a football match at —— a strikers' team defeated a police team by two goals to one. The wife of the chief Constable was kicked off."—*Midland Paper.*

It seems to us that this was carrying realism a little too far.

STRIKE BENEFIT.

EVERY now and then Angela does what she calls a little hounding; that is to say, she hounds me on to work. Angela likes this; I don't. Usually it happens when I am deep in a most absorbing book or very busy thinking with my eyes shut—such is the perversity of women. Years ago I used to be able to think of wonderful reasons why what I was doing at the moment was far more important than any mere slaving for money; but time, like an ever-rolling stream, has washed out all my excuses, and now nothing remains but the obvious—work. And I *hate* the obvious.

Moreover on these occasions Angela possesses the oblique cunning of a kangaroo-stalker. (I don't quite know *why* kangaroo-stalkers are like that exactly, but it has always seemed to me that kangaroos must be very difficult things to stalk; such a *jumpy* business.) I mean, she doesn't say straight out what she is driving at. Kangaroo-stalkers are the same; they always pretend they are out after glow-worms or moss or something, and that puts the kangaroos off their guard. It 's not very sporting really.

But I always know.

"I really *ought* to get the plumber to come and have a look at the kitchen sink," she says.

I am suspicious at once, only I don't show it. Guile for guile.

"Do," I say.

"Nothing will go down it," says Angela.

"That 's better than if things came *up* it," I say.

"But they do," says Angela. "A mouse did this morning. I saw it."

"It 's an extraordinary thing about mice," I say. "I mean the way they love living down the pipe of the kitchen sink and so on. Anybody would sink—I mean think—they would find it awfully wet and—er—rheumaticky and all that. And besides——"

"Only the plumber won't come for nothing," says Angela.

"Of course he won't," I say heartily. "And, after all, can we blame him, Angela? Even a plumber must live, though, as a witty French judge once said——"

"They charge even to come and *look*," says Angela.

"Ah," I say; "but you don't seem to realise that there is more in a plumber's look than meets the eye. Many a recalcitrant tap has turned over a new washer after simply a look from a plumber, and the threat that if it wasn't careful he would go back and fetch a spanner to it. And besides——"

But it is no use.

"I know," says Angela brightly, as though the idea has just occurred to her, a stratagem every bit as despicable as a downright lie. "You can write something; then we can have the plumber."

So I have to go and write something humorous about the gasfitter to pay the plumber.

But just lately I have been having a holiday, an entirely gratuitous unexpected holiday.

"It 's perfectly wonderful how new chintz curtains brighten up a room," said Angela on a certain recent and famous Tuesday morning.

I recognised the opening, but I remained calm.

"Isn't it?" I said, glancing up from my paper. "I think it would be a ripping idea to get some new ones for all the windows in the house."

Angela stared. I don't usually answer like this.

"There is," I continued, "nothing I should like better than to sit down and write something and buy them for you, only——"

"Only what?" asked Angela ominously.

"Only all the printers are out on strike, so I 'm afraid it 's not the faintest use writing anything at all."

Angela seized the paper and took one long look at the headlines.

"They won't be out for ever," she said.

I suppose she 's right. I 'm afraid so, anyway. That is why I have reluctantly committed the incident to paper, just in case the printers should slip in again while I 'm not looking. But I shan't do any more; and in case any compositor should ever have the job of setting this up I should like him to know that I am grateful to him for the jolly holiday I 've been having. L. DU G.

Commercial Candour.

"INVISIBLE MENDING.

All tears, burns, moth and mouse-holes darned and mended like new.

British officer says:—'I was astonished when I got back the job I gave you—it didn't look like a darned suit at all!'"

Anglo-Continental Paper.

"The whole situation was reviewed to-day at a prolonged meeting of the oyyydydy dkkadkrk dykdkdd-wwkwgw Cabinet."

Provincial Paper.

Is this Mr. COOK's pet name for it?

"DOMINION'S FAIR SEX HAVE MORE FOIE DE VIVRE AND FEMININITY THAN AMERICANS, ASSERTS COUNTESS ON VISIT TO MONTREAL."

Headlines in Canadian Paper.

So much of the joy of life depends upon the liver.

A REPORT TO MOSCOW.

London, May 17th, 1926.

DEAR COMRADES OF LIBERTY,—Give me leave to come away from this mad country. The strike was a dead failure; the people are impossible. They kept on smiling and wouldn't get into a panic.

In our dear Russia, if we show that a food shortage must come, they all start hoarding, and the result is a famine. All sane people would behave in that way. Here the fools don't think it fair to buy up extra quantities and everyone shopped as usual; they were even economical. And those idiot shopkeepers did not put up prices at all. Milk in some places went down in price.

They call it a nation of shop-keepers. Is it meant as a joke? Of course I never thought for a moment that they would behave like that. No one made a penny out of their good opportunity. Mad, I call them.

Men and women walked to their jobs and laughed at sore feet; spoke of reducing figures and pretended that it was a new form of training. I don't hear of one person not on strike who stopped work.

And would you believe it? People who owned cars carried the working people to and from their work.

There is no "class feeling" in this absurd England. The poor were taken in preference to the rich, and one man boasts that he made a special point of giving lifts to "fat old women with market baskets." In our dear land we should have pushed them into the gutter.

Would any sane people have been pleased to help when they need have done nothing?

We tried threatening violence and the men flocked to register as special constables. They did not mind broken heads if only order was established.

The police wouldn't get angry when we threw stones at them. They were firm but not aggressive.

And the people never for a minute showed fear of the result. An obstinate spirit goes through the whole of them. They won't see when they are beaten. Nothing we can do or say will make the nation afraid.

Let me go to some other country where people behave as they ought to and as one expects them to.

England a land of shop-keepers? Rot! Yours in desperation,

COMRADE ANIKY.

"Housebreaking has to be done almost as carefully as housebuilding, for the very good reason that everything that is removed must be sold in the best market."—*Daily Paper.*

Yet the receivers of stolen goods, we understand, give such wretched prices.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



A FORECAST. R.A. 1936. *The* PICTURE OF THE YEAR.



STRONG-MINDED LADY WHO PLAYS THE SAXOPHONE AND DOESN'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT.



THE EARL OF DERBY IN FANCY COSTUME AS A MERMAN.



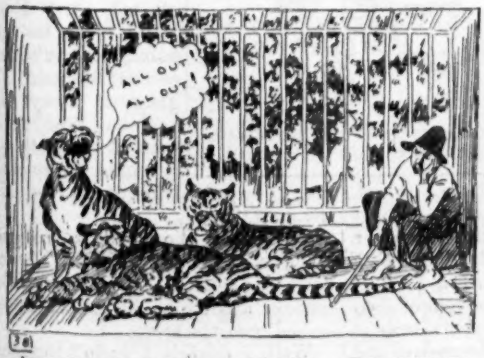
THE WINNERS OF THE HOCKEY CUP.



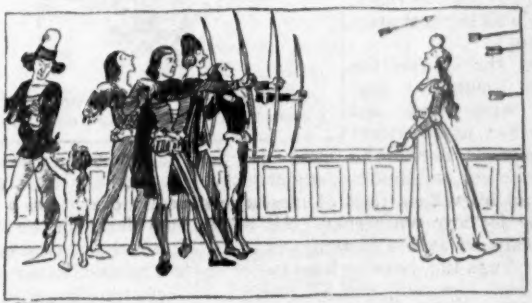
The Ironmonger's Wife. "OH, MY DEAR, PLEASE DON'T GO TO SLEEP ON THAT WET GRASS. YOU'LL GET YOUR BEAUTIFUL NEW SUIT COMPLETELY RUSTED"



SIGN FOR A HOSTELRY.



AVIGNON; CLOSING TIME AT THE ZOO. THE EDUCATED TIGER GIVES THE ANNOUNCEMENT.



COMPETING FOR THE WILLIAM TELL MEDAL. SPECIAL CLASS FOR SHORT-SIGHTED ARCHERS.



ALSO THERE ARE PORTRAITS.

HOW TO DOCK A SHIP.

Some people might think docking a ship is pretty easy. You just go straight in and stop the engines when you hit the back of the garage—dock, I mean. But when you have not got any petrol—steam, I should say—the business becomes more complicated.

In my young days I stood on the quarterdeck of my destroyer with two flags, a red one and a white one. When things were going well I held up my white flag; and when we bumped into anything, or a wire snapped and cut two or three men in half, I held up the red. And then everyone ran round and got busy.

Too easy, you might say. Ah, but wait till it comes to docking a big ship, particularly a ship like the Very Latest Air-craft Carrier. It is only on these occasions that the true insignificance of the Navy really appears.

High up on the bridge stands the Captain, or may be an Admiral or two. Occasionally he may take a pensive pace this way or that way, but mostly he just stands staring out across the water with the far seeing eye of the sailor accustomed to wide horizons. (I think I've got that bit right; it 's in all the best magazines.)

On the fo'c'sle the First Lieutenant juggles with wires and cables; some other chap does much the same on the quarterdeck, and the Commander dashes to and fro with a fleet of messengers ready for any emergency. All about the ship are sailors hauling and belaying. Tugs tug, heaving lines patter on the deck like hail, and all around is eager movement like the last day of a jumble sale.

But you and I, who know our dockings, are not deceived by this busy scene. The brains of the show are not here; these are merely the puppets.

Somewhere about the harbour, probably in a little rowing-boat manned by a couple of tramps in "fearnought" suits three sizes too large for them, is a scruffy old man in a bowler hat. An air of anxious care surrounds him, and well it may. For if he blows his whistle five times instead of four the capstans on the jetty will heave round full speed, the wires will whine and crack, and very likely the ship will go into dock upside-down. It is to him that all the "mateys" look for guidance. Even the Commander puts on an extra burst of speed at the sound of the old man's whistle, and high up on the bridge the Captain gazes farther than ever across the wide water.

As a matter of fact the Captain is probably wondering when he 'll be able to get ashore, for even when the ship is finally inserted into the dock and the gate is closed there still remains much to be done. Water has to be pumped out, wooden shores placed in position to keep the ship upright, wedges got ready, and a gangway erected to the side of the dock.

And Bowler Hat has yet to have his greatest triumph.

All is quiet in the dock save for the swish of the last few tons of disappearing water, and you and I are just feeling properly thankful that the show is nearly over. On a sudden there is a final blast from the whistle. Instantly a hundred dockyard mateys leap joyfully to a hundred hammers, the roar of their blows mingling with the gentle cries of those who have missed the wedges and landed on each others' toes. Chips of wood and stone fly; the ship quivers, and Bowler Hat, turning his back on this scene of noisy chaos so gratifying to his sense of power, spits carefully into the dock and goes home to tea, leaving the Captain to congratulate the Commander on the speed with which he, the Commander, has got the business finished.

The other day I failed in my usual practice of getting ashore with the Doctors and Paymasters.

"I want you to take charge aft, Mr. Boffin," said the Commander. "And try to secure the ship as soon as you can, because the Captain 's in a hurry to get ashore."

I may not be a clever chap, but I do sometimes have ideas. "I 'll see he doesn't have to wait, Sir," I said, and I called the boatswain's mate and whispered a hurried order. He looked a bit surprised, but then I 'm becoming accustomed to having my strokes of genius laughed at. No true prophet is ever appreciated in his own ship.

Everything was going swimmingly, though even after the gate had shut and the water had begun to subside I was still busy holding up red and white flags and dodging heaving lines and wires and things. Suddenly the Commander appeared. "Come along, Mr. Boffin," he said sharply. "What about the shore gangway?"

I permitted myself the faintest of smiles as I disclosed my great idea. "No hurry about that, Sir," I said gently. "I've had the Captain's galley manned and tied up under the quarter. I was just going to order it alongside."

The Commander seemed dumbfounded by my initiative. "You've what?" he asked.

"I had the galley manned before we started, Sir," I said, "and made fast close astern so as to be ready for the Captain. The gangway always takes such a time getting secured that I thought it would be quicker if his galley pulled him over to the side of the dock."

"And how the devil is the galley going to float when the water 's been let out of the dock?" demanded the Commander angrily as he rushed aft and looked over the stern.

Well, I confess I hadn't thought of that; and I must say the boat looked very funny suspended in mid air by its painter. But the Commander has no sense of humour. "In my young days," he said furiously, looking around for Bowler Hat to get the dock flooded again, "a young officer who did this sort of thing would have had his leave stopped for the rest of the commission."

It 's three months now since I went ashore.



She (concluding the argument). "An' if you want to do yer neighbours a good turn, go an' throw yer 'at in the river—an' don't let go of it."

"He was rather sallow, slight, and on the short side, but he had a very pronounced American accent."—*Daily Paper.*

And that of course would make up for any number of physical defects.



EXTREMISTS IN THE BALLROOM: THE SUPER-CHARLESTONISTS.

POLITICS:

OR, "I'VE DONE WITH LLOYD GEORGE."

WELL, I said to Fred, Mrs. Higgins, in "The Blackbird,"
"This here Government gets a feller's goat."
Fred said, "You 're right, Bert; but then it stands to reason
Nothing 's been the same since the women had the vote."
Well, then we had one,
And then we had another;
Fred stood Bottletop and I stood Fred,
And "Say what you like, Mr. Bottletop," I said,
"I 've done with LLOYD GEORGE."

Then I said, chivalrous, "It isn't only women."
Fred said carefully, clearing of his throat,
"Believe me or not, Bert, I never backed a winner,
Not since the perishing women had the vote!"
Well, then we had one,
Then we had another,
And then we had another one,
And after that another;
Bill stood Bottletop and I stood Bill,
And I said, "Well, boys, say what you will,
I 've done with LLOYD GEORGE."

Then Bill said, warm-like, "Say that again, Fred!"
Fred yelled "Certainly!" taking off his coat;
"If you want my opinion of the influence of women,
NOTHING 's been the same since the women had the vote!"
So Bill fetched Fred one,
I fetched him another,
In came a constable,
Up came another;
Bill got one month
And I got another,
And all for a talk about politics with Fred.
But "Say what you like, Mr. Magistrate," I said,
"I've done with LLOYD GEORGE." A. P. H.

"MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS FOR SALE.

For Sale, Pedigree Blue Persian Cats."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

You should hear their music on the tiles at night.

"The prompt action of the chairman of the —— District Council in imploring the residents to consume as much refuse as possible and so preserve health, was highly commendable."—*Local Paper.*

But not so meritorious as the action of the great majority of the community, who declined to eat dirt at anybody's bidding.

"LA 'LONDON SEASON' DÉBUTE MAL.

Généralement, de toute l'Angleterre la noblesse vient à Londres pour assister aux réceptions de la Cour, à la grande saison théâtrale, notamment celle du Covent Garden, et pour rendre visite aux magasins de Bow Street, la rue de la Paix de Londres."—*Paris Paper.*

In making this comparison our contemporary was not, perhaps, thinking so much of the shops as of another establishment where Sir CHARTRES BIRON deals with breaches *de la Paix.*



ART AND THE STRIKE.

First Artist. "HULLO! HOW'RE THINGS?"
Second Artist. "GREAT! I'VE JUST CREATED A RECORD WITH MY PRIVATE VIEW."
First Artist. "GOOD LAD! SOLD THE LOT?"
Second Artist. "NO, BUT IT WAS THE PRIVATEST PRIVATE VIEW THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN."

ROUTINE.

A MEMORY OF THE GENERAL STRIKE.

DURING the strike Gwen and I reserved our car for the use of women. We broke the rule only once, in favour of an elderly man whom we used to see trudging along the kerb in Kensington High Street. We felt brutes every time we passed him with our load of girls, and the third morning I stopped the car and Gwen squeezed out and offered him her seat. "I haven't to go much further anyhow," she told him. But she had to get to Bond Street.

"Thank you." He sat beside me. "It is pathetic," he said, "to see all these poor girls walking."

"Very pathetic." Yet he was more pathetic than they. His face was quiet and resigned; his eyes were pale. I said hard things about the strike leaders. His wider tolerance shamed me.

"It's just that they don't realise. If they could see this." He looked at the weary multitudes and again he sighed.

I tried to place him. A solicitor's clerk, perhaps. And perhaps he had an old mother whom he supported.

"It's fine," I said, "to see the determination with which they get to their work."

"It is indeed. But we're Britons."

Thirty years' service in one firm, I thought. He has never missed a day and isn't going to be beaten now. I asked where I could drop him. St. Paul's Cathedral; but if it was at all out of my way——

It was frightfully out of my way, but I couldn't leave him on the pavement again. As we crawled up Ludgate Hill I offered to pick him up that evening.

"You're very kind, but I always get a lift. Kensington Church one way and the Temple the other is the farthest I've ever had to walk. Besides I shall be returning in a few minutes. I come here every day," he said as he clambered out, "to feed the pigeons."

I left him amongst them, doing his daily task, like the others, in contempt of the general strike.

Our Learned Advertisers.

"The Tokio Dinner Set is well named. It embodies the best traditions of the Chinese for charming colour combinations."—*Irish Paper.*

An American scientist states that an excess of alcohol is the cause of leaves turning red in autumn. The explanation offered by the leaves is that they are martyrs to indigestion.

A PASSAGE FROM INDIA.

"THE fact is," said the Major as he sat down half-an-hour late for lunch, "I simply can't get round those eighteen holes in under three hours. As I've told you before, I'm a pukka bunkah-wallah."

True, he had told us things like this before, once more often, I suppose, than we could bear, for Marjorie and I, to our eternal chagrin, were not out in *Burra-what's-its-name* in the roaring forties, or whenever the best years were; consequently we have never gathered nor appreciated those wild flowers of speech, the only spoils of the Orient which seem to have fallen to the Major's lot.

"Of course," he went on gaily, "when I was a young fellah in Cutcha-Cutcha——"

When the Major was a young fellah in Cutcha-Cutcha he was acting (so Marjorie and I understood) as assistant to the Burra-Surveyor out there, and he would not have dared in those days to be half-an-hour late for *tamasha*; there'd have been no end of a *tiffin* with his Old Man if he were.

But the Major had gone too far this time. I saw that there was a wicked

gleam in Marjorie's eyes, and the next morning there was a letter awaiting him when he came down to breakfast.

Fearfully I watched him open it, for Marjorie had submitted the type-written document for my disapproval the night before, and I had as usual not dared to frustrate her. Worse, I had implicated myself (technically) by spending half-an-hour upstairs affixing an old used India stamp (of the Major's) to the envelope.

"*Chota Hazri, Central Dacoit,*" was the heading of the letter, and it ran:—

"DEAR MAJOR,—You will perhaps be surprised to hear from me, but I thought it might interest you to know what a day's work is like in one of the few parts of India which I believe you never visited. I shall add here and there to my description some of the native words which are so constantly on our lips out here, so that you may compare them with those of other Eastern dialects with which you are familiar.

"To begin at the beginning (*alphah*) I am called at two o'clock by my native servant (*Holla*); then after a hurried bath (*wallah*) I dress myself (*collah*) and get down at a quarter to eight for breakfast (*swallah*). Next comes work for my department (*bluffin*), which is supposed to occupy the whole morning until lunch (*fullah*), though, owing to the heat (that is, in the Hot Weather), one has to keep oneself going with an occasional whisky-and-soda (*spiffin*).

"At present it is distinctly cold, owing to the fact that the Cold Weather is on, and most of the English residents are down with a very trying laryngeal affection known in the Central Dacoit as *koffin*. There is also a good deal of the even more trying catarrhal infection, *sniffin*, for which no certain cure has yet been discovered.

"Owing to the heat (during the Hot Weather) or alternatively the cold (during the Cold Weather) it is impossible to do any work in the afternoon, so that from 2.30 to 5 one rests, or, as one calls it out here, *nuffin*. But in the evening after tea (*muffin*) one can put in a little tennis (*biffin*) between 5.30 and 7, or golf (*fluffin*), according to the prevailing monsoon. Then comes dressing (*cuffin*) and dinner with my Old Man (*stuffin*), followed by a cigarette or a pipe (*puffin*); this is generally smoked out on the verandah (*verandah*).

"The end of the day comes quietly; after a game of the native variant of draughts (*huffin*) or a couple of *plukkahs* of bridge, I get back to my room about 10, and, having undressed (*doffin*), am generally in bed (*pillah*) by 10.15, and by 10.30 (except in the Hot Weather) asleep, thank God (*Allah*).



"COME ON, SIR. IT WON'T HURT WITH THE GLOVES ON"
"I KNOW THAT. BUT I'M AWFULLY TICKLISH."

"I hope you are having a good time in the old country (*Valhalla*).

"Yours ever (*Bismillah*),

"ROBERT CLIVE."

The Major's face during his perusal of this erudite forgery had been a study in conflicting emotions, including some exotic ones, which, could they be shown to the public as "close ups," might do much to enhance the popularity of British films.

By the end, however, Anglo-Indignation had given way to a pure homely perplexity.

"Rum show, this chit!" he mused. "Can't think who this young fellah Clive can be. Used to know a box-wallah of that name in——"

Then he caught sight of our faces and blushed (*Hurrah!*)

Longevity in South Africa.

From an article on the recent visit of the British Farmers:—

"It is sincerely hoped that the parents and grandparents of the 4,871 stout-hearted emigrants to Natal between the years 1848 and 1851 will tell the tourists of to-day what things were like in those early days."

South African Paper.



Manager of Waterworks (to Naval Ratings taking over during the strike). "WHAT—ONLY FOUR OF YOU? DO YOU KNOW IT TAKES THIRTY OF OUR MEN TO RUN THESE WORKS?"
Stoker (to mate). "'ARRY, WE'VE BROUGHT ONE TOO MANY!"

A TRIFLING MISCALCULATION.

I SELDOM have any luck. Always eager to see which way the cat is likely to jump, I had anticipated quite a different ending to the Great Strike, and had prepared what I considered a suitable revision of our great national song, for which I imagined the new Government of Great Britain would pay me a large sum of money, even if they did not actually make me Poet Laureate. And now it is no use at all. Nevertheless, in order that it may not be entirely wasted, I have obtained leave to publish it here. It is not very good verse, but then neither was the original.

SERVE, BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at BEVIN'S command
  Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
  And Mr. COOK intoned this strain:
Serve, Britannia! Serve the T.U.C.!
  Britons never never never shall be free.

The nations not so blessed as us
  Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Obsessed by their ridiculous
  Ideas regarding capital.
Serve, Britannia! Serve the T.U.C.!
  Britons never shall be free.

Still more majestic shall we rise
  From envious plutocratic strokes,
While the Great Strike that opens eyes
  Improves the lot of working blokes.
Serve, Britannia! Serve the T.U.C.!
  Britons never shall be free.

We chose the way we meant to, viz.,
  That one and all should wake, surprised
To find the nation's industries
  Were absolutely paralysed.
Serve, Britannia! Serve the T.U.C.!
  Britons never shall be free.

All ours is now the subject main!
  We rule the Press by right divine!
The dockyards, the electric train
  And almost every tramway line!
Serve, Britannia! Serve the T.U.C.!
  Britons never shall be free.

The Bolshevist with roubles round
  Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle, oblivious of the pound
  And bondslave to the Russian bear!
Serve, Britannia! Serve the T.U.C.!
  Britons never shall be free.

It turns out now, of course, that the blow was not delivered with anything like the emphasis or intensity that I had anticipated; the Government was far stronger than I had supposed, and the end of the struggle rather tame. Perhaps it is just as well, for some of the new lines are very difficult to sing. EVOE.

Apology as a Fine Art.

"With reference to the comments on certain members of the Provincial Assembly, contained in our issue of two days ago, we beg our readers to note that the expressions used were not intended to possess their ordinary meaning."
Translation from a Chinese newspaper.

"Wanted, respectable young lady as fruit and vegetables from stall on commission."
Essex Paper.

As fruit a "peach;" as vegetable a "*petit chou.*"



THE STRIKER'S RETURN.

EMPLOYER. "GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, MY LAD; BUT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND THAT IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES WE CAN'T RUN TO A FATTED CALF."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 17th.—The "Fewer and Better Questions" movement seems to be making real headway, for Members again found themselves immersed in Public Business at the early hour of a quarter-past-three. Questions meanwhile had been fewer but not noticeably brighter. We learned, however, that the Department of Works had no power to prevent the Manor House of Beckington from being exported to America "if inhabited." The condition seems to be an important one, and future advertisements will have to run something like this:—

FOR SALE.—Genuine fifteenth-century Manor House, complete with beamed ceilings, Jacobean sideboard, old wheel-backed chairs, etc., pair aged inhabitants in perfect condition, dog (early English) and a FINE OLD BOW-FRONTED BUTLER of the Tudor period with superbly turned legs. Terms, f.o.b. Liverpool or Southampton.

Mr. CHURCHILL explained that the direct cost to the Government of the General Strike would work out at about three-quarters of a million and that no extra taxation would be required. "The cheapest attempt at a revolution in history!" exclaimed Mr. MACQUISTEN, moved to the depths of his thrifty Scots bosom at the mention of this trifling sum. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER smiled enigmatically. He may have been thinking of the maiden in the *Bab Ballads* who married the postman with expressive purple eyes:—

"O father dear," the maiden said, "your kindness makes me weep;
You do these little things for us so singularly cheap."

Mr. BETTERTON put a different complexion on matters by informing another Member that the loss of wages resulting from the strike would run into "many millions."

The selection of *The Morning Post* to be the lowly grub, as it were, of the Stationery Office's coruscating Psyche, *The British Gazette*, seemed to trouble a number of Members, notably Mr. JACK JONES, who thought it "most unfortunate" that an organ controlled by the "principal opponents of the miners" should have been chosen. The House, however, was easily satisfied that the "normal outlook," as Mr. THURTLE politely phrased it, of *The Morning Post* had not influenced the Stationery Office, whose eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, had descried that in none of the many newspaper premises patriotically placed at its disposal could the desired "record" be so swiftly achieved.

The appearance in Palace Yard, during the strike, of a motor-car labelled "Bermondsey Council of Action" had disturbed the traditional calm of Mr. BASIL PETO, but not that of the HOME SECRETARY who told the House that this impotent body had "had little effect on the recent crisis."

For public business the House discussed in Committee the Vote for the Board of Trade, and found in Sir ROBERT HAMILTON just the man to convince it that tedium had resumed its ancient solitary reign. The Safeguarding of Industries incurred his sombre criticism and that of Mr. ALEXANDER. Sir ROBERT HORNE defended it with spirit, claiming that when the British set their mind to a thing they were "the most effective people in the world." He confirmed the suspicion, however, that our minds are generally on something else, by pointing out that it took three times as long and cost twice as much to land a cargo at any British port as it does to land it at Rotterdam, Havre, Dunkirk or Hamburg.



Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (of A.D. 1918). "THEY TELL ME I WON THE GREAT WAR. WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE LITTLE WAR?"

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (of A.D. 1926). "I TOLD AMERICA THAT THE GOVERNMENT 'MADE THE GENERAL STRIKE INEVITABLE.'" (*See "The Times," May 15th.*)

Tuesday, May 18th.—Mr. CHURCHILL informed the Commons that the net cost of issuing *The British Gazette* could be prudently estimated at ten thousand pounds, a trifling sum under all the circumstances, and that had the strike continued another three days there would have been an actual profit. Still, he admitted, with just a hint of wistful regret in his voice, that it was no doubt better that it should end when it did. Once a journalist always a journalist! Or was the CHANCELLOR thinking of the nearly successful attempt of a gallant Gazetteer to commandeer one of the large hotels in the neighbourhood?

Lieut-Commander KENWORTHY expressed a desire to pay for the free copies of *The British Gazette* thrust through his letter-box, and Mr. CHURCHILL replied that they would be glad to receive the money and trusted that the hon. and gallant Member had benefited by reading the paper.

The ensuing debate in Committee on the Ministry of Health vote was chiefly remarkable for a spirited defence of the professional tramp by Mr. LANSBURY, who declared him to be the working-class representative of the spirit that sends more affluent adventurers exploring and tiger-shooting at the ends of the earth. The Conservative benches, always sensitive to the call of the wild, gently applauded this encomium of our Weary Willies.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE pleaded for a sound system of training our surplus youth to the land, not for export, but for home consumption, a proposal which has, of course, been enthusiastically received on previous occasions by everybody but the surplus youth in question.

The House turned to the still vexed question of Waterloo Bridge. A number of Members, led by Colonel GRETTON, grew dithyrambic over its historic beauties and demanded restoration. Sir C. COBB, formerly of their opinion, now stoutly defended the L.C.C., which proposes, in the words of the famous German professor employed to report on the acoustics of the Albert Hall, to "take him down." Sir H. JACKSON gave the London Traffic Advisory Committee's view, which was that, unless they have a new Waterloo Bridge, they may find ourselves suddenly required to build a new Westminster Bridge.

The MINISTER of TRANSPORT said the responsibility rested upon the L.C.C.

and declined to allow the Government to be dragged into the squabble. This opened the question to a free vote of the House, and, amid much active lobbying by both sides, the proposed instruction—to delete the item for the building of the new bridge from the L.C.C. (Money) Bill—was defeated by 158 votes to 96.

Wednesday, May 19th.—Politeness is sometimes misplaced even in the House of Commons. Major KINDERSLEY wanted to know if representations would be made to the Soviet Government touching the published remarks of ZINOVIEFF, TROTSKY, RADEK and Company to the effect that the general strike just concluded was of a political character. Sir AUSTEN replied that he was awaiting further information. Several Members jumped up with Supplementary Questions, to which the FOREIGN SECRETARY replied that it only remained for him to thank the Members for the information conveyed. This seemed to annoy Mr. WALLHEAD (one of the supplementary questioners), who asked the SPEAKER not to let him be "insulted."

The House learned with interest, not unmixed perhaps with awe, that the Soviet Government had sounded HIS MAJESTY'S Government with the view of having its *chargé d'affaires* at Chesham House created into a full-blown Ambassador. The FOREIGN SECRETARY also informed Mr. THURTLE that the British Ambassador in Paris had at the very beginning of the "Foxtrot" espionage case been authorised to state that no department of the British Government had anything to do with the three British defendants.

The PRIME MINISTER'S motion for the adjournment of the House to-morrow at 6 P.M., if not sooner, having been carried, the House proceeded to the Second Reading of the Finance Bill, the debate being enlivened early in the afternoon by a stirring eulogy from Mr. RUNCIMAN on the innate robustness, recuperative resilience and bright prospects of British industry. He derided the poor simpletons who still criticised the return to the gold standard, not unaware, perhaps, that he was throwing cold water on that sacred but nearly extinct volcano of the Liberal Party, the Right Hon. Member for Carnarvon Boroughs.

A propos of the Broadcasting Committee's report:—

"The new power will pass to Commissioners, not more than five nor less than seven, whose appointment will be made by the Government."
Manchester Paper.

Which seems to be in for a bad headache.

DOPES AND DOCTORS.

NOBODY respects and esteems the medical profession more than I do. If I didn't I should hold my tongue about it. You never know your luck with these doctors; I might get ill and fall into their power, and if they bore a grudge against me . . . But they are good fellows. In health—my health—I am glad to see them; in sickness—mine—they are glad to see me. For some queer reason they seem always to be good at golf, and of course there are gas, vaccination and things. That they hang together is a fact. Once I put it to a man straight. I asked him, supposing he were called in as a second opinion and were convinced that the other fellow was hopelessly on the wrong tack, if he'd give him away by saying so; and the ruffian laughed.

Then there is that etiquette of theirs. No doubt, as they tell us, it is intended for our good; but they are apt to get a little starchy about it. I remember hearing a libellous yarn about a subaltern in India who damaged his elbow. They had it in a sling for some time, and when taken out it was all right except that it wouldn't straighten. So they had another turn, and this time it was all right except that it wouldn't bend. At this stage the young man's colonel got disaffected, and, babbling the comfortable word "specialist," suggested that the patient should be sent home for treatment. This proposal was hotly resented, not only as an insult, but as an infringement of professional etiquette. I never heard what the end was, though I was told there was a great row. They were very stiff and touchy, the Army medical authorities, in those days.

But these are little professional foibles that nobody minds. What I am concerned with now is the way some of these medical men jump into journalism.

You know what I mean. An article, which often starts a kind of drive, appears in the Press, generally signed by "A Harley Street Physician," crying out against the alleged growth of the so-and-so habit. This drug, we are told, which anybody can buy, is being consumed in bulk, apparently instead of meals, by persons who go to night clubs, or want to keep thin, or something. Though harmless in a general way, too much of it is bad for people. Awful pictures are drawn of stout nerves shattered and young lives brought to ruin; and it is urged that for the good of the race it should be stuck on the Index of Prohibited Dopes, so that nobody could get so much as a pinch without a prescription.

Now, up to a point this Index-business may be sound. If I want to make an object of myself with opium or hashish, it may be all right to get in my way. Even so I wouldn't swear to it; it used to be an Englishman's proudest boast that he could do what he pleased as long as he didn't interfere with other people; and, though a fence may stop persons from falling over a cliff, it would seem better to teach them to take care of their own skins.

But our H.S.P. doesn't bother his head about sound baleful poisons, which no doubt are already on the "Index"; he's after the whole collection. One of them owned up to it the other day like a man; some innocent morning salts, he said, was all we ought to be allowed. Give him his way and there wouldn't be a dose in the whole pharmacopœia that you and I could get hold of—without paying a fee.

Take pluraline, for example. Pluraline is a simple domestic medicine to be found in every household. It is the only thing I know of that will choke off colds—to which I am subject—and it is gently beneficial in cases of overwork—to which I am sometimes a victim. And yet this is the very stuff that the H.S.P. has recently had his eye on. He has been writing about it, though in moderation it is as harmless as a kitchen cat; and if he can bring off his little game I shall either have to go sniffing or increase my worthy G.P.'s income several times a year—merely for pluraline, because that's what he'd give me. And all this, mind you, to protect a few idiots. Who wants to protect idiots? And, if they choose, why shouldn't they be idiots?

Besides, what isn't harmful in excess? Take tobacco, a dope if ever there was one. Everybody smokes too much, and logically the "Index" is the right place for it. But I should like to see the H.S.P. try to put it there. Then there's alcohol, particularly in my case port; and tea and cinemas. Novels too. Some time ago a doctor stated that second-rate fiction was very deadening to the brain. There would be some fun in watching our more popular novelists trying to scramble off the list of best-sellers.

But what really gets my goat is that these kill-joys have no idea of coming into the trouble themselves. The "Index" doesn't touch them; doctors can get what drugs they like and as much as they like. By an extension of this principle of theirs the time will come when nobody will be able to get anything worth having, except them. The end of it will be that if I want a glass of port and a cigar afterwards I shall have to go and dine with my doctor. I will too.

DUM-DUM.



Patriotic Golfer. "FORE!"

THE APOSTATE.

["Edinburgh is no longer a literary centre," states the Leader of the Scottish National Movement there, but a "magnified ribbon-counter."]

EDINA, so a citizen confesses,
Of "letters" takes to-day a scornful view;
She bans, it seems, her budding R.L.S.es;
Her Burnses are taboo.

No more she searches for a modern wizard,
And for the "Old 'Un" hardly cares a jot;
Romance apparently sticks in her gizzard;
At which I cry, "Great Scott!"

Commerce, in short, descending like a vulture,
Has pounced upon the city neck and crop;
Her sons, who spoke of old in tones of culture,
To-day are talking shop.

Dear to this exile was her reputation;
But, oh! that one so erudite as she
Should stoop so basely from her lofty station
To woo the low bawbee.

Thus our illusions bit by bit, alas! go.
One could forgive a change of mental mien
Had the grave charge been levelled, say, at Glasgow
Or even Aberdeen.

But not Edina—not that classic cliquey
Centre in times gone by of Scottish lore.
Scotia may bide unmoved; for me Auld Reekie
Stands where she did no more.

'LOGICAL NOVELS.

IV.—THE SOCIOLOGICAL.

ONE SOUND IDEA.

Matthias, his name that at christening, but by now shortened in jolly fashion to Matt, Matty, Matches, but always with the inflection, "*Dear* old fellow," in the voice that spoke it, looked out at the world in which he had been born a reddish-polled infant thirty-five years ago.

From the trenches he looked at the world, puzzle-headed this time, dear old Matt! to wonder what it was all about and why he should shoot anyone.

With the naked eye, with field-glasses, finally with a periscope, Matt Tudor looked at society. And there it was, always wrong, upside down, crooked, distorted, hideously in need of settling, horribly in need of something. A sound idea was, so Matt conceived it, jolly red-headed Matt, public-school man, in the 'Varsity boat at Cambridge, you remember the year, of course, when Matt Tudor stroked the Cambridge boat, wanted. But what to do exactly when he left the Army, that precisely the question to be settled. To settle it there were brothers in firms in the City, important brothers too, called only by their nicknames, arousing a sort of tenderness, a tear in the eye of those austere City brothers.

And the same with the sisters-in-law. "Old Matty to lunch? Why, what a treat! We never want you to go, Matt. You cheer things up so." And Matt coming out with some kind wise wisdom: "Lucia, you *must* have the twins inoculated. There's enteric in the neighbourhood. And you too, dear . . . Looks, old vanity! Why, they can do you on the leg. Come, hold my hand; I'll see you through it all. With old Matty you won't mind, eh?" And off with him, dragging her to the doctor.

Or, if it was Rachel, John's silent wife, Matt would say, "Out with it, old girl! There's *something* up. Oh, yes, it's all over you. It's those housekeeping bills, perhaps. Let me tot up your accounts; perhaps you haven't added something. Anyway I've been inventing labour-saving devices. It's a knack I have, and *I'll* instal them in your kitchen for you, if only you'll smile again."

That was Matt, so genial and pleasant, with his little outward turn of finger and thumb as if he were turning a key or a handle—just that, opening a way into your heart or your mind or your perplexities with his "Come on, out with it," it was. All the same there was something wrong with Matt. "Old Matches! there's something *up* with Matches, that puzzled-headed old frown. Perhaps he wants a job. Just that;" and everyone was for finding Matty a nice job. It was John who advised him to go to Ferry's, the world-wide motor firm. Of course a man like Matty would find a job. And besides there wasn't anything to offend old Matt's conscience. Everything done for the employees. No strikes, no need for them. Hospitals, schools, pensions, rest rooms, dance hall, billiards—what *could* Matt want more? And yet in a few months Matt was out of it, not quite satisfied, knitting his brows and trying to explain what was wrong.

"The fact is, old man . . . old chap Johneen, dear old fellow——" John visibly relaxing that stern City look of his in favour of the little brother Matt, who still called him Johneen. "I don't feel that Ferry *knows* all his men. He gives them what they want, but does he *love* them? Would he sit up with them all night if they were ill?"



Little Boy (after learning about Lot's wife). "MUMMY, IS ALL SALT MADE OF LADIES?"

To this only a shake of John's head; John, quite visibly on the edge of a nervous breakdown, longing to weep on Matt's shoulder to tell him how sick he was of the City. Poor John in need of comfort.

And in the hall was Rachel, poor Rachel, with tears in her eyes. Upon her head her best hat was and in her hand a suitcase.

"Oh! but Rachel, where are you going? Come, tell me all about it, dear old girl; you're not going away from us all just now?"

"But yes, Matches, I am. Don't you hear the motor-horn outside? It's Hugh Clegg, Matty; he's my dentist, dear. And I've agreed to go away with him. The boiler burst this morning and the plumber is in the kitchen looking at it. Don't you see, Matty, I can't *bear* any more?"

"But *John*, Rachel? Suppose John dies while you're away?"

"He may, of course. But even so, Matty, I don't see how I can help it. John *will* tap his teeth with a pencil, and—oh, I can't bear it! Listen, there's the horn going. Hugh blows his horn too often. I don't think I can bear that either. Quick! Oh, Matches, let me go!"

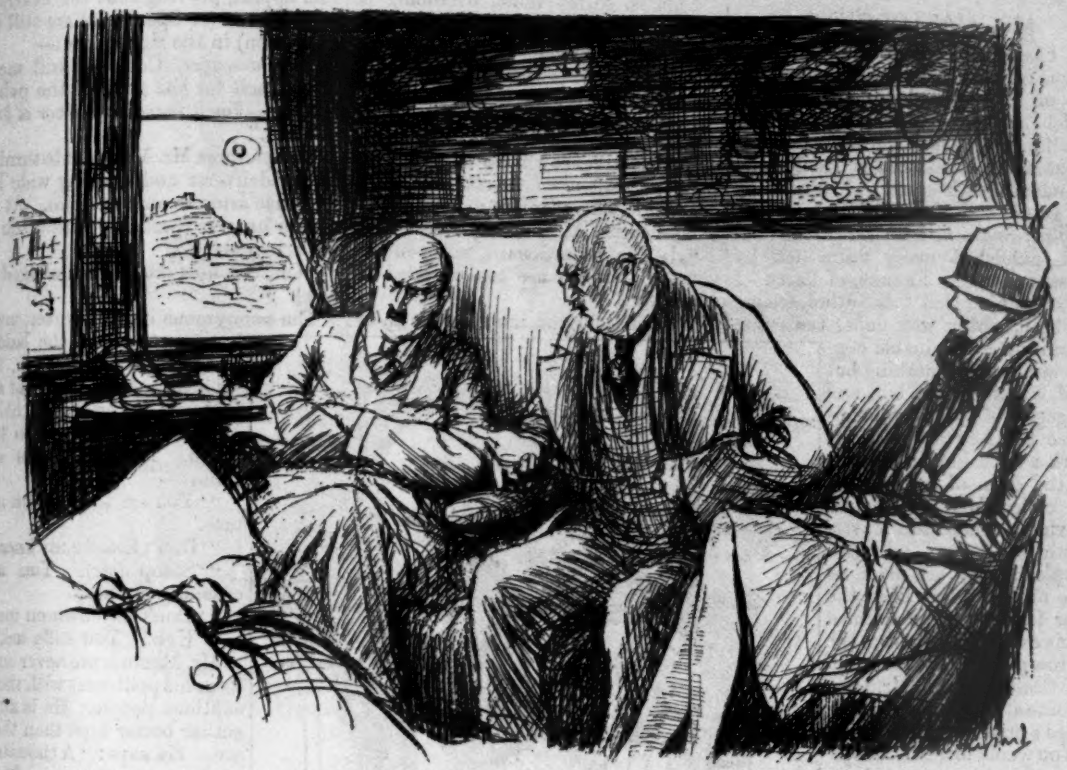
Then Matt, old puzzled-headed quixotic Matt, always in the thick of the fray, had an idea—the very thing he'd been looking for so long.

"Call Hugh in," he said impetuously, as Matt said things. "Oh, here he is—and the very same old Hugh Clegg who was with me in Ypres in 1915! Hugh, dear old boy—'H.C.' I'll call you. You can't start yet. I want to talk to you a bit. Come in here to the dining-room. Oh, there's heaps to say. . . . I've got an idea—you must listen. And we'll fetch the plumber upstairs and make him listen; and your servants, Rachel, the two Longs, *they're* friends of mine too."

"But we'll miss our train, you ass," Hugh, stiff in leather coat and jerkin and very visibly annoyed, protested.

"There'll be another one, Hugh. Sit down, Rachel; you've got to hear me out, and it takes so long to sort out words. Ring the bell for the Longs . . . Ah! here is cook . . . I call her Latitude, and the parlourmaid Longitude."

"Oh! but you've told me that, Matches dear, before. I quite see the joke. But Hugh and I *must* catch our



Englishman (in train between Milan and Venice). "DISGRACEFUL! WE 'RE ALREADY ABOUT AN HOUR LATE."
Irishman. "YES—IN ANY OTHER COUNTRY BUT ITALY WE SHOULD BE IN VENICE BY NOW."

train. Couldn't you put your idea into a book and send it after us?"

"A book!" Matt was puzzling his head over this. "So I will some day. But you see the difficulty with me is the verb. Where *do* you put verbs? The Germans are jolly efficient . . . aren't they, Hugh? Don't fidget, dear old lad; you 'll get some train some time. The Germans put the verb at the end—don't they? Seems a jolly good way too. But some of these highbrows cut one up for grammar. It 's jolly difficult writing books, Hugh. And here 's John come in. John, this is Hugh Clegg, Rachel's dentist. He just dropped in to ask how Rachel's back teeth were. He 's like that . . . if you understand him. Latitude—I mean Cook—fetch the plumber upstairs. I bet he 's a good fellow if we only knew him.

"You see that 's the idea I 'm getting at all the time—if only we *knew* each other. If Rachel knew John and Hugh Clegg knew John and we all knew the plumber, don't you see we 'd all be jolly good friends and there 'd be no divorce cases or murders or rude jokes about plumbers in the comic papers . . . oh, don't you see—don't you see?"

Then John, rather gloomy and severe, civic, neurotic, sedentary John, must "What about it all, Matty?" suddenly inquire. And Hugh, so fidgetty and perturbed, to the open door was sliding. "I have an extraction at twelve o'clock," his muttered excuse. At the door with the plumber he suddenly collided.

"You take my place," he said briefly. Matt, seeing the plumber, held out that friendly hand of his.

"Ah! here you are, old man—Mr.—Mr.——? Evans, thanks. And what for a pet name? I like pet names. Sam? Just so. Well, Sam, here we are, Mr. and Mrs. Tudor and you and I and the Longs. I call them——"

"Yes, yes, we know," a little hysterically interrupted Rachel. "Matty, it 's so nearly lunch-time, or would be but for the boiler. Couldn't we wait a little, or couldn't you broadcast the rest to-night?"

"No, no, Rachel. I 've pages more, dear, to tell you. It 'll help us all to bear each other. Suppose we all join a Heart-to-Heart League. I 'll give you all badges, two hearts in a true lover's knot. Sam—you 'll join? That 's right. Now, Sam, speaking heart to heart and as a friend, couldn't you fix up that boiler to-day, even if you did a bit of overtime?"

Samuel Evans, honest plumber, moved to tears, held out a hand.

"Put it there; I 'm your heart-to-heart plumber. I 'll get it right straight off."

"There, you see, Rachel! . . . John—it *is* the one sound idea. And now, Latitude and Longitude, couldn't you as Heart-to-Hearters and friends get us our lunch somehow? Longitude is the only woman on earth who appreciates the number of stairs I can take at a jump. Six to-day, Longitude. And now you . . . Rachel, now that we 're alone, couldn't you manage to tolerate John—regarding him merely as a friend? John, I want you, dear old boy, to love your stockbroker and your solicitor, as I mean to love all the editors who refuse my MSS. Don't you see—don't you see? It really is the one idea. John, you 're not going already? Rachel, do stay. I 'm only starting off. Oh, *don't* you see?"

So Matt Tudor, alone in that unresponsive room. W. M. L.

From a Church calendar:—

"Fourth Sunday after Easter. Matinee, 11."—*Parish Magazine.*

The influence of the Church and Stage Guild is evidently spreading.

MR. MASTODONTE.

I CRAVE Mr. Punch's permission to rescue from oblivion an incident in the life of Mr. Mastodonte, an incident which hitherto has been known only to a limited public. Mr. Mastodonte is a character introduced suddenly, and abandoned with equal suddenness, by the author of a *Manual of Conversation, English-Spanish, with the Pronunciation*, published many years ago by Messrs. GARNIER FRÈRES, of Paris. I am of opinion that this author, feeling his brain giving way under the strain of writing interminable conversations about nothing but food, washing, hotel bills and luggage, yielded to a wild impulse to introduce into his work a little human interest in the form of a friend of his called Mr. Mastodonte. Having launched Mr. Mastodonte upon us and with simple literary art made us love him in a few lines, the poor fellow became alarmed at his own deviation from the narrow path of travel talk and heartlessly deserted Mr. Mastodonte at what may fairly be called a crisis of his existence.

You would love Mr. Mastodonte for his name alone, would you not? In addition he was a simple kind-hearted man, whose desire not to give trouble to his fellows was continually being thwarted. But the curtain shall go up on the tense little drama, and you shall judge.

The scene is laid

"*In a Stage Coach.*

Guard. Yonder is Mr. Mastodonte waiting at the door of the coach office and there is but a single inside place unoccupied.

Mr. Mastodonte (*at the coach door*). A little room for me, gentlemen, if you please."

You imagine his plaintive voice, do you not? This great man, whose majestic bulk probably obscures the landscape for all the passengers in the coach, humbles himself to beg for a little room from these pygmies. His overtures are rejected. There is a person in the coach called A., who appears in other parts of the book, an unpleasant fellow whose *rôle* is to say nasty things, unkind things, on every occasion. He does not neglect the opportunity of saying something rude to Mr. Mastodonte:—

"*A.* What—a little room! Why, Sir, when people are as stout as you are they should take at least two places."

This is, to my mind, overdoing it. Not merely "two places," mark you, but "*at least* two places." Now hear how tragically the good intentions of Mr. Mastodonte have been nullified by the stupidity of others:—

"*Mr. M.* That is what I have done; unfortunately they have kept for me *one place inside and the other outside.*"

There! Was ever fate so hard? The stony-hearted A., however, is unmoved.

"*A.* That is awkward, but you see yourself that we are too crowded to admit you."

By this time you must dislike A. as much as I do. Poor Mr. Mastodonte makes a despairing appeal to the better nature of the passengers:—

"*Mr. M.* I must beg you, gentlemen, to sit a little closer together. I am only going as far as X, six short posting leagues; in two hours you will get quit of me."

Surely even A. must be melted now. But no; he replies with laconic insolence:—

"*A.* Yes; but meanwhile?"

Here the guard makes one of his formal little speeches:—

"*G.* Would not one of these gentlemen be kind enough to take the outside place? That is the only way I see of surmounting the difficulty."

There is an immediate response to this appeal, proving that the hearts of Englishmen (or Spaniards) are still (or were then) in the right place:—

"*A Passenger.* Come—I will sacrifice myself for the good of the public (*Vamos—Voy á sacrificarmi vor el bien público*)."

One pictures Mr. Mastodonte turning to his deliverer and opening wide his immense arms to embrace him. At all events he says (probably with a sob in his voice):—

"Oh, Sir, how much I am obliged to you!"

The anonymous hero, however, must have escaped up the ladder to the top of the coach, for we hear no more of him at all. Instead: "The guard helps Mr. Mastodonte into the coach. The passengers exclaim:—

"'You are treading on my toes.'

"'Don't bear on my knees.'

"'Stoop (*sic*). You are crushing my hat.'

"'Don't sit down on me.'

"'Ugh! You stifle me.'"

Mr. Mastodonte never once loses his politeness with these captious people. He is altogether better bred than they are. He says: "A thousand pardons, gentlemen. Pray allow me just to get into my seat." (Whatever he may have split in his entry, you observe, he respects the infinitive.)

The boorish passengers break out into fresh complaints; there are peevish mutterings from a lady who wants to change her seat; but eventually:—

"Dead silence. The passengers go to sleep one after the other. Mr. Mastodonte leans on the shoulder of his neighbour, who tries in vain to wake him up. All at once a loud cracking is heard."

After conversation, in which Mr. Mastodonte does not join, being still asleep on the shoulder of his neighbour, one learns that the postilion, following the general example, has gone to sleep on his horse and that an accident has occurred. The guard will tell us about it:

"*Guard.* It is nothing, gentlemen, nothing at all; a wheel broken and an axle, that's all. I will run to the nearest wheelwright's shop. In two or three hours we shall be off again."

Mr. Mastodonte's voice is then heard again.

"*Mr. M.* Guard! Help me to get out."

No one takes any notice of him. The



First Burglar. "'USH! I 'EAR SOMEBODY COMIN'."
Second Ditto. "LUMME! AN' ALL THESE CUPS WERE WON FOR SHOOTIN'."



Father (discussing the object of his daughter's infatuation). "WHY, HANG IT, THE FELLOW ONLY EARNS THREE POUNDS A WEEK."
Daughter (pleadingly). "YES—BUT, DADDY, A WEEK PASSES SO QUICKLY WHEN YOU 'RE FOND OF ONE ANOTHER."

other passengers decide to go to an inn about a hundred yards away.

"*Mr. M.* Guard! Why don't you come when you are called?"

The behaviour of the guard and the passengers is callous beyond belief.

"*G.* I am coming. I am coming. Allow people time, at least. (*To the other passengers*) Gentlemen, I am going to speak to the postilion. You will find me at the dining-room at the inn."

The last words of the drama are now spoken by a passenger called B., who always travels with A. and whose mission is to make fatuous remarks:—

"*B.* Of course. That is the proper place for a good guard."

That is all. On the next page the rude A., the fatuous B., the peevish lady and the guard (or some other guard) are all going on a railway journey, but in the whole book there is not another word about Mr. Mastodonte. Did the coach go on with him, or did it break away from him, and was he left there to die of hunger? No one knows. No one will ever know.

"WANTED.—Experienced wine taker; three year contract."—*Canadian Paper.*

There should be a rush for this job from the American side of the border.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

IN magazines I do deplore
The modern tale that parts the lovers.
A happy ending I adore
And so I study more and more
The jolly pages next the covers.

Here 's Mrs. F—— of Sidcup, Kent,
Once feared she 'd never rear her Willy,
But since he used that liniment
His strength of lung has raised the rent
And made the panel doc look silly.

Here 's G—— of Slough, whose life was dark
Because of chest and kidney trouble,
But now this once decrepit clerk
Awakes (and warbles) with the lark
And goes to business at the double.

And see what makes the joy so pure:
However ill the patient may be
You know there 's bound to be a cure;
They must get well for certain sure,
Octogenarian or baby.

Oh, wouldn't it be horrid luck
If one fine day I read a letter
Saying, "I give your pills the chuck;
For weeks I 've gulped the nasty muck
And I am worse instead of better"?
And I am worse instead of better"?

No, no, let 's keep "The soap supreme,"
"The only chocolate worth sending,"
"The cigarette of which you dream,"
"Our young-at-forty rose-leaf cream;"
They 're worth it for the happy ending.

"N.S.W. CABARET.
PORTFOLIOS RE-ARRANGED."
Headlines in New Zealand Paper.

The fact that there is a Labour Government in New South Wales does not seem to us to justify the gibe.

"ROME, 3rd May, 1926.—The Cabinet has decided to create a new ministerial department to be called the Ministry of Corporations."—*Egyptian News-sheet.*

Signor MUSSOLINI is evidently coming round to the opinion of his compatriot, JULIUS CÆSAR: "Let me have men about me that are fat."

From an article on "Ulster Revisited":—

"It indicates that we have grown familiar with the idea of long flights. These no longer seem marcels to us, nor daunt the airman."
Daily Paper.

It also indicates that whether in air or at sea Britain means still to rule the waves.

LITERARY MUSINGS.

WHO ARE THE BEST AUTHORS?

SIR EDMUND GOSSE has declared in *The Sunday Times* that during the recent crisis he found consolation in the works of the best authors. This statement would have been cheerfully assented to and cordially endorsed had he confined himself to generalities. Unfortunately he went on to say that "in hours of suspense the old books are the best books"; that he could do without new books very well, and that he had derived special solace from *Don Quixote*, *Hamlet*, *Tristram Shandy* and *The Canterbury Tales*. This complete failure to recognise the merits of living authors, coming from so magisterial and authoritative a source, has created a most painful impression not only among the intelligentsia of the poetry teashops—the successors of the coffee-houses of the eighteenth century—but among that large and influential section of the world of letters who compose the eulogies to be found on the jackets of the best books of to-day.

In this context we are glad to print the following topical lines sent us by an anonymous contributor:—

"A book denuded of its jacket
Is like a HURST without a BLACKETT;
Let no one therefore strive to curb
The free employment of the 'blurb.'
As noses needful are to smellers
And oil wells unto ROCKEFELLERS,
As peas decay for lack of shellers,
As steamships all require propellers,
As votes are null without their tellers,
And *Pickwick*'s dull without the *Wellers*,
So 'blurbs' are needed by best-sellers."

A dignified protest against the aspersions cast upon them by implication in SIR EDMUND GOSSE'S remarks has been drawn up and signed by one-hundred-and-fifty-eight leading novelists and four-hundred-and-sixteen poets and poetesses. It is supplemented by a number of testimonies from their readers as to the invaluable service rendered by them in the recent emergency. One may suffice. A Letchworth psychodietist writes: "If it had not been for the spiritual vitamines supplied by your ode 'In Quest of Sin' I do not know how I should have survived the recent ordeal."

Though the spirit shown by our young British authors is fine and aggressive it cannot be denied that in one important respect they compare unfavourably with their Trans-Atlantic contemporaries—that of nomenclature. A recent number of the *New York Times'* Book Review contains some interesting details about a magazine entitled *New Masses*, with a list of the contributors to the May number. They include the following:—

MARY HEATON VORSE.
JAMES RORTY.
WITTER BYNNER.
WANDA GAG.
OTTO SOGLOW.
WILLIAM GROPPER.

It must be admitted that side by side with these euphoniously and sonorously named authors and artists we make but a poor showing. We may add that *New Masses* has six editors, thirty-five contributing editors and an executive board of sixteen members.

It has been suggested that as a means of overcoming the difficulty under which British authors labour in consequence of their colourless and unimpressive names, the adoption of pseudonyms should be rendered compulsory in their own best interests. This we think would be going too far. It would also impose an unfair obligation on those—a minority, but not an altogether negligible minority—who are legally endowed with sufficiently picturesque patronymics. The single example of Wilhelmina Stitch is enough to justify this objection. But the matter deserves careful attention, and a clear and unhesitating lead from the British Academy, or better still a *plébiscite* of novel readers, would be welcome as a means of clarifying the situation.

SHE-SHANTIES.

SIMPLE SALLY.

Simple Sally hates the city,
For she loves the open down,
And perhaps it is a pity
She remains so much in town;
Gentlemen who see her dining,
Putting caviare away,
Little think that she is pining
For the heather or the hay;
And this is more surprising still
When it is time to pay the bill.

"Oh, Mr. Sheep," says Sally with a dimple,
"P'r'aps a tiny cocktail if you wish;
You mustn't be extravagant, my tastes are very simple;
Really, nothing more!
Food is such a bore—
Well, shall we say a little soup and fish?
Something small to follow?
Say a little bird—
Guinea-fowl or swallow,
But a grouse preferred.
Just a little savoury, just a little sweet,
Champagne, if you insist—oh, but nothing more to eat!
Coffee? To be sure.
Ices I adore.
P'r'aps a wee liqueur—
But, really, nothing more!"

Sally, if she could, would wander
All the day o'er hill and dale
And perpetually ponder
Nature and the nightingale;
But instead she stays and roisters
In her shy reluctant way,
And when young men murmur, "Oysters?"
Sally whispers, "What are they?"
But you should see the waiters grin
When Sally brings a young man in.

"Oh, Mr. Sheep," says Sally with a dimple,
"You know it's no good asking my advice;
You mustn't be extravagant, my tastes are very simple.
Where do people go?
I adore Soho,
But someone said the Ritz-Savoy was nice.
Something à la carte?
Naughty Mr. Sheep!
Plovers' eggs to start?
Well, eggs are always cheap.
Then perhaps a play—but does it matter where we sit?
Stalls, if you insist, but I would just as soon the pit.
Supper? If you must—
Food is such a bore;
A taxi home, I trust—
But, really, nothing more!"

A. P. H.

Official Intelligence.

Notice issued during the recent riots in India:—

"The Superintendent of the Calcutta Central Telegraph Office requests that all addressees of telegrams in the disturbed areas will either send or call for them."—*Indian Paper.*

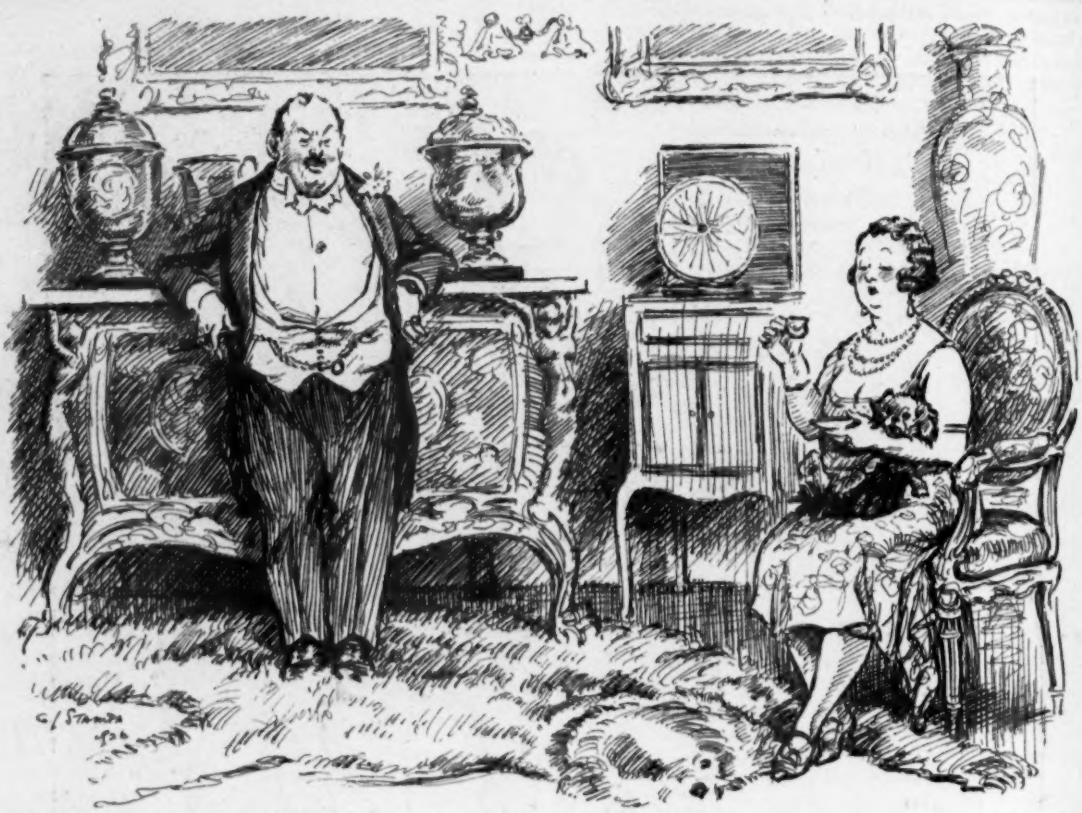


Mr JACK HOBBS.

by George Belcher 1926

See where he stands, the Nation's Hope and Pride,
Calmly defiant of the Other Side.
Great nobs their records yield to greater nobs;
One only rival threatens Hobbs. That's Hobbs.

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XVII.



Wealthy Parvenu (to Wife, who insists on his having a valet). "I 'ATE THE FELLER—PUTTIN' OUT ME THINGS, AN' TELLIN' ME WHAT TO WEAR. AIN'T I GOT NO SAY IN THE MATTER? BUT I 'VE DONE 'IM THIS TIME. I'VE GOT LAST NIGHT'S COLLAR ON."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE impression given me by the first two chapters of *The Secret that was Kept* (HUTCHINSON) is that they were written, like so many overtures, after the bulk of the piece and resume too many of the author's subsequent themes. No one I hope will be deterred by this difficulty from enjoying the masterly new novel which Miss ELIZABETH ROBINS calls "a study in fear," but which is also a study in fear's antidotes and a highly moving and entertaining tragi-comedy. Its main scene is set for the third chapter, where *June Purdey*, whose defaulting and unfaithful husband has fled to Paris, finds in Asseola, her aunt's country-house in the Southern States, an asylum and an old lover. *Mrs. Augusta Totten*, the aunt in question, lives to produce and enjoy the amatory dramas of others. Her fear is the fear of loneliness, and her barricade against a solitary old age must be maintained at all costs. With her cunning darkie cook and her lavish hospitality she is essentially as ruthless as the witch in the cake cottage—an admirably drawn and irresistibly dynamic character. It is she who invites *Terry Byrne* to trouble *June's* peace of mind with memories of a childish passion, and sub-consciously she pledges herself to break down *Terry's* aversion from domestic bonds by reassociating his old flame with droll and tender aspects of his boyhood. Of these the devotion of her negro retainers is the most gracious, and its generosity is poignantly contrasted with Southern society's panic dread of its underdogs and helots. It is chiefly, I think, that *June* and *Terry* may bring back the age of gold for those simple and delightful people that Miss ROBINS is at such well-rewarded pains to ensure their personal happiness.

There are, it seems, not only people who refuse to give the Devil his due, but some, at any rate beyond the Atlantic, who can hardly bring themselves to believe that Bolsheviks were ever babies. Mr. MAX EASTMAN would have us do both, and so he has written the story of *Leon Trotsky* (FABER AND GWYER), and begun it with his hero, the future bugbear of non-communistic Europe, hardly out of his cradle. That disposes of the adult birth theory. As for the other point, Mr. EASTMAN does not himself regard TROTSKY as the Devil, or even as tinged with diabolism, but he knows that there are those who do, and he is too intelligent to preach to the converted. His "portrait of a youth," it must be confessed, is the portrait of a very attractive youngster, gay, romantic, fearless and brilliantly clever. A schoolmaster certainly called him a "moral monster," but that is the sort of thing that schoolmasters call you when you have not done your prep., and young TROTSKY, or rather young BRONSTEIN, had actually been organising a revolt against what he considered an injustice to a weaker fellow. He was always organising something, usually mischief. He was born not only a baby but a revolutionary, and had not got far into his teens before he was at the head of a happy band of conspirators, plotting light-heartedly in a garden. Shortly after this he was bound for Siberia, marrying rather casually on the journey thither. Life in exile was an idyllic interlude, and supporters of the diabolic theory will be disconcerted to learn that TROTSKY

proved not only a "laughter-loving husband" and an affectionate father but "skilful with a broom" and a "firm-handed dish-washer." Domesticities, however, could not detain him, and soon he was on his way to Switzerland and England. His escape entailed none of the conventional hazards; his main difficulties, it appears, arising from an incurable habit of emptying his pockets for the first beggar. In London he met LENIN, and there, with TROTSKY twenty-four, Mr. EASTMAN ends his tale. Were his book fiction one would say it was a rattling good romance. Knowing it for fact, one cannot keep the sinister sequel altogether out of mind. But it is no harm for us law-fearing folk to realise that a revolutionary may be a human being.

So far as *Adam's Breed* reveals
  Soho's Italian population,
Its daily round of work, its meals,
  Its creed, its children's education,
The ways of restaurants *de luxe*,
  And others too, the matter in it
Is not the common stuff of books
  And I've no word to say agin it.

Quite the reverse of that indeed;
  And when it shows with rare minuteness
A super-waiter, born to lead
  And trained by instinct and astuteness,
And traces his apprenticeship
  Through all the depths and shoals of waiting
Up to the top (or highest tip)
  I find it really captivating.

But when the author, RADCLYFFE HALL,
  Endows him with neurotic yearnings
Which urge him to abandon all
  His prospects of colossal earnings,
I pause because it seems to bring
  The tale (from CASSELL) to the level
Of that too hackneyed type of thing
  In which so many authors revel.



Lady (sweetly). "DO YOU GO TO PARK LANE?"
Volunteer Conductor (gallantly). "WELL, WE DON'T, BUT I'VE NO DOUBT WE COULD."

Lovers of the verse with which "D. M. S." has so gracefully bestrewn Mr. Punch's pages will rejoice to possess not only the ten "Boy-Songs" which recently appeared there but two additional poems and the material which inspired them all. *The Boy Through The Ages* (HARRAP) is hardly a nursery book, nor is it meant to rust unburnished on a grown-up bookshelf. I should call it a family or schoolroom possession. Its first chapter on the child of the caveman, with its highly conjectural touches of Wellsian inhumanity, I should have omitted myself, and started, like *Little Arthur*, on the *terra firma* of Britain. But I should certainly have harked back, as Miss STUART delightfully does, to Egypt, Greece and Rome before returning to young Saxons and Vikings. "The Norman Boy" and "The Mediæval Boy" are rather arbitrarily sundered; but the latter chapter is one of the best in the volume, with its amusing extracts from "The Babee's Book" and "Urbanitatis," and its winning account of VITTORINO DA FELTRE'S expedients for thinning down a fat little GONZAGA. This last incident fitly leads to "The Renaissance Boy" and the respectively studious and idle childhoods of "the wisest fool in Christendom" and "little Will Shakespeare." "The Seventeenth-Century Boy" boasts a charming study of PRINCE RUPERT; the eighteenth century introduces young WESLEY and little HORACE WALPOLE, and the nineteenth, Dotheboys Hall, *Tom Brown's* Rugby and the over-strict training of "dear little Wales." A jolly farrago indeed and, with its two hundred illustrations of boys, their possessions, their pursuits and their homes, a very picturesque one. It is significant, I think, that the homes—from the lake-dwelling to the fatal parlour of JAMES WATT'S kettle—have changed considerably more than the boys.

Let me start by confessing that I have not read Miss STORM JAMESON'S earlier book, *The Pitiful Wife*, so I can express no opinion as to whether her new one, *Three Kingdoms* (CONSTABLE), is better work. I *can* say, however, that, if it isn't, then *The Pitiful Wife* must be a very clever novel.

Three Kingdoms is the story of a vulgar and selfish young matron, *Laurence Ford*; she has one baby, and a boy husband to whom she has been unfaithful during his war service. *Laurence*, who, let me say, goes no further in her infidelity than kisses and soulful conversation, informs *Dysart Ford* on his return that she "loves" this other, a rotten young versifier and diplomat, *Nicholas Marr*. *Dysart*, having swooned, continues to live with her (unconjugally), and commences an intrigue of his own with *Caroline*, wife of *Foster Scott*, an important client of the business house where *Laurence* war-worked and where she has since risen to be managing director. *Laurence*, like MAXIMUS, fails to drive her three mules—her home, her business and her half-baked love-affair; for *Caroline Scott*, after some years, cites her as co-respondent in a divorce suit she brings against *Foster Scott*, the innocent *Laurence* having been imprudent enough to be caught at 3 A.M. when keeping a business appointment in *Scott's* rooms at a hotel. When the case is heard it breaks down, and we leave a whitewashed but unattractive *Laurence*, disgusted with business and bored with her June oyster of a poet, once more in what will probably prove to be the not-too-binding embrace of her husband, who begins to find *Caroline* fatiguing. This is a long book about sordid people and things, but so confoundedly well-written is it, so alive and withal so convincing, despite its glaring improbabilities, that I have read every word of it with admiration for its author's craftsmanship; and I am now going to read *The Pitiful Wife* and to look forward to the really fine novel that Miss JAMESON, who is, I fancy, still a very young lady, may one day write.

Mr. Nigel Praed, formerly of the Secret Service and now engineer in the employ of *Messrs. Ribault, Zealer and Palatine*, is represented as one of the most obstinate beggars alive and a by-word with his firm for all that is efficient. This may partly explain why Mr. ROLAND PERTWEE has called his latest story *Rivers to Cross* (CASSELL), for it was obviously desirable to give a young fellow of this kidney every opportunity of showing his quality. I gather that both *Praed* and *Miss Philida Prothero*, the charming daughter of the Governor of Punta Rico, expressed a preference for a few obstacles in the path of true love. They got them, to some tune, as might have been expected with a rival lover like *Mr. Leland Boas*, whom the author describes in one of his early pages as "one of those elegant lizard-like men that set up an itch in the toes of one's boots." The adventures through which *Praed* and *Philida* have to pass before they reach the happy end include several undoubted novelties, chief of which perhaps is a remarkable glissade down a precipice of powdered pumice, for which the gallant engineer prepares himself by tying pieces of an old packing-case on to the more prominent parts of his anatomy. Towards the end there are perhaps one or two small points over which it is wise to skate lightly, but all through the book the pace is too good to inquire; the critic is left gasping behind. And, though his scheme is keyed up to so high a pitch, Mr. PERTWEE is to be congratulated on keeping his lovers as near natural humanity as may be. An excellent story this for your "weary Titan" who wants to be taken for the moment out of himself.



LEGS AND THE STRIKE.

BEFORE. AFTER.

Many books, possibly too many books, have been written about golf since an amiable scribe told us that "This game is the favourite amusement in Scotland in the summer . . . the balls are made of horse leather, stuffed with feathers, in a peculiar manner, and boiled." I have, however, read nothing on the subject more sensible and judicious than *The Links* (SCRIBNERS). Mr. ROBERT HUNTER is not concerned with the faults of golfers but with the defects of golf-courses. In short he tells us how courses can be planned so that the duffer may enjoy his game without interfering with the difficulties that a scratch man must overcome if he is to justify his handicap and reputation. Mr. HUNTER is more familiar with American courses than with British, but his comments on our historic links are as shrewd as they are appreciative. Written primarily for golf architects this is a book that can be studied with pleasure and profit by anyone who is a member of a Green Committee or ever hopes to be. "Not infrequently," Mr. HUNTER says, "quality is sacrificed in order to get length." Thousands of golfers will applaud that statement. The illustrations accompanying this volume are wisely chosen and most informing.

There is about Mr. WALTER RAYMOND'S Somersetshire romance, *Verity Thurston* (FABER AND GWYER) a certain rustic fragrance—an air

> "of maypoles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
> Of bridegrooms, brides and of their bridall-cakes"—

which is more than a little reminiscent of those pleasant traditional songs of which the county possesses so ample a store. It tells how the milk-and-roses daughter of a yeoman farmer is wooed and won by a swarthy, bold, half-foreign "Free Trader," nicknamed *Jack Merman*, and the little drama is played out against a background of old country lore and quaint tradition. Its end is tragedy, as might be expected from the blending of elements as alien to each other as the sea and the land; but even the tragedy—the ancient Othello motive, which was one of the world's half-dozen or so key plots long before SHAKESPEARE turned it to account—has the touch of primitive inevitability proper to an old country ballad "to a very doleful tune" such as once formed part of the stock-in-trade of every Somerset Autolycus.

NOTICE.

Though there was no break in the continuity of *Punch* during the General Strike, its editions were restricted in number and imperfectly distributed. The issues for May 5, 12 and 19 are now obtainable through any Newsagent; or they will be sent by post direct from the *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4., on receipt of 7d. in stamps for each copy.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHO has not heard of Lord OXFORD of late?" asks a leader-writer. We can only say for certain that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has.

* * *

A propos of Sir ALFRED MOND's remark that he had had to drag the Liberal leaders together by the hair of their heads, it is rumoured that both Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Lord OXFORD intend to get shingled as soon as possible.

* * *

There is no truth in the rumour that an appeal was made to Mr. BALDWIN to settle the dispute between the Liberal leaders.

* * *

It is stated that a total eclipse of the sun will be visible in North Wales next year. In Carnarvonshire there is a suspicion that it has already begun.

* * *

A new cocktail has been named after Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. It is no surprise to hear that the effect of over-indulgence in this beverage is to make a man see two Liberal parties instead of one.

* * *

In the middle of a truck of coal which arrived at Slough a robin's nest containing five eggs was found. The bird, however, was not alone in over-estimating the duration of the general strike.

* * *

We understand that all the Railway Companies have now unanimously agreed to reinstate their buffet buns without loss of seniority.

* * *

Lord BYNG OF VIMY, when recently visiting the Eskimos, sat down to blubber. We are glad to hear that he has now recovered his good spirits.

* * *

Mr. A. J. COOK has complained that in the recent negotiations Mr. J. H. THOMAS told him to mind his own business. That's a nice thing to tell a Labour leader to do.

* * *

People should not eat or talk in the theatre, but listen to the actors, says a dramatic critic. What funny ideas these fellows have about the theatre!

* * *

A contemporary asks, "What has happened to the French Sinking Fund?" Can it possibly be that it has sunk?

* * *

It seems that the cart-load of silk hats sold to a holiday crowd on Mitcham Common for twopence each has led to the rumour that Mr. CHURCHILL is breaking up his collection.

* * *

The white elephant which has arrived at the Zoo has a pinkish tinge. Its political leanings however are its own affair.

* * *

"Man has plenty to do in his struggle with nature and it is madness for him to struggle with his fellow-men," says Sir OLIVER LODGE. Our heavy-weight boxers have long realised this.

* * *

Two London girls have become engaged to motorists who gave them lifts during the strike. It is now being widely recognised that volunteer drivers ran considerable risks.

* * *

With reference to the question of whether tobacco is or is not injurious to human beings, Sir HUMPHRY ROLLESTON has expressed the opinion that cigars ought not to be re-lighted. We have known cigars which, in the interest of the health of the community, ought not to have been lighted the first time.

* * *

According to a daily paper the Peat and Porridge Club meets twice yearly at secret places in the Highlands, where mystical rites are performed. It is believed that a Southron is thrown to the haggises.

* * *

Lord RIDDELL complains that most boys turned out by the Public Schools spell badly and write badly. It is distressing to think how few of them would stand a chance of employment on *The News of the World*.

* * *

"I enjoyed myself very much at the lunch given by the Women Writers' Club," says Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. We felt almost certain he would.

* * *

Paignton Council has decided that donkeys on the sands must not be worked more than eight hours a day. "Not a minute on the day" is the Paignton donkeys' slogan.

* * *

A girl whose ear was snipped while she was being shingled by a lady hairdresser has been awarded damages. We should have thought a lady hair-dresser would have known that ears are worn long now.

* * *

"The spirit of adventure is causing the schoolboy of to-day to neglect his lessons," declares Dr. HANSON-THWAITES. Schoolmasters are reported to be in favour of putting the North Pole out of bounds.

* * *

Visitors to a certain seaside place were asked to write on postcards what they thought of the sea. Southend-on-Sea never expects visitors to get all they think on a postcard.

* * *

Following the example set during the strike, motorists anxious not to disappoint pedestrians are displaying a notice on their windscreens bearing the words "Signal if you want a Biff."



Groundsman. "JUST WHEN I GET THE GROUND IN PERFECT ORDER THEY WANTS TO PLAY A BLOOMIN' MATCH ON IT!"

COMFORT IN THE DEADLOCK.

THERE will be joy inside my soul,
At present in a sorry plight,
When those who "own" the country's coal
Bring all the latent facts to light;
When they produce at last a man
With brains above a mere negation
To formulate a working plan
That's touched with some imagination.

I shall be pleased when Mr. COOK,
From whom our breath we all derive,
Finds that it suits his Union's book
To let his "friends" remain alive,
And, cutting short his parrot stave,*
Permits them, by his royal pleasure,
Five days in every week to waive
One of their seventeen hours of leisure.

For I have caught a bitter mood
To see the factory close its door,
Starved by a stupid sticky feud
That injures most the other poor
(Also I very much dislike—
One must, if sensitively fashioned—
To have, all through this futile strike,
My baths and locomotives rationed).

Yet there's a solace soothes my hump:
Until the crisis settles down,
Not one electric sign may jump
Its jazzy Charleston on the Town;
Blessèd eclipse! so, when I raise
My nightly blind to view the river,
No blinking ad. (to COOK the praise!)
Now lacerates my helpless liver.

O. S.

* "Not a penny off the pay,
Not a minute on the day."

WHAT DID YOU DO?

CHAPTER I.—FACT.

John and I drove a bus in the great strike. It was called K-K-Katie, because, as John said, it stuttered on three plugs. I drove, and John sat beside me wearing plus-fours and spats—"Just to annoy people," he said. And that's the sort of man he is.

On the first day we drove out, somewhat jerkily, from the garage into a large and excited crowd. I had that curious feeling of the gay old days in Flanders, that in some way or other I must have missed my last ten meals.

Some rude words were thrown at us and I waited for the first brick. It never came. Instead the hoots merged somehow or other into a good hearty chuckle. Everybody seemed to be chuckling except me. I looked at John. His eyes were cast upwards in pious horror and his fingers were in his ears.

"For shame!" he said, placing his hand on my head; "and before the child too."

We drove away to an accompaniment of howls and cheers.

"Good old Auntie!" yelled the crowd.

"Whatever they like," said John, settling down placidly, "so long as we get K-K-Katie out."

"Yes," I said, heaving a sigh of relief. We drove on. John spent most of the day having what he called "just a little nap, old boy; mind the lamp-posts."

And so, after a pleasant day, back to the garage, where the crowd recognised us, and we entered to a jovial accompaniment of shouts to "Auntie" and some coarse and obvious remarks about her plus-fours, which were on view beneath the Burberry.

On the following days John wore the striped armlet of a "Special," and nothing happened whatever, except that I once executed a most masterly skid which upset John considerably.

"You have left me," he said, "all of a doo-dah. I shan't be able to hold a glass for days."

Then the strike ended and we regretfully handed K-K-Katie back into store and proceeded homewards.

"Very disappointing," said John, as we drove down from town; "just as sickening as the War itself, sitting about for years waiting for something to happen, and I daresay catching your death of cold." He sneezed violently.

"I wish you hadn't been with me," he went on after a time. "I might have made something of that first day, so as not to disappoint them at home. Christopher's home from school on Saturday for a week-end. What am I to say when he asks, 'What did you do in the Great Strike?'"

He looked at me sideways.

"Don't mind me," I murmured; "think of the women and children."

"Good!" said John. "I hoped you'd say that. That's all fixed then. And you'll back me up?"

"Well," I considered, "it depends how far you go. But I'll do my best."

CHAPTER II.—FICTION.

We sat together in the garden. Cecilia and John, Christopher the eleven-year-old, and myself. Suddenly Christopher spoke.

"What did you and Uncle Alan do in the strike, Daddy?" he asked.

John gave a great gasp of joy.

"Bless the boy!" he said. "The very words. The finest boy in the world."

"And then," he was saying a few moments later, "the mob surged round the dear old bus. I turned to Uncle Alan and whispered to him (in Latin, so that the crowd wouldn't understand), 'When I wave the Union Jack, slip her into first, stamp on the gas and let her rip.' He nodded . . ."

"Also in Latin," I said, supporting John.

"Then I stood up and, grasping a Union Jack in the right hand, faced the crowd. 'Friends, motormen, and bus conductors,' I shouted, 'by special permission of the T.U.C. you are now proclaiming the working man's right to strike. By special permission of the L.G.O.C. I am now a working man, and I claim the same right. This bus, with the assistance of my ugly friend here,' I said, pointing out Uncle Alan, 'is now about to proceed to Holborn. If anyone tries to stop it I shall exercise the right to strike by hammering his features with a spanner.' That frightened them, didn't it?" he said, turning to me.

"It did," I confirmed. "I saw all their faces go white and several fainted."

"No! No!" said John severely. "Don't exaggerate. Only one fainted. 'On the other hand,' I continued, 'the fare all the way to Holborn is only threepence, and I invite all present to avail themselves of this splendid opportunity of taking a busman's holiday at specially reduced rates.' And, believe me or believe me not, the whole crowd cheered violently and rushed up the steps of the bus.

"And thus," I added, "by one bold stroke eighty-four strikers were removed from the vicinity of the garage and the strike funds were depleted some two-hundred-and-fifty pence."

"On the second day," continued John quickly, before any comments could be made, "we were stopped by a gang of hooligans. They climbed on to the driver's seat and hit Uncle Alan on the head with a piece of coal. It split into a thousand pieces and was lost for ever. For a moment it looked as though we were defeated. Then I pulled a copy of *The British Worker* from my pocket and, holding up my hand for silence, I read it to them. It ran something like this:—

"'All over the country complete orderliness reigns. Strikers are arranging ludo matches and domino tournaments in various parts of the country. In many places glees and roundels are being practised on the village green, and in Wigan the miners have arranged nightly concerts on the pier. In Bootle the strikers are calling every three hours on the police superintendent to leave messages of goodwill. In Cardiff a volunteer tram-driver slipped on a piece of orange-peel and hurt his head. Strikers put it in splints and carried him to the local hospital.'

"'Now, men,' I said to them, 'what would Mr. COOK say if he could see you



ANOTHER HILL-TOP VISION.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "NO ABDELCATION FOR ME!"



Old Lady. "SO YOU ARE A POET. IN MY YOUNG DAYS A POET LOOKED LIKE A POET. BUT I SUPPOSE YOU MODERN YOUNG PEOPLE PRIDE YOURSELVES ON LOOKING LIKE NOTHING AT ALL."

all shouting about in this rude way? Come, come! Away to the Broadway and start a glee.'"

"And, believe him or believe him not," I said, "the whole crowd rushed away singing and dancing."

"All except one, who hit Uncle Alan on the head again with another piece of coal," added John quickly. "But I soon dealt with him. 'Will you stop that, Harold, or must I slap you? Wasting coal at a time like this,' I said sharply. He burst into tears and went away."

John looked round complacently. Christopher was curling himself up with giggles. Cecilia was looking sternly into John's eyes. He smiled pleasantly.

"And that 's how I won my stripes," he finished, producing a blue-and-white armlet from his pocket.

There was silence except for the giggling of Christopher. John made an effort to meet Cecilia's eyes. Then he got up and, humming softly to himself, moved down the garden out of range.

"Very disappointing," he said when I joined him. "Just as sickening as the War. You do your best to make it sound interesting and then you get looked at like that. Most disappointing." And he sighed heavily.

GENERAL ORDERS.

II.—THE CASTLE.

(1) *Sieges.*—The attention of all concerned is directed to the following *in re* sieges:—

"It has been found that boiling oil is more efficacious than boiling lead for repelling hostile attacks upon the Castle walls. Boiling oil penetrates far more easily the interstices of the armour of enemy knights, while boiling lead, by hardening, tends merely to seal up these interstices and thus to render the knight immune from further attack. In future, O.C.'s Wall Defence Companies will use ammunition in the proportion of four cauldrons of oil to one of lead, which latter should be reserved as far as possible for use against unarmoured squires."

(2) *Distressed Damosel Roster.*—The following Damosel has been added to the waiting-list, with seniority next below the Lady Ursula:—

Name of Distressée.—The Lady Ygraine.

Name of Distressor.—One-eyed Scotch Ogre—MacCyclops.

*Nature of Distress.**—Permanent binding to an oak-tree in Sherwood Forest.

* As certified by a Board of Knights.

(3) *Damosels, Rescue of.*—The C.O. of the Castle has noticed with displeasure the increasing tendency of knights, before consenting to undertake a rescue, to demand to see a photograph of the Distressed Damosel in question. This practice, which is in direct contradiction to all the highest traditions of knightly rescues, will cease forthwith, and on no account and for no excuse will any Damosel on the waiting-list be passed over.

In this connection the Commander of the Knights-Errant will at once detail the senior unattached Knight to undertake the rescue of the Lady Leere of Longtoothe, who, as shown by the returns in this office, has now been at the head of the roster for one year and eight months.

(4) *Tourneys.*—The result of the Tourney held yesterday between Sir Galavaine of Hardblows and Sir Agrahad of Poorscaur is published hereunder:—

First Onset.

Sir Galavaine (striking Sir Agrahad on right shoulder) . . . 2 pts.

Sir Agrahad (striking Sir Galavaine on helm) . . . 1 pt.

Second Onset.

Sir Galavaine (striking Sir Agrahad on left shoulder) . . . 2 pts.

Sir Agrahad . . . No hit.

Third Onset.

Sir Galavaine (striking Sir Agrahad on joint of neck armour) . . . 3 pts.
Sir Agrahad . . . No hit.

Sir Galavaine thus wins by 7 points to 1 point.

The funeral celebrations of the late Sir Agrahad will take place to-morrow at 3 P.M. in the Castle cemetery; and afterwards in the Wassail Hall, when all-comers are expected to be the guests of Sir Galavaine.

(5) *Inspection Parade.*—All Knights will parade in the Castle Yard at 9.30 A.M. to-morrow in full fighting order. To facilitate the calling of the roll, vizors should be worn "up" and not in the "alert" position. Squires may be in attendance up to 9.25 A.M. to see that their masters are properly dressed, but no spanners, crowbars or other dressing-tools should be left on the parade-ground. All nuts may be done up hand-tight only.

(6) *Cross-Bow Drill.*—Despite stringent orders for the slacking-off of cross-bows during inspection parades, accidents are still occurring, owing to "quarrels" being left in the groove. For the future, in order to minimise mishaps of this nature, inspecting officers will be permitted to inspect cross-bows from behind the right-hand shoulder of the man, instead of passing in front of the ranks.

(7) *Spurs, Winning of.*—The following Squires were successful in winning their spurs in the Half-Yearly Promotion Contests of April last:—

Squire Smith, renamed Sir Uther of Penfountain (Distinguished in Battleaxe Drill and Seignorial Law).

Squire Jones, renamed Sir Percyvale of Paris (Distinguished in Damosel-Rescuing).

The following has failed and will not sit for further examination:—

The late Squire Robinson (Failed in Battleaxe Drill).

(8) *Rescues.*—Sir Morgraunt of Fayre-ladies has rescued the Lady Iseult of Hookham from durance vile imposed by a Dragon, and is placed on the Marriage Allowance Roll, with effect from date of rescue.

(*Sd.*) SIR LAUNCIVALE (*Seigneur*),
C.O. of the Castle.

NOTICE.

For Sale.—Tilting-Saddle—specially constructed with seat-clips to prevent minor falls in tourneys. Only one failure in seven-and-a-half years.—Apply Executors of late Sir Agrahad. A. A.

"The other . . . has had the privilege of being incarcerated in jail."—*Weekly Paper.*

Where all the best incarcerations take place, we understand.



Small Boy (*proudly*). "MY DADDY WAS A SPECIAL CONSTABLE IN THE STRIKE."
Small Girl (*still more proudly*). "MY DADDY WAS A STOKER ON A REAL LIVE ENGINE, AND MUMMY SAYS HE 'S NOT CLEAN EVEN YET."

THE ECONOMICAL COURSE.

[It is said that country visitors to London prove themselves much more familiar with the latest new dance steps than the natives of the Metropolis.]

TIME was, when I spoke about dancing
(And only a short while ago),
Anxiety's traces appeared on the faces
Of maidens I happened to know;
Though kindness forbade them to shun me,
I knew that they longed to decline
The dubious pleasure of treading a measure
With toes as fantastic as mine.

But now my position is altered;
The way that they smile upon me
To-day in the ballroom leaves everyone small room
To doubt I'm *le dernier cri*;
They clearly esteem me a model,
A guide who can say upon what
Particular plan goes the latest in tangoes
And whether to "twinkle" or not.

No prodigal payment for lessons
Has led to this different view
And rendered my tripping so thoroughly ripping
That partners line up in a queue;
But lately, when holiday making,
I've studied (as suiting my needs)
The pattern presented by those who frequented
The dances of Mudd-in-the-Meads.

"With nine wickets down, Enthoven changed his tactics and bit both bowlers."
Provincial Paper.

We are all for aggressive batmanship; but was this quite cricket?

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XVI.—"PASSING THROUGH BATSWORTH."

WHENEVER I open my paper I seem to read about somebody who is trying a new car on the road, of wonderful reliability and speed, keeping up, say, an average of seventy miles per hour for seventy days, with two or three umpires and, I suppose, a justice of the peace on board. And very often in the account of the trip I notice those three interesting words, "passing through Batsworth." Just that and no more.

I am not a speed fiend nor a reliability tester myself, but simply an ordinary man with a motor-car. I do however sometimes pass through Batsworth. Let me say a word or two about the place. I will select the single experience of a morning five or six days ago.

I got into my 1000 h.p. Snipsnap, intending to rush out into the open, amongst the chestnut blossom, the buttercups and may, because I was tired of the stuffiness of London streets. When I had got out of London I rushed for about five-and-a-half miles, which brought me to the environs of Batsworth, in passing through which I was slightly delayed. I will try to describe with exactness how this occurred.

Batsworth has a population of over thirty thousand souls (if you can call them that) and may be described as partly agricultural, partly manufacturing and partly residential. Besides these three leprous characteristics it has a narrow winding main street, in which every day is a market day. It was foolish of me to have selected the luncheon hour.

The first warning I had that all was not well with Batsworth was my encounter, about a mile and a half out of it, with five thousand seven hundred and eighty-three people riding on bicycles, and seven thousand six hundred and forty-nine people walking on foot. I was forced to count them in order to while away the time. They filled the roadway, a solid palpitating mass, men, matrons and maids. I slowed down to a snail's pace and nosed solemnly through them for about fifteen minutes as a canoe goes through water-lilies.

"What little town" [I said to myself]
"by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel
Is emptied of its folk this pious morn?"

I think as a matter of fact it was a soap-works.

When these human lemmings had passed by I rounded a corner and came instantly upon four bulls, a posse of sheep and a kind of decorated pony. I had forgotten about the Batsworth Agricultural Fair. The almost simultaneous arrival of the Batsworth to Stockley motor-bus behind me and a drove of Berkshire pigs coming in the opposite direction completed what, regarded from a dispassionate point of view, must have been rather a pretty little pastoral scene.

Brushing aside the live-stock and pressing rapidly forward, I was just in time to see a Batsworth Brewery motor-dray come suddenly out of its yard at the entrance of the town and begin to execute the laborious feat of turning itself round in the street. If I had been a moment earlier I should have absolutely missed this. If I had been a few minutes later I should have absolutely missed it too. As things turned out, I missed it by about a quarter of an inch and by running on to the pavement.

The fact that it was fair-day as well as market-day, as well as lunch-time in Batsworth, made the main street rather fuller than usual. At least I should say that it was fuller than usual because, besides the two unbroken lines of stationary vehicles on each side of the street and the two almost stationary lines of vehicles in between them, there was a seething mob of persons on bicycles, persons with perambulators, dogs, baskets, pails, ladders, led horses and lost calves. I do not wish to exaggerate. Possibly the main street of Batsworth has sometimes been fuller than it was that morning, but not in one horizontal layer.

Near the centre, where the market-stalls are doing a brisk trade, as always, in the same things that the shops on either side are doing a brisk trade in, there was a policeman standing deep in converse with a friend. The man who was jerking his Hispano-Ford along just in front of me stopped here, and, interrupting the policeman's conversation, asked him the way to Whifflehampton. This brought the lines of absolutely stationary vehicles in the main street of Batsworth up to three in number, whilst the little clearing ahead gradually filled up with pedestrians, dogs, cattle and other irresponsible fauna. The policeman expounded the topography of Whifflehampton while the world waited and stood still. An errand-boy on a bicycle stole up and propped himself against my rear mud-guard. He was carrying portions of an uncooked sheep. Another errand-boy on a bicycle stole up and leant against the front of the car. He also had a basket: it contained fish. An elderly woman sat down on the right splashboard and rested. The town clock struck one.



Owner of Caravan. "THIS AIN'T MY 'OSS, SIR."
Returned Holiday-maker. "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS YOU GET ONE AT ALL. I WAS THREE DAYS CATCHING THIS ONE."

I thought of rising in my seat and making a short speech to these three persons on the present industrial unrest, the future of England and the unfortunate split in the Liberal Party, and should certainly have done so but that at this moment the motorist in front, who had apparently committed to memory a sketch map of the environs of Whifflehampton, moved slowly on. The gathering on my car broke up, and I followed him.

I should have gone nearly fifty yards without another halt if two men with a scaffolding-pole had not suddenly walked out of a timber-yard and jammed it rather awkwardly across the roadway while they argued on the best method of holding the two ends.

"Nah, clumsy," said one.

"Clumsy yourself," said the other.

I had put out my right hand with a graceful gesture to stop the car coming behind me and it suddenly became damp and warm. A calf was licking it. The life of Batsworth went on.

When the temporary obstacle had been removed I crawled forward again as far as the next cross-roads, where there was another slight but final check. It lasted for about eight minutes. I could not actually see the lions because they



The Girl of the straight legs. "IT 'S A PITY YOU DON'T CHARLESTON, AUDREY. YOUR KNEES ARE SIMPLY MADE FOR IT."

were boarded in, nor the World's Fattest Woman, nor the Great What Is It, but they were all there, according to the advertisements displayed outside the vans.

I had forgotten that there would probably be a travelling menagerie coming to Batsworth to assist in the celebration of the Agricultural Fair. . . .

We should have forged ahead more quickly on this last occasion if the motor tractor pulling the merry-go-round had not been on the wrong side of the road and missed its gear coming up the hill.

There was now nothing between me and the open into which I had intended to dash. I should have liked to make certain that the chestnut was actually in bloom and the buttercups yellow on the further side of Batsworth, as I had anticipated before I set out.

But it was now time to return. EVOE.

"Mr. Nigel Playfair, in reviving 'The Beggar's Opera,' was fortunate in being able to resuscitate most of the original cast."
Weekly Paper.

While he is about it he might use his powers to resuscitate Mr. GAY as well, and get him to write another opera.

RIVAL RESCUERS.

WHO saved the nation in its crisis?
"We did," exclaim some dons of Isis.
"Excuse me," blandly answers back
The voice of Mr. RAMSAY MAC.,
"The T.U.C.'s determination
Saved England from annihilation;
We forced the Governmental hand
And made them sheathe the fatal brand."
"Come, Come," remarks the Cambrian Wizard,
"It was not *you* that calmed the blizzard;
'Twas the support bestowed by me
On the ARCHBISHOP'S noble plea,
Strengthened by my alert, cathartical
And timely Transatlantic article."
"Oh, no," exclaims the Liberal Right,
"*We* gave the leading and the light;
We rescued BALDWIN by our brains;
We practically took the reins.
The Government was slack and sick
Till SIMON spoke and did the trick."

Thus, now as always, may we see
The rival doctors disagree,
Each clamouring to receive his due,
While those who really brought us through—
The people and the man who led it—
Will be the last to claim the credit.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"It was the Roman General Hannibal who wrote the three fateful words 'Carthago delenda est,' which was done as ordered."
Canadian Paper.

"The seven wonders of the modern world are:—
Wireless telegraphy.
Telephone.
Aeroplane.
Radium.
Antiseptic surgery and antitoxins.
Spectrum analysis.
Rontgen (X) rays. EFFIE.
Beckenham."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

But that makes eight, and, with all deference to "EFFIE" and to Beckenham, we should not have described that pleasant suburb as *stupor mundi*.

"Fender placed Sandham in front of the screen . . . Again Gregory drove hard, but on the ground to the screen. His hit travelled loftily to the on-side of the screen. Sandham ran hard for 20 yards to his left, and leaping in the air completed a brilliant and sensational catch."—*Evening Paper.*

We have tried to picture the scene—how SANDHAM ran hard in the wrong direction, leaped into the air to get at this ball which was travelling loftily after being driven on the ground, and so completed the catch. We are not told who began it.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

IT was easy to see what was in the wind that blew Lady Manœuvrer in on me the other day looking so chirpy.

"I know what you're going to tell me," I cried; "April's engaged."

"Right the first time, my dear," she said. "I'm the *last* person to be indifferent to my country's troubles, but you may take it from me, Sylvia, that to mothers of daughters one general strike is worth five hundred dances. As you know, April and I helped with the milk in Hyde Park. Dear Lord Sideshire was one of the amateur milkmen; and so—and so—overalls and milkcans and a crisis did what three seasons of dance-frocks and foxtrotting failed to do, and darling April's engaged.

"I'm so thankful, for I was wondering how much longer I could keep Daffodil, who's eighteen now, in plaits and a pinafore. A crisis is a frightful thing, of course, and I hope there won't be another till I'm beginning to worry about Daffodil."

"And so," I said, "little Sideshire has forgotten Rosebud Rushington, who the very day before their wedding, when the presents were all on show, went off and married Teddy Foljambe at the registrar's."

"No," he hasn't forgotten her," said Maud Manœuvrer, "but as she's married to someone else it doesn't matter. I foolishly made a comparison between her and my April and he was up in a moment. 'Please don't say anything reflecting on Rosebud,' he said. 'She's an absolute top-notcher! She went off with Teddy certainly, but how sporting of her to go *before* we were married instead of after! I should have had all the bother of a divorce case then. And the other day, when Teddy went to enroll as a special, Rosebud slipped into one of his suits and went off later, and she was just being sworn in as Fred Foljambe, and would have gone on duty too like a good 'un, when one of the Saxonburys, who was being enrolled, recognised her and called out, 'My boots! it's Rosebud,' and upset her cart. So she called him a good many things and, still wearing Teddy's suit, went and got a job to drive a motor-bus. She's an absolute top-notcher, if April won't mind my saying so.'"

"'Don't mind in the least, Loppy dear,' said my wise child; '*I* admire her too.'"

The Easthamptons are quite good friends again, and people say to them, "Congratulations to you both on the general strike!" They had had a really serious scrap and were practically separated. Delia was in Paris when the strike happened and hurried back to help. She got to Victoria somehow, and there her traps were snatched up by a big grimy porter.

"I was afraid there wouldn't be any porters," she said; "but there seem to be a good many of you."

"Yes, mum," he said; "we're the new sort."

"Well, be careful of those things," said Delia. "You seem rather awkward. Can I get a taxi?"

"No, mum," he said; "all the taxis have gone underground."

"What ever shall I do?" cried Delia.

"You'll 'ave to 'oof it, my lady," was the answer; "it ain't far."

"No, it's not far," said Delia, and then, turning to him—"How d'you know who I am and that it's not far?"

The big grimy porter put down his load, straightened himself and grinned at her.

"Delia, old girl!"

"Chumpy, old darling!" she cried. And the stormy past was forgotten.

I've not been well treated by *The Chatterer*. They've brought out an article by Marion Arkwright, "My Work during the National Crisis"—and a full-page picture of our dear limelight-loving Marion in engine-driver's kit on a locomotive, with the inscription, "Lady Arkwright preparing to drive the famous express, Flying Welshman." Oh, my dear Marion! We all know that that locomotive, whether it drew the Flying Welshman or any other train, never left the station with *you* on it! And as for your article, dear heart, it's one of the greatest works of imagination I've ever read.

Then they've got another full-page picture, Pixie Dashmore surrounded by broken cups and saucers and with her jumper torn. They call this "The heroic Lady Dashmore after her coffee-stall at the Docks had been attacked by armed hooligans." Well, *really!* Pixie certainly *did* have a coffee-stall at the Docks and a boy threw a stone at it and had his ears boxed, but not one cup was broken and Pixie's jumper was *not* torn. Why *will* people be so crazy for publicity?

Rang up *The Chatterer* and asked why none of the photos they've got of me in overalls polishing something has appeared? They replied that the photos will be published shortly. I retorted, "Shortly be d——d! The strike will be forgotten by that time."

"TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

Bring Your Repairs to ——'s Boot Repairing Factory."—*Manx Paper.*

Where somebody seems to have heard of eyes being described as "the windows of the sole."

THE STICKLEBACK.

IN early Spring—I dare not sing
The date with more precision—
The stickleback, whose almanac
May need, like Spring, revision,
Caparisoned in green above
And red below prepares for love.

He shocks the ditch about his pitch
With swirls and spins and scurries;
With spines he rips, with teeth he nips,
With fins he whirrs and worries;
While 'neath his corselet, tail to head,
Blush surgings of tumultuous red.

And so to work. He well may shirk
Interminable house-huntings
Who seeks a fold of size to hold
Five hundred baby buntings.
With his own mouth the stickleback
Assembles and erects his shack.

With wisps and sprigs he deftly rigs
His nursery's beginning,
And knots and bends and lashes ends
With silk of his own spinning,
And thatches with a pebbly crown
To keep the whole caboodle down.

With gay curvets he now besets
The course of his intended,
A buxom maid by a parade
Of her own sex attended,
Who, when she sights his amorous red,
Responds by standing on her head.

So do her maids (the flighty jades!);
Inverted they enclose her,
As though they thought that such distraught
Behaviour might compose her.
Inflexibly does love's behest
Impel the concourse to the nest.

The maids fall back. With swerve and tack
He shepherds her discreetly
Till with a bound inside the mound
She disappears completely;
With lordly proddings of his snout
He tucks her in—then tips her out.

O hapless pair! She may not share
The joys of incubation;
'Tis *he* must tend and fan and fend
The hatching generation,
While she, the chosen of his heart,
Just moons and feeds and sulks apart.

Should she but sway a fin his way,
With every spine a-quiver
And eyes aglow he makes as though
He'd chase her to the river;
This timely dart alone prevents
A slaughter of the innocents.

"Wanted, Baritone, Tenor and Entertainer . . . must move well."

Advt. in Evening Paper.

In case the audience takes a dislike to them.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



The Artist. "NONE OF THESE PEOPLE SEEMS TO TAKE THE SLIGHTEST INTEREST IN MY LARGE AND IMPORTANT PICTURE."



"ON EPSOM DOWNS."

Lady in centre. "'ERE'S THIS OLD WHITE 'ORSE AGAIN. LOST 'IS JOCKEY, 'E 'AS, AND 'IM DUE TO RUN IN THE 3.30."



Rima. "NOW, POLLY, IF YOU DON'T LEAVE OFF SWEARING I SHALL SEND YOU STRAIGHT TO THE BIRD'S SANCTUARY IN HYDE PARK."



GROUP OF NEW YORKERS CAROUSING ON LEMONADE.



NEWLY-ELECTED MEMBER OF FASHIONABLE GOLF CLUB HAS MISGIVINGS ABOUT THE CORRECTNESS OF HIS COSTUME.



AFTER DINNER IN SUNNY ÆÆA. CIRCE TELLS A FUNNY STORY.



FAMOUS FILM STAR GETS THE BIRD.



THE ONLY TOPICAL PICTURE. AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT STRIKE. ALL STATIONS TO PENZANCE.



Pan. "MY MUSIC ISN'T CUTTING MUCH ICE. I WONDER HOW ORPHEUS IS GETTING ON?"



Orpheus. "I DON'T SEEM ABLE TO GET A MOVE ON THESE ROCKS. I MUST TRY SOME JAZZ STUFF.



AN ECHO OF THE STRIKE.

Motorist (who has been stopped by Special Constable for fast driving). "CONFOUND IT, SIR! DO YOU KNOW I AM A MAGISTRATE? IN ANY CASE I DON'T CONSIDER I WAS DRIVING AT ALL FAST."

Special Constable. "OH, YES, YOU WERE. MUCH FASTER THAN I WAS WHEN YOU FINED ME FIVE POUNDS FOR IT LAST WEEK."

SHE-SHANTIES.

"I'M SO GLAD HE LOVES ME FOR MY BRAINS."

SOME girls I know would rather they
Were beautiful than clever,
But beauty 's brief, I always say,
While wisdom lasts for ever;
And that 's the reason I respeck
My man-friend in the City,
Who loves me for my intelleck
And not because I 'm pretty.

Oh, I 'm so glad he loves me for my brains!
For what is charm without intelligence?
It 's not so much my eyes
That Albert seems to prize;
What staggers him is my artistic sense;
And every time he kisses me he says a bit from TENNYSON,
So I 'm quite sure he loves me for my brains.

It 's funny, not so long ago
My intelleck was pitied;
My friends have even called me slow,
My family, half-witted;
But now it seems I 've quite a head
And have no cause to grovel—
Why, many gentlemen have said
I ought to write a novel.

And I 'm so glad they love me for my brains!
Somehow it improves the whole position;
It 's not my face or form
That makes Sir William warm,
But, oh! he does admire my intuition;
And every time he kisses me he says it 's quite platonic-like,
So then I know he loves me for my brains.

Then everyone is kind indeed
About my education;
My Albert brings me books to read,
Which helps the conversation;
And really it is rather fine
How often we discover
That I am like the heroine
And he is like the lover.

Oh, I 'm so glad they love me for my brains!
It 's much more satisfact'ry, I should say;
I never knew Sir John
What I call carry on
Excepting in an intellectual way;
And every time he sees me home he says a piece of potry,
So then I know *he loves me for my brains.* A. P. H.

The Defence.

"Jane —— had Mary —— summoned for assault and threats on the 8th March. The complainant said the defendant threatened to strike her with a stone. Defendant—I never saw this woman on the 8th March. It was Joe ——, my lawful married husband, that I was chasing down the street with stones on that date."—*Irish Paper.*

And if a woman wants to throw stones at her own husband who shall throw a stone at her?

From an article on children's books:—

"Let them read Stevenson's *Under the Greenwood Tree.*"
Local Paper.

Also, if they can get it, HARDY'S *Underwoods.*

"The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a charring gown of ivory charmeuse."—*Scots Paper.*

While glad to note that she apparently intends to do her own housework we think she might have chosen a more suitable material.

MUNGO AND GIDEA.

MUCH has been written about the General Strike, but I have seen no comment upon its most curious feature, which was surely the immense, indeed the pivotal, importance of Gidea Park. Yet every wireless listener must have been struck by it. What was the first passenger-train to emerge from the welter of milk-churns on that fateful Tuesday morning? The 5.15 from Liverpool Street to Gidea Park. And what was the next? The 7.20 from Gidea Park to Liverpool Street. On the following morning the ether grew, if I may say so, Gidea and Gidea. Another half-million men were out, and what was the Government's reply? Three more trains to Gidea Park. Two days later Gidea Park and London were exchanging inhabitants twelve times a day and England was saved.

This dramatic vindication of Gidea Park had for me a special significance, because I used to think—— But perhaps I had better begin with Mungo.

I was a very small boy when I first heard of Mungo Park, and what a moment that was! "Surely," I said, "this is the very place of my dreams." I had no idea where it was, but I had only to shut my eyes to see it spreading out before me with its avenues of mungo trees, offering fruit and shade to the weary traveller.

Some years later I was asked in a general knowledge paper to write "short lives of the following," and there, flanked by ROGER BACON and SAVONAROLA, was MUNGO PARK. It was a terrible shock, but of course not fatal. In fact I have so far recovered from it that I can amuse myself at times by asking my friends if they have ever been to Mungo Park. Some of them have, and those who haven't know it very well by name.

And now we come to Gidea.

I may say that until recently no Gidea had ever crossed my path or disturbed my intelligence. Boys, I knew, were often christened Gideon, and Gidea was the obvious feminine derivative; but I had never actually met a Gidea, although finding life pleasant enough in other directions. And then suddenly, about a year ago, a friend asked me if I had heard of Gidea Park. I said that I had, and hurried off to consult the biographical dictionaries.

She was not in any of them. Having failed to find her under a separate entry of her own I sought her diligently among the family of my old friend MUNGO. He was, I discovered, the seventh child of a family of thirteen, but the names of his brothers and sisters were not given. Still, Gidea might easily have been one of them. If two names were allowed for each child, the more common Christian names would very soon be exhausted. It was in fact a good deal more than a possibility; it was almost a certainty. Parents who are driven to call their seventh child Mungo could never reach thirteen without naming one of the girls Gidea, could they? In my own mind, therefore, Gidea Park established herself as the younger sister of the great African explorer, and there but for the strike she would have remained.

Having now learned the truth I feel that I owe the Gidea Parkers a profound apology. The least I can do is to visit their delightful suburb at the earliest opportunity and make myself thoroughly acquainted with it. And if there should happen to be a strike in progress so much the better for me. I shall then be assured of a good service of trains.



Master Ronald (being shown over historic mansion, to Butler). "DID YOU SHOOT THE COW OFF THOSE HORNS?"

Our Pessimistic Journalists.

"The Cabinet is expected to reassemble by about Thursday, and by then, perhaps, something tangle may have transpired."
North-Country Paper.

Our Up-to-date Motor-Cars.

"With the lip-stick is incorporated a whistle which sounds in order to give automatic warning if the sump should become empty of oil to a dangerous level."—*Motoring Paper.*

All that is now wanted is a powder-puff to make any necessary reparations under the bonnet.

THE GREAT TELEPHONE STAKES.

THERE was a sound of the telephone-receiver being replaced, and Marion staggered back into the room.

"At last!" she exclaimed tragically. "I thought the wretched man never would let me ring off." She glanced at the clock. "Twenty minutes! And all to tell me that there would be a meeting of the Literary Society on Thursday. You talk about women wasting time over the telephone . . ."

She looked accusingly at me. It was quite true. I do talk about that. I went on to do so.

"A fig for your Dr. Dulverton! It *was* Dr. Dulverton, I suppose?" I retorted with dignity. "Mrs. Baldchin is the champion telephonist of this town, in her own right. I've known her spend forty minutes describing her great-aunt's interior (long since defunct) to a man of the most delicate and shrinking susceptibilities (me). Mrs. Baldchin wins in a canter."

"Mrs. Baldchin!" said Marion contemptuously. "I'd back Dr. Dulverton against Mrs. Baldchin any day."

"Then do so," said Henry. "Do so, fair coz; and Anne and I, as impartial and exquisitely fair-minded outsiders, will see fair play and hold the stakes."

And so it was arranged, with the single exception that Henry did not hold the stakes. We have known him far too long for that. A day for the meeting was fixed; Henry was to accompany Marion to Dr. Dulverton's, and Anne me to Mrs. Baldchin's; the two of them were to be got somehow into telephonic communication; and might the best telephonist win!

After some discussion it was decided that backers should be allowed to prompt their principals, but must refrain from actually handling the instrument themselves; the competitor who rang off was to be adjudged the loser. Dr. Dulverton and Mrs. Baldchin were old friends of at least thirty years' standing, so a close and interesting contest was assured.

The next evening Marion disappeared. She was absent for a considerable time and came back looking very much pleased with herself.

"The Doctor did a good unstripped gallop," she remarked contentedly. "He pulled up sweating slightly but in good condition. This fine animal is still strongly fancied, and backers remain confident."

"Is this playing the game, Henry?" I demanded.

"Perfectly," said Henry with decision. "The stud should be kept well exercised, and punters may exercise their own discretion as to the severity of the training. By the way, I had better remind you that failure to appear for the meeting means loss of stake-money."

"Very well," I said, and went downstairs at once.

I also was absent for a considerable time, and when I went up again I passed round a small card which I had been at some pains to draw out. It was inscribed as follows:—

THE GREAT TELEPHONE STAKES.

TO BEAT THE BOOK

MRS. BALDCHIN.

NAP and N.B.

FOR THE GREAT EUROPEAN STAKES I GAVE

ALLIES 100-100
ALLIES 100-100
ALLIES 100-100

FOLLOW AMOS CODDE AND BE ON

MRS. BALDCHIN

FOR THE GREAT TELEPHONE STAKES.

AMOS CODDE KNOWS.

"Humph!" said Henry. "Propaganda to undermine the opposing camp's *moral*, I suppose. Ah, well, all 's fair in war and on the turf, no doubt."

After that, training was carried out with the utmost severity. By tacit consent the evenings were allotted to the Galloping Doctor and the afternoons to Mrs. Baldchin. What the two principals thought about it was obscure, but they were both genuine telephonists and there was never any trouble in persuading them to trot over the course for at least half-an-hour a day.

From time to time, too, bulletins were issued, and these were eagerly awaited by the supporters of both camps. The Galloping Doctor was reported consistently to be in fine fighting fettle, but it was rumoured at one time that Mrs. Baldchin had sprained an ear-drum on a practice canter. Fortunately the rumour turned out to be without foundation, having been maliciously set about by the opposite camp.

On the very day of the race a dastardly attempt was made to decoy Mrs. Baldchin from her stable with promises of bridge and stuffed dates. By a lucky chance I was able to defeat the plot and at once entered an objection to the judges. My objection was overruled, the judges pointing out that no important race *is* an important race without some attempt being made to nobble the favourite (*vide* Drury Lane and fiction *passim*). After a somewhat heated argument the backers separated, each accompanied by a judge, to their respective stables.



"THIS IS RATHER COTTONY. I WANT SOMETHING MORE SILKY."
"I KNOW, SIR; YOU WANT SOMETHING MORE FOULARDY."

There was no difficulty in getting the two principals on to the course. To either of them, it appeared, one had but to mention the word "telephone" for the requisite connection to be made almost automatically. Within ten minutes of our arrival they had settled down into a good steady gallop.

For at least half-an-hour things went swimmingly. Mrs. Baldchin's voice droned blissfully on in the hall outside, while Mr. Baldchin entertained Anne and me with picture-postcard views of Italy and Greece. At the other end of the line I knew that Marion and Henry were being entertained by Mrs. Dulverton with picture-postcard views of France and Spain. The Dulvertons and the Baldchins have plenty in common beside telephonism.

At twenty-five minutes to ten, about thirty-five minutes after the starting-



"THANKS AWFULLY FOR YOUR PRESENT, UNCLE JACK."
"OH, IT WAS NOTHING, DEAR."
"I *know*. BUT YOU NEEDN'T RUB IT IN."

gate had risen, I heard a doleful noise proceeding from the hall. "Well, I really must ring off now," the doleful noise said wistfully. "We have some people here and——"

I jumped up from my seat and plunged into the hall.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Baldchin," I said. "aren't you speaking to Dr. Dulverton? Has he said anything about the Welfare Committee? I know he wanted to speak to you about it."

That kept things going for another ten minutes. Then I heard Mrs. Baldchin say, "Oh, must you? Well, I suppose I must too. Very kind of you to ring me up. Good-bye, then."

But of course that was too good to be true. The next moment they resumed again, and I knew that Marion had put into action the first of her prepared prompts.

After that I had to get rather active. Every two or three minutes I dashed out into the hall with anxious inquiries as to the Literary Society, the Golf Club, the Library Committee, Mr. HUTCHINSON'S new novel, Mr. MAUGHAM'S new play, the ethics of after-dinner social intercourse, humorous anecdotes about Mrs. Baldchin's children (hastily collected from Mr. Baldchin), the symptoms of intercostal neuritis, phlebitis, and *encephalitis lethargica*, the iniquities of the new Vicar, reminiscences of Italy and Greece (which Marion at her end instantly countered with France and Spain), and a hundred other similarly absorbing topics.

At seven minutes past ten I was becoming desperate. My list of prepared prompts had long since been exhausted, and I was beginning to get quite reckless in my choice of subjects. I managed to stave off defeat for a moment or two with "Whether Miss Hargraves Had *really* Dyed Her Hair or Not," but Mrs. Baldchin simply refused point-blank my suggestion of "Do Short Skirts Make Good Mothers?" The question of physical fitness was also beginning to make its appearance. Mrs. Baldchin was visibly drooping, and I knew that, however ardent her spirit, the endurance of her flesh was only a matter of minutes.

And then, at the last gasp so to speak, came deliverance. For about the first time in the history of our town the local exchange cut them off.

Both Marion and I were glad enough subsequently to accept the judges' ruling of a dead-heat. A. B. C.

THE NEW GLASS OF FASHION.

["Dresses adorned with glass . . . are the latest novelty."—*Daily Paper.*]

AU REVOIR to a pleasant diversion,
Chloe mine, for you 'd suffer a shock
If you ventured to-day an aspersion
On someone's "impossible" frock;
When a sample your vision distresses
Let it pass with the mildest of groans,
Since people who live in glass dresses
Should never throw stones.

From the Amateur Golf Championship results:—

"Andre M. Vagliano (Chantilly) beat H. G. MacCallum (Troon) by one mile."
Birmingham Paper.

Some driver.

We can obtain no confirmation of the rumour that, under the editorship of Mr. J. L. GARVIN, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is to have a "Stop Press" column.



Visitor. "YOUR SON IS LOOKING VERY BORED."
Fond Mother. "YES. YOU SEE, HE MISSES THE STRIKE SO DREADFULLY."

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

"IT was bad," said Joe, "it was bad enough,
It was hard, as I 'll allow;
It was rotten luck, it was sinful rough,
But—it 's all done finish now;
And the worst that chance or malice can work you
It doesn't amount to much,
For the best things stand and they 're still in hand—
So let 's take stock of such.

"There 'll still be clouds on the sea," said Joe,
"There 'll still be sun on a hill,
There 'll still be the seasons' come and go,
Sunrise and moonrise still;
And the same old stars will meet you, Jimmy—
Lion and Twins and Plough—
Like old, old friends that 'll make amends
For what 's been happening now.

"There 'll still be flowers and birds and bees,
Octobers still and Junes,
There 'll still be a spring wind through the trees
And the autumn afternoons;
There 'll still be the woods and the forest beasties,
Furry and quick and keen,
And a rod and a gun and the long day's fun
The same as it 's always been.

"There 'll still be horses a man can ride
And boats that a man can sail,
Green land for wandering near and wide,
Blue sea when the land roads fail;
And your own folk and your friends to teach you
That a man can soon forget
How life looked black, once the luck comes back
And a fairer fortune 's met.
Oh, don't you go and lie down to it, Jimmy,
There 's the wide world left you yet!" H. B.

"WAY TO AVOID STRIKES.
DIRECTOR OF MATCH FIRM URGES PROFIT-SHARING."
Headlines in Provincial Paper.

But we have always understood that in this particular business if there were no strikes there would soon be no profits.

From a report of Surrey *v.* Notts:—

"Carr . . . was given out leg-before, as he appeared likely to make a good score."—*Evening Paper.*

We have heard of this sort of thing in village cricket, but never in first-class.

"We should hear less of unruly children if parents did not continually endeavour to undermine the few existing rights of teachers to maintain some modicum of discipline.
Birchwood Avenue, ——."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

In view of the address, however, can this advice be taken as entirely disinterested?

"Good Female Improver Wanted; Harp'y dist."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

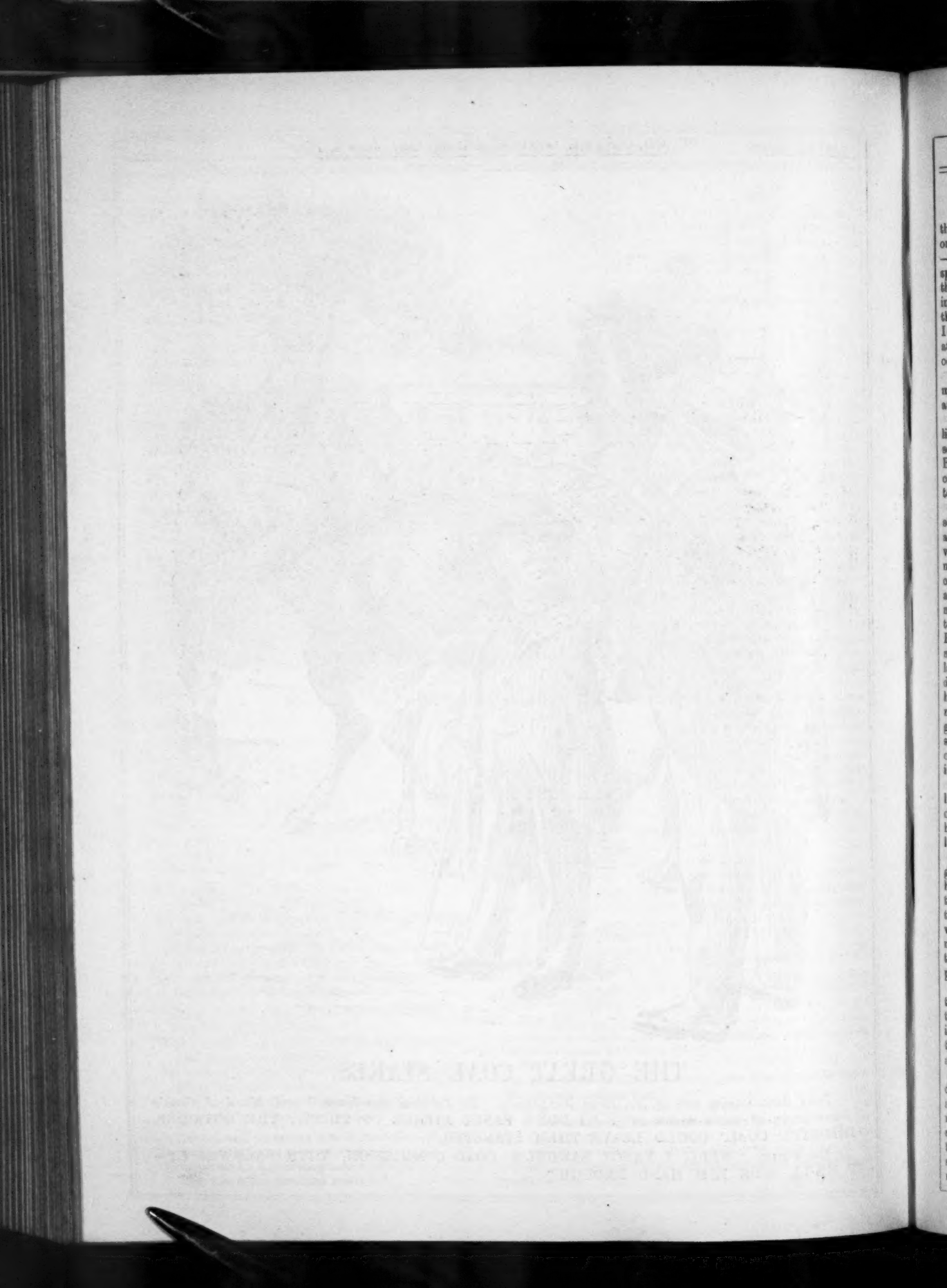
A district in which, if classic authority is to be trusted, there is notoriously room for improvement in the female population.



THE GREAT COAL STAKES.

JOHN BULL (*taking note of Mr. EVAN WILLIAMS'S "No Political Interference" and Mr. A. J. COOK'S "Not-a-penny-off-not-a-minute-on"*). "I DON'T FANCY EITHER OF THOSE; THE OUTSIDER, 'IMPORTED COAL,' COULD LEAVE THEM STANDING."

MR. PUNCH. "WELL, I FANCY SAMUEL'S 'COAL COMMISSION,' WITH BALDWIN UP—IF HE'LL RIDE HIM HARD ENOUGH."



A BEAR I LED.

ALTHOUGH I had not been much in the society of small boys since I was one myself—and that is a good bit ago—I accepted without misgiving the responsibility of taking charge of him for the few hours he would have to spend in Town on his way from his school in the Midlands to his people in the West. I felt confident of being able to put him at his ease or keep him in hand as occasion might require.

I had never seen him before, and I may as well say here and now that I am not eager to see him again.

In appearance he was a very ordinary little boy. I don't think I have ever seen a more ordinary-looking little boy. But on further acquaintance—if it could be called acquaintance—he proved to be far from ordinary.

Bashfulness and ebullience alike seemed foreign to his nature. His answers—for he never once took the conversational initiative—were generally monosyllabic and, with the notable exception which I shall ultimately record, always apathetic. One after another my attempts to find a topic congenial to him fell flat. Games left him cold. He had no interests, athletic, zoological, mechanical, botanical, electrical, philatelic, or even scholastic that I could discover. And yet I had a feeling that beyond the gulf between us that I could neither bridge nor fathom there was a guarded ideal. I had an uncomfortable sense too of being in the company of one who regarded me as his spiritual inferior.

After he had eaten the most ordinary lunch I have ever seen a little boy eat on the first day of the holidays I asked him if there was anything he would like to do or see. The Zoo, for instance.

He said he thought he would like to go to his dentist in Marylebone and have his teeth inspected. I agreed that that sounded rather jolly, but I ventured to suggest that it was unusual to pay a visit of that kind without an appointment. With some condescension he told me that an appointment for half-past three had already been arranged.

At least I was indebted to him for the novel and luxurious experience of turning over last year's picture papers in the dentist's waiting-room without the consciousness that I was in the ante-room to the torture-chamber.

In a short time he rejoined me, his dentition, it seemed, having been audited and found correct, and I marvelled the more at the superiority of a being who could forgo all other pleasures in order to expose his teeth to that dreadful scrutiny when there was nothing the matter with them.



Elder Sister (*whose parents have gone to India*). "PLEASE, GOD, BLESS DADDY AND MUMMY, TAKE CARE OF THEM AND BRING THEM HOME SOON."

Younger Sister. "AND PLEASE, DOD, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF AN' KEEP WELL, 'COS I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHOULD DO WITHOUT YOU."

There remained but an hour or so before he would have to be put into the train at Paddington. I resolved on one last effort to get on more cordial terms with him.

He could not, I thought, be utterly without an ambition which, if he could be induced to divulge it, would be the key to his inner self. I remembered that at his age—about twelve or thirteen—I myself had some thoughts, due to certain literary influences, of becoming a Desperado. I wasn't quite sure what a Desperado was, but it sounded picturesque. I should perhaps mention that I didn't become one. But that is so often the fate of boyhood's ambitions; many a lad dreams of becoming a man of thought or action and ends up as an ex-Cabinet Minister or a Major-General (retired).

[EDITOR: You digress.]

I'm sorry. Well, I asked this boy what he was going to be when he grew up. He said he didn't know.

"But what would you *like* to be?"

He turned rather red. A far-away wistful look, and—I could swear it—some moisture, came into his eyes.

"A dentist," he said.

THE COAL CRISIS

(Being the further reflections of a professional lady specially contributed to Mr. Punch's pages by the talented American authoress of "Gentlemen Prefer Brunettes").

No sooner am I in London again than a gentleman acquaintance who I was lunching with at the Ritz, who is an Englishman named Mr. Stein, asked me why a girl with brains like I who was literary and improved her mind so much with education didn't write something about the English industriul crisis. So I said to him to say that over again. So Dorothy said, because the gentleman I mentioned is Dorothy and my acquaintance as well, that the only crisis she knew was when was the mayonnaise coming, and did we have to get up and sing for it. I mean to say Dorothy is like that, not refined at all, and I always think gentlemen prefer girls to have brains and take an interest in literary things and show that they are nice. I mean to say Dorothy has been all over Europe and only got a bangle to show for it.

So I said to him not to listen to Dorothy, but to say it over again. And he said that the miners were striking, and England couldn't carry on unless it had some coal. So I said to him why not, and he said that no one in England would be rich without coal, and the Darby Race and all of the season and theatres would be ruined, and nobody could be certain if the £1 would go on staying at pa. So I asked him what that was in money, and he told me. I mean to say I think it is always nice for a girl to understand economics and show she has got brains. I mean to say a girl can't spend all of her time being educated by a man like Gus Eisman, who is known practically all over Chicago as the Button King, without getting to know a lot about business.

So I asked Dorothy and my friend why the English wanted to get money out of coal when they could get money out of we Americans, because I never went anywhere in London without some girl who was an honourable somebody or other wanting to sell me something or other, and Englishmen were always marrying American girls, and wasn't that easier than coal, and whose money did they use for running the English season anyway, and Dorothy said she thought it would be easier to dig coal out of an English mine than to dig any diamonds out of an English gentleman friend. So then we had ices.

So then this Mr. Stein said that England couldn't last for ever getting things out of we Americans and something had to be done about getting coal. Because coal was quite easy to get in America, or how would Mr. Eisman make his button factories go, and be able to send a girl that he was interested in improving the mind of to get education in Europe. But he said in England the mines were all bolshevicks and that was going to spoil the English season when we Americans got tired of spending all of our money here. Because soon all of we Americans will have seen all of England and will go to Paris or Buda Pest instead. Because it seemed the miners wouldn't get any more coal unless they got some more wages, and when they were told they couldn't get any more wages they used unrefined languadge and came out of the mines.

So Dorothy said what did a miner get anyway, and he told us in money and Dorothy said that wasn't much more than a French veecount got, and no wonder they squealed, and why didn't they pay them a few more dollars a week and stop them from squealing? So this Mr. Stein said they got all they were worth and all the industry could afford. So then we had coffee and liqueurs.

So then Dorothy said she thought we ought to do some more shopping, but Mr. Stein said that he was sorry but he would have to go now, but he would see us again in the evening when we had finished shopping and take us out to dinner, because it seems that English gentlemen never like shopping with we American girls, because it makes them discouradged, and it is very refreshing to think that an American girl can always have an American friend like Mr. Eisman who lets her do some shopping, besides improving her mind and educating her a lot. Because there is no doubt that only improving her mind makes her to depressed for words.

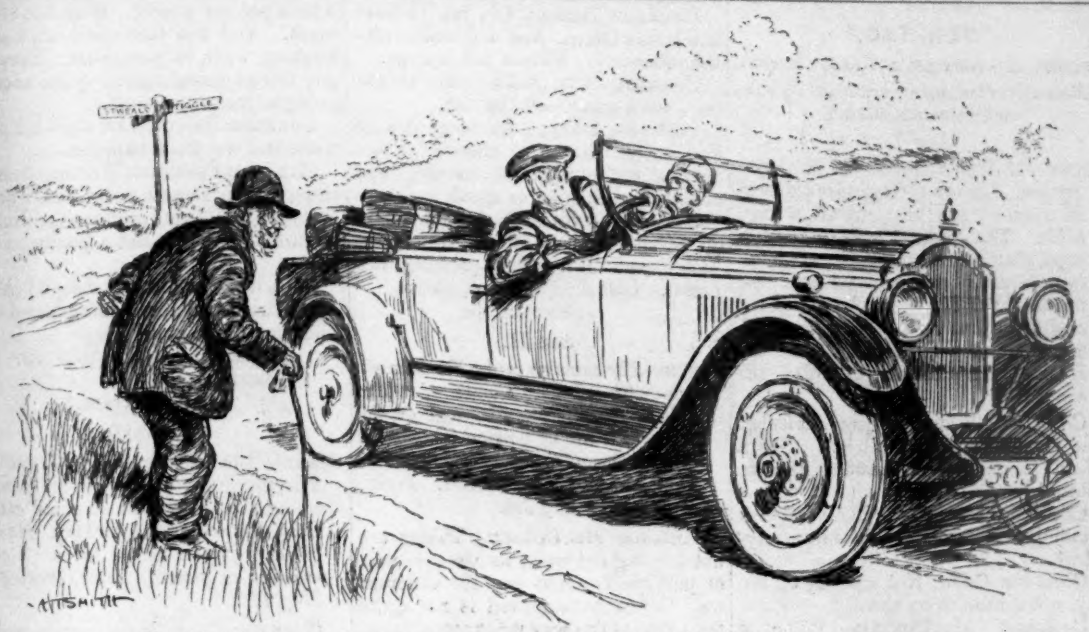
So when we were shopping we met an American gentleman named Mr. Goldmann, who introduced himself yesterday to Dorothy in the lobby of the Ritz, and he said why not write a scenario about the English mines and let the coalowners and miners have a percentidge so that the English season would not be ruined after all and the Bond Street shops could go on, and to have plenty of titled people in it, because titled people in England were always trying to break into the films but they never seemed to want to break into the mines, because they are so unrefined. So he said it must be about a duke's son who went down to make good in the mines, because then we could have a close-up of his face when he was a miner, and it would be all black and practically all of the people in England and America would fall for seeing a duke's son with a face all black like a colored gentleman's face. And then a party of titled people would go down the mine, and his girl friend, who was a rich American girl, would be there that he had only seen once before at Palm Beach, and they would get intoomed in the mine. Because it seems that getting intoomed in a mine would be the only thing in a mine that would make a good film scenario, and I think an American girl would be only too happy to do something for the English coal mines even if she did have to be intoomed and to wear overalls in that scene. And then the duke's son would break through and rescue all of them out of the mine, but the girl would be lost and he would have to crawl a long way to find her and dig her out last of all. So then the film would make money and the season would not be spoilt, and everybody in England would be happy, for I think the greatest thing in life is to always be making everybody else happy.



THE HOMING PIGEONS COMPARE NOTES.

Lord CECIL OF CHELWOOD. "AT GENEVA THEY HOPE NEXT YEAR TO START BEATING THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES."

Mr. ORMSBY GORE. "HOW JOLLY! JUST WHAT WAS DONE IN NIGERIA SEVERAL YEARS AGO."



Motorist. "I SAY, CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH ROAD TO TAKE FOR LONDON?"
Rustic. "LUNNON! THAT BE A OUT-O'-THE-WAY PLAACE TO GO TO FROM 'ERE, ZUR, SURE-LY."

So then Dorothy asked where did she get off, and Mr. Goldmann bought her some pearls too. So I said we would go to Ciro's with Mr. Goldmann, and left a message with the bell-hop at the Ritz, who was Dorothy and my boy friend, that I had the toothache and could not see Mr. Stein this morning. So I am going to write a letter to Mr. Eisman too and tell him not to come to London just yet, because I am to busy getting education and improving my mind. Because Mr. Eisman thinks it is not refined for we nice American girls to go into the films, and I do not want to do anything that Mr. Eisman would not like until I have got something on paper out of this Mr. Goldmann about his film.

EVOE.

A Zoological Puzzle.

From an article on Irish birds:—

"The nestlings of the Common Herrings are delightful little things, with odd upstanding plumage, more like hair, on their heads."
Dublin Paper.

"Uneconomic it [the country house] may have been, according to later standards, but even in its decline it presents 'the tender grace of a dog that is dead.'"—*Indian Paper.*

A very touching image.

"Pharaoh, Grey Gelding, 9 yrs., 15 hands 3½ in. Up to 155 st., undocked; a gallant hunter that will take on any obstacle."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

It must have been such a horse as this that suggested WHYTE MELVILLE'S Clipper, "with loins and a back that would carry a house."

THE WONDER OF WEDNESDAY.

EVERY Wednesday some obscure compulsion
Urges me my "soul-thirst" to assuage
With the bland beneficent emulsion
Furnished on *The Chronicle's* best page;
And, the sacred sheet before me spreading,
All my concentration I apply
To the article that bears the heading,
Grandly comprehensive, "Life and I."

There I seek, and never seek it vainly,
Respite from the tyranny of fact,
Refuge from dull folk who argue sanely,
In emotion's endless cataract—
Pouring in hebdomadal discourses
From a huge and ever-running tap
From Effusion's elemental sources,
From the quintessential fount of pap.

Other scribes are truculent or caustic,
Other scribes adopt a peevish tone,
Some, alas! are frankly apolaustic,
Some remind us of the saxophone;
Some excel in stridency of *stretto*,
Some are merely out to petrify;
But the richest fruitiest falsetto
Of them all is found in "Life and I."

Art and Nature in their varied phases
Homely, transcendental or abstruse,
All are lubricated by the phrases
Of the self-acknowledged "Hind let loose;"
With "Belinda" as a gentle chorus,
While young "Julius Cæsar," priceless kid,
On good "Mr. Kwistopher's" sonorous
Periods seldom fails to put the lid.

Yet, as I in awe and wonder listen
To the lispings of that infant seer
Till my cheeks turn pink, my eyeballs glisten,
I am moved to muse on his career,
And the strange experiences that wait him
When in time he comes beneath the rule
Of the men (and boys) who 'll regulate him
If, and when, he ever goes to school.

"PERSONAL.—Will the young lady who met the young man with handkerchief at Bournemouth communicate Mrs. R——."
Provincial Paper

And give him a chance of throwing it?

"Wanted, by young lady, unfur."
New Zealand Paper.

Not like most of the young ladies in the Northern Hemisphere, who are always wanting fur.

From a report of Australians *v.* M.C.C.:—

"Ponsford effected a capital off-drive to the leg boundary off Astill."—*Scots Paper.*

He will now be known as "the Judicious Hooker."

"There was a long silence, and Pym pulled at his pipe, waiting for her to break it."
Recent Novel.

We cannot help thinking it would have served him right. Pym should of course have talked to the lady, instead of just smoking.

"DER TAG."

SECRET HISTORY OF A GREAT FIASCO.

(Reconstructed out of his head by one who was not there.)

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Star Chamber in Eccleston Square. A group of Comrades gathered in various attitudes round a large table. The table littered with tea-cups, glasses and ash-trays. Without, innumerable costly motor-cars all labelled "T.U.C." in large letters, and a curious and expectant crowd. Time, evening of May 5th. An air of stern exultation pervades the assembly.*

COMRADE BROMLEY (*impressively*). The shock troops are all out. Not a wheel turning from Land's End to John o' Groats.

COMRADE POULTON. Not a press pressing. Not a word of news anywhere.

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day.

COMRADE MACDONALD. When a neglectful society, indeed I think I may say here without insisting too much, when a lazy society wants to eat when it is hungry, and further to drink when it is thirsty, and besides that wants to travel when it needs to get somewhere, and when that neglectful and indeed lazy society thinks it is entitled to or justified in selling goods which the British workman has produced, so making a profit wherewith, that is, by means of which to pay for that food, that drink and that travelling, then it is time for the British workman to rise in his might and say that all these things shall stop, stop——

COMRADE BEVIN. That 's it. No eats, no drinks, no moving. We 'll learn 'em!

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day.

COMRADE CRAMP. Look here, COOK—we 're getting a bit fed up with that. Try something new.

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny——

[*Hubbub.*

COMRADE BEVIN (*roaring above the tumult*). Look here, RAMSAY, when the blighters in Whitehall give in, I want to be War Commissar. My men 'll all die fighting, not fainting.

COMRADE MACDONALD. Well, Comrade BEVIN, that shall be considered. I suppose in the existing state of the world, that is, the condition of international affairs since I gave up, for a time only of course, the management of them, I suppose, that is, I fear, indeed, we shall still have a War Department or something corresponding to that. But I rather thought that Comrade THOMAS——

COMRADE THOMAS. Oh, no. I want the Home Office. And I 'll make JICKS the office-boy. Fifteen bob a week.

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny on the pay, not a minute off the day.

COMRADE CITRINE (*rushing in with despatches*). They say there 's papers coming out and trains running and everybody being fed as usual, and——

COMRADE THOMAS. Well, boys, I 'm off to the Ritz to dine. May meet Victor and Bill there (*naming two Peers*). Call my limousine, please.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The same as in Act I. The air blue with smoke. Copies of "The British Gazette" conspicuous on the table. An air of tension among the group of conspirators, of whom rather fewer present than in Act I. Time: Afternoon of May 9th.*

COMRADE MACDONALD. Things are not turning out quite as we expected, or perhaps I might say the different way things have moved is not quite the same as the way we expected them to move, or perhaps "not to move" would be a more accurate expression to use in relation to the expectations we held originally at the beginning, that is, or rather before the begin——

COMRADE THOMAS (*breaking in impatiently*). And look—what 's this about it being illegal? About us being personally liable to the last farthing?

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny off the pay, not a minute——

COMRADE THOMAS. Oh, dry up! What I say is, if it 's illegal, if they can collar my capital—I mean my savings—I 'd call it off, and —— quick.

COMRADE BEVIN. I 'd rather die fighting than fainting.

COMRADE THOMAS. Well, I don't want no fighting *or* fainting. The thing looks to me like being a frost. That lazy society of yours, RAMSAY, ain't so damn lazy as you thought it was. They 're getting things going, and getting more going every day. (*Warming up*) Why, it makes you proud of being an Englishman to see these lads turning to and running the buses and the trains, and the old men helping the police. Why, Victor was telling me last night——

COMRADE BROMLEY. The working man is international, Comrade THOMAS, and we are fighting for the working man.

COMRADE BEVIN. I 'd rather die fighting than fainting.

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny off the pay, not a minute——

COMRADE THOMAS. Well, you take it from me it 's a frost. The working man here is a Briton and he doesn't forget it. The men's hearts ain't in it. You can't get up any fighting. Besides, who 's got the guns? Why, the Guv'ment. And the Guv'ment ain't such blinking fools as you think. They 've got things going again; quite enough going to make it a frost.

COMRADE BEVIN. You wait till next week and see what happens.

COMRADE PURCELL. We 've got something up our sleeves yet. You 'll see.

COMRADE COOK (*dreamily*). Not a minute off the day, not a penny on the pay.

COMRADE THOMAS. Oh, stow it! (*Musing*) When it comes to being illegal and collaring one's savings——

[*A pained silence falls over the assembly.*

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The same as in Acts I. and II. The group of Comrades sit closely round the table with strained attention. There is little smoking. Masses of daily papers on the table. A general air of gloom. Time, evening of May 11th.*

COMRADE PUGH. Well, friends, we 've got to take a decision, or else it 'll be taken for us. The men are drifting back. At this rate there won't be any strike left by the end of the week.

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day.

COMRADE THOMAS. We 've had enough of that. More than enough. Nice mess you 've got us into with your pennies and your minutes.

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny——

COMRADE THOMAS (*interrupting aggressively*). We 'll none of us have a penny if this goes on any longer. We 're up against a stone wall. And when they say, and the blooming Judges say, it 's illegal—well, what are you going to do about it? Make terms, I say, and quick.

COMRADE COOK. Not a penny——

[*General shouts and tumult drown* Comrade COOK'S *remarks.*

COMRADE MACDONALD (*when silence is partly restored*). My friends, I am here only in an advisory capacity, as one having had considerable experience in these matters. I have been at various times on both sides of the fence, and not infrequently on the fence itself, an advantageous but not always, I may say, a thoroughly comfortable position. (*Murmurs of impatience from the group.*) Comrade COOK is right and Comrade THOMAS is right. In fact, Comrade THOMAS is even more right than Comrade COOK. (*Murmurs.*) I have never concealed, or at least I have not hidden, my belief in a constitution. We have all got to have constitutions. With a constitution you can do much, without it you can do little, and in the present



"I DONE ALL RIGHT AT THE WHIST DRIVE LAST NIGHT—WON FIRST PRIZE FOR GENTLEMEN."

state of politics you cannot have a constitution and revolution at the same time. That is almost self-evident. My advice is to go to Whitehall and tell them that their attempt to force us into revolution is a failure. Offer them the best terms you can. Save your faces if you can, and rely on me and on Comrade THOMAS to do the best we can for you in the House of Commons.

[*The group listens in gloomy silence.*

COMRADE THOMAS. Yes, yes. We 'll butter 'em down in the House all right. "Forgive and forget." "Let bygones be bygones." I 'm all for the constitution. I always have been, really. And when it comes to being illegal and the chance of their collaring one's savings, it 's a bit thick—now isn't it? Get round to Downing Street without losing a minute, I say.

COMRADE COOK. Not a minute on the day——

Comrade THOMAS hurls a copy of the Coal Report at Comrade COOK.

[*Scene of great confusion.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

Act IV. took place at Downing Street on Wednesday, May 12th, and was fortunately taken down in shorthand and widely published.

Our Helpful Officials.

Reply to a request for seeds from an Indian Government garden:—

"No Horse Radish in the stock; can supply Carrots for Horse."

"'O to be in England now that April's there,' wrote Byron when in exile in Italy. Such a thing as a general strike was something entirely undreamt of in the philosophy of the modern Greeks of his day, whose struggle for independence he so nobly espoused."

Lancashire Paper.

One would have expected BYRON to write "O to be in Greece." He must have found Italy very inconveniently distant from his glorious objective.

AT THE PLAY.

"INTIMATE ENEMIES" (SAVOY).

THE intimate enemies are a charming young widow, *Clare Bennett*, with an awkward patch of past, and a bland scoundrel and crook, *Dudley Cranbourne*, who has shared that patch. She had been unhappily married; he had been more than kind while her husband lived and less than kind when he died. And now most awkwardly they both happen to be staying at *Mrs. Archdale's* commodious riverside residence. *Clare* has been getting on more than just very well with young *Richard Archdale*; the boy is evidently desperately infatuated with her. Here is romance and shelter and comfort after a hard time. And here too is this most inconveniently resurgent *Cranbourne*, who, realising that *Richard* is heir to a considerable fortune, conceives that a little judicious blackmailing of *Clare* may be a soft and a good thing.

This is unquestionably rough luck for *Clare*. She will inevitably go to *Cranbourne's* flat late at night to plead with him—that much we know. But we didn't guess that at the same time a burglar, anxious for some pearls in *Cranbourne's* keeping, will be stepping into a police-trap carefully prepared by that resourceful person, and will find himself charged with and condemned for the murder which in a moment of wild exasperation has been committed by poor *Clare* a few moments before he has stunned her with a jemmy. Can she let an innocent man die? Can she face telling *Richard* the truth? A fairly sticky dilemma.

I admit all this does not sound very plausible; but the authors, Madame XENIA LOWINSKY and Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL, have taken pains with their preparation and avoided the worst snags in this awkward line of business. I do not know, however, that a burglar, finding a strange woman in a flat which his accomplice had told him would be empty, would, after jemmying her into insensibility, not before she had emitted a loud scream—regardless, moreover, of a revolver lying on the floor—calmly proceed with the rifling of a safe. The omens would all seem to indicate a postponement of the business, even to the crassest intelligence. For the rest the various situations had been ingeniously contrived, even that difficult business, the provision of the revolver at the appropriate moment, so that the play almost came alive, which is unusual with crime-plays that attempt a serious romantic and psychological background.

MISS HILDA BAYLEY seemed to me very plausible and effective as the unfortunate heroine, a well-written part giving plenty of scope to an intelligent actress; and I think she cleverly avoided exaggerations in the more dramatic moments of it, the moment after the tragedy and the later scene when, recovering from the effects of the jemmy, she is facing her difficult dilemma. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL was very glum and solid in the rather colourless part of a brother-in-law of the hostess—a little overwhelmed perhaps by the responsibilities of joint authorship. Mr. CHARLES CARSON'S villain was very properly a most unpleasant affair, and we all liked the uncompromising air of the complete wrong 'un that Mr. ALEXANDER FIELD gave to the master-criminal's valet, *Sands*. Mr. ERIC MESSITER put conviction into his falsely-accused burglar; and Mr. DONALD CHARLES gave us an admirable little study of the imperturbable domesticated *Mr. Colefax*, whose job it was to dispose of the valuables acquired by his disgusting chief.

MISS DOROTHY DEBENHAM was not unamusing as the precocious ghoulish godchild of the hostess, quite adequately played by Miss FRANCES IVOR; and Mr. OLIVER JOHNSTON did well enough with the not too easy part of the much enamoured *Richard*.

T.



Vagrant (selling disinfectant tape). "'ERE Y' ARE, SIR—PENNY A FOOT. PURIFIES THE 'OME."

"SECRET SERVICE" (PRINCE'S).

The chief interest perhaps in this revival, after thirty years, of a play (of the American Civil War) which once had a vogue (it was during its run that poor WILLIAM TERRISS lost his life), is the demonstration of how much more sophisticated even our popular audiences have become in the interval. There were moments when the hero, the Northerner *Dumont*, masquerading as *Captain Thorne* of the Confederate army, was being especially romantic, and it wasn't the stalls but the upper tiers that supplied the sceptical laughter. There was more laughter when our Captain, having penetrated into the department of Telegraphs, cleared out the staff by the simple expedient of sending everybody on an errand so that he might be left alone to wire a false despatch to the General of the army defending the invested city; and frank scepticism about the device adopted to give the said message authenticity in the Telegraphs Department record—the cutting of the signature from the real despatch and pasting it on the false. We all thought that even the Confederates, as represented by the cynical author, Mr. WILLIAM GILLETTE, who must have had intense Northern sympathies, might have jibbed at that. But, bless you, no! It seemed an open question to be freely debated in the department and left undecided—except that a General coming on the scene promptly arrested the unpleasant fellow, *Arrelsford* (who really knew all about *Captain Thorne*) and had him taken away by the guard, thus leaving the bold secret service man in complete control of the situation.

Later, when the Confederate heroine whom he has been wooing places in his hand, in order to save his life, a commission which she had wangled from the President but withheld because of suspicions communicated to her, he is too noble to make use of his now unfettered chance. Passionately shouting, "I refuse to act under this commission" and crumpling the document with a noble gesture, to the mild astonishment of the now returned staff, he wanders out, wounded and in his shirtsleeves, and is hunted by the belatedly suspicious Confederates. Finally he is arrested by his ladylove's brother, and when his enemy and rival, *Benton Arrelsford*, who



Optimistic Wife (to Golfer who has pulled a new ball from the 15th tee at Mont Agel). "NEVER MIND, DEAR, WE MAY FIND IT IN THE HOTEL GARDEN WHEN WE GO BACK."

has meanwhile been released, I hope with apologies, insists on a drumhead court-martial, arms are stacked and prisoner and escort repair to another room for the grim business. This is to enable the faithful old negro, *Jonas*, to bite the bullets out of the firing-party's cartridges. We again thought that was making it all rather too easy, and laughed heartily when, on the return of the prisoner, duly condemned, the heroine asks to be allowed to say good-bye, and in a loud aside explains this naïve plot.

Greater sophistication in technique will not necessarily produce better plays, but, other things equal, it is a gain that even our romantic dramatists are now required to eliminate the most frantic of the impossibilities in their plots, under pain of ribald laughter.

By these absurdities Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE (*Captain Thorne*), for all his gallant bearing and attractive romantic method, was seriously handicapped. A pity, for he is welcome and adept in this kind of thing, and the subject was a promising one, the general setting picturesque enough. Miss MADGE COMPTON, the heroine, and Miss FAY DAVIS, her mother, suffered less, as they for the most part appeared in the more plausible scenes and both made their effect.

Mr. GEORGE ELTON offered a charming little sketch of the old negro. Mr. JAMES CAREW was a very surly satisfactory villain, though certainly, apart from his unsporting jealousy, he had an excellent case against the hero and was the only Confederate who showed any trace of having any grey matter at all.

I found the archness and brightness and restlessness of Miss MARGARET CLINGAN'S *Caroline Mitford* exceedingly tiresome and out of key, though I have a suspicion that the plan of the producer may have demanded that brand of treatment to lighten the play—which it notably failed to do. It is a perpetual astonishment to habitual playgoers to see the kind of thing that the folk on the other side of the curtain or in the managers' offices seem to think will be effective. Screen absurdities are, we all know, frequently condoned, but absurdities in three dimensions do contrive to look so very absurd. T.

The "Midsummer Ball," in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign will be held on Tuesday, June 22nd, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Viscountess CAVE is Chairman of the Ball Committee. Applications for tickets should be addressed to E. R. B. GRAHAM, Esq., 222, Strand, W.C. 2. (Tel. City 7572).

"PREVALENCE OF POOR SPELLING.

It has been discovered that there are many bad psellers in the Toronto high schools and collegiate institutes."—*Canadian Paper.*

And one at least in the newspaper offices.

"Shakespeare died on St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1916."—*Indian Paper.*

Owing to the War, no doubt, the fact was suppressed.

The new King's Proctor is over six feet in height and broad in proportion. It is just as well that couples contemplating divorce should realise what they are up against.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

THE POETS AT THE ROUND POND.

I.—*Sir* HENRY NEWBOLT.

NELSON 's under hatches, an' FROBISHER an' DRAKE
(Keep the ensign flowin' brave and free!);
HARDY 's in a deep sleep an' nevermore will wake,
An' COLLINGWOOD 's a ghost upon the sea.
Yarnder dip the white gulls, yarnder go the prams
Wi' nursemaids wheelin' babies home to tea,
An' the steamers puffin', an' the toy yachts luffin',
I sees it arl so plainly as I sits beneath a tree.

Then doubt ye not that I shall hear the cry,
The cry that sounds to order us to go;
When the clock strikes seven I 'll catch a train to Devon
An' sail a phantom pinnace as I sailed one long ago.

II.—*Mr.* HERBERT READ.

Sing, a saucer of light,
You Pond;
Rest in your folds of green baize.

I will sing too,
Assuming rusticity
In an attitude of peace
On a bird-soiled chair,
While the attendant
Very sadly,
It seems almost reluctantly,
Clips a ticket.

Willie and his Nurse
Pass, willow-wand and starch;
Willow with sailing-boat,
Starch with knitting.

This the apex,
This the triumph,
This the glory.
A boat, a mote of light on a sunlit water,
Shrill eddies of light;
And for me
Dido cleaves the Tyrian surf again,
Her sails recede where Carthage is a dream.

There are a thousand Willies
With a thousand boats.
Carthage a dream, but Kensington
Stucco and baize.

III.—*Mr.* ALFRED NOYES.

By the curve of the sylvan pond that smiles in the light of noon,
Where the crying gulls are a-wing and the nursemaids knit and croon,
Under the eyes of mothers soft with maternal pride
The English boys sail English ships and German side by side.
Come to the Pond with sailing ships from Houndsditch and from Nuremberg,
Come to the Pond with sailing ships, it 's in the heart of London,
And you shall have the sole command and push them forth with stick or hand,
And you shall know what LIPTON knew when *Shamrock* scudded on the blue,
In Kensington, in London.

IV.—*Mr.* NORMAN GALE.

Nursemaids come with shingled heads,
Matrons come with buns;
Lovely ladies condescend
To their sailor sons.

Heigh-ho for Kensington,
Halloo for the Pond, boy!
Sail your ship with stiffened lip
And care not what 's beyond, boy.

Linnets flit where squirrels leap
In the trees around;
Mary with her Guardsman walks
On enchanted ground.
Heigh-ho for Arcady,
Halloo for the game, Miss!
Soldiers woo enough for two,
But never twice the same Miss.

Here 's an Admiral (Retired)
With an armoured cruiser,
Petrol-driven, grey and grim—
He 's the man to use her.
Heigh-ho for Pension Time,
Halloo for the Pond, Sir!
Squirm with gout, but stick it out
And fear not what 's beyond, Sir.

W. K. S.

STET FORTUNA DOMUS.

READERS of Colonel HOUSE's fascinating yet disconcerting Memoirs will have learnt with mingled emotions that the mystery-man of world politics is in our midst. More than that, he has graciously conveyed to the representative of an evening paper a statement the true significance of which it is impossible to over-estimate: "If I had to live in one climate all my life I am certain the climate I should choose would be the English climate." It is true that this is not a categorical but a conditional declaration. But in view of his elusive and enigmatic mentality it is fraught with momentous possibilities.

All parties have claimed credit for the peaceful settlement of the general strike, but an impression is steadily gaining ground that the dominant influence was exerted, not by Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, but by Colonel HOUSE, who, though not in England in the first fortnight of May, was in telepathic communication with the Cabinet, the miners and the mine-owners. But much remains to be done, and the needs of the moment offer a singularly propitious scope for his mediating genius. It is credibly reported that he is promoting a Liberal Leaders' Disputes Bill, not from any desire to profit personally from a measure which by a process of elimination might facilitate his own advent to office—office he has never held and never will—but the man who "co-ordinated the activities of the Entente co-belligerents" would not shrink from the equally arduous task of composing the dissensions and controlling the policy of the Liberal Party, even if he has to do it from his home in Austin, Texas.

Incognita.

I 'LL meet you at four in Trafalgar Square;
Now don't tell me what you 're going to wear,
For I want to enjoy a delicious surprise,
I want to look suddenly into your eyes
And say, "So it 's you who live under that hat!
I wondered whom London was staring at."

"In the Civil List no provision is made for the Prince of Wales, his income from the Duchy of Cornwall being con- right-hand pocket of the waistcoat, as pickpockets almost invariably go for the left-hand pocket."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Ought the PRINCE's financial precautions to be given away like this?



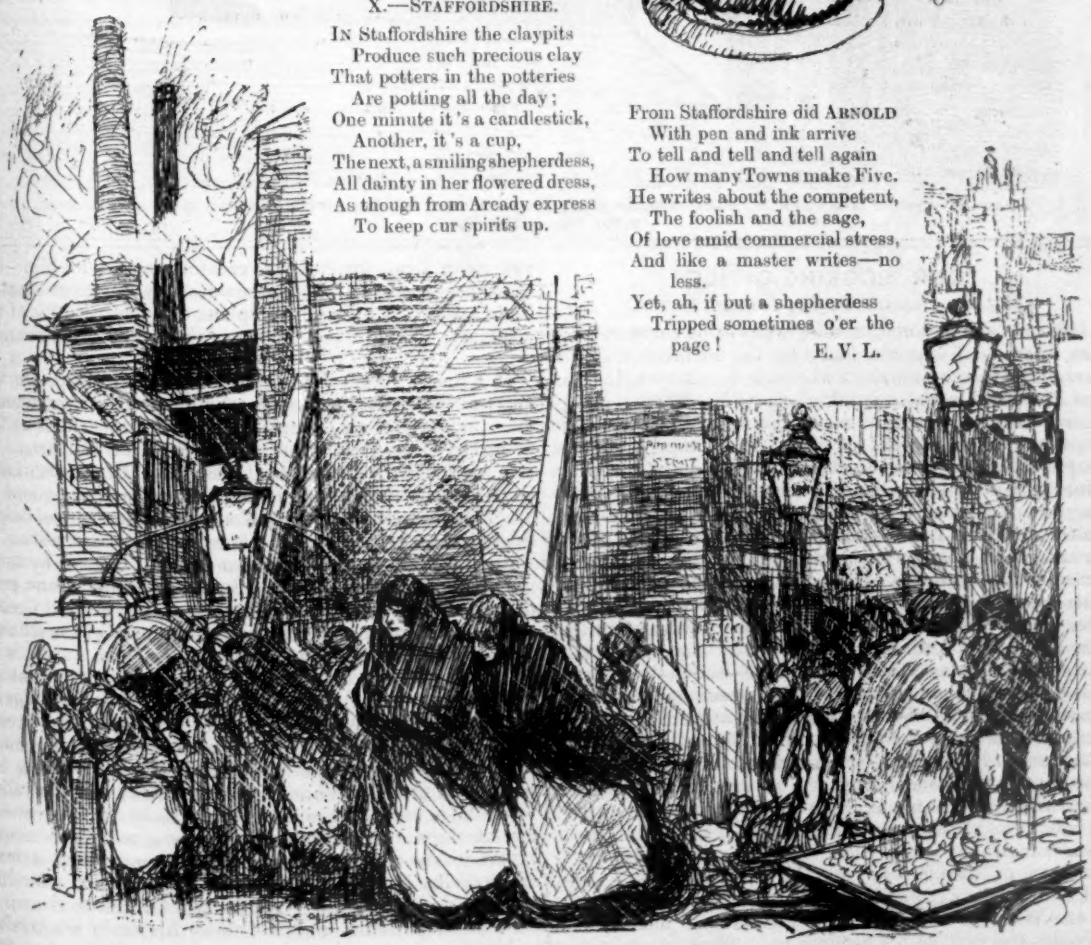
COUNTY SONGS.

X.—STAFFORDSHIRE.

In Staffordshire the claypits
  Produce such precious clay
That potters in the potteries
  Are potting all the day;
One minute it 's a candlestick,
  Another, it 's a cup,
The next, a smiling shepherdess,
All dainty in her flowered dress,
As though from Arcady express
  To keep our spirits up.

From Staffordshire did ARNOLD
  With pen and ink arrive
To tell and tell and tell again
  How many Towns make Five.
He writes about the competent,
  The foolish and the sage,
Of love amid commercial stress,
And like a master writes—no less.
Yet, ah, if but a shepherdess
  Tripped sometimes o'er the page!

E. V. L.





AWKWARD MOMENT FOR A JUNIOR CLERK WHO SUDDENLY REALISES THAT HIS RELATIVE'S FUNERAL IS IN ACTUAL FACT FIXED FOR DERBY DAY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

GENUINE confessional autobiography being comparatively rare, there is, I suppose, room for the counterfeit article, though the man who invents where ST. AUGUSTINE, BUNYAN and ROUSSEAU revealed is taking on no light task. A preliminary caution warrants me in taking *Once I Was Blind* (CASSELL) to be a work of imagination, though its last chapter claims it to be the authentic *confiteor* of a Durham miner turned coal-merchant. *John Armstrong*, emotionally warped and stunted by a sordid North-country childhood, makes good as a London tradesman and marries a Cornish servant-maid. His wife's piety, of the *Vicaire Savoyard* order, is the antithesis of her husband's unexpansive dogmatism; and *John's* confessions, written by way of amends after *Joan's* death, are mainly concerned with this spiritual cleavage. Mr. ANDREW STEWART has succeeded very fairly in mastering *John's* standpoint—the petty material greed which sustains his self-righteousness and the thinly-cloaked jealousy of his "superior" wife and children which estranges him from them both. But the author is, I feel, rather out of his depth when he comes to handle *Joan*. She is supposed to be something of a mystic, but, though her housewifery strikes me as illuminated, her vaguely exalted attitude towards *Kirche* and *Kinder* would have infuriated a blander man than *John*. The feud gathers to a head over the career of the eldest boy and the love-affairs of the eldest girl, and it takes a family holocaust—made only too probable by the War—to reduce *John* to the softened mood which pervades the bulk of his disclosures. There is a pleasant simplicity about the style his creator assumes for him—the outcome, you are told, of six years of study and experiment on *John's* part. And the courtship and early married life of the coalman and his bride have intervals of precarious charm.

In a lonely gorge of the mountains of Rhodope, in the heart of the Balkan peninsula, there is erected a monument over the grave of an Irishman who was known first as the Friend of Greece and later as the Friend of Bulgaria. In *The Life of J. D. Bourchier* (HURST AND BLACKETT) Lady GROGAN tells how the famous Balkans correspondent of *The Times* won these honourable titles as the result of nearly thirty years' championship of oppressed nationalities in Europe's turbulent south-eastern corner. He was by turns the upholder of Albanians and Serbs and Roumanians, even of Turks. He was actively a leader of the revolted Greeks in Crete, and prominent among the engineers of the alliance that won the First Balkan War of liberation; but it is as the spokesman of Bulgaria in her darkest hours that he will be most remembered. When he had to leave Bulgaria during the World War, the Sofia Cabinet by special decree exempted his groom from conscription that his beloved ponies should not go uncared for; stamp collectors know his portrait on more than one Bulgarian issue; and the valley where he is buried bears his name. Lady GROGAN reveals him on the whole as a virile capable personality, profoundly expert in the intricate tangle of Balkan politics, a fearless traveller in dangerous fascinating places and a forcible accomplished journalist. Yet for two periods he is seen as a distinctly pathetic figure. During his early mastership at Eton his deafness left him, one gathers, at the mercy of

wicked small boys; and again, after the War, his support of Bulgaria was inevitably unable to win much sympathy for an enemy country. I suppose there is hardly a single person here to-day who feels active resentment against Bulgaria, and certainly there is none who wishes her people ill. This volume makes it clear that our future friendly relations with her may well be founded in no small measure on the influence of J. D. BOURCHIER.

Ever since you enthralled us with *Bramble*,
O MAUROIS, most beamish of boys,
You have stood as a cert, not a gamble,
For readers in search of new joys;
And now your ingenious exertions
Have shown how a happy escape
From a world of alarms and excursions
Is found in the Kingdom of *Mape*.

This magical realm, which we owe to
The freak of a little French child,
Is a place that in fancy we go to
When feeling disgruntled or riled;
And hither, benignly escorted
By MAUROIS the witty and wise,
Some notable souls are transported
To charm and instruct and surprise.

We see how in self-contradiction,
Olympian and amorist too,
Young GOETHE exploited in fiction
The loves he so swiftly outgrew;
How BALZAC's fantastic creations,
Suggesting to lover and wife
Strange exits from strained situations,
Reacted on actual life.

In episodes deftly selected
We watch the queer kinks in the brain
Of genius, urbanely dissected
In quite the best *Ariel* vein;
You will gobble the book like a glutton—
'Tis swiftly and easily read
In the rendering which ERIC SUTTON
Has written for BODLEY his HEAD.

The sound instinct of contemporary folklore as mirrored in contemporary fiction has invested the cosmopolitan financier with the attributes and destiny of *Giant Blunderbore*, ruthless strength, short-sighted cunning, a steam-roller's span of autocracy—and death at the hands of some bright little British hero. Personally I find all this extremely righteous and entertaining; and a book like *The Thousand Hands* (ARROWSMITH), which plays the regulation game and plays it very well, fits my holiday mood like a glove. Chapter I. sees the anonymous financier in his den, planning the absorption of a stalwart English engineering firm into some dark Continental combine. *Jerry Drayton*, son of the company's proprietor, has already been kidnapped in Vienna to prevent an alliance with opposing interests; and the life and soul of the opposing interests, a mysterious scientist called *Lebenstrahl*, has been marked down by the financier's gang for speedy annihilation. Luckily for young *Drayton* and *Dr. Lebenstrahl*, and unluckily for the financial Briareus, the English secret police are already agog. One of their trusted agents, gallant *Bill Trentham*, the half-accepted suitor of *Drayton's* sister, is sent to Vienna. He is to rescue *Drayton*, get in touch with *Lebenstrahl* and ascertain what secret possessed by the latter has rendered him so evidently dreaded by the gang. The accomplishment of this task involves four spirited young men, three charming young women, a Chicago journalist, an Austrian Baron with an American wife (in whose Schloss *Dr. Lebenstrahl* houses his secret), ingenuous glimpses of the night-life of London and Vienna, and a thrilling adventure which begins in an inn and ends in a *Kurhaus*. The whole simply detonates with explosives, from the mere cordite cartridge to charges of T.N.T. Altogether a very lively performance, Mr. BRUCE NORMAN, and not, I hope, by any means your last.

We all like to learn how the other half of the world lives,



RURAL RAMBLES.

"WANT SOME TEA, GLADYS? WELL, WE CAN'T BE VERY FAR FROM THE VILLAGE NOW. THAT'S THE END OF THE BUS QUEUE."

and particularly that part of it that "frets its little hour" upon the boards. From the selling point of view I suppose that novels dealing with stage life, whether in London or the provinces, generally do pretty well if the author can produce the illusion that he (or she) has a real acquaintance with the subject. Miss NAOMI JACOB, I should say, knows a bit about the game, and she takes her charming Scots lassie, *Margaret Leslie*, through most of the usual troubles and annoyances, major and minor, that are apt to dog the footsteps of a theatrical star. I like most of Miss JACOB's women; they are well observed and not unamusing. Her men, I regret to say, are only good in parts—generally in the comic parts. The two who combine to make the title of her novel, which is *Rock and Sand* (BUTTERWORTH), are serious studies of types not uncommonly found in stories by feminine hands. *Jock Crombie* is the dreamer, *Jim Waller* the man of action, and strangely enough it is the latter who makes so poor a foundation on which to rear the happy household of wedded life. The fact is, one woman was not enough for *Jim*; after marrying *Margaret* and coming safe home from the war (in South Africa) he must needs get himself entangled with an obvious "vamp," one *Agnes Hessel*, which leads to all sorts of tragedy, with *Jock* of course in the background waiting hungrily for such crumbs of belated happiness as your steady rock-like dreamer deserves. Perhaps a little prolix, but quite a capable piece of work, and with some minor characters who will rejoice the judicious reader.

Yet another American novelist introduced to us by Mr. HUGH WALPOLE, who seems entitled to something off his income-tax on the ground that he is paying his share of our debt to America in his own way. This time it is "meet Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY," and I am very glad indeed to do so. *Thunder on the Left* (HEINEMANN) is a book of rare distinction, fresh in idea and in treatment, and entertaining from cover to cover. *Martin*, one of a group of children who are anxious to know whether grown-ups do really enjoy themselves, undertakes to spy on them and report. With the author's help he is projected in manly guise into a week-end house-party by the sea, and, being still a child in mind, he is as disturbing to his companions as was Mr. WELLS's angel in *The Wonderful Visit*. Mr. MORLEY, however, refuses to develop this idea farcically and even asks us, though rather late in the day, to observe that in one of the characters *Martin* is looking upon himself in middle age. But the supernatural element is not stressed, and, if you are of those who don't like "that sort of fanciful stuff," you can still enjoy the book as social comedy of a high order. Mr. MORLEY is a keen observer and a skilled craftsman, and he is particularly happy in that most difficult of tasks, the recording of concurrent speech and thought. Yes, Mr. WALPOLE, I like your new friend immensely and I hope to see him again. Perhaps he could come by himself next time.

Our old friends, *Professor Wells* and *Inspector Sims*, had a gruesome problem to solve in *The Zoo Murder* (BLES). A lion had died in the Zoo, and at a *post-mortem* it was discovered that the animal had swallowed a human bone. That being so I was not overcome by surprise when the *Professor* said to *Sims*, "The thing is horrible enough now; but if I am right it is going to prove more horrible still." And as usual the *Professor* was right. But, although Mr. FRANCIS GRIERSON has chosen a grisly subject for his story, it is only fair to add that he does not emphasise its ghastliness. The villain of the piece is, I own, an abnormal and horrible creature; but I was so absorbed in the unravelling of the puzzle that its horrors did not seriously incommode me. As a confirmed admirer of the *Professor* and the *Inspector* I venture, however, to warn Mr. GRIERSON that their verbal pleasantries when off duty are becoming a little infantile.

A long and particular acquaintance with the subject entitles me to belief when I declare that Miss MYFANWY PRYCE has made an excellent study of her chosen quarry in *Parsons' Wives* (FABER AND GWYER), her remarkably pleasant first novel. The mortality among husbands that occurs in it seems rather high, and that is my only adverse criticism. It is a quiet story, as perhaps it ought to be, of three girls, three marriages, and in each case a few years of married life. It is the diversity of character in both husbands and wives which makes the interest of the book, whether the scene is set in the Welsh cathedral city of Garth or the rectory at Swallowby in mid-Lincolnshire. The histories of the sensitive *Elizabeth*, the complacent *Lesbia*, and *Constance* with her dull husband and adoring children, are delightfully woven together. I cannot imagine anyone who has never met a parson or a parson's wife, but if such a person does exist and ever comes to me for advice as to a text-book in which to study their habits I shall insist on a course of GEORGE ELIOT, but I shall add that, to bring their knowledge up to date, they must also consult Miss MYFANWY PRYCE.



The Peacemaker. "MUMMIE, WOULDN'T IT BE BEST FOR YOU TO TELL ANGELA THAT YOU 'RE SORRY?"

The Secret of the Ashes (HUTCHINSON) does not, as cricketers might fondly imagine, reveal the reasons why the Australians have during recent years been so successful in Test matches. Mr. ALFRED ORNSTIEN is not concerned with cricketers but with criminals and crooks. I have seldom read a story whose atmosphere is more drab. *Geordie Malcolm*, the son of a wealthy wine merchant, was easy game for a gang of card-sharpers and blackmailers. So he too resorted to crime and tried his hand at forgery. Then the wine-merchant's offices were burned down and the body of *Malcolm, Senior*, was found among the débris. So far, so good. But too many of the chapters which follow are superfluous to the main theme. When, however, Mr. ORNSTIEN introduced his detectives and began to solve the mystery of the ashes, my attention, which had wandered far afield, was riveted. But I had read two-thirds of the book before I met my rivet.

CHARIVARIA.

A GLOUCESTERSHIRE blacksmith is said to be able to bend anything in his hands. There is some talk of his being asked to do something of the sort with Mr. A. J. COOK.

* * *

The report that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has taken to wearing Oxford-and-Asquith trousers of Liberal dimensions is now denied.

* * *

Two turkey-chicks were hatched from one egg on a Northumberland farm the other day. It was a pity the event clashed with the exchange of letters between Lord OXFORD and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

Apparently Mr. LLOYD GEORGE doesn't believe in catching at the Shadow Cabinet and losing the substance.

* * *

Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON has explained that eight hundred thousand years ago the earth was a vast area, with no sun, no moon, no stars and no signs of life except hissing and cracking. Later, of course, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE came along.

* * *

A shark off Cornwall recently almost overturned a boat with its powerful tail. Could our Test team have done that?

* * *

"What shall we do this summer?" asks an essay-writer. He probably means, what shall we do during the next two or three months?

* * *

It is reported that in one household in Pantygog, Glamorganshire, triplets have arrived for the third time. This means that they become the property of the parents.

* * *

A speaker at the International Vegetarian Congress stated that human beings become very much like the food they eat. Men who fear bald heads should give up eating eggs.

* * *

There is a rumour that 1922 pennies are worth a lot of money. So they are; £8 0*s.* 2*d.*, to be exact.

* * *

Chaperons are once more coming into fashion, but there is no need for alarm; in most cases their charges can be trusted to look after them.

A man at the docks who rescued another man from drowning afterwards discovered he was a rate-collector. And then of course it was too late.

* * *

We agree that, if Nature had had any idea that women would shingle themselves, ears would have been made to button back.

* * *

A British jazz band has been offered thirty-four thousand pounds for a fourteen weeks' tour in Australia and New Zealand. It is gratifying to think that the Dominions are animated by so kindly a desire to lighten the Old Country's burdens.

* * *

A film showing that America won the War is being screened. The idea is belated. Our income-tax demands have been reminding us of this fact for years past.

* * *

An East Ham tobacconist has been fined five pounds for selling cigarettes after 8 P.M. There is a growing opinion that nothing short of the "cat" will check this abominable practice.

* * *

Mr. KNIGHT DUNLOP, Professor of Experimental Psychology in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has written a book explaining why girls prefer tall men. He doesn't say why *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

* * *

Mr. G. B. SHAW is reported to have been an interested spectator at a recent cattle show. Does this indicate a decline from strict vegetarianism?

* * *

The railwaymen, we read, are dissatisfied with their representative, Mr. J. H. THOMAS. But surely they see the advantage of being represented by one who moves in the best society.

* * *

A Berne firm has patented a telephone apparatus which will enable a subscriber to ring up a group of numbers simultaneously. This should increase the chance of obtaining the right one.

* * *

Near Swansea a policeman has shot a whale. This incident is regarded locally as vindicating the regulation which allows the police the discretionary use of firearms.

* * *

One lamentable fact revealed by our Test trial matches is that we have few bowlers who can stand up to fast batting.

* * *

We read of a bowler in a recent first-class match who lost neither his length nor his *bonhomie* under trying conditions. *Bonhomie* of course is of little use without length.

* * *

A macaque escaped from his cage at the Zoo the other day. It is very difficult to confine these Highlanders.

* * *

The American troops whose visit to London was prevented by the general strike have arranged to spend the whole of their time in France and Belgium. America is very unfortunate with her visiting troops; last time they came over their plans were affected in much the same way by the War.

* * *

A famous revue actress was not recognised whilst bathing at a well-known watering-place last week. We can only suppose she was wearing rather more clothes than usual.

* * *

We can find no foundation for the rumour that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has accepted a peerage and will take the title of Lord Cambridge and George.



Golfer (hopefully). "NOTICE ANY IMPROVEMENT SINCE LAST YEAR?"
Caddie. "'AD YER CLUBS SHINED UP, 'AVEN'T YER?"

GENERAL ORDERS.

III.—THE PIRATES.

(1) *Inspection.*—The C.O. will inspect No. 2 Pirate Ship at noon to-morrow. On his arrival alongside from the flag-ship he will be hoisted inboard from his galley and will be deposited on the verandah of the poop guest-suite. The "Jolly Roger" will be broken at the main by the Senior Ship's Filibuster, and three "Yo-ho-ho's" will be given by all pirates on parade.

(2) *Dental Treatment.*—Owing to the heavy expense to the Dental Service, swords and daggers will no longer be carried between the teeth during the boarding of hostile ships.

In this connection it is further pointed out that free issues of dentures are only supplied once to each man during his term of service. Claims for replacement of dentures lost or damaged owing to being withdrawn suddenly from the mouth while still clenched on the sword will in future therefore no longer be entertained.

(3) *Saluting.*—Permission to salute with the left-hand instead of the right is now granted to all those men who, owing to battle, sharks, broken rum bottles or disagreements at cards have been forced to carry a hook in lieu of a right-hand.

(4) *Working Parties.*—O.C. No. 1 Pirate Ship will detail a working party of four men to report to Captain Kidd at 2.30 P.M. to-morrow on the mainland, for the purpose of assisting him to bury his month's treasure.

O.C. No. 2 Pirate Ship will detail a further working party of four men to report to Captain Kidd at 4.30 P.M. to-morrow, for the purpose of assisting him to bury his first working party.

(5) *Promotion.*—The following promotion is made with effect from the 20th instant:—

Pirate Johnson to be Acting Lance Buccaneer. (Reprinted from *The Corsair's Gazette* of yesterday's date.)

(6) *Chests—Dead Men's.*—The sea-chests of men who have died through misadventure or battle will be treated with proper respect and not used as seats at impromptu "glee-parties" or "smokers."

(7) *Courses of Instruction.*—Course No. 7 in General Piracy will open at the Central Pirate School at Port Royal on the 30th of this month. Subjects for Instruction are:—

Boarding and Carrying.
Swashbuckling.
*Advanced Cursing.
*Carousing.
Timber-shivering.

* These two subjects are compulsory.

Candidates should bring with them full kit, including weapons. Eye-patches, peg-legs and hand-hooks, where in possession, must be worn at all parades and lectures.

Sharks and captives for plank-walking instruction will be provided by the School Quartermaster.

(8) *Moves.*—Captain J. Cutthroat (late of No. 1 Pirate Ship), reported to Execution Dock for warning duty, and will be struck off the strength accordingly.

(9) *Plank-Walking—Instruction for the use of Despatch Party.*—In view of the recent regrettable accident, N.C.O.'s i/c Plank-Walking Despatch Parties will in future ensure that the men under their charge avoid inadvertently standing on the ship-end of the plank (which should in addition be securely lashed to the deck) when particularly stout passengers are engaged in walking.

(10) *Casualty Report.*—The C.O. regrets to announce the demise of Pirate Kegg and Pirate Dirk, who died suddenly last night from a chill caught during an argument with a superior officer.

Kit and effects will be sold by auction at 4 P.M. to-morrow on behalf of the Superannuated Pirates' Benevolent Fund.

(11) *Wooden Legs, New Pattern, Mark IV., Issue of.*—There will be an issue of the New Pattern Wooden Legs at 9 A.M. to-morrow. These legs are fitted with recess for rum bottle and are supplied with three drawing-pins apiece to keep socks up.

(12) *Ration Value.*—The value of the daily ration for month of May will be as under:—

Excluding rum issue, ·87564 Pieces of Eight.
Including rum issue, 2·74377 Pieces of Eight.

(13) *Addendum—Clothing Regulations.*—The following addition will be made to *Clothing Regulations for the Pirate Services*:—

Page 104. At the end of paragraph, "Dress permitted to be worn on inspection parades," add:—

Jerseys, striped, pirate, 1.
Skirts, kilt-pattern, red, pirate (Colonial troops), 1.
Boots, pirate, with collapsible tops, prs., 1.
Head-dress, handkerchief, coloured, various or spotted, 1.

(*Sd.*) W. KIDD, Capt.
C.O. Pirates.

NOTICES.

Lost.—Lost, during smoking concert last pay-night, a cork-leg, much worn, two sword-cuts on shin, one boot-mark on other side and higher up. Finder should return to H.Q. A. A.

LEVITY AT "THE TIMES."

APPALLING REVELATIONS.

To the Editor of "Punch."

SIR,—On Sunday, May 30th, I addressed to the Editor of *The Times* (and typed with my own hand) the following letter:—

THE DERBY.

GRAVE WARNING.

SIR,—I feel it my duty to warn my countrymen against risking their money on Colorado. I have drawn him in a sweepstake, and this means disaster to the swiftest animal. The horse is doomed.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A. P. HADDOCK.

Hammersmith, W. 6.

Colorado was at that moment, you may remember, the hottest of favourites. Expert judges said that he was "the best thing for the Derby since the War."

Now, Sir, this letter, it seems, fell into the hands of an acquaintance of mine who occupies some menial position at *The Times'* office. Whether he withheld it from the Editor I know not, but you will be astonished to hear that that letter was *not* printed in *The Times*, but was returned to me defaced with a series of "minutes," most of them written in immature and indeed illegible characters, some in blue pencil and some, I regret to say, in red ink, and composed in (1) a deplorable spirit of levity and (2) indifferent grammar, as follows:—

(1) *Ch. Sec. D. A. Sport. Ed.*
Who is this person? K. L., *Temp. Asst. Sec.* 31/5/26.

(2) *D. A. Sport. Ed.*
Name seems familiar in connection Music Halls or Circuses. Shall I try D. A. Dram. Corres.? L. Q., *Ch. Sec.* 31/5/26.

(3) *Ch. Sec.*
Do what you like. M. Q. H.

(4) *D. A. Dram. Corres.*
Who is this? L. Q., *Ch. Sec. D. A. Sport. Ed.*

(5) *Ch. Sec. D. A. Sport. Ed.*
How should I know? M. N., *D. A. Dram. Corres.*

(6) *Intelligence Dept.*
Was this person not mentioned in Morriss case? *vide* also *News of World*, May 16 Advts. L. Q., *Ch. Sec. D. A. Sport. Ed.*

(7) *Ch. Sec. D. A. Sport. Ed.*
Several of name on criminal list, but think has written for comic papers.
S. P. *I. D.*

(*Continued on p. 596.*)



ANOTHER DEADLOCK.

(The Welsh Wizard v. the Oxford Oracle.)

MR. BALDWIN. "THERE WILL BE NO SUBSIDY IN THIS CASE."



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Motorist. "CONFOUND THESE PEDESTRIANS! ONE WOULD THINK THERE WERE PLENTY OF GOOD ROADS FOR THEM TO WALK ON."

(8) *D. A. Sport. Ed.*

Person obviously unknown; what shall I do? L. Q., *Ch. Sec.* 31/5/26.

(9) *Ch. Sec.*

Ask Medical Corresp. to show to author of "Care of Feeble-Minded."
M. Q. H.

(10) *Medical Correspondent.*

For favour of opinion. L. Q., *Ch. Sec. D. A. Sport. Ed.*

(11) *Ch. Sec. D. A. Sport. Ed.*

Author Care Feeble-Minded in rest cure. Suspect cereb.-spinal-mening.
L. M. D.

(12) *D. A. Sport. Ed.*

Medical Corresp. seems suspect Haddock; have disinfected. L. Q., *Ch. Sec.*

(13) *Sec. A. Sport. Ed.*

Please show chief. M. Q. H.

(14) *D. A. Sport. Ed.*

Chief has referred Brit. Mus. Searcher as thinks joke may be intended; but, if so, not original, *vide Punch*, 17 June, 1843, and *Sporting Times*, 4 May, 1899.
B. M. M., *Sec.* 31/5/26.

(15) Seen and approved.—B. McL.

(16) *Ch. Sec.*

W.P.B. and tell Commissionaire Back Door, writer on no account to be admitted to building.* M. Q. H.

(17) *Temp. Asst. Sec.*

To see and act. L. Q.

(18) *Ch. Sec.*

Instructions given.
K. L., *Temp. Asst. Sec.*

Now, Sir, I make no comment on the trivial but wounding discourtesies of this correspondence, but several important inferences proceed from it. It appears in the first place that in the opinion of the staff of *The Times* my letter was not a serious letter. But the subject surely was serious enough; indeed *The Times* had a leading article upon the Derby containing many moral reflections both sound and sustaining. As to my treatment of this solemn theme, what was there in that to disqualify me from the attention of the people? I wrote as an expert. If there is any man who knows my record in sweepstakes it is I. I am a walking almanac of misfortune to racehorses. And the moment that the much-favoured creature Colorado emerged from the hat and was coupled with my name I knew he could not win the Blue Riband of the Turf. There was no possible argument about it. I *knew* it—as certainly as it is possible to know anything. And, sure enough, no sooner was the draw completed than Colorado was reported to have a throat. I backed Swift and Sure and a dog ran through his legs. Had I drawn Coronach the creature would have had adenoids ten minutes later.

On these premisses therefore I came forward public-spiritedly, speaking as an expert, and predicted with absolute confidence and accuracy, as you know, that Colorado would *not* win the Derby. And had my letter been published there is no doubt that it might have affected positively, and for good, the lives of millions of my fellow-citizens. Can this be said of any other letters to *The Times*? On the day of the race there were four columns of letters in that great paper. They were concerned with the following subjects:—The Coal Dispute, Subscriptions for Miners, Tobacco and Eyesight, Reconstruction in Industry, Discount on Super-tax, B.B.C. Editorials, Wesley and His Work, A Rare Bird in Kent? Greenwich Fair, Memorial to Sir Isaac Bayley, Arbitration in Coal Trade, Mercantile Marine Memorial, Contentment in the Works, A Fixed Subsidy, Provident Funds, Religion in English Life and Private Enterprise in Building.

Now, Sir, although they included

* This in red pencil.

some six or seven different and infallible solutions of the Coal Problem, I will wager that not one of these letters has made a direct and definite contribution to the happiness of any human being. My letter, on the other hand, might have preserved millions from loss, ill-temper, discouragement and drink. And you, Sir, will agree, Sir, I think, Sir, that as a serious contribution to a serious problem it deserved treatment a little less frivolous than that which it received.

Mark you, Sir, the Racing Correspondent of *The Times* took the problem seriously enough. He arrived, upon the leader page, in unimpeachable prose, at the same conclusion as myself, that Colorado could not win the Derby. But I did it in four lines, and it took him a column. And he deserves no credit, for no doubt he had access to my letter. I proved it by experience and sound sense, and he by a somewhat ridiculous though painstaking analysis of the organised nonsense called "form," which, as everyone knows, has about as much to do with the winning of the Derby as fire-flies. This magical "form" told him that neither Colorado nor Coronach could stay the course. I hate to rub it in, but these were two of the first three horses to finish the course on a particularly "heavy" day.

But he went further. He wrote:—

"I feel *convinced*" (italics mine) "that Swift and Sure or Finglas will win, with a preference for Swift and Sure. I take Lex as my third horse, and hope that the order at the finish will be—

SWIFT AND SURE . . . 1
FINGLAS. 2
LEX . . . . . 3"

On the strength of this I placed my all on Swift and Sure. I hate to rub it in, but the order at the finish was in fact—

CORONACH. 1
LANCEGAYE 2
COLORADO 3

LEX was last but one. FINGLAS was seventh. So much for "form." And so much for Rac. Corresp. So much also for D.A. Sport. Ed.

And perhaps in future he will be ready to receive with a proper gravity the public-spirited advice of someone who really does know something about the prospects of at least one horse in the race.

But, Sir, there is one bright spot in this sorry business. This correspondence, in spite of its somewhat disturbing suggestions of incipient bureaucracy and formalism in that monument of private enterprise, has given me a new insight into the character of the great men who write *The Times*. It is now established that even "The Thunderer" is human, not to say flippant, on occasion; that Jove not merely winks but positively giggles. It is awful to think that even leader-writers may have been mixed up in this pleasant if ill-timed piece of persiflage. Men who every night of their lives preserve the nation from disaster, stabilise the franc, tranquillise India, reorganise China, revive the steel trade or rebuke the United States, were not ashamed to stoop to an inter-departmental joke, reminding one by its artless gaiety of the gambolling of Civil Servants.

But, Sir, there is one other less comfortable reflection. If the letters of Haddock can be received with such irreverence, what may not be the fate of the contributions of Bishops? Can it be that the familiar but inspired communications of economists and statesmen and divines, before they stagger the breakfast-tables of Kensington, have been bandied from department to department in Printing House Square, and scrawled, maybe, with the impertinent ribaldries of D. A. Sport. Ed.? Can it be that there is a man in that office capable of scribbling a pleasantry upon a letter from Sir JOSIAH STAMP? Perish the thought! you say. But, Sir, it will *not* perish. It lives, it grows, it festers. And I have no doubt, Sir, that after these revelations those great and wise ones who are accustomed to preserve our Empire by letters to the Press will think twice before they expose their intimate thoughts to the staff of a paper so lost to all sense of dignity, and rather, Sir, address themselves to another and weightier Organ which I know, Sir, you would not wish me to name.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,
A. P. H.



WHAT OUR ANGLERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

"SO YOU 'RE OFF AGAIN, SIR, FISHING ABOUT."

WITH BAT AND BALL AT HAVANA.

THE limelight thrown on the present series of Test Matches between England and Australia must not blind us to the fact that cricket, sporting and splendid, is being played in other parts of the world. In Cuba, for instance.

I had thought of the place as chiefly notable for cigars and sugar and civil war. I am undeceived, however, by a two-column clipping from *The Havana Post*, in the form of a letter to the Editor, under the heading—

REPORT OF THE VICTORIOUS CRICKET CLUB OF ESMERALDA.

"Allow me space," writes the enthusiastic correspondent, "to express the spirit of sportsmanship displayed by the United C.C. of Esmeralda in their contest of three successive matches during the Easter season."

The first contest was against the Cunagua Cricket Club, who arrived by the 9.20 train, and "after a brief preparation were taken to the grounds." The method of preparation is not stated, but one may be permitted to guess that there were cooling drinks. The business of the day now began.

"The captain and his umpire left no stone unturned in scrutinising the ground, which was to their approval. The pavilion was well arranged, and the spectators were under the able control of the field-marshal and secretary of the club. At 11.25 the toss was made, and the home team won it. Amid ringing cheers from the spectators they went to the bat."

This seems to me to be a spirited introduction, but the simplest continuation of the story, I submit, would have been to publish the score in the tabular method usually employed by the English Press. Our author, however, was far too much carried away by the spirit of sportsmanship for that. He takes his cricket like an Odyssey, and a rapid and eventful Odyssey too.

When the first two Esmeralda wickets had fallen "the next pair to the bats were E. Brooks and C. Newell. Brooks was out with one run to his credit, and L. Wilson was called to the bat. These were the picture of a fine pair, Newell had the bowlers as he wanted, and made the best of them, Wilson started a sharp series of hitting, he made 13 runs to his credit and was bouled by Simmons, he left the bat with cheers from the spectators, the next to the bat was L. Bushy, commonly called (Rapido). He made three sharp hits, got 7 runs, and was stumped by the wicket keep, thus the game stood at 5 wickets for 41 runs."

I like RAPIDO. I picture him a small man with a longish beard, very shrill-voiced and very quick on short runs.

There was rather a collapse, apparently, after this, for about ten lines later we read:—

"This closed the first innings of the U.C.C. resulting at 11 wickets: 4 byes: total 46 runs."

Lunch was now served.

No event of peculiar interest occurred when Cunagua went to the bat until 6 wickets had fallen for 27, when the Odyssey becomes slightly involved.

"After playing 4 balls from Wallcot, third over, the wicket stumped Hure, the umpire. On the act, cried him out—he disputed, the two captains and two umpires met for a decision failing to decide the matter Captain Morris of the U.C.C. sent him to bat, for sportsmanship sake, he refused and drew off his men with 7 wickets 27 runs. He lost faith in his 6 wickets left out thus they retreated in great disorder before the fire of Brooks and Wallcot, thus ends the career of our first day's engagement."

I confess to being mystified. I will take it that it was not Hure the umpire who was stumped by the wicket, but Hure the captain of the Cunagua C.C.; that it was the umpire who cried him out; that after his protest and the subsequent commission containing representatives from members of all parties appointed to inquire into the matter, he was requested for sportsmanship's sake to return to the bat. But what happened now? "He refused and drew off his men." But where from, and where to? "He lost faith in his 6 wickets left." But why? It seems to me it is they who should have lost faith.

And what was he doing with thirteen wickets anyway when the other side only had eleven? And does "they retreated in great disorder before the fire of Brooks and Wallcot" mean that "they went out ducks," as my author would put it? Or did Brooks and Wallcot use the manlier argument of machine-guns? The whole affair is enveloped in confusion and dust.

Much happier was the second engagement, with the Fearless C.C. of Nuevitas, which took place on Sunday the 4th. Good feeling and good fellowship survived throughout.

"Great preparations were made for their accommodations, at their arrival, breakfast was given, which after a fine reception they were led off to the field of fame .... Cheers rang out as the judges took up their positions and called out the first pair to the bat. . . Henry's swift bowling was just how Wallcot wanted, he played so pretty yet so skillful. . . . J. A. Vanriel was called to the bat, and was doing his best, when a sharp leg broke in and got him, he ran out with one to the score. . . . L. Bushy (Rapido) started a series of hitting. . . . We now had two hard men in bat and two strong bowlers."



WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE PRACTICE OF HAVING NAMES PAINTED ON MOTOR-COACHES IS BEING EXTENDED TO BABY-CARRIAGES.

Good old RAPIDO! He made 21 this time. The total (for 11 wickets) was 64. Lunch followed and then the Fearless C.C. went in. The Esmeralda score proved too much for them, and they were beaten, though by no means disgraced.

"O. S. Blemmin was next called to the bat, he made a step out and was stumped by the W.K. It was Brooks who drew him out so far with a loggy half-break. Next to the bat was J. Hannen, he made good for himself, he was bouled by Wallcot for 7 runs."

M. MYERS fared even worse. He "kept his wicket fine, but was caught in the long oft by Osburne, he came out 0." The Fearless C.C. were eventually dismissed (as we should say) for 38.

Lunch was now served (for the second time) and the home team had another knock, "which resulted at 16 overs, 3 wickets, 23 runs." Came then the hour for bouquets and banqueting.

"At 6.00 P.M. a special dinner was



Youth (who has been asked to call). "I SAY, YOU 'VE GOT A LOT OF WILD BEASTS HERE. DO YOU GO IN FOR BIG GAME HUNTING?" *Circe.* "WELL, YES AND NO. I DIDN'T SHOOT THEM—BUT I BELIEVE IN MY SURROUNDINGS EXPRESSING MY PERSONALITY."

served, after which a hearty reception was given the strangers and were logically addressed" (I like "logically") "by Captain Morris and Mr. P. C. James on their discipline and sporting propensities. These were responded by the captain and umpire of the F.C.C. Long will be remembered the spirit that existed during the combat."

But I cannot help feeling that these speeches were a bit of a back-handed blow at the Cunagua crowd.

The third match against the Sola C.C. was also, I am glad to say, devoid of any regrettable episode in the way of ill-feeling. There was, however, one accident.

"Vanriel, after playing 2 overs and making 1 run, he was struck by a ball and had to be taken from the place."

BUSHY (commonly called RAPIDO) was also less successful than usual. He was stumped by the W.K. for 5 runs. But the United Cricket Club of Esmeralda is not easily daunted.

"Next pair was Johnson and Z. Campbell, these were the staunts of the game. Two new bowlers were put on, but in spite of all Campbell came out with 26 and Johnson with 10," and the innings concluded with the score of "11 wickets, 22 overs, 70 runs, 6 byes, total 76 points."

SOLA could do no better than 52. Once again the U.C.C. had a second knock; but "at the fall of 3 wickets the hour of discussion came, we decided on the first innings which resulted in our favor."

Thus ended the sharp series of engagements. I note that special praise should be given to G. BROOKS and N. WALLCOT of the United C.C. "They bowled for the three days' matches without substitutes and kept up a fine average."

I could wish that the average had been given, because then we could have settled that little point about the final rout of Cunagua.

But I shall never smoke a Havannah cigar again without thinking of Captain MORRIS and L. BUSHY (RAPIDO).

EVOE.

More Aggressive Cricket.

"Twice with successive balls Gregory straight drove the bowler's head to the screen."
Bristol Paper.

"LONDON, May 14th.—One of Dick Turpin's successors in the Mayorship of London is a traffic officer to-day. He is Sir Alfred Bower, former Lord Mayor. Sir Alfred stands in Fleet Street wearing a bowler hat and a raincoat, directing traffic in the rôle of special policeman."—*Canadian Paper.*

It is a great tradition. DICK TURPIN of course made his fame as a holder-up of traffic.

ANOTHER SEX PROBLEM.

["Speaking at the International Vegetarian Union Congress, Dr. Stavros Damoglou (Greece) . . . would say, without any hesitation or fear of contradiction, that anyone who indulged in large quantities of cows' milk developed the brains and mentality of a cow, and was only a cow in human form."
Daily Telegraph, May 29th.]

O Doctor STAVROS DAMOGLOU,
There 's something I would put to you
(I fear I am a carping fellow):
Granted that what you say is true,
Jane might turn cow and start to moo,
But wouldn't John be bull and bellow?

How Happy could I be with Ether!

It is stated that the counter-attractions of wireless are making eligible young men more and more reluctant to marry.

"The hostess received in a gown of black and pink oral georgette."—*Australian Paper.*

As frocks go it does not sound particularly loud.

"The singing of Magna Sharta at Runnymede, near Windsor, by King John on June 15th, 1215, will be commemorated this year on Sunday, June 20th."—*Scots Paper.*

His pronunciation seems to have been no better than that of many modern vocalists.

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

LOVE IN CHELSEA.

[If Mr. RICHARD ALDINGTON took to writing *vers de société*.]

Amabel.

TURN the gramophone on, Oscar.
Wooden needle, please.
Give me a cigarette.
Thanks.
I feel so tired.
I must get some more cushions
for this divan.
Twenty 's not enough.
I can feel the place where the springs
were . . . .
No, don't kiss me.

Oscar.

Amabel ! . . . .
What shall we play ?
GERSHWIN ?—*Rhapsody in Blue* ?
MOZART ?—*Oboe Quartet* ?
I say,
Don't you mix them !
You want an index.

Amabel.

They call GERSHWIN the modern
MOZART.

Oscar.

Who 's they ?

Amabel.

Americans.

Oscar.

And IRVING BERLIN,
He 's the modern BEETHOVEN ?

Amabel.

I don't know. I can't argue,
I 'm so tired. Another cushion,
please.
An aspirin, Oscar.
No, don't kiss me.
Once I was so young,
I toddled,
Helping myself along
By chairs and music-stools.
Now I am old
(Ah, don't contradict !
I am twenty-one) ;
I walk from studio to studio,
Eat, drink,
Taxi from dance to dance,
See SHAW, IBSEN, TCHEHOV,
O'CASEY,
PIRANDELLO ;
And sleep,
With FREUD as a bed-book.
Once I was so young and slow,
Now I am so old and . . .
No, I 'm not banal.
Reach me my aspirin, Oscar.
No, don't kiss me.
Not yet.

Oscar.

I feel like that
Sometimes,
*Fin-de-siècle*ish . . . getting old, too.
Twenty-five, don't forget.
Life 's queer, don't you think ?
One dam thing
And then another dam thing
After another.

Odtaa.

It takes genius to fix life in a word ;
And that 's what life is,
O . .
D . .
T . .
A . .
A . . . . .

[*He puts the Allegro disc of the Quartet on the gramophone and sits by* Amabel. *There is music.*

Amabel.

I liked that ;
It made me hear, it made me see—
What shall I say ?—
Linnets in a dell of lilies.
And you ?

Oscar.

Butterflies in a maze of cherry-
blossom,
Or white mice
In a treasury of pearls,
If you know what I mean.
By the way, is it so important
To know what one means ?

Amabel.

You see, I 'm a woman ;
I 've no use for vagueness ;
I 'm twenty-one.
You 're pastel, I 'm black-and-
white.
I don't blame you for not knowing
What life means ;
But *I* know.
Yes, kiss me, kiss me . . .
Oh, my Dear, my Dear !
The *Rhapsody in Blue*,
Put that on. A *steel* needle.

[Oscar *starts the gramophone again. They sit smoking their cigarettes. There is American music.*

Now listen, listen, listen,
You foolish boy.
The stars reel in the blue void,
The blue silence is shattered,
The sky rains gentians.
See,
I would make for you a blue shade,
A blue shade with my hair—
If it wasn't shingled . . .
What are you thinking of, beloved ?

Oscar.

Blue rats,
Blue rats in empty vats
In a distillery at midnight.

[Oscar *turns off the gramophone and* Amabel *lights the gas-ring under the kettle.*

W. K. S.

NEW BONDAGE FOR OLD.

"MEN," she sighed—"men have all the luck."

"But think how we need it," I urged, "seeing you have all else and us as well—especially us."

"And how little that all else is," she sighed again, "especially you."

"Ah," I exclaimed, echoing her sigh—only mine was of relief—"I thought you were going to say 'especially frocks.'"

"I wasn't thinking one bit of frocks," she asserted ; and when I looked incredulous, for this did not seem likely, she went on : "Only of stockings and of the intolerable luck of men who haven't got to wear them."

"But we have and we do," I pointed out with dignity. "May I," I asked, this time with modesty, "remind you of myself in plus-fours ?"

"Those aren't stockings," she declared with some contempt, "only mufflers that have strayed from the throat to wrap themselves round the leg. I meant—but have you never noticed the stockings of to-day ?"

"In Bond Street and in Piccadilly," I assured her, "it is at times impossible to notice anything else."

"Only because you look," she rebuked me gravely.

"It may be the reason," I confessed ; "I hadn't thought of that before."

"And I only wish," she added, suddenly quite vicious, "you had them to pay for, cash down too, because somehow, though one may get a new gown on credit where one isn't known, yet they always expect stockings to be paid for on the spot, even before the ladders come."

"Cruel," I said.

"And what makes it worse," she went on with an almost passionate regret, "is that at first it seemed as though woman had won her liberty at last."

"But didn't woman do that," I asked, "when she won the vote ? or wasn't it rather about the time when ADAM lost his liberty, which was when he woke and found EVE there ?"

"Oh, of course, there 's the vote, and quite right too," she agreed vaguely, "only so tiresome when Tom will worry my life out to go and vote for the man he wants to get in, and it 's always when I 'm ever so busy—with things that really matter too—and then it 's so awkward if you can't remember which is which, like poor dear Blanche, so she chose the one with the nice name, and it turned out he was a Bolshevik or something awful. They say it 's why her husband went to India, but I don't believe that. No, what I meant was darning."



Miss Binks. "COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH CHANGE FOR A THREEPENNY-BIT? I WANT TO TELEPHONE."

"Darning!" I echoed, a little bewildered. "Why darning?"

"Ah, men never knew," she murmured with gentle reproach, "never knew nor cared. But when skirts were long and boots were worn, and the twain met, then one darned—darned."

"Did one?" I asked a little doubtfully, for I had known her in those days and I could not believe it.

"Well," she confessed, "at any rate one felt one ought. When you were a little girl you had to, unless you could manage to rip the hole across when no one was looking and make it really and truly too big; and even that wasn't too safe. Ah, my friend, the generations who have toiled and darned and darned and toiled again, knowing that in the secrecy of skirt and boot all mending was permitted! Then evolution brought to us short skirts, low slippers and pink stockings, and, like all essentially evil things unable to bear the light of day, darning perished in a night, so to speak. And it seemed that the years of bondage were over."

"And they weren't?"

"They were only beginning," she sighed; "for indeed there is little left in life but buying new stockings. And you need at least a score to match every new hat or new frock or new complexion that you happen to have." E. R. P.

Our Cynical Journalists.

"Though essentially a religious man, Mr. —— has made many friends."
Provincial Paper.

"More people than ever before made their way to mountain and fell."—*Evening Paper.*

We are always sorry to hear of these holiday casualties.

"The management are fortunate in owning a fine stretch of lawn adjacent to the building and they are to be complimented upon their foresight in installing an eighteen-hour miniature golf course for the benefit of patrons."
Suburban Paper.

It is too long. We shall be having a golfers' strike next.

PARIS IN LONDON.

THE experiment of staging a play to be done in its original French by an all-British company has suggested to us that the idea must be carried further in order to secure popularity with English playgoers. It seems to us that the only way in which a lasting taste for French plays in our theatres can be achieved is to cause the characters to employ English idioms and colloquialisms translated literally into French. Thus, when a member of the cast alludes to another as a *bouchonnier*, the audience will instantly understand that the term of approbation, "corker," is intended; similarly *haut trou* will be hailed by the stalls as "top-hole." In this way only the most elementary knowledge of the French language will be called for and a more thorough enjoyment secured for all parts of the house.

At the same time we realise that even the Russian ballet leans upon a synopsis. Suffice it then to say that the following play deals with the schemings of a mercenary mother and her confidante to secure a husband for her daughter, Venise, who ultimately succeeds in frustrating her designs by a simple if unpleasant expedient.

LES MARCHANDS DE VENISE.

(Comedy in one Act, adapted from the original version, by JEAN LEBLAGUEUR, as played at the *Théâtre des Flâneurs*).

Personnel.

Mme. Violette Lapoupée.
Venise Lapoupée (sa fille).
La Baronne de Gueuze.

SCÈNE—*Le Salon de* Mme. Lapoupée, *à Paris.* Mme. Lapoupée *s'est assise sur une chaise, temps* LOUIS XIV. *Elle tricote une sauteuse de soie bleue.* La Baronne *s'est penchée sur un divan, rien faisant.*

Mme. Lapoupée. Comment ça va, vieille grasse-tête?

La Baronne. Ainsi-ainsi. Et vous?

Mme. L. Pleine des haricots. (*La cloche sonne.*) Dieu! Voilà la porte. Ça sera Mademoiselle Thévenet—voilà une fille haut-trou! Une déchirante! Une bouchonnière! Mais sa mère, mon mot!

La B. (*fumant*). Chaude, hein? Rapide?

Mme. L. Je l'appelle "La Grande Vitesse."

La B. Hah! Et sa fille?

Mme. L. La Petite Vitesse. (*La cloche sonne encore.*) Je la permettrai dedans moi-même.

La B. Vous n'avez pas des domestiques, pauvre vieille chose?

Mme. L. Oui, une. Mais il est son jour dehors. (*À la porte externe*) Gaga, mon ancien étain de fruits! Ange antique! entrez, entrez! (*Avec un changement de ton*) Oh . . . une télégramme . . . qui sur la terre——? (*Elle lit à haute voix*) "Arrive pour tasse thé quatres heures espère V. sera sortie toutes nouvelles quand rencontrons amitiés Robert." (*Au garçon*) Pas de réponse. Mon Robert . . .!

La B (*à elle-même*). Robert . . . Phew!

Mme. L. (*à la* Baronne). Pauvre petite Venise! Toujours la troisième roue de la voiture, toujours la rôle de groseille!

La B. (*revenant aridement à son premier sujet*). Ah! Les domestiques, ils ne sont pas une affaire pour rire.



The Lady. "ALF, YOU DON'T LOOK RIGHT FOR THE RIVER SOME'OW. WHY DIDN'T YER WEAR YER BOATER?"

Mme L. Vous gagez votre vie que non.

La B. (*riant*). Vous êtes un cri! Où est-ce que vous avez cueilli cette expression?

Mme. L. En Amérique. La terre des étoiles et des barres.

La B. Et même du queue de coq! Pour moi, j'ai un soif que je ne voudrais céder à personne.

Mme. L. (*mélangeant du whisky-et-soda*). Dites quand.

La B. . . . . Quand! Et maintenant, l'affaire Venise.

Mme. L. L'affaire! Elle ne s'occupe des affaires, mal chance! Elle apportera mes cheveux gris avec chagrin à la tombe.

La B. Je vois bien que, puisque votre fille devient longue aux dents, il est haut temps qu'elle accrochait un homme.

Les portières se reculent et la forme de Venise Lapoupée *se fait voir.*

Venise. Merci, merci, Baronne. Et la même chose à vous avec des protubérances!

La B. Réellement, Mademoiselle!

Mme. L. Mœurs, mœurs! Demande donc pardon à la Baronne.

Ven. Pas si je le connais! (*Avec un demi-rire acidulé*) Vous avez déjà choisi mon mari entre vous deux sans doute? Est-ce permis connaître son nom?

La B. Qu'elle a une joue. Sauce rédoutable, je l'appelle!

Ven. Archets des violons!

Mme. L. (*à sa fille*). Chérie, même à l'heure onzième il y en a encore quelques éligibles à choisir. Henri Smit . . . Il *pue* de l'argent!

Ven. Ah bah! Henri! Voilà un "demi-monsieur."

Mme. L. Alors, Paul Manet?

Ven. Oui, et la comité de son "club" l'a noireballé hier.

La B. "Noireballé?"

Ven. Pillulé.

Mme. L. Elle est un cas sans espoir! [*Elle fonde en larmes.*

Ven. Tu as tort. Tu penses, je vois, que je déteste les hommes. Je les adore——

Mme L. COMBIEN?

Ven. — à un tel point, que j'ai pris un amant. (Mme Lapoupée *tourne couleur de prune.*) Justement comme tu as fait, Maman.

Mme. L. Ah-h! Que ferai-je?

Ven. Ferme ta bouche, je n'ai pas fini. Ta manière de vie est connaissance communale, mais tu espérais à tirer la laine à travers mes yeux! Et tu jettes un paroxysme à cause que j'ai l'intention à faire la même chose. Je te dis, ici et maintenant, que je vivrai ma vie à moi!

La B. (*ricanant*). La touche HENRIK IBSEN—*La Maison de la Poupée.*

Mme. L. Fausse amie! Serpent aux fines herbes!

La B. (*glacialement*). Après cela il ne reste que prendre mon départ.

[*La cloche sonne.*

Mme. L. Qui est cela?

Ven. Mon amant! Entre donc, Robert. Voici ma mère; mais tu la connais bien, n'est-ce-pas?

Mme. L. ROBERT!

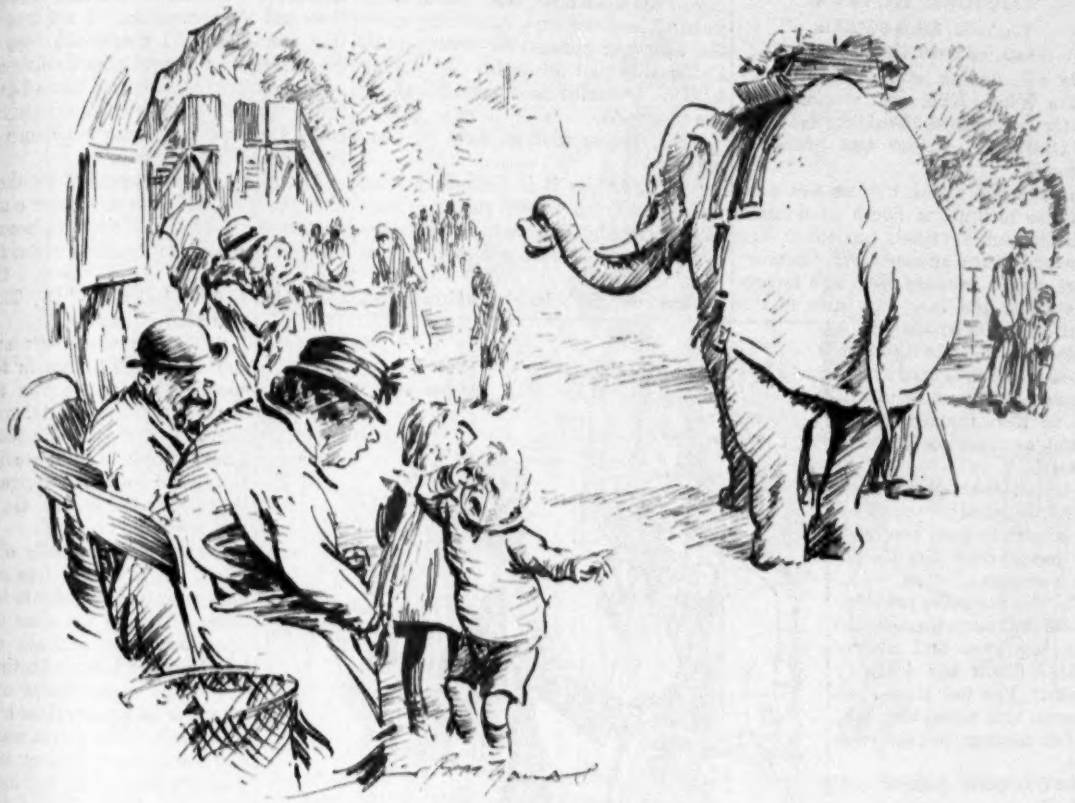
La B. (*enchantée, et la figure rayonnante de rancune*). Quelle solution charmante! [*Elle balaye dehors.*

(RIDEAU.)

Commercial Candour.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"When you have seen 'The ——' you will realise that the almost impossible in film production has been achieved—it will rankle in your memory for ever."—*New Zealand Paper.*



Parent (to offspring whose hat has been snatched by elephant). "SILLY KID! WOT YER WANT TO LET 'IM DO THAT FOR?"

SELF-DENYING STARS.

(It is stated that before leaving for Australia M. CHALIAPINE tried on ten new suits at his tailor's in Savile Row.)

THE greatest basso of all time, about to cross the seas
And with his art electrify the far Antipodes,
Has lately paid a visit, so the papers let us know,
To a firm of famous tailors who reside in Savile Row.

The mere intention in itself is what we might expect
From one who can't afford to lose sartorial self-respect;
But, oh! 'tis simply tragic and it cuts us to the core
To learn the suits he ordered were only half-a-score!

The wardrobe of our good QUEEN BESS ran to three hundred frocks;
EX-KAISER BILL of uniforms had never-ending stocks;
But here's an Emperor of Song, colossal and sublime,
Who only buys ten paltry pairs of trousers at a time!

Now, if this were a special or an isolated case,
We might perhaps regard it with a calm and cheerful face;
But in these days of stringency we see on every side
Proofs of this painful shortage in equipment multiplied.

For instance, Mr. Bamberger, whom critics used to praise
As the heir of PAGANINI, now has fall'n on evil days
And sold his priceless fiddle, which the EMPEROR NERO played
During the conflagration that Rome in ruins laid.

Then a wonderful contralto, one of our brightest stars,
Has lately been obliged to part with nearly all her cars—
Except two twenty/ninety-five eight-cylinder saloons
And a trumpery four-seater which hasn't got "balloons."

Next an eminent conductor, who is in the foremost flight,
In a suit of old blue flannels appeared the other night,
Sporting by way of neckwear what suggested to the eye
A dissipated bootlace and *not* a butterfly.

Again, a song composer whose repute is still immense,
Who seemed to stand securely on the heights of opulence,
Whene'er upon the Scottish moors a holiday he needs
Relies, alas! exclusively on pre-war boots and tweeds.

Worse still, a saxophonist, whom I certainly should choose
As the fruitiest exponent of the stincopated Muse,
Has sold his Mayfair mansion with its stately marble halls,
Removed his son from Eton and sent him to St. Paul's.

So, though the Russian idol's forced frugality we mourn,
Let us reserve a tear or two for artists native-born
Who in these desolating days of economic stress
Are forced to be penurious in their pleasures and their dress.

'LOGICAL NOVELS.

V.—THE ZOOLOGICAL.

GAMA OF THE CROCODILES.

ON a sandbank in the upper waters of the White Nile, nearly submerged but for her wicked twinkling eyes, lay old Cleopatra, mother and queen of crocodiles.

Half in the water, half on the sand was the recumbent figure of a man. Black-haired, bronzed, he looked like some god of the ancient river, the more superhuman because with idle fingers he stroked the face and jaws of the great crocodile beside him.

He wore a tunic of crocodile-skin and held in one hand a spear. When he spoke it was in the language of the crocodiles, the oldest language on earth.

"Oh, mother, why are you sad?" he asked; "you have not spoken to your son since the moon over the temple was a crescent."

The old crocodile made no answer, but large tears welled from her eyes and slowly trickled down her leathery cheeks. The lad threw one vigorous arm about her neck.

"Oh, mother, tell me your grief."

Old Cleopatra spoke at last, brokenly.

"My son, my man-child," she murmured, "alas, the time has come when thou must leave us. I am growing old. I cannot always protect thee. Even my great tail and my teeth cannot save thee from the young lords of the river. Thou art no crocodile, Gama, and they know it. Long have I fostered thee, but my sister's son, Osiris, is becoming more powerful each day. He vows to rule these waters. He hates thee. He has hated thee ever since he was an egg. Even thy spear will not always save thee, my man-child."

Gama's wonderful Nile-green eyes grew troubled.

"I have no fear of the crocodiles, but I know they hate me. Osiris has spread a rumour that I would be their king. But I do not fear him—ah!"

With a swift movement the crocodile-man drew his feet up on the sandbank and raised his spear to strike as a scaly form shot through the waters and an ugly snout was lifted close to him. The enemy had missed.

Gama stood there poised, a young Nile god, a perfect reptile man. Lifting his head he uttered the primordial war-cry of the male crocodile. Then, spear in hand, he dived, and, swimming under the water, he pursued his enemy until Osiris shot out of sight. Returning with easy strokes he flung himself on the sandbank.

"See, O my mother, how he fears me!"

"Nevertheless it is time that thou returnedst to thine own people. It is fitting thou choose a mate among thine own women. No crocodile bride for thee."

Gama knitted his dark brows in a frown.



Lady of House (*to tramp*). "AREN'T YOU THE SAME MAN THAT I GAVE A WHOLE CAKE TO LAST WEEK?"

Tramp. "NO, I AIN'T THE SAME MAN; AN' WOT'S MORE, MY DOCTOR SAYS I NEVER WILL BE THE SAME MAN AGIN."

"Who are my own people?" he asked. "I barely know my history."

"Thy father was an English lord, my son, a mighty crocodile in his own country. But in his rashness he went boating on my waters. The boat upset; he and thy mother——"

"Ah! stop. Do not tell me. I know how the people of my adoption rend the flesh from the bone. I cannot bear it. Mother, you did not——?"

"No, I did not touch them. I was gorged with Egyptian fellah at the time. It was my brother-in-law, thy crocodile uncle, who . . . but never mind. Thou, a little white infant, fellest into the river with them, and, being curious about thee and withal being lonely and disappointed, for all my eggs were addled, I proclaimed a truce between thee and the crocodiles. I set thee on this sand-bank. I nourished thee on goat's-flesh. I taught thee to dive and swim as never yet man-child had done these things. But now the time has come that we must part. Return to thine own land, my son."

Again the tears coursed down those hard cheeks and again Gama clung about the great neck. Then for a second he remained arrested, gazing across the sand towards a white speck. Old Cleopatra's eyes followed his. They twinkled in her head.

"'Tis the white woman," she said. "Tell her in thy speech that she comes too near the water. The old man, her father, digs in the sand. These people of thine are like the foxes and the badgers, they dig in the earth. Go to her, my son."

Gama was instantly obedient. A noiseless dive and he swam under water to the bank. But as he lifted his head among the reeds his heart seemed to cease beating.

For the sight before him was one of unconscious hideous peril. The girl in white had come near the water; she was stooping to fill her little pot. She was an artist and must needs have water for her paints. In her young white innocence she took no heed of the ugly submerged head so near her delicate silk-clad leg. Blithely she stooped. Horribly the jaws opened.

With the crocodile-man to think was to act. Like a flying-fish he leapt above the water and the reeds and landed on his enemy's back.

Then there began such a fight as no human eye has witnessed; nay, not even on the Films. Before the terrified white girl the two enemies fought to the death, the crocodile lashing his tail, snapping his horrible jaws; the man leaping, lunging, striking with his swift spear.

At last, as the Egyptian sunset dyed the skies, the waters of the Nile grew red with blood and the monster sank out of sight. Exhausted the crocodile-man fell senseless at the girl's feet.

Bending over her demi-god, her glorious human reptile, she murmured endearing words—

"My Perseus, my life-preserver!"

He raised his head and his Nile-green eyes met her blue ones.

"It is nothing," he said; "please



Small Boy (to Mother, with whom he is going to tea at his Housemaster's). "NOW LOOK HERE, MOTHER—YOU 'RE NOT TO DISCUSS MY UNDERCLOTHES. FOR GOODNESS' SAKE REMEMBER HE 'S A BACHELOR."

don't mention it. Or—*parlez-vous français, Mademoiselle? Il n'y a pas de quoi.*"

"You—you are English!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he said simply; "though half a crocodile, you will find me in the English peerage."

"Come," she said, "my father is excavating in the temple. He must thank you. I am bewildered. You seem a god—a Nile god—yet you speak English."

Tall and beautiful the crocodile-man stood before her clad in a leather tunic, which would have been passed by the most severe censor of mixed-bathing costumes.

"True," he answered. "As we walk I will tell you my history. You must know that, though I have passed twenty years in the Nile, I have managed to secure a good English education. Do you see yonder little tent?"

The girl nodded.

"That contains my books. Some I gathered from dhows that were upset; some were thrown by bored readers from their house-boats. My own childish letter-bricks I discovered in the sand. They had long been buried, but I came upon them. With these and *Reading Without Tears* I have taught myself to read and write fluently."

"But your speech? You have an Oxford accent."

The crocodile man smiled down at her.

"Ah!" he said, "you notice it? I have made a habit of following all house-boats at night when I was unobserved. By listening to the people who leaned over the rails I picked up my pronunciation. If any undergraduates or clergy were upon these boats I made a point of listening to them. You see?"

She looked up at him shyly.

"There is my father, he is digging there—always digging. Come—he must thank you."

"But you, my white flower of the desert, whose name I do not know, it is to you I turn. Only hand-in-hand with you can I meet the turmoil of a London season, the strange new world of my inheritance."

Stephanie Ann Carter held out her hand, marvelling at the fine chivalry and tenderness of this young reptile, this prince of crocodiles.

"Ask father," she said softly.

(The further adventures of Gama will be found [Outside *Punch*, if anywhere.—ED.] in *Gama the Reptile, The Home-coming of Gama, The Daughter of Gama.*) W. M. L.

"TOURS.

Seven Days Paris and Bottlefields, private car, £15 15 0."—*Daily Paper.*

American visitors will doubtless note this attractive offer.

From an article on the Derby:—

"But he experts and form were wrong."
Evening Paper.

And, as far as our observations went, the she experts as well.

"In order to assist the movement, the Tasmanian Prohibition League has engaged the services of Mr. Ern Trotman, who is well known as a comedian of a very high order."
Local Paper.

But the Tasmanians will find, if they get it, that Prohibition is no joke.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"8.55.—All Stations except Aberdeen. The Week's Good Cause."—*Sunday Paper.*

What has the granite city done to deserve these constant insinuations against its generosity?



The Field. "HOW 'S THAT?"
Umpire (*the local barber*). "NEXT GENT, PLEASE."

SHE-SHANTIES.

"I GO ALL GIRLISH WHEN I SEE THE MOON."

I CAN'T understand
Why you 're holding my hand,
And I feel that I need your advice;
I'm modern, I 'm hard,
Soft sentiment barred,
I 'm a mixture of acid and ice.
I 've done with romantical rot,
I 'd rather be high-brow than not;
And yet I 'm beginning to think, Sir,
I must have a curious kink;
For I go all girlish when I see the moon,
And somebody 's playing a sugary tune;
I gaze at the heavenly spheres
With persons who bore me to tears;
I 'm soppy and silly
As any young filly,
I giggle and wriggle and swoon.
And when I go girlish and gay
There 's no knowing what I may say,
But I always regret it next day,
So don't let us look at the moon!

I 'm not one that takes
A fancy to sheikhs,
I belong to the Sensible School;
Though never so tender,
The masculine gender
I spurn as a general rule;
In theory I richly despise
The muscular man with blue eyes,
And in practice I *can't* understand, Captain,
How he comes to be holding my hand.
Why do *I go girlish the moment I see*
A milit'ry officer looking at me?
I think it is quite on the cards
I shall marry a man in the Guards,
Though deep down I hanker
For some discreet banker—
What can *be the matter with me?*
For I want *to be gloomy and grave,*
But I find that I cannot behave
When I get tête-à-tête with the brave—
So I hope that you 're not a V.C.

My serious side
Is a matter of pride,
I am quite at my best in a slum;
Five days in the week
I work and I speak
For the Blind or the Deaf or the Dumb;
I constantly sing in the choir,
And find all the hymns for the Squire,
And yet now and then and again, Charles,
Things happen I cannot explain;—
For I go all girlish on Saturday night;
A Saturday seems to unbalance me quite;
I simply will not go to bed,
I want to be fondled and fed,
Though all through the outing
My conscience is shouting,
"Now, Gladys, you know it's not right!"
And when I go girlish like that
I do things I 'm horrified at,
So I 'd better go back to the flat,
For I fancy it 's Saturday night.

A. P. H.

"L.G. INTENDS KEEPING HIS
[illegible] END UP."
Headline in Guernsey Paper.

But our contemporary's printer (probably an Asquithite) had other views.

"Mr. Harris, a clerk in the Midland Bank, Old Broad Street, London, drew Colorado in the London Stock Exchange Sweep on the advice of his sister, and wins more than £10,000."
Provincial Paper.

We were advised to draw Coronach, but the manager of our office sweepstake did not encourage us in this project.

"WANTED.—Two fully trained, stout, round built, young Gulattaloowala male elephants with long trunks, straight tails, twenty fingers, (if possible) black coloured, good eyes, long tusks, height not less than 11 feet, without Nagni where Mahoot sits. Tenders should be sent to:—The Wazir of Poonch State, Poonch (Kashmir). For any further particulars apply to:—The Wazir of Poonch State, Poonch."
Indian Paper.

Mr. Poonch would be very glad to oblige his brother potentate, but unfortunately he has at present run out of this class of animal.



LIBERTY AND LICENCE.

BRITANNIA (*to Young Egypt*). "I GAVE YOU PLENTY OF ROPE, BUT IF YOU 'RE GOING TO USE SOME OF IT TO BIND THE HANDS OF JUSTICE I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE IT BACK."

[The British President of the Cairo Assize Court has resigned as a protest against the acquittal by that tribunal of a number of Egyptians implicated in political murders and other crimes.]



Villager (relating his experiences in London). "THE TRAFFIC THERE IS SOMETHING, I TELL YOU. ONE DAY I WAS KNOCKED OVER BY A CAB. TRUE, 'E *DID* SOUND 'IS 'ORN AFORE 'E RAN OVER ME."
Wiseacre. "AH—THAT 'S THE LAW."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, June 1st.—Some Members of the House of Commons returned to their labours stimulated rather than soothed by their little holiday. Mr. WALLHEAD was generous with his life-like imitations of a nestful of young ravens surprised by a wild cat. Viscount SANDON, whose suggestion that the decisions of the Food Council as to prices should be exhibited in Post Offices was turned down as "unnecessary," hurled his supplementary question at the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE in tones of such aggressive scorn that the astonished Minister could hardly stutter out his further reply.

Colonel LANE FOX, who usually sounds to the Gallery as if he were being strangled by his collar, became almost audible as he assured Hon. Members that he would be charmed to examine into any cases of profiteering in coal that they brought to his notice. Finally, Mr. JACK JONES sang as much of the chorus of "The Red Flag" as the SPEAKER could stand, the occasion of the song being the entry of Mr. GARDNER, the new Socialist Member for Hammersmith, North.



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.
ARRIVAL OF A SECOND SWALLOW.
LIEUT.-COMMANDER HILTON YOUNG JOINS SIR ALFRED MOND.

But the principal turn was provided by Mr. THURTLE. Mr. THURTLE is tired of saying "Coo, coo, coo," and had spent Whitsuntide practising a more strident note. With an effort—for he is naturally a polite young man—he told the UNDER SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS that his answer, something about the three Englishmen recently convicted in France of espionage, was a "diplomatic falsehood." Called upon to withdraw the unparliamentary word, Mr. THURTLE heroically declined, but agreed, at the SPEAKER'S invitation, to withdraw himself.

The Vote for the Ministry of Mines enabled Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD to give his views on the coal crisis. "What has the Government done?" was the burden of his complaint. The Government, one gathered, had done nothing, and done it very well from the mine-owners' point of view. Anyway there had been too much insistence on the reduction of wages and nothing definite about the combination of pits, which was the main essential to reconstruction. Mr. MACDONALD then outlined what in his opinion the Government ought to be doing, to wit, keeping

the miners and owners "negotiating across the table." It would be his job to see that they did it.

Mr. HOPKINSON proceeded to assert that the miners and not the mine-owners were responsible for the delay and the deadlock that had led up to the general strike. A most irritating person, this Mr. HOPKINSON, who talks at the Labour Back benches—nay, at all the benches, Front and Back—as if they were the denizens of the village infant school, and, having thus goaded them into hastily challenging his assertions, whips out chapter and verse and utterly annihilates and discomforts them. He then stands them in the corner complete with dunces' caps. One got the impression that next to the mentality of his honourable friends above the Gangway the thing Mr. HOPKINSON most contemned was the "sloppy eyewash" of the Coal Commission Report. His own recommendation was to abolish the law limiting work in coal-mines to seven hours a day and leave the parties concerned to fight it out by themselves.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who spoke next, asserted that in his and the general opinion the coal-owners, far from being the self-sacrificing pet lambs of Mr. HOPKINSON's painting, had been "very difficult." His idea of what should be done, he told the House, was that the Government should get out its own Bill to reconstruct the coal industry, leaving the wages and hours questions to be settled during the course of the Bill's progress through the House.

Mr. BALDWIN made it clear that he proposed to adopt none of the suggestions propounded. He refused to keep on playing the honest but too assiduous broker between the parties concerned until the "never never spirit had evaporated," as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had put it in 1921. Wisdom, the PRIME MINISTER added rather sententiously, was a plant of slow growth, but he assured the House that once it bobbed up above ground he would be around with the Government watering-can, into which, he intimated, some liquid fertiliser in the shape of additional subsidy might have to be poured.

Wednesday, June 2nd.—Shall a public body which receives grants from the public funds be entitled to insist that all its employees shall be trade unionists? This difficult and delicate question was propounded to the MINISTER OF HEALTH by Captain SHAW, who intimated that it was time the Government brigade "with cold cascade" quenched the proselytising zeal of the Tottenham District Council. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, type of true Conservatism kept under, replied noncommittally that he would convey the suggestion to his chief.

Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who represents *Mrs. Grundy* in the House of Commons, has had his eye on the various societies who have been performing uncensored stage plays on Sunday. To elude the CENSOR's deodorizing blue pencil such plays must be privately performed, but the privacy has in many cases been nominal. Now, however, the HOME SECRETARY explained, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has issued "new conditions for the guidance of licensees which will remove any further cause for complaint."

The SPEAKER having read the KING's Message announcing the continuance of the existing state of emergency for another month, Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS moved the customary address of thanks. Such a motion is usually opposed, decorously and without heat, by the Opposition Front Bench, but nowadays the Opposition Front is at the back, where Mr. KIRKWOOD, type of true Socialism that won't be kept under by anything but the SPEAKER's hose (and not always by that), sits, like MATTHEW ARNOLD's shepherd, among his bawling mates.

Mr. MACDONALD made the plea that, as we were all behaving like little gentlemen, it was most insulting to flaunt emergency powers in our long-suffering faces. He strongly criticised the administration of certain regulations and the observations made by certain magistrates in connection therewith. The HOME SECRETARY joined with the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION in complimenting us all on behaving like true Englishmen—he begged our pardons, true Britons—but added that there were one or two painful exceptions. In any case he did not see his way to dispensing with the Emergency Regulations. He agreed with Mr. MACDONALD that political utterances "such as had been reported from the Bench during the last fortnight" were most undesirable.

Thereupon Mr. BUCHANAN arose, and there ensued a scene which strongly suggested a patient but strong-minded schoolmaster keeping order among a small swarm of urchins in an elementary school. Mr. BUCHANAN wanted to know if he would be in order in criticising the conduct of the KING in issuing the proclamation. "Certainly not," said the SPEAKER, who then tried to put the question, but found that he would first have (figuratively) to spank Messrs. MACLEAN, KIRKWOOD, STEPHEN and BUCHANAN and put them back in their seats. Mr. KIRKWOOD was the noisiest and most irrelevant offender, his grievance apparently being that his dear comrade, Mr. SAKLATVALA, had been imprisoned while he himself, who had uttered much louder and more seditious shrieks, was still at large. The explanation is of course that the nasty things DAVY says are rendered completely innocuous by the funny way he says them.

The SPEAKER having restored order in class, the House debated and rejected various amendments to the Motion to continue the Emergency Regulations. Figures produced by the HOME SECRETARY showed that during the general strike our careful Communists had been



THE "SHALLOW" CABINET.

Sir John Falstaff (reviewing his recruits at the house of Master Shallow). "GIVE ME THE SPARE MEN, AND SPARE ME THE GREAT ONES."
KING HENRY IV. (Part II.), Act. III., Scene 2.

(MR. LLOYD GEORGE WITH MR. MASTERMAN, MR. MCCURDY, DR. MACNAMARA AND LORD BEAUCHAMP.)



She. "I SAY, MRS. TUNNE-HOWITZER IS SOME ARMFUL!"
He. "YES, SHE 'S A VERY CONFUSING PERSON TO DANCE WITH. SHE ALWAYS SEEMS SO MUCH CLOSER TO YOU THAN YOU ARE TO HER."

guilty of all the sedition-mongering, but none of the disorderly conduct; and Mr. LANSBURY learned from the same source that, if Comrade JICKS heard him urging the forces of the Crown not to act as strike-breakers, the House would have to worry along without him for a few weeks. Otherwise a patchy debate produced nothing of moment, and the House, having decided to continue the Regulations by 171 votes to 73, adjourned at midnight.

Thursday, June 3rd.—Lords and Commons alike bent their attention yesterday to the problem of pig, not pig on the trotter but pig in the carcass, alien swine slain in haste at Continental ports and despatched to British bacon factories to be cured at leisure. Both Houses were informed that outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease had been traced to such carcasses, and that in consequence foreign pigs would have to reach this country cured or not at all.

The action of the Board of Agriculture seemed to satisfy everybody with the possible exception of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who is perhaps concerned for the uninterrupted flow to this country of Russian pigs. Mr. KIRKWOOD asked the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, amid cheers, if he was aware that the foreign pigs so embargoed had been sold in Scotland as "Ayrshire bacon"?

Another unwanted alien, the cherry-fruit fly, also received attention in the House of Commons, which learned that Mr. GUINNESS has his eye on the creature and will smite it hip and thigh if and when it emerges from consignments of French cherries and prepares to do its worst.

HOW TO EAT ON A TRAIN.

(*Lines written after an experience of the Paris-Rome line.*)

THE Continental Grand Express
May reel and sway, may shake and tremble;
I do not feel the least distress
Or, if I do, I can dissemble;
And when is heard the warning shout
That folk should sit to dine
I am the first to fuss about
My Vichy and my wine.

I do not join the puny group
Who curse the train's incessant motion,
Nor grumble when the greasy soup
Attempts to parody the ocean;
But, acting in a British way,
Not heeding any man,
I hold my platter well away
And sup it as I can.

With active fork I pin the fish;
The *entrée* learns that I am master;
The *poulet rôti* leaves the dish
In fast descent, but I am faster;
I catch him in the middle air
And fling the creature prone,
And, though the other diners stare,
I gnaw him to the bone.

The coffee, actuated by
A lurch for which I never reckoned,
Is spread about my neck and tie—
I merely say, "I 'll have a second."
Thus I, accomplished and alert,
Am adequately fed,
While all the others, less expert,
Go dinnerless to bed. E. P. W.

More Unnatural History.

"The goldfish builds its nest in trees."
Local Paper.

"BETROTHAL.

An engagement will take place shortly, on 8th May, 1926, between Mr. S. —— and Miss I. ——.—*Indian Paper, May 4th.*

Quite enough to put the lady off!

"—— SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Tenders are invited for the Eternal Painting of the above-named School during the Summer Vacation, 1926."—*North-Country Paper.*

A permament job like this should suit one of the "immortals" of Burlington House.

THE FALL.

THE voice of P.F., as we called him, meaning Plain Facts, was, as usual, audible above the rest. "Superstition," he was again saying, "is rubbish. Look at it squarely and admit that it couldn't be anything else. A new moon is born and, because when I see it I happen to be indoors and see it through the window, for a whole month I am to be unlucky. Could anything be more ridiculous? A moon myriads of miles from this planet and a piece of transparent material that was not invented until comparatively recent times—how could they have any fatal association with my insignificant life? Was there no bad luck on the earth before glass was first made? Absurd."

"All I can say," the other man replied, "is that if I see the new moon through glass I am depressed for days."

"You ought to be in an asylum," said P.F. "And then this sweep business. Your contention is that you won some money because you kissed your hand to a sweep on the morning of the race. My poor fish, how can you harbour such delusions? Tell me in what way a sweep passing along Sloane Street at nine in the morning can, by merely being kissed at—and not even noticing it—influence the running of horses that afternoon at Newmarket. Could greater nonsense be invented? Yet you believe it, and you the father of a family. You actually believe that it was because you kissed your hand to the sweep that you won."

"I believe that if I didn't kiss my hand to a sweep I should live to repent it."

"Well, of course," said P.F. and, muttering, withdrew.

"What he doesn't understand," said the other man, "is that superstition is temperamental. It has nothing to do with logic. It's the child of fear. Poor human nature has so many buffets and crosses that no wonder it clutches at any straw that might give it confidence and comfort, and is afraid to treat with disrespect even the most foolish observances. I know that, looked at from one point of view, it is insane to suppose that kissing one's hand to a total stranger whose occupation is to clean chimneys will change the course of events in your favour. But I haven't the pluck not to. I daren't take the risk."

That conversation occurred some weeks ago, and it came back to me as I listened to P. F. yesterday, talking with half his usual exuberance, but looking very complacent and dressy (figuratively speaking) in a white sheet.

"I had a very curious experience last evening," he said, "and one which proves how foolish it is even for the wisest to be certain about anything or to take any strong dogmatic line."

We all gasped and looked at each other.

"I have been having a lot of trouble with my teeth," he continued, "since I made the mistake, so prevalent a few years ago, of having them out. I believe that many dentists now admit, when it is too late, that they were wrong in this wholesale extraction. Much good does that do us, for you can't put them back. Anyway, in common with thousands of other Jugginses I fell for it, and I can safely say that I have never enjoyed a meal since, and have rarely been free from indigestion. A fortnight ago, having decided that the time had come for a new set, I went to a man with a terrific reputation; and I must admit that he is doing me very well. But new teeth take a lot of breaking-in; you have to give them only very short innings, and take them out before any serious irritation or inflammation is caused. But of course, poor devils, you all know this: it is the bitter experience of the middle-aged wherever civilization has spread its blight.



"I 'VE CALLED TO TUNE YOUR PIANO."
"BUT I DIDN'T SEND FOR YOU."
"AH—THEN ONE OF YOUR NEIGHBOURS MUST HAVE."

"I saw my dentist again, for the tenth time in as many days, yesterday evening, and he made me, as at each visit, a shade more comfortable. I told him as I left that, as I was going to a men's dinner-party and it would be simple to leave the room and change them for the old, I would try the new ones and keep them in as long as possible. You can't break away from your lady at a mixed party; but with men it's all right. He urged me to do this, and off I went.

"Well, it was a bigger party than I was expecting and we sat down twelve; but with the soup who should come in but a late guest. You see what happened? He made us thirteen.

"'That's awkward,' said one of my neighbours. 'One must be careful not to be the first to get up.'

"'Or is it the last to sit down?' I asked.

"'No, it's the first to get up,' my other neighbour said, and he was supported by all around us.

"And then a terrible thing occurred: my teeth began to hurt. I made some kind of an effort with the fish, but only at the price of misery; and by the time I had attempted one mouthful of the saddle of lamb I was in agony. I was also exceedingly hungry."

"But why didn't you go out and change them?" I asked. "I remember how scornful you were of superstition a little while ago in this very room."

"Yes," he said. "That's it. I was scornful of superstition; I'm not sure I'm not still scornful of it; but I hadn't the courage to rise. I couldn't be the first to get up. Call me what you like; I admit it. I'm beaten. I thought I was strong and sensible, but I'm just as weak and idiotic as any old woman—as any of you. So there I sat, starving, with tears in my eyes from the raw place, unable to eat, terrified to go, ashamed to pop the new set into my napkin and suddenly turn into a centenarian. Was ever the humiliation of an anti-superstitionist more thorough?

"Even when coffee and cigars arrived no one moved. I looked round the table at each guest in turn, trying to will them to rise, but without the slightest success. Could they have been frightened too? At the end of a meal good hosts now and then leave their



Cockney on bridge (as dry-fly expert makes a few preliminary casts). "LUMMY, BILL, 'ERE 'S A BLOKE WAVIN' A WORM ABAHT IN THE AIR INSTEAD O' CHUCKIN' IT TO THE FISH!"

seats to promote mixing, but this one utterly failed in his duty. Could he have been frightened too? The pain increased, my emptiness became a separate ache.

"And then at length, at ten o'clock, the same man who had come in last—the thirteenth guest—solved the problem by pleading another engagement and saying Good-night. Need I add that I was hot upon his heels?

"'I suppose you think I'm for it,' he said as he put on his coat. 'But I don't believe in things like that. Surely you don't.'

"And—will you credit it?—I was base enough to say, 'No, of course not.' What cowards we are! 'No, of course not,' I said, and, popping in the old set, hurried off to have some supper."

E. V. L.

Our Helpful Contemporaries.

"A short but brief scene occurred in the House of Commons this afternoon."
Evening Paper.

There was a young bard of Loch Ranza
Who framed a new species of stanza;
But up in the chill
Atmosphere of Boar's Hill
They called it an extravaganza.

THE PET FORMULA.

I HAD a little formula,
I kept it in a cage,
I fed it on the minimum
And standard rate of wage.

I sharpened up its clauses,
I tinkered with its terms,
I sought for the opinion
Of interested firms.

Subsidiary issues
Were resolutely faced
In my delightful formula,
So lovely and so chaste.

It held a rosy promise
Of legislative acts,
It did not shirk the outcome
Of economic facts.

It offered us a basis
For settling the dispute
That rendered all its rivals
Inevitably mute.

I sent it to the owners,
But no one was about;
I took it to the miners,
But Mr. COOK was out.

I told it to Aunt Susan,
Who wrote to me from Tring—
"The mines, if they possessed it,
Would pay like anything!"

I sent it to the Government
When hope was nearly gone;
The Government returned it
By CARTER PATERSON.

I rearranged the commas
And took out all the rhymes;
I turned it into Sanskrit
And sent it to *The Times*.

I took it on a platform
And stood it on a tub,
I told it to the people
At our Debating Club.

"The sliding scale agreement!
The arbitral award!"
How beautiful they sounded,
Yet everyone was bored.

* * *

Alas, my little formula,
The darling of my pride!
For no one would adopt it;
It languished and it died.

EVOE.

"The ball was driven through the slips again and again."—*Evening Paper.*

The drive through the slips is a relief
from the conventional late cut to long-on.

AT THE PLAY.

"HEARTS AND DIAMONDS (STRAND).

THERE was really only one Diamond in the hands played by Messrs. ERNST MARISCHKA and BRUNO GRANICHSTADTEN, but it was an ace, and the largest I have ever set eyes on. It was about the size of a watch and was called "The Orlov." It had belonged to the Imperial House of Russia and had come into the possession (I don't ask how, but I think and hope it came there honestly) of a Grand Duke who had eluded the Bolshevists and joined the motor-works of *Walsh* and *Jefferson* as a mechanic, under the name of *Alexander Dorotchinsky*.

The plot, if you can call it that, turns upon the movements of this massive gem. Starting in *Alexander's* trouser-pocket (as a mechanic in a British factory he naturally wore a Russian costume) it finds its way—nobody could imagine how or why—into the hands of *Jefferson*, sleeping partner and erratic buffoon; thence it passes by uneasy transitions into the hands of (1) a sham detective and (2) the other partner, *Walsh*, and so back, full circle, into *Alexander's*.

As for the Hearts, they were three in number, and consisted of our disguised Grand Duke (the King), *Nadya*, a Russian opera-singer (the Queen) and *Walsh* (the Knave); for I cannot allow myself to recognise the buffoon and his typist, who conducted a relatively vulgar love-affair of their own, as coming under this description. *Walsh* is in love with *Nadya*, but her inclinations lean towards her fellow-countryman, whose gallantry in rescuing a small kitten from under a large lorry has created a very favourable impression. In order to make her hero ridiculous in her eyes *Walsh* invites him to meet her at a fancy-dress ball, where he hopes to expose his lack of society manners. Further, in order to destroy his eligibility, he arranges for the disappearance of The Orlov. You will be glad, but not surprised, to learn that these vile machinations were foiled.

I could not share the incredulity of the cast when they heard of the mechanic's claim to a lofty origin. After all he might easily have descended to a less decent job. Among the lounge-lizards who teach the tango along the Riviera there are, as we are given to understand, several Russians who lay claim to a high, if not imperial, birth. But I confess to a faint astonishment when I learned that this youth, who looked about twenty-one years old, had an actual right to wear the uniform in which he figured at the fancy-dress dance, that of a General of Cossacks.



THE ACE OF DIAMONDS.
Alexander Dorotchinsky . . . MR. GEORGE METAXA.

On the other hand I felt no surprise when the distinguished company openly sniffed at his lowly occupation, for that is just the sort of behaviour you expect from the best people in a musical comedy.

The sentimental passages, admirably composed and admirably sung, were well above the average in their kind. But the trouble with musical comedy—as contrasted with revue, where you can have a large assortment of detached scenes each homogeneous in itself—is that it is apt to suffer from a clash of incongruous elements. Here the serious interest was constantly being affronted by the intrusion of broad farce. It was as if we were playing bridge with a joker thrown in. This offence might have been lessened if there had been any method in the exits and entrances; but all the characters, passionate lovers and silly asses alike, seemed to drift in and out just as it occurred to them.

Mme. EDVINA (as *Nadya*), though a little nervous at first, sang of course with distinction, if not very strongly. Once inadvertently she contributed to the fun of the evening (which was no part of her business, though she smiled a good deal) by holding a property balalaika with the back part in front.

Mr. GEORGE METAXA, who played *Alexqnder*, comes, I am told, from the Roumanian Civil Service, and this is his first appearance. He has a fine voice, and played with a simple and very engaging sincerity.

Mr. LUPINO LANE, in the part of *Jefferson*, was very nimble with his feet and often excellent at the other end of him. I liked his refrain, "I think so; I hope so." He didn't mind being called a "butterfly," but challenged the epithet "mere." He may have been justified; but if he had other qualities he did not betray them, except in the matter of his taste for intoxicants. To me the greatest marvel about him was the way he always emerged from his somersaults with his eyeglass still *in situ*.

Miss ANITA ELSON (the typist) danced as lightly as thistledown. She has a natural gaiety, not to be mistaken for real humour; and whether her fun came off or not her smile never did. Mr. JACK STANFORD of the twinkling legs gave a remarkable burlesque of the Charleston—at least I hope he meant it for that.



TAKING THE FLOOR AT A NIGHT-CLUB.
Dolly Watchett . . . . . MISS ANITA ELSON.
Jefferson . . . . . MR. LUPINO LANE.

Nothing could exceed the futility of the male chorus. The ladies were at least shapely and sometimes picturesque, and they wore a great variety of undress. But the sight of a collection of men kneeling on one knee in evening clothes at the feet of beauty—in the proportion of ten to one—has never thrilled me with pride in my sex, and it didn't this time.

All the settings and most of the costumes, designed by M. THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY, were delightful; but he must have got to the end of his good ideas when he thought out, for some of the female chorus, a pair of trousers with one leg cut off above the knee.

I noticed that the name of M. BRUNO GRANICHSTADTEN, who made the excel-

lent music, is mentioned no fewer than twenty-one times in the programme. I've no doubt that he deserved it. But I'm not so sure about Mr. GRAHAM JOHN, the author of the lyrics, mostly inaudible, whose name also occurs twenty-one times. Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE, who made the English adaptation from *Der Orlov*, only appears twice; and his collaborator, Mr. LAURIE WYLIE, a paltry once. Yet they seem to have done a very passable piece of work, and I think that ten or twelve mentions would not have been too many for them.

The play began rather shakily, but as soon as *Walsh-Jefferson's* bevy of typists threw off, at the instigation of the sleeping partner, their black overalls, things began to move. To judge by the general joyousness of the first-night audience and the particular hilarity of the gallery, *Hearts and Diamonds* should run to a grand slam, or at least a little one. "I think so; I hope so." O. S.

"ENGAGED" (GLOBE).

When young *Tom Harraway*, a very solemn young ass, came back from Paris with the news that he had engaged himself to a *Mrs. Clavering* it was evident that *Uncle Tom Harraway*, a shy and youngish bachelor, had heard of the lady, who indeed was notorious as the wife of three husbands—divorced or divorcing, it wasn't clear which, and it didn't seem to the author to matter; and when the pretty lady arrived her conduct was so odd as to make you suppose she was anxious to outrage rather than conciliate her youthful fiancé. In fact, as we were informed, she had only entered into this engagement with the view of finding herself within range of *Uncle Tom*, for whom, long before she had become successively Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Clavering and Mrs. Baldwin-Smith, she had cherished a secret passion, which she confided to her elegantly-bound diary. We came at last to the destined and impatiently awaited ending, but not without elaborately contrived adventures with the three ex-husbands, who all very symmetrically climbed into the lady's bedroom, hid behind curtains and threw each other's coats out of the window in one of the least amusing scenes of pseudo-impropriety which it has ever been my fate to witness. It is my business to record that it was all received with a polite and well-simulated enthusiasm.

It was a little difficult to judge Miss MARGARET BANNERMAN'S presentation of the intriguing *Matilda Clavering*, as her tiresome artificiality was assumed for the purpose of discouraging her young lover, and there were only a few moments in which the unscrupulous lady, who it seems was conceived by the author as a generous romantic in essence and not a cold-hearted little devil, was supposed to be herself. And then it was much too late for us to be interested in her. It was sad to see Miss NINA BOUCICAULT struggle with antique jokes about cross-word puzzles and the make-up of faces with lip and eyebrow sticks. Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL invested his *Uncle Tom* with an air of mystery; but the mystery seemed to come to nothing. The three husbands (Mr. S. J. WARMINGTON, Mr. H. G. STOKER and Mr. EDMUND BREON) had ungrateful parts. In short, rather a mournful affair.

A bizarre joke from the French of M. ALFRED SAVOIR by Mr. STANLEY BELL came as a welcome relief. A would-be suicide (Mr. BREON) has been rescued from the river and deposited on a bench in a cemetery which, though he does not realise the fact, is a cemetery for dogs. When therefore a lady (Miss BANNERMAN), taking compassion on him, engages him in conversation and relates at length the history and habits of her dead pet, a Great Dane, he assumes she is speaking of her lover, with results which are sufficiently diverting to the ungodly even though the tact of the translator has evidently prevented her from developing the misunderstanding to the depths of its possibilities. I am not sure we should have thought so highly of this if it had not been for the preparation we had had in the three Acts of *Engaged*. T.



IN A DOGS' CEMETERY.

The Gentleman . . . . . MR. EDMUND BREON.
The Lady . . . . . MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN.

HIS FAVOURITE BUS.

ONE of the secrets most jealously guarded from a curious public is the number of Lord ASHFIELD'S favourite bus route. Among so many omnibuses, all so much alike (except that some have covered tops and some—Heaven be praised!—have not), it must be very hard to choose. But somewhere, in the Strand or Oxford Street or the King's Road, I like to think that there goes ceaselessly to and fro a little family of bright red buses, each member of which holds a particularly warm corner in Lord ASHFIELD'S heart. But what route it is I can only guess.

For a long time I thought the Number 11's were specially favoured. They run very smoothly and confidently, as though conscious of basking in the sunshine of their master's smile. I do not know what Lord ASHFIELD feels about covered buses, but the fact remains that most of them have been put upon the Number 11 route, which seems in some sort a confirmation of my theory. But now I am not so sure. There is a strong streak of eccentricity about the 11's which I cannot believe Lord ASHFIELD willingly countenances. If other buses followed their example the chaos in London traffic would be terrible. Only consider for a moment the wayward tortuous path they take in going from Liverpool Street to Shepherd's Bush, which ought to be the most sober and direct of journeys.

Some time ago, having an hour or two to spare and being attracted by the warm beauty of a summer day, I boarded a Number 11 bus at Liverpool Street. I had the top to myself. When the conductor came to collect my fare I said

casually, "Shepherd's Bush." He laughed. So might *Falstaff* have laughed. His mirth was deep, whole-hearted. "*Shepherd's Bush*, Sir?" he managed at length to articulate between guffaws.

"Yes," I said coldly.

He stopped laughing and began to humour me, having decided apparently that, though mad, I might be comparatively harmless. "Yes, Sir, of course, Sir," he said gently, as one might speak to a lunatic, "but you 'd better change at the Bank and take another bus or the Tube."

"Don't you go to Shepherd's Bush?" I asked sternly.

"Oh, yes, we *go*," he said. Then the richness of the jest overcame him once more.

"Compose yourself," I said at last with rising severity. "Kindly give me a ticket to Shepherd's Bush."

When he had recovered a little he scratched his head and examined his store of tickets with great deliberation, remarking, "Well, if you're in no hurry, Sir."

He looked again at his tickets. "Blest if you aren't the first gentleman 's ever travelled the whole way with me," he said; "I 'll have to go and look up the fare."

He disappeared down the stairs and presently came back with a very dusty ticket, which he put into my hand. I paid him, I remember, many pennies.

"You 'll let me know if you want anything, Sir?" he said anxiously as he left me.

I promised I would. For the rest of the journey he kept popping upstairs every ten minutes or so with a cheery "All right, Sir?" which in the end made me feel a trifle self-conscious. On each occasion I assured him that I was still holding out and hoped to reach harbour with my reason still unimpaired and my physical strength unabated. He shook his head doubtfully, and once when we stopped I heard him discussing me with the driver.

"Do you think we 'll bring him through?" asked the latter.

"Dunno," said the conductor; "looks a strong bloke, but 'is is the sort that cracks up easy."

I felt uncomfortable.

Whitehall—Victoria—a sharp turn, and we began to wind through Pimlico, meandering at last into Sloane Square. Down the King's Road; a twist and a turn and we came to the World's End. I prepared, worked on forcibly by suggestion, to get off.

"Not yet, Sir," said the conductor; "three or four mile more."

"Then this?" I said, indicating the legend——

"Public-house, Sir."

On we went, bowing a trifle distantly to Walham Green, clinging affectionately to Hammersmith for mile after weary mile. When we drew up at a dreary station which I recognised as the "Bush," as we call it in those parts, I tottered down the stairs of the bus. Driver and conductor removed their hats, and as I walked away I heard borne upon the breeze the cheers of small boys. It is not every man—I say it in all modesty—to whom it is given to come unscathed from such an Odyssey in the very heart of London.

But, though magnificent, it would not have done for one of Lord ASHFIELD'S charming advertisements. A Puckish humour is out of place in an omnibus. I cannot believe that it fails to secure Lord ASHFIELD'S displeasure. How different and how every way more appropriate the winsome grace of the Number 13's, which woo us so seductively to Lord's in the summer and, what is more, take us there about as hard as they can go! And who can remain entirely unmoved by the gallant spirit of the Number 3's, which daily break their hearts on the Crystal Palace hill? Or, again, there are all those buses, the 27's and 74's and 49's, which charm by their elusiveness and their sudden appearances in the most unlikely places. Here perhaps the favourite is to be looked for; but I cannot tell.

WHY THEY DON'T WIN.

ONE hears a good deal of grumbling because this horse or that horse has not won. Some men complain very bitterly indeed about it.

These complaints are the more to be deplored since the poor dumb creatures cannot reply.

Try to get the horse's point of view. It is shut all night and most of the day in a stable. It is led about at the end of a strap with a stuffy blanket over its head. It is given oats for dinner and only water to drink, and you know how unpleasant it is to drink out of a bucket. This may be the normal treatment of a horse, but what is there about it to encourage it to try to win? A man scratches it all over with a sort of rake, scrubs it with a very coarse brush and keeps on hissing at it. He shoves a piece of steel between its teeth and fastens a saddle on the small of its back with bands round its circumference, which he tightens ruthlessly. Then another man absurdly dressed in a highly-coloured shirt leaps on to the horse, taking it unawares, and rides it out among a crowd of utter strangers, many of them hoarse-voiced and vulgar—not at all nice people. It isn't as if the horse had been consulted; it has not even been asked to do its best. The rider tugs at the bit, pommels the animal with his knees, bounces on its spine, digs spurs into its ribs and lashes it with his whip. And then some sulky sportsman, miles away, between savage gulps at a double-whisky, blames the unfortunate creature for not winning.

Why should any animal treated thus try to win? Would a dromedary, would a wart-hog, would a jaguar? Then why expect it of a horse? It should be remembered that horses have their feelings, and I can quite understand why a horse with spirit, under such conditions, should refuse to win. Many of the best-bred horses are persistent in their refusal.

It may be contended that every race is nevertheless won by some horse or other. I admit this curious fact, of which I can offer no explanation.

THE PHONETIC "WHO'S WHO."

[Mr. DONALD CAMPBELL of the Haverhill Public Library (U.S.A.) has prepared a phonetic guide to the accurate pronunciation of the names of authors and public characters, *e.g.*, "Littun Stray-chee; Oliver Onions, like the vegetable; André Maurois (On-dray Morwah); Maria Jeritza (You 're-it-sir)." By way of supplement to his efforts we venture to add the following brief *memoria technica*.]

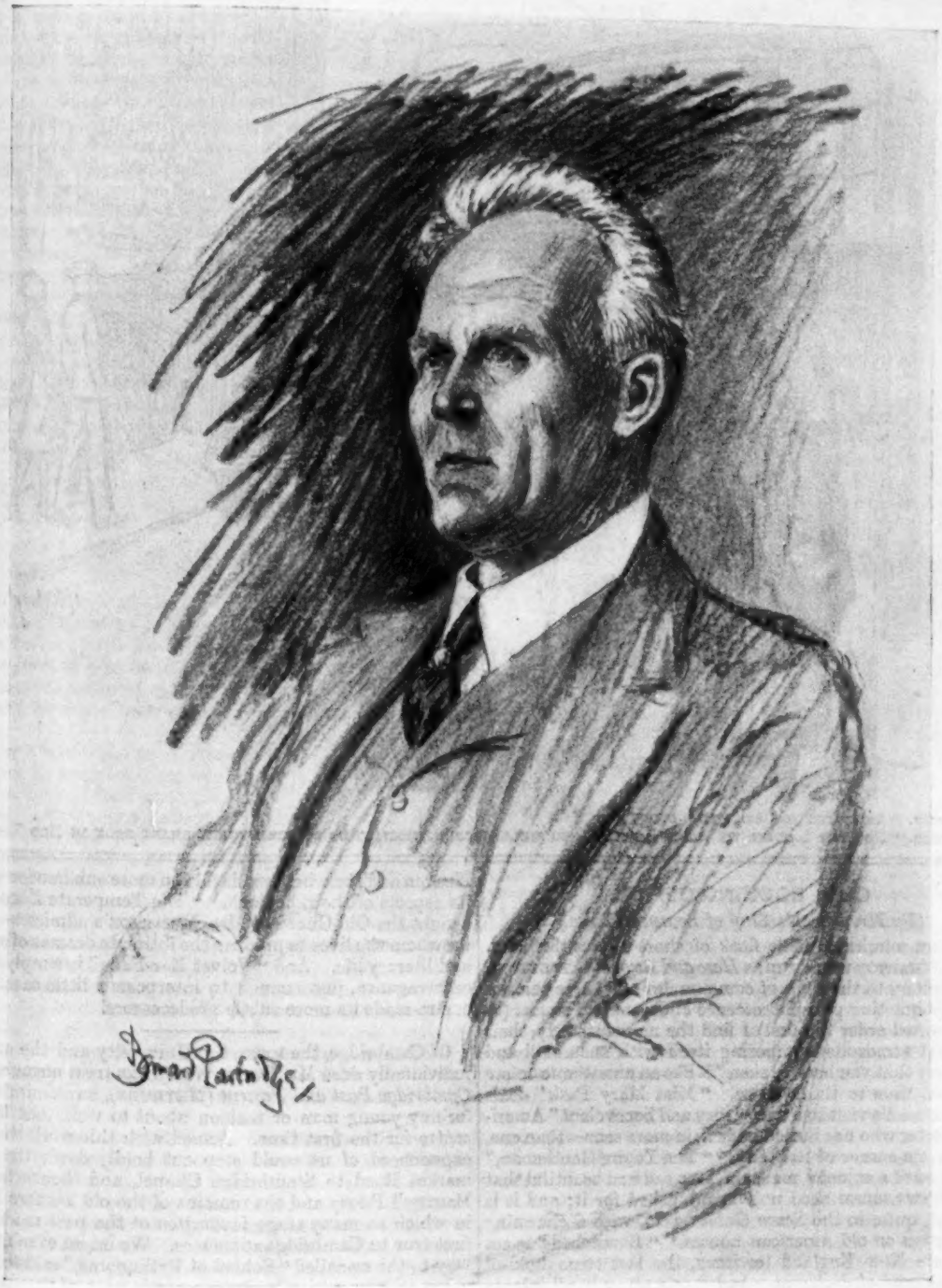
GILBERT the tremendous FRANKAU
Rhymes with filbert and with HANKOW;
BEAVERBROOK, *prononcez* MAX,
(As in PEMBERTON) with wax.
When you talk of SHEILA KAYE-SMITH
Think of BELA KUN and NASMYTH,
And of Bisley and of Puddlestone
When you talk of SISLEY HUDDLESTON.
Spite of KEATS, the poet YEATS
Makes a perfect rhyme to Bates,
While the illustrious D. H. LAWRENCE
Rhymes correctly with abhorrence.
T. H. HUXLEY once enthralled us;
Now the name is sounded Aldous.
When you speak of RICHARD STRAUSS
Pray remember Colonel HOUSE.
When you mention SAKLATVALA
Think of GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Now, since the vice of mispronouncing
Illustrious names deserves a trouncing,
These specimens—they are no more—
Out of a truly boundless store
May form the nucleus of a guide
Which enterprise should soon provide
Under the title of A New
Phonetic Version of "Who 's Who."

Notice in country shop:—

"The winner of the first prize for a loaf of white bread at ——— Agricultural Show was baked with our noted ——— Brand Flour."

We infer that the author of the above notice was not a winner, being only half-baked.



MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.

XVIII.—M. CHALIAPINE.

ONCE you were *Tsar* of the scene;
Now, under Soviet rule,
Stooping from *Boris's* level
Down to *Mephisto*, the Devil,
Wearing, to match with his heart,
Black, with a lining of Red
(Clearly a Bolshevist part)—
Still the Imperial school,
Where your traditions were bred,
Saved from a Russia that's dead,
Lives in your glorious Art,
FEODOR CHALIAPINE.



Londoner. "AND HAVE YOU SEEN THE ABBEY YET?"
American. "NO; BUT I GUESS WE MUST. IT HAS BEEN WELL RECOMMENDED TO US BY SOME VURRY SMART FOLK IN NOO YORK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is an admirable little flock of short stories that Mrs. EDITH WHARTON rounds up as *Here and Beyond* (APPLETON). Three belong to the light of common day and three partake of the disquieting phosphorescence of dreams. The last (in their printed order the first) I find the more masterly, their abnormal atmosphere imposing itself with such skill and simplicity that you have "taken" it like an anæsthetic before you have time to think twice. "Miss Mary Pask" deals with a tourist's visit to a once "rosy and benevolent" American spinster who has buried herself, in more senses than one, in a remote corner of Brittany. "The Young Gentleman," the legend of a colonial mansion, is so sad and beautiful that I feel HAWTHORNE need not have blushed for it; and it is preluded, quite in the *Seven Gables'* vein, with a charming disquisition on old American houses. "Bewitched" is set in austere New England territory, the last stronghold of Puritan dread of *diablerie*. And it is a story to all intents and purposes of *diablerie* which Mrs. WHARTON brings to a tragically human though sufficiently horrible end. Tragically human too is the tale of a couple of American missionaries whose long sojourn in Morocco has reduced them to humdrum apathy. The arrival of an old friend who knew their mission in its first ardours rouses them from their torpor, and the gesture with which they set themselves right with Heaven and their heathen is all the more sublime for having its aspects of the ridiculous. "The Temperate Zone" will delight the Old Guard of Mrs. WHARTON'S admirers—those for whom she lives to produce the intimate dramas of artistic and literary life. And "Velvet Ear-Pads" is simply a jolly extravaganza, just enough to interpose a little ease before one re-reads its more subtle predecessors.

Of Cambridge, the town, the University and the colleges individually does Mr. BRIAN W. DOWNS treat engagingly in *Cambridge Past and Present* (METHUEN), an admirable gift for any young man or maiden about to visit that famous centre for the first time. Armed with this work the least experienced of us could step out boldly down the Newmarket Road to Stourbridge Chapel, and thence back to Barnwell Priory and the remains of the old Theatre Royal, in which so many stage favourites of the past made their first bow to Cambridge audiences. We might even find our way to the so-called "School of Pythagoras," said to be the oldest monument in Cambridge north-west of the river. I cannot recall that I ever visited these most interesting spots in my own undergraduate days, but had Mr. DOWNS come earlier upon the scene with this handsome book some antiquarian zeal for that dark age might well have been stimulated. I feel now too that I never paid due attention to the glories of the Fitzwilliam Museum, a chapter on which serves as a link between the University section of

this book and the part dealing with the colleges. In matters architectural Mr. DOWNS seems to be an exceptionally fair guide. His indignation at the various crimes committed by restorers and others is reasonable and restrained. Included in his book are some sixteen illustrations, chiefly views of the Colleges drawn in a slightly formal but not unpleasing manner by Mr. E. VULLIAMY. And as an end-paper we have an excellent map of Cambridge, four inches to the mile. With the aid of this no future undergraduate should experience real difficulty in discovering Downing.

RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.,
Dalesman, cragsman, nature-lover,
Sends a jolly book to press
Cover unto final cover—
A Naturalist's Pilgrimage;
CASSELLS start it on its stage.

Here its author may be seen
Making progress wise and witty,
Fare he "by the grey or green,"
Fell or Fleet Street, sea or city,
Or suspended o'er the mass
Of the solan-haunted Bass.

Here a real romance is told
(Fact, in this form, fiction betters)
How a herd-boy left the fold,
How he won a place in letters,
Loving much, beloved of Pan,
Bird and beast and fellow-man.



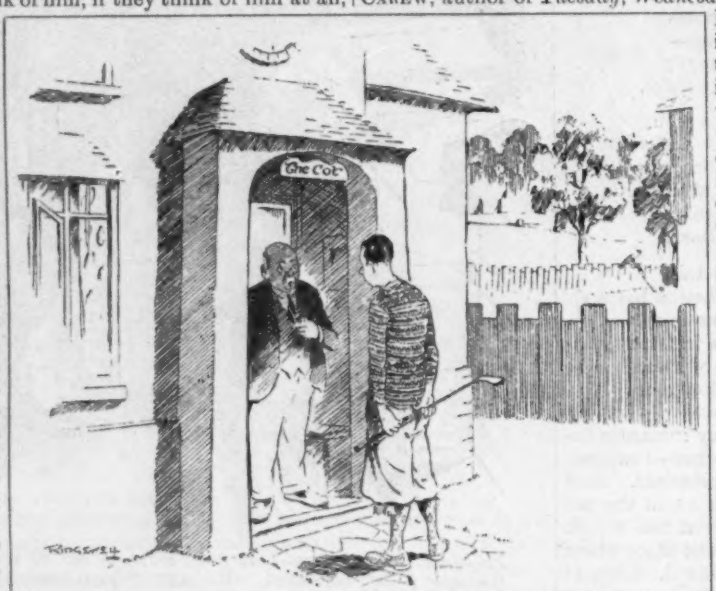
Neighbour. "LOOK HERE—I 'VE BEEN STUNG BY ONE OF YOUR CONFOUNDED BEES."
Beekeeper (keenly interested). "REALLY? WHICH SORT WAS IT—ITALIAN, DUTCH, OLD ENGLISH OR MY OWN STRAIN?"

Industrialism and very romantic fiction generally grow together—I suppose on the nettle and dock principle. So if you want to buy a book about the call of the wild or the lure of the simple life a Tube bookstall is the place where you are most likely to find it. This, at any rate, is where I should expect to see *Riders of the Wind* (MURRAY), a novel whose complete divorcement from reality should be peculiarly acceptable to those for whom reality spells tedium. The book opens with a stagey debate between a British Museum Orientalist whose wife is always late for tea, and the defaulting matron. *Alexandra Marley* is the descendant of Vikings, married, in girlish ignorance of the implications of matrimony, to a sour scholar. Her only vice is unpunctuality, but she allows her mother-in-law to suspect her, groundlessly, of a liaison with a rich connoisseur and to communicate her suspicions to the Orientalist. The Orientalist complains in his simple scholarly way that his wife's behaviour is "a bit thick." So *Sandy*, as she is in future to be called, elopes in the innocence of her heart with *Blaise Dorin*, an agent employed by the suspected connoisseur to secure him Eastern rarities. The remainder of the volume is dedicated to the young couple's pursuit of the robe of an Indian goddess, the ruse which obtains it, the disaster which loses it and the love which ultimately leads them and the unappreciative Orientalist through the happy portals of the Divorce Court. I am bound to admit that these interests, if interests they are, do not flag, and that the vein of cheerful jauntiness in which they are narrated is apparently unfailing. *Riders of the Wind* may be Miss ELSWYTH THANE's first book, but it reads like her five-and-twentieth.

Miss FANNIE HURST, whose notable novel *Lummox* won the hearty suffrages of the discerning last year, seems to me in *Appassionata* (CAPE) to have developed to the point of tedium her device of indirectly presenting her story through the mind of her principal character. Of the cleverness of this study of the way in which the beautiful daughter of a successful Irish-American reacts to her environment there can be no doubt. The girl—a devout Catholic, with a mystical leaning—has yet an overwhelming sensuous preoccupation with the beauty of her own body, but is essentially virginal and dreads her impending marriage. An accident deprives her of the power to walk, and, though she is relieved when her affianced lover's patience is exhausted and he looks for consolation elsewhere, she is also wounded by his so ready and insulting surrender of her. She turns to "The Max"—that is GABRIEL MAX's trick-picture of the *Christus*—before which she has always said her prayers, and, the eyes opening to her for the first time, she is suddenly healed. She is, of course, the true hysteric, and at once flies to a convent. Here the wise nuns—so little like the usual nuns of fiction—far from acclaiming the miracle and leaping at their prize with her handsome dowry, distrust this too sudden conversion and refuse to admit her. A meeting with an old friend of childhood, who is nothing if

not an explicit and candid wooer, rouses her physical nature, but the old complex reasserts itself. The portraits of her friends and of the members of her family with their squalid quarrels are seen in grim monochrome moving as it were on the screen of her mind. Yes, a brilliantly clever but not an altogether satisfactory book.

Under the title of *Lord Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Mass.* (FISHER UNWIN), Mr. J. P. MARQUAND has written the biography of a "great" eighteenth-century eccentric who desired to go down to posterity as "first in the East, first in the West and the greatest philosopher in the Western world." TIMOTHY DEXTER (to omit the ennobling prefix ironically conferred on him) lived in New England in the eighteenth century, and had thus exceptional opportunities for making money easily and spending it sensationally, to the scandal of his neighbours. The mass of his fellow-countrymen to-day think of him, if they think of him at all, as a drunken, illiterate and utterly preposterous old braggart with something of a head for business and just enough self-control to keep sober until lunch-time. But among the American intelligentsia, as I gather from Mr. MARQUAND, there has grown up a sort of DEXTER cult, whose devotees profess to find in him, with all his follies and futilities, a lovable nature with a streak of genuine greatness. Nor need we take their word for it. DEXTER enshrined his thoughts in a book or pamphlet called *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, which Mr. MARQUAND reproduces verbatim as an appendix to this biography. It has no punctuation and scarcely a correctly-spelt word, and you may regard it, at your pleasure, as a work of rugged genius or the maundering of a half-wit. Mr. MARQUAND has not convinced me that the popular conception of *Dexter* is a wrong one. He may perhaps say that he is not convinced of it himself. Why then this handsome volume? Was TIMOTHY DEXTER worth it? As biography it is humorously and vividly written, and it makes good reading. But it was a sad waste of time.



Golfer (to owner of villa adjoining golf-links). "SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU. CAN I HAVE MY BALL?"
Owner. "WHERE IS IT?"
Golfer. "WELL, JUDGING BY THE BOW WINDOW, I SHOULD SAY IT WAS IN THE BEST BEDROOM."

The Charming City (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) presents the singular combination, which, so far as I know, is new in fiction, of an ostensibly English family dwelling in an ostensibly English city, and yet talking and behaving like an American family inhabiting a township in the Middle West. Whence I conjecture that Mrs. ELLA ROSEWARNE STEVENS is a citizen of the United States, who, having either invented or remembered (or both) a visit to these islands, chose to weave that event into a story. According to the publishers it is her first. It concerns *Anna Mallard*, who had "a face like a flower that has glowed all day, now folding for sleep," and eyes which "were luminous and dreaming." The authoress considerately adds that "Anna was not always thus." It was doubtless *Anna's* misfortune that she attended a school whose headmistress, desiring to restrain a too exuberant friend, said, "Give over, Maud!"; but it was *Anna's* fault that she set her affections upon one *Simon Medlicott*, of whom it is recorded that "under the thick skin of his heavy neck his blood burned darkly." This unpleasant person suffered from a delusion that he ought to become "a monk"; and, although he disliked the prospect, his conscience forced him to reject *Miss Mallard's* candid proposals of marriage. I infer, however, from the last chapter, which is a trifle obscure, that *Simon's* scruples were overcome by this "tender girl of rose and apricot." It would serve them both right if they married.

The consciously "literary" manner in which Mr. DUDLEY CAREW, author of *Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday* (BODLEY HEAD), unfolds his tale, irritating though it at times becomes, is really in admirable keeping with its subject. He writes about a thoroughly modern Chelsea household whose parents are called by their Christian names, whose young women imbibe "double whiskies" without turning a hair, and whose young men quote Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW in the emotional crises of life much as lesser folk might invoke their particular deity. The plot chiefly concerns the struggle of *Tony*, the adopted son of the family, to break loose from the dominating influence of his guardian and boyhood's hero, *Lionel*. In order to achieve this *Tony* takes the somewhat extreme course of running off with a married woman. It is all very cleverly done, with that rather artificial cleverness which appears to deal more with emanations of paper and printer's ink than with flesh-and-blood people.

The sub-title of *The Perfect Batsman* (CASSELL) is "J. B. Hobbs in Action," and his perfection is proved by ninety-eight cinema photographs. The illustrations are excellent, and so, with qualifications, is Mr. A. C. MACLAREN'S letter-press. Mr. MACLAREN, as all the world of cricket knows, is an uncompromising opponent of the "two-eyed stance." In my opinion he is absolutely right; but before I had come to the end of his little book I found myself wondering whether his so insistent reiteration of the same point of view was necessary. He has, however, much sage advice to offer, and, although he was a greater stylist with a bat than he is with a pen, I recommend all aspiring cricketers to read what he has to say. And by way of object-lesson I invite them to gaze earnestly at the ninety-eight photographs of the Surrey hero.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is pointed out in a daily paper that Mr. G. B. SHAW's dinner-jacket shows his back collar-stud. It would have been more tactful to draw his attention to this matter less publicly. We feel confident that the communication did not come from Lord OXFORD.

* *

A London physician expresses the opinion that women by their devotion to games and shingling will add as much as ten years to their lives. But will they heed the warning?

* *

A sensation was caused in commercial circles last week. An office-boy asked for a day off on the occasion of the first Test match so that he could take his grandmother.

* *

There have been complaints of barracking at recent important cricket matches. It is very inconsiderate when other people are trying to sleep.

* *

Mr. A. J. COOK says he wants justice. That sounds rather daring.

* *

A wealthy American is to attempt to swim the Channel this year. We understand that if he fails he will buy the thing and take it back home to practise on.

* *

A writer says that most plays produced in London on Sunday evenings are rubbish. Is this quite fair? Why should he single out the Sunday plays?

* *

A racing pigeon has returned to Ireland after an absence of two years. No reason is suggested.

* *

The cocked hats belonging to three of Middlesb'ro's aldermen have become too small for their wearers. It is a glorious thing to be an alderman in Middlesb'ro.

* *

A bootmaker says that a woman's character can be told by her feet. Perhaps this is why glass shoes went out of fashion with *Cinderella*.

* *

Reports are to hand of a plague of rats due to the closing down of the coal-mines. On the other hand, some people think the continuation of the deadlock is due to a plague of parrots.

* *

Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER suggests that women should go on strike against war. A capital idea. There would be very few blacklegs.

* *

There is a farmer in South Africa who actually confesses to having made a profit on last year's work. But then he found a diamond mine on his farm.

* *

Attention is drawn to the fact that French wives are resorting to the revolver in preference to the Divorce Court. It doesn't take so long for a bullet to become absolute.



OUR SLOW-MOTION CRICKET: WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

"SCORE-CARD UP TO TH' LAST RUN—TWOPENCE!".

Mr. EPSTEIN is exhibiting a piece of sculpture without a name. His experience is that names are readily supplied by the public.

* *

Another of Mr. EPSTEIN's exhibits is an early head of himself. We don't know if it is still life-size.

* *

"Sharks in the sea near Cornwall," announces a daily paper. We suppose seaside landladies do their bathing before the rush sets in.

* *

A resident of Guildford is advertising for a lost steam-roller. He should have kept it on the lead.

A Derbyshire man has told a magistrate that he forbade his wife to have her hair shingled or he would know the reason why. We did the same, with the sole result that we now know the reason why.

* *

Brazil having resigned from the League of Nations, there is some talk of Thanet joining as a country member.

* *

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL does not think it possible to stop users of telephone-boxes from smoking in them. The habit has grown up through people taking meals there while waiting for a trunk-call.

* *

"Do clergymen swear when playing golf?" asks a contemporary. The question arises, "Should a caddy tell?"

* *

An advertisement announces a cure for outstanding ears. This is good news, for nothing is more annoying than ears that flap in the wind, unless of course it is to have odd ears.

* *

During a circus performance in Paris a trick motor-cyclist fell into a cage of lions. Fortunately none of the animals was injured.

* *

Several locomotives on one line are being converted to the use of oil-fuel. Another interesting report is that several old buffers on the same line are about to retire.

* *

Dean INGE is reported to be writing a book on England which will be published in the autumn—providing of course that England is still here then.

* *

We are reminded that SULLIVAN, the Glamorganshire wicket-keeper, was formerly reserve wicket-keeper for Surrey. An understruddy, in fact.

* *

There is always something to be said on politics, says an essay writer. And the trouble is that people will say it.

* *

An explorer states that he knows a South Sea island where a dollar will purchase a wife and a bottle of whisky. It sounds attractive, but we have doubts about the quality of the whisky.

* *

"A novel of life in the raw.
THE BUTCHER SHOP."
Publisher's Advertisement.

Just where one would expect to find it.

THE IN-AND-OUT STRIKE.

IN the year 1936 the Amalgamated Bunch of Trades Unions decided to call a general strike. Orders were sent to the various unions that their members were to be called out at midnight on the following Monday.

The unions resented the order. What business, they asked, had their chosen representatives to order them about? Every union, animated by the same sturdy spirit of independence, forbade its members to strike.

The workers were so incensed at being told what not to do that they came out in defiance of their several unions.

The A.B.T.U., which had been much agitated by the conduct of the unions, was correspondingly appreciative of the workers' move, and issued a manifesto congratulating them on their loyalty.

This tactless act apprised the workers that, instead of striking in defiance of their unions, they were striking in obedience to the A.B.T.U. They returned to work at once.

The union leaders were jubilant. Each union sent to its members a message of thanks for their valuable support.

That tore it. Every trade unionist felt obliged to strike immediately. Mass meetings were held in all parts of the kingdom, and at every meeting one question was asked, "Were the workers slaves?" At some meetings the Ayes had it, at others the Noes. But it was one of those questions to which either answer is equally satisfactory, and in no case was the questioner displeased. All work was stopped, and the trade of the country was at a standstill.

A meeting of the Cabinet was hastily called to consider what steps should be taken to cope with the appalling disaster with which the nation was faced. Every Minister except one was for proclaiming a state of emergency and calling for volunteers. The exception was for awaiting developments. The action of the workers, he pointed out, showed clearly that the wishes of those in authority, whatever they were, would be resisted; and, since the workers could hardly fail to recognise the Cabinet as an authoritative body, its call for action would inevitably stiffen them in their refusal to work, whereas a massive sluggishness on the part of the Cabinet would be more than likely to stimulate the workers to intense activity.

Fortunately he gained his point. The Cabinet dispersed, not only without issuing a proclamation but without making any public comment on the situation.

Their inactivity was rewarded. Within twenty-four hours the workers had decided that the Cabinet's omission to issue some order that they could manfully disobey was tantamount to an approval of the strike.

The Cabinet's approval was more than the workers could bear. Clearly something had to be done—but what? To return to work would be to obey the order of their unions and was consequently out of the question; to remain idle would be to carry out the wishes both of the Cabinet and of the A.B.T.U., which was unthinkable.

For a short time it looked as if the workers had no course open to them by which they could escape the degradation of obeying somebody. But before long a plan was evolved by which the A.B.T.U., the unions and the Government might all be flouted: they would work—which would annoy the A.B.T.U. and, apparently, the Government—but they would work at some trade other than their own, which would madden the unions.

This plan was immediately acted upon, and the work of the country was resumed.

Every worker was a beginner at his job, but the zest with which he worked more than counteracted his amateurishness. Railwaymen hewed coal; miners ran the railways; bronzed fishermen tilled the land; pallid agriculturists fed the fish; jockeys experimented with leaky taps; plumbers told each other how easy it would have been to win the Derby if they had only remembered to bring their horses; men in plus-fours ran the buses; busmen swore on the golf-links; the Lord Mayor's coachman drove a taxi; the taxi-men took turns at driving the Lord Mayor's coach. Everyone was industrious and happy. Trade prospered as it had not prospered for years.

Then came the upheaval. The trade unionists suddenly realised that by doing what everybody approved of they were obeying the unspoken command of the majority. This struck them like a blow in the face. Fortunately they awoke simultaneously to the fact that their several unions had ceased to exist and that they could therefore return to their proper trades without loss of self-respect, uplifted, moreover, by the knowledge that the A.B.T.U. still retained sufficient vitality to be deeply mortified by their so doing.

The return to normal conditions was breathlessly watched by a still silent Cabinet, which was beginning to digest the fact that the business of the Government was to look on while a great nation governed itself.

A Daughter of Eve.

"Young Lady Wanted, with experience in Fruit."—*Provincial Paper.*

RHYMES OF MY GARDEN.

THE THISTLE.

THE thistle may be viewed with pride
Upon the bonny banks of Clyde,
But in my merely English garden
I find its manners hard to pardon,
And often hint with spade and hoe
That I consider it *de trop*;
So might one try to bend a flint;
A thistle will not take a hint.

When once it 's firmly taken root
The thistle does not care a hoot
What anyone may do or say,
But in a most high-handed way
Despatches general invitations
To all its army of relations;
And brothers, sisters, aunts and cousins
Come swarming up in tens of dozens
To spread their legions in disorder
Across my pet herbaceous border.

If, roused to an excess of hate,
You grimly vow to extirpate
This tough and pertinacious pest
You 'll find a plough will serve you best.
For when you merely hack and hew
As angry men are prone to do,
Or with a venom cold and placid
Start sprinkling pints of prussic acid,
You greatly err to think that this 'll
Annoy or discommode the thistle
And lay it low with wilted spikes;
It 's just the thing a thistle likes.
Myself I feel that it would prove
An apt and advantageous move
If this unpleasant prickly weed
Betook itself across the Tweed,
Where I believe I 've heard it stated
The thing is much appreciated.

Another Impending Apology.

Poster regarding the Leicester Agricultural Show, opened last week by the PRINCE OF WALES:—

"H.M. WELSH GUARDS BAND.
MUSIC WILL BE SUPPLIED BY THE LEICESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY DANCE BAND."

Our Cynical Cinemas.

Extract from programme of a provincial picture-house:—

"Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—
'LOST—A WIFE.'
Thursday, Friday and Saturday—
'THE LUCKY DEVIL.'"

"Many think that Coronach stops when tackled, because he does not stay."
Daily Paper.

But surely he stays when he stops.

"It has been stated that the bookmaker would shift part of the excessive betting tax burden by reducing the odds to the basker. My experience shows that this is impracticable. It is as much the bacger as the layer who makes the odds."—*Daily Paper.*

We know nothing of these third and fourth parties, the basker and the bacger.



THE ANGORA SPIRIT; OR, EVERYBODY PLEASED.



"GRANDFATHER DARLING, I'VE BROUGHT MY FIANCÉ TO SEE YOU.' 'YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM YET, HAVE YOU?' "NO, AND I CAN'T SEE HIM NOW. PASS ME MY MAGNIFYING-GLASS."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XVII.—WHERE MATRIMONY FAILS.

A CALIFORNIAN gentleman has obtained a divorce on the ground that his wife from the back of their motor-car "constantly belittled his abilities as a driver and insisted on telling him how he ought to take curves in the road."

I do not as a rule advocate easier divorce, but here is a case in which I think legislative reformers can and ought to follow the example of the U.S.A. Let them bend their minds to it. The problem is acute.

Wives in motor-cars, as I have experienced them, are of two main species: those who make open comments, and those who blanch and bite the lip. There may be a sub-species which admires and softly praises the driving of its husband, but I have seldom or never encountered it. The kind which utters open criticism of the man at the wheel is the commonest and worst. A great deal of the social unrest which characterises our modern life is, I feel certain, attributable to this painful cause.

A good mother and hostess, a ready helpmeet at ordinary times, the wife who enters a motor-car is too often transformed into a ravening virago, anxious only to impede, to humiliate, to obstruct and to annoy. She cannot even permit the being whom she has promised to love, honour and obey to go through the motions of starting the car without asking whether he has switched on the engine, or putting some equally fatuous query. Sitting beside him after the start, she has no confidence in his ability to behave otherwise than as a certified lunatic, and does not hesitate to express her view. How well one knows these devastating dialogues:—

She. For goodness' sake go carefully here.

He. What on earth are you talking about?

She. There is a cross-road.

He. I have eyes.

She. No one would think so.

He. When I want your advice and your opinion of my personal appearance I will ask for it.

She (weakening a little). I conjure you as a wife and a mother not to cut in in front of that motor-lorry.

He. Am I driving this car or are you?

She. Do you remember that time at Paignton (or Llandrindod Wells or Shoeburyness), on a moonlit summer evening, when you swore that if ever you transgressed my lightest whim might you lose all hope of happiness for ever, now and hereafter? Aunt Emma had gone back into the drawing-room, and there was a scent of night-flowering stocks. Or that afternoon on the river at Goring (or Tewkesbury or Burton-on-Trent), when you were so brave about the swan (or bargee or Primus stove) and plucked me that water-lily? I little thought then that I was about to marry a person who would behave like a cave-man and a sheikh as soon as he got me alone in a two-seater. There is a flock of oxen in front. Why don't you sound your horn?

He. Herd, not flock.

She. If you don't slow down I shall shriek.

He. Shriek, then.

She. Well, stop, and let me get out and walk the rest of the way. It 's only eighty-three miles.

He. I thought you wanted to drive, after Hutchingbury.

She. I don't care whether I drive or not. I never want to be in a car with you again.

He. Don't, then. We'll have separate cars.

She. I must have alimony for mine, and the right to retain the children.

He. Not in the least. I shall have the boys.

She. You 're roaring the engine again.

Legislation is urgently needed to restrain this growing evil. The presence of a stranger in the car does nothing to modify the behaviour of wives belonging to this species. Often it urges them to wilder extremes. They cajole him, if he be a man, and force him to agree with their insane prejudices, until the husband is driven mad by despair and rushes with a series of low growls into the nearest police-trap.

Husbands as a class, on the other hand, refrain from this form of cruelty. They condone the offences of their wives at the wheel. They help, advise and are magnanimous. A word or two of sage counsel when some heinous fault has been committed, a courteous reference to the fact that the hand-brake has been partly on for the last two miles and that the car would travel better if it were totally released; such encouraging phrases as "A miss is as good as a mile" when the front tyre of a cyclist has been narrowly shaved—these are all the remarks that the long-suffering creature usually permits himself. He knows well that women have no "sense of the road"; that they drive either by instinct and temperament or by pettifogging rule. But he seldom condescends to say these things openly, preferring to let his opinion be made plain by a quick pursing of the lips, a low whistle or a subdued groan. As this:—

He. Good thing there wasn't an extra coat of paint on that limousine.

She. What on earth do you mean?

He. Oh, nothing. (*A pause: then reflectively*) Popular education is variously regarded as a curse or as the greatest triumph of modern democracy.

She. What 's the matter now?

He. I wondered whether you 'd noticed the signboard with "SCHOOL" on it. That 's all.

She. I have eyes.

He. They are one of your greatest charms.

Always, you see, the little gentleman. Why then should the husband be subjected to an intolerable persecution of critical abuse directly he takes his turn on the driving-seat?

I am convinced, after a careful study of the subject, that no wife should be permitted to travel in a car driven by her husband without a special licence. If it can be shown before a justice of the peace, on reliable evidence, that she has passed adverse criticism on his method of driving, either from the point of view of judgment or speed, she should have this licence endorsed and suffer the penalty either of the scold's bridle or the ducking-stool. At the third offence the husband should be entitled to seek the remedy of divorce, retaining custody of the car.



Gentleman of Leisure (engaging valet). "ARE YOU AN EARLY RISER?"
Valet. "WHAT HOUR DO YOU USUALLY COME 'OME, SIR?"

Something, at any rate, must be done and done quickly. For make no mistake—the behaviour of the ordinary wife in a husband-driven motor-car is a mere mockery of the garage-tie.

EVOE.

Notice on a London drill-hall:—

"We announce a small bore meeting to be held Wednesday next."

We know those meetings; but the promoters are rarely so candid.

"The library contains some wonderful 'sets' of books, editions de luxe of Stevenson and Meredith, for instance, which make one break the ninth commandment."—*Daily Paper.*

Are we then to assume that the writer is not telling the truth?

"The Chief Engineer and Wireless Operator saved their lives by jumping into the sea and clamoring over the stern of the boat."

Tasmanian Paper.

No doubt there was only accommodation for one.

BOOKMAKERS' FAMINE FUND.

NATIONAL APPEAL.

IT seems quite clear that the British horse-racing "industry" is ruined again. A week or two ago a Sunday newspaper announced that in horse-circles the general opinion was that the Derby of 1926 would be "the last Derby," since in another twelve months' time the industry would have been crippled by a five-per-cent. duty on credit bets. A recent deputation to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, it is understood, laid information so grave before him that Mr. CHURCHILL paled for the first time in his career; and it was for this reason, no doubt, that the proceedings were kept secret.

And now LORD LONSDALE and the Stewards of the Jockey Club have confirmed the ghastly news. *British horse-racing is doomed.*

"The Judge," in an evening paper, has put the case as clearly as any, and, at the risk of injuring the mellifluous flow of his prose, I will tabulate his points:—

(1) "No one who bets can stand a five-per-cent. tax on turnover."

(2) "A marked decrease in betting must affect racecourse attendances," and

(3) "Reduce the number of owners and horses in training."

(4) "With this (*i.e.* 3) many meetings could not carry on."

(5) "All racecourse shares would depreciate."

(6) "The amount of money given in stakes would be halved," and

(7) "The thoroughbred horse-breeding industry would prosper no longer."

Mark how remorselessly the logic marches from Number 1 to Number 7. You, my friend, with a little pinching, may afford to give one pound to Bill Oates of Balham, in the hope of winning seven pounds, but you cannot afford to give him one guinea. And if you do not give Bill Oates your guinea you will not go to the Derby, nor your friends and relations neither. And if you do not go to the Derby Lord ASTOR and the AGA KHAN will go out of business or reduce their studs by half; the Epsom Meeting will dwindle to a day; far-off in the shires the cautious British investor will sell his racecourse shares and put the money into railways (though they too, by the way, will suffer surely in the general ruin); the Derby (if indeed it is run again) will be cut down to fifteen hundred sovs. or so, and the parents of Solario and Coronach will go barren in disgust and beget no more.

There is no kind of answer to this case as it stands; but that pitiless fellow, "The Judge," rubs it in:—

"*A man who bets an average of ten pounds per race for five days of the week lays out £300 per week, and on that he would pay £15 per week tax—or nearly £800 per year. His expenses, if he races regularly, are not less than £20 per week.*"

Friend, have you ever met The Man Who Bets an Average of Ten Pounds Per Race Five Days In the Week and spends on racing £320 in the week, with expenses, or £16,640 in a year? Doubtless you have: one runs across him at every meal. Yet it is this pillar of the State, my friend, this captain of industry, that the foul CHURCHILL has chosen to attack; this is the indefatigable toiler who on a patriotic outlay of £16,000 per annum is asked to contribute to the State the crippling sum of £800! An annual expenditure of £16,000 by the theatre-goer would run him in for a tax of £2,400 (the entertainment-tax being in the neighbourhood of fifteen per cent.—*fifteen*, my friend, on turnover too), but the theatre-goer can afford it, and the breeding of dramatists can take care of itself; while every stab in the devoted back of the M.W.B.A.T.P.P.R.F.D.I.W. goes through him to the tender breast of fillies yet unborn.

"From all this," says "The Judge," "it will be seen that he has to win nearly £2,000 per year before he shows a profit." (£800 tax and £1,040 expenses—you follow?). "Is there anyone with any knowledge of racing at all who thinks that such is possible?"

Frankly there is not, Judge. It cannot be done. We have seen our last of Ascot; no more the whinny of the tender yearling will be heard upon the heath; and it is awful to think that The Man Who Bets Ten Pounds Per Race for Five Days in the Week will in all probability be driven out to "the Colonies," where the tax runs up to ten per cent.

But are we to leave it at that? What of the millions who will be forced into poverty and idleness by the flight to Tasmania of the M.W.B. etc. and his sixteen thousand pounds? Think, my friend, of the thousands of gipsies who without the racecourses will be condemned to a comparatively aimless existence! Statistics have not yet been issued by the Jockey Club, and even "The Judge" is silent on the point; but it is believed that the "Lucky Baby" may also disappear. And what, oh, what will DONOGHUE do?

Well, I for one do not propose to sit idly by. Thank Heaven the Bishops at least are rallying against the duty, and in association with the Bishops, friend, I am opening

A NATIONAL FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF THE VICTIMS OF THE BETTING-TAX.

Cheques should be addressed to Haddock and made payable to Bearer. On the outside of the envelope write "Bookmakers' Famine Fund," and do not expect a receipt. The allocation of the funds will be arranged by a joint committee of bookmakers, backers and bishops, with power to co-opt one jockey, one gipsy and one thoroughbred horse; and it is certain that the chief objects of the Fund will include the following:—

(1) PENSIONS SCHEME FOR STARVING BOOKMAKERS and such as cannot be placed in suitable employment. Probably room could be found for a limited number of the best voices as toast-masters, auctioneers or operatic singers.

(2) SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS AGAINST



Reporter (to Oldest Inhabitant). "CAN YOU REMEMBER WHEN THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND WAS DIFFERENT FROM WHAT IT IS NOW?"

Oldest Inhabitant. "YUS—LAST YEAR."



First Domestic Servant (referring to her neighbour's master). "WHAT 'S YOUR BIT O' TROUBLE'S 'USBAND?"
Second Ditto. "'IM! OH, 'E 'S SOMETHIN' IN THE CITY, BUT 'E AIN'T NOTHIN' AT 'OME."

SUICIDE AMONG THE MEN WHO USED TO BET TEN POUNDS PER RACE FIVE DAYS IN THE WEEK, OR 260 DAYS IN THE YEAR.

What is to be done for this kind of gentleman it is difficult to see. With nothing but sixteen thousand pounds a year between him and penury, with no means of occupying his time (for in many cases he has neglected his music), it is only too probable that without special precautions many thousands of him will be driven to self-murder. Some of the younger ones no doubt will drift to Australia, but for those veterans who have grown grey in the grandstands of their country nothing will remain but the Charterhouse, the bound volumes of *Ruff's Guide* and the exchange of old stories with destitute horse-owners.

(3) SPECIAL ENCOURAGEMENT GRANTS FOR THE BREEDING OF RACE-HORSES AND THE BABIES OF GIPSIES.

(4) NATIONAL RACING MUSEUM.—To preserve, at any rate, the traditions of the old sport it is proposed to institute a Race-Course Museum, which will contain models of the extinct race-horse, famous jockeys, starting-gates, "welshers" and Lord LONSDALE'S cigar, together with any other relic which may serve to remind the victims mentioned under (2) of their laborious past.

Pressure will also be brought upon the Government to acquire for the State at least one of the historic courses, and there arrange an occasional (but of course secret) meeting for the benefit of sufferers who have been driven out of their minds by the cessation of racing.

(5) RETALIATORY MEASURES.—The betting man is to pay a shilling in the pound. The theatre-goer pays only three shillings in the pound. It is the intention of the Committee to see that this latter tax is increased.

Send your fiver to-day! A. P. H.

Another Impending Apology.

"Early in the season Larwood clean bowled Hobbs at Trent Bridge, and yesterday he got the Surrey crock caught at the wicket."
Provincial Paper.

"THE ANGLO-FRENCH DEBT NEGOTIATIONS.
M. PÉRET TO PAY ANOTHER VISIT TO LONDON." *Daily Paper.*

We are glad to see that he is going to pay us something.

"FRANCE'S BUDGET.

The deceipts for the last year's taxes are well over expectations."—*Daily Paper.*

Yet tax-collectors in France always entertain very high expectations of fraudulent returns.

UNDER THE GOOSEBERRY-BUSH.

OVER the road at Number Five
There 's a baby, nice and new;
It came there suddenly, all alive,
An' I wish we had one too.
So Nanny says I had better go
Down where the gooseberry-bushes grow,
An' look for babies hidden below
In *case* there 's one for me.

So I looked, but there wasn't a baby there,
An' it doesn't s'prise me at all,
'Cos it 's full of prickles, an' everywhere
There 's slugs an' things that crawl.
So I 'm cutting off all the prickles I can
An' drowning the slugs in my watering-can,
'Cos I think, when the bushes are spick-an'-span,
There *might* be a baby for me.

Old song brought up to date:—"*Do* go Down the Mine, Daddy."

"The [Manchester] speech was rehearsed by Mr. Lloyd George at his hotel this morning. He declaimed it to the furniture in an empty room."—*Evening Paper.*

Did the furniture include a Shadow Cabinet?

GENERAL ORDERS.

IV.—THE HOUSEHOLD.

(1) *Lecture.*—The Household will parade at 9 A.M. to-morrow in the dining-room for lecture by C.O.

Subject.—Waste of electric light through switches being left on.

Dress.—Breakfast order.

(2) *Late Dinner.*—No. 0005 James Richard will be entered on the late dinner-roll with effect from to-day's date. This not to include guest-nights.

(3) *Bath Roster.*—Baths in future will be at times stated below:—

6.0 P.M. No. 0008 Baby Joe.

Note.—No. 0010 Nurse Hopkins will be in charge of the above party, but will not herself bathe.

6.45 P.M. { No. 0006 Grace Evangeline. / No. 0007 Muriel Eva.

Note.—One celluloid duck and two boats per head may be carried on this parade.

8.30 P.M. 0005 James Richard.

Note.—The above to be clear of landing just south of B in BATHROOM-DOOR by 9.15 P.M.

Other troops may bathe in their own time provided they do not clash with any of the above parades. The standing order regarding the sanctity of the C.O.'s big sponge must be strictly complied with.

(4) *Oranges, Eating of.*—The C.O. has noticed with displeasure the increasing tendency of all ranks to eat oranges in a slovenly manner. In future oranges at meals will be eaten by small detachments direct from the plate, with the express object of preventing such juice as may not be immediately consumed being transferred, *vid* the fingers, to door-handles, banisters, the handle of the C.O.'s walking-stick or other unexpected and unauthorised places.

The method of eating oranges by suction through a lump of sugar is considered too centrifugal; this practice must cease forthwith except during the quarter-of-an-hour immediately preceding bath parades.

(5) *Courses of Instruction (Public School).*—The undermentioned will hold himself in readiness to proceed on a Course of Instruction (Term VII.) at Downingham School on 8th instant.

No. 0004 Harold George.

Railway warrant, pay and rations for journey, etc., will be issued from this office.

Dress.—School order.

No. 0003 Gladys Joan will supervise the packing of kit. Spare socks *must* be marked.

(6) *Live Stock.*—Live stock must not be kept in barracks. Permission may however be obtained for parking of same in the tool-shed, under the supervision of No. 0014 Gardener Smith. Attention is directed to Standing Order No. 32, "Definition of Live Stock."

(7) *Corrigendum.*—With reference to Standing Order No. 32, "Definition of Live Stock"—

Delete: "Mice, kitchen."

(8) *Courts Martial.*—The following result of a Court Martial held in the C.O.'s study on 6th instant is published for information.

No. 0005 James Richard was found guilty of abstracting jam from pantry. Witnesses: No. 0011 Cook Harrison and No. 0013 Parlourmaid Mary. He was sentenced to four strokes of the slipper. The sentence was duly carried out by the C.O. in the neighbourhood of the base area.

(9) *Decision.*—In connection with the recent dispute between No. 0011 Cook Harrison and No. 0006 Grace Evangeline, the following ruling has been given:—

"In so far as all below eighteen years of age are concerned the authority of No. 0011 Cook Harrison is to be paramount over all territory comprised by the kitchen, scullery, pantry, lower passage and bottom seven steps of kitchen stairs."

(10) *Arrivals.*—The following new arrivals are brought on the strength as from yesterday's date and are allotted Household Numbers as shown:—

No. 0016 Kitten Shem.

No. 0017 Kitten Ham.

No. 0018 Kitten Japheth (or Japhethina).

No. 0015 Cat Wuggles will be in charge of this party for rations and discipline until further notice. Accommodation to be provided by No. 0012 Housemaid Jane.

(*Sd.*) FATHER,
No. 0001 C.O. Household.

NOTICES.

Lost.—A wax doll, one eye only (which closes on adopting the supine position). Dressed in very red skirt and very home-made jumper. Answers to name of "Topsy." Last seen in neighbourhood of kitchen stairs accompanied by a tea-tray. Finder to return to this office. Ransom will be paid.

For Sale.—One clockwork-engine, No. 0 gauge, well driven-in. Can do the Nursery Course in one minute and twenty-five seconds with two trucks, each carrying Hommes, lead soldier, 12, or Chevaux, lead soldier, 4. Apply, Box X, c/o No. 0010 Nurse Hopkins.

A. A.

THE GREAT COCKNEY TRADITION.

[Commenting on Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE'S assertion that Cockney pronunciation has invaded Mayfair, a writer in a daily paper recalls the claim made by Mr. MACKENZIE MACBRIDE that the dialect of our London streets is the legitimate child of the "old English tongue to which we owe our earliest literature."]

No more I 'll treat with lofty condescension
The crude vocabulary of Cockayne,
Nor hold it the unfortunate invention
Of a half-baked and modern English brain;
We may not know who chanced long since to plan it,
But there is evidence, it seems, to show
That Saxons growled, "Gitahtuvit," in Thanet
A thousand years ago.

I 've no pre-Conquest dictionary by me,
But I assume that as he went his ways
Your Man of Kent was wont to say "Gorblimey,"
And mercilessly massacre his A's;
I take it that, to clinch a verbal sally,
"You mawk moy words, mite," was his brusque advice,
Adding, if his opponent made a rally,
"'E 'd 'it 'im in the fice."

Henceforth, then, when the hoarse *vox popularis*
Adown the Old Kent Road perchance I hear,
I shall not shudder, but recall that there is
The voice of England "shahtin'" in my ear;
Or when the hawker, though of humble presence,
Hollers his wares, I 'll feel a perfect child
To one whose lips distil the purest essence
Of English undefiled.

Incitements to Breaches of the Law.

"SUVA MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

A Reward of £5 will be paid to any person tampering with or disconnecting the stay wires on the Electricity reticulation lines."

Fiji Paper.

"Workers wanted to pinch tomatoes."

New Zealand Paper.

"A Pure Water Supply, Polluting Rights, Reservoirs, etc., all for sale."

Provincial Paper.

"From all parts of the world cablegrams and other buildings and salutes were received at Buckingham Palace."—*Daily Paper.*

We understand the salutes were graciously received by the KING, but that, in view of the housing shortage, the buildings were returned to their loyal donors.





"ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH."

SUNBEAM: A TRAGEDY.

THE story I have to tell is a hitherto unpublished tragedy of the Great Occupation which followed on the Great War, the Great Armistice and the Great Peace. It is the story of a flock robbed of its shepherd.

In those days I lived an innocent Arcadian life on the banks of the Rhine as a Brigade Education Officer. Between ourselves and our late foes all was brotherly (not to say sisterly) love. The only strife we knew was the noble emulation between comrade and comrade in the acquisition of knowledge. Presently we were to advance in open order on the strongly entrenched and cunningly defended Scholarships, Grants, Appointments and Jobs, which were to be the final objective of the soldier home from the wars, and carry them on the entire front. In the meantime all was peace. And this peace was shattered by a horse.

Primarily, of course, like every disaster that occurs in the Army, it was the fault of a General. In the Mess one evening the Brigadier suddenly announced that he would shortly review the Brigade. Well, he had a right to do it if he wanted to, I thought vaguely, while revolving over in my mind the conjugations of *sein* and *haben* which I was to impart to my disciples on the morrow. Then another sentence struck on my ear: "All Officers attached to Brigade H.Q. will be on parade, mounted." I am an officer, I thought with lightning rapidity; I am attached to Brigade H.Q.; therefore I must be on parade, mounted. And from that time onwards my *Ruh* was *hin*, as GOETHE says, and my *Herz* was *schwer*.

It was not that I minded patronising the Brigadier's review; in fact I was rather flattered by the invitation, which I accepted as a compliment to Learning as personified by myself. My agitation was caused by the word "mounted." I had never ridden a horse in civil life, and, having served during the whole of my combatant career as an infantry N.C.O., I had had no occasion to perform this feat in the Army; nor did it seem to me that a review would be the most suitable opportunity for beginning.

In any case I had no horse, and so the next day I went to see the Brigade Quartermaster on the subject. "Don't you worry," said he kindly; "I've got the very horse for you. He only came to us a few days ago from Divisional H.Q., and for the last three or four years he's been ridden by the General himself. He's as quiet and steady as a rock; and then think how many reviews he must have been to. He knows the whole game; all you have to do is to sit on him as if you were in an armchair, and he'll pull you through."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"Sunbeam," said the Quarter. "Come and look at him."

Sunbeam looked very quiet and thoroughly respectable. I patted him, and he made no attempt to bite me or tread on me. Somewhat comforted I returned to my waiting disciples.



"HE MADE NO ATTEMPT TO BITE ME OR TREAD ON ME."

On the morning of the review, by arrangement with the Quartermaster, Sunbeam was brought round to the door of my billet by a groom, who was charged to give me advice and assistance. On his instructions I placed my left foot in the stirrup, left hand on the horse's neck, right hand on the back of the saddle. I was then to give a spring with my right leg, helping myself with the right hand, and land neatly in the saddle. I must have pulled too hard with the right hand; anyhow the saddle, with myself clinging to it, disappeared under Sunbeam's stomach.

When we made our next attempt the groom hung on to things in general on the off side, and this time I really did land neatly in the saddle, although I say it myself. I kicked the groom smartly in the ear as I did so, but, being only a private, he could say nothing except "Oo!"

Sunbeam certainly appeared to know the game, as the Quartermaster had said. The review-ground was in sight of my billet, and, seeing a group of mounted officers behind the General, he walked up to them without any reference to me for instructions and pushed his way through them until we were alongside the Brigadier himself. I took advantage of this to salute, but we were not well received. The Brigadier was annoyed; it seems that we were late, Sunbeam and I, and the march past was about to begin.

"Fall back a little, please," he said crossly.

Before I had time to think out any way of conveying this idea to Sunbeam the band of the leading battalion struck up, and on the instant Sunbeam moved forward about three paces and proudly took his stand a little to the right and in front of the Brigadier's horse.

I realised the ghastly truth in an instant. Sunbeam had been in the habit of carrying a Divisional General; Sunbeam had therefore always occupied the place of honour at reviews, and Sunbeam had no idea of occupying any other place on this occasion. How was I to let him know that I was merely an Education Captain?

A horrible roar came from my left rear. "Don't you know your position, Sir? Fall back immediately. Back, damn you, not forward!"

I hauled viciously on the right rein, then on the left, then on both together, bracing my feet in the stirrups and leaning back. Sunbeam paid no attention to me. He was engrossed in watching the troops. In a state of panic I looked round and addressed the Brigadier. "I can't, Sir," I said hysterically. "My horse—*my horse thinks I'm a General.*"

The Brigadier gave a sort of cackling snarl. "Thinks you're a General, does he?" he said in a fierce undertone rendered tremulous by rage. "Well, *I* think you're a —— —— fool."

So saying, he came forward half-a-dozen paces in order to pass Sunbeam and myself. The first battalion was almost opposite by this time, and he had to take the salute. Impossible to take the salute with an Education Captain sitting on a horse in front of him. He would deal with us afterwards.

He had reckoned without Sunbeam. That noble animal was not in the least



Old Gillie. "WHAT FOR WOULD YE BE LETTIN' YER GENTLEMAN FISH THAT WEE LOCHAN, ANGUS? YE KEN WEEL THERE 'S NO A TROOT IN IT WHATEVER."

Angus. "AY, I KEN THAT WEEL; BUT *HE* DOESNA."

disposed to permit such an affront to his dignity and that of the young General whom he fondly imagined to be riding him. Immediately and with great solemnity he took six paces forward in his turn, which brought us in front of the Brigadier again, and very near to the advancing Battalion, which was doing "Eyes right!" before having received the order.

I closed my eyes and prepared for sudden death. I verily believed that out of the corner of my eye I had seen the Brigadier put his hand on his revolver, but I suppose he was deterred by the consideration that our corpses would be as much in the way as our living bodies. At all events he leaned forward and with his riding-whip gave Sunbeam a terrific welt on the hindquarters.

Apparently this was something quite outside Sunbeam's long experience of reviews. He did something—I don't know exactly what—which caused me to lose my stirrups and my reins, and rise up in the air. When I descended Sunbeam was no longer underneath me, and I came heavily to earth, flat on my back, in front of the Brigadier's horse.

Sunbeam was some distance away, kicking his heels. I walked off the ground in the opposite direction.

* * * * *

Within a week I received my demobilisation papers. Was this a coincidence? I fear not.



"HE DID SOMETHING—I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"When a girl mopes, when she shuns company, grows peevish and irritable, and cries on the slightest provocation, it is a sign that all is not well with her."—*Provincial Paper.*

"The Wanton Lapwing."

"The Government imported 1000 green plover or lapwing, but there was a gale blowing when they were liberated and they flew out of New Zealand."
New Zealand Paper.

Thus justifying TENNYSON'S epithet.

A Sex-Problem and Another Impending Apology.

"The Champion Cup for the best South Devon cow in milk at the Bath and West Show at Watford was won W. L. Hosking's South Devon bull, by Mr. H. Chaffe, of Brixton. Mr. Fentongollan Apollo, scaling about 1¼ tons, was the biggest and heaviest animal in the Exhibition."—*Local Paper.*



Zealous Charabanc Driver. "'ERE, MISSY, IF YOU 'RE ONE OF THE ST. HELENS B7 PARTY, WE 'RE JUST LOADING UP."
Miss Knightsbridge (coldly). "I BEG YOUR PARDON?"

AN ILL WIND.

NEARLY all the garden walls of Lichenham are so curly that I should hardly have given a thought to the condition of ours had not my next-door neighbour, Holmes, appeared so concerned. Not that Holmes felt any compassion for the wall itself or for any pecuniary loss I might suffer through its disintegration; nor, I believe, was it on account of his children's safety that he was worrying, although the lee of the wall was a favourite shrieking-ground of theirs. No, to lay bare the real cause of Holmes's anxiety I must reveal the unpleasant fact that he was a subscriber to a journal called *The Home Tailor, Builder and Handyman.*

That Holmes actually designs and cuts his own plus-fours and dinner-jackets is doubtful but quite possible, judging by their appearance, though that may be merely due to Holmes's shape. It is perfectly certain, however, that the ornate, double-storeyed, red-brick tool-shed which slowly raised its shingled (or bobbed) roof six feet above the hitherto solitary crest of my garden wall was entirely the solo performance of Holmes. "A fine substantial edifice," he described it to his friends, and one could not deny that it did look fairly solid; but I knew, as soon as he started talking about the state of my wall, that his tool-shed was what he really trembled for.

"Thought perhaps you mightn't have noticed your wall," he said mirthlessly during our brief interview, "but it 's leaning right over and might fall on some of us and destroy us at any moment. And of course," he concluded grimly, "you are aware that you would be liable."

"Not entirely," I replied, in the manner of one whose pre-breakfast hobby is the study of complicated mural disputes. "If this is a party wall abutting (as you state) on to *your* property, and the said wall collapses owing (as is quite possible) to the uncontrolled heavy tramping of earth-worms in *your* garden, two-thirds of any consequent casualties can be laid at your door, and only one-third at mine; and please lay the latter tidily at my back door, using the tradesmen's entrance."

Holmes, however, happened to know that the wall was not a party one, in spite of its gay party appearance, and suggested I should do something about it. So I promised I would look into it, or over it, or through it (which was quite possible at the time)—I forget which—at an early date, and told him that in the meanwhile I relied on his sense of sportsmanship to leave the apple-trees on his side of the wall unpruned and to keep his family indoors during earthquakes in California.

After Holmes had left I carefully

inspected the wall, and it certainly had a very sorry sick look about it as it leant forward in the expectant attitude one associates with Channel crossings. In fact so precarious was its state that had not my house been for sale I should have felt tempted to employ a skilled and costly mason to rebuild the entire structure. With the possibility, however, of my successor being a real lover of the quaint and ancient, such a course seemed unworthy, and I could only do my best to preserve in as vertical a state as possible the garden (and, according to Holmes, strictly non-party) wall.

I therefore heavily fertilized the ivy from which the wall appeared to derive considerable support, and offered as much encouragement as possible to snails and slugs, whose slimy tracks undoubtedly exercised a binding effect on the courses. Birds, cats, butterflies and other perchers I ruthlessly drove from the neighbourhood, and did my futile best to terrorise the Holmes children, who played in a seething mass within the restricted space between my wall and Holmes's shed and simply invited anything with a leaning towards youth to fall and embrace the whole tribe.

My neighbour came over again to protest. The fact that his offspring were now using the passage between my wall and his shed as a smugglers' cave instead of a giant's castle seemed to worry him a good deal, in spite of my assurance that modern children are so well grounded in the EINSTEIN theory that perfectly straight objects appear to them badly bent. Nevertheless, just to humour Holmes, I asked him a few questions about bricks and buttresses and building costs in an earnest manner, and was staggered to learn what a complete restoration of my wall would entail. Assistance from an archæological society or public subscription seemed its only hope.

It was rather unkind of one of the few storms which broke the calm of a wonderful summer to have chosen my humble district as its centre of disturbance. As I lay in bed and listened to the raging elements I knew that this was the end. For a brief moment I contemplated going out in a mackintosh and holding something up against the wall, but I remembered the promise I had made to my old grandmother at the end of the Great War that I would never again willingly thrust myself into positions of extreme danger. Just as I settled myself back into bed a sickening crash of shattered masonry shook the house. I pulled the blankets over my head, breathed a prayer that the smugglers might not be at work that night and waited for the dawn.



Winner of Captain's Cup (giving thanks). "IN CONCLUSION I SAY THIS. IN THE PAST WE HAVE NEVER HAD A BETTER CAPTAIN; IN THE FUTURE MAY WE NEVER HAVE A WORSE."

I am not in general a devote of the sun's first glad ray, but this was a special occasion, and I doubt whether even a lark had been round the garden before I trod the dewy sward that morning. The best early-to-rise enthusiasts have always insisted that the world appears far more beautiful, and common objects assume an entirely different aspect, at daybreak; but I was hardly prepared for the spectacle which met my startled gaze. My wall was standing up as stiff and straight as when it first left the mason's hands some fifty years ago. I don't deny that it has done this once since then in a snapshot I took, but in that case the lawn and flower-bed appeared to slope gently away from the wall towards a house which was obviously modelled on the glory of Pisa. Now, however, both wall and house offered examples of the Perpendicular style of architecture at its best.

As my soul became attuned to the wonderful workings of nature a strange sense of lightness and freedom stole over me. It was then I suddenly realised that Holmes's tool-shed no longer fouled the horizon. In its fall it had pushed my wall straight, and the *débris* was maintaining it in an erect posture.

Of course we have had a nice long talk together about this so-called catastrophe. Holmes says he can't possibly leave his heap of ruins where it lies. But I say, why not? Looking out from my windows one would never know that this mountain of rubbish existed, and it will save him building struts and stays and flying buttresses on his property to support my wall in its present proud position. Besides, as I tell Holmes, what is more beautiful than to see the old and weary supported by youth, once headstrong, now humbled? Also, between ourselves, I doubt whether such a complicated problem in demolition and reconstruction will be faced by *The Home Tailor, Builder and Handyman* until their special Christmas number.

And that is just how things—particularly my wall—stand at present.

"The following horses were well baked last time out, but did not win."—*Evening Paper.*

Yet they ought to have been pretty hot stuff.



Modern Boy (fascinated by costume of old-fashioned hostess). "MOTHER, HASN'T SHE GOT ANY LEGS?"

SHE-SHANTIES.

LOVE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

MOST lovers in London have found
There is nowhere for lovers to go;
One look, and a crowd gathers round,
And to-morrow the papers will know;
But still, if they want to embrace,
For persons of tact and good sense
There is many a suitable place
Maintained at the public expense.
And that's how I loved Mr. Mallory;
We met in the National Gallery,
But I did not think much of his salary,
And so I dismissed the poor man;
But now, when I see an Old Master,
My heart beats a little bit faster,
For it may have been WATTEAU
Or jolly old GIOTTO,
But that's where our passion began.

My mother's the difficult sort,
And he'd a mamma of his own,
And so we were able to court
At the Public Collections alone.
Ah! many the vows that we swore
And many the kisses he took
As we sat with one eye on the door
And the other on "Crossing the Brook"!
And oh, how I miss Mr. Mallory!
We kissed in the National Gallery,
And but for my sad shilly-shallery
I ought to have married the man.
I tell you, I shake like a jelly
When I look at a good BOTTICELLI,
For we met as a rule
In the Florentine School,
And that's where our passion began.

Then I found, with my friend Mr. Watts,
The British Museum delicious,
And we studied Phœnician pots
Till people became quite suspicious;
We went to South Kensington too,
And oft we have told the fond tale
Behind a stuffed shark that he knew,
Or safe in the shade of the whale.
And then there was dear Mr. Rose,
Who kissed me at Madame TUSSAUD'S;
He was constantly blowing his nose,
And so I dismissed the poor man;
But often my little heart throbs
When I think of Lord NELSON *or* HOBBS;
It was just between those
That I kissed Mr. Rose,
And that's where our passion began.

But now that I'm married to Watts,
Museums don't play the same part;
I'm tired of Phœnician pots,
But I still have a passion for Art.
Mr. Watts is quite jealous, I find,
But he can't have the smallest objection
To a person improving her mind
At the TATE or the WALLACE Collection.
For oh, how I miss Mr. Mallory!
We meet at the National Gallery;
I don't like to think of his salary,
For now he is earning such lots.
I'm tired of Phœnician pots,
For that's where I met Mr. Watts;
But oh! how I thrill
To a Gainsborough still,
For that's where I meet Mr. Mallory!

A. P. H.

"'DEGRADING' PLAYS.

CENSOR TO BE ASKED IF HE WILL INQUIRE —AND ACT."

Headlines in Evening Paper.

We trust the CENSOR will sternly refuse to take any part in a play of this description.

"That even the hard life of a 'tweeny' is easier than playing the adored queen of a South Sea island is the opinion of Vivienne Osborne, who is scoring a big hit—and taking some hard knocks—in the name part of 'Aloma' at the Adelphi. Miss Osborne now spends most of her days in her Mayfair flat cursing the bruises received in the course of the performance."—*Daily Paper.*

We cannot blame her, but venture to suggest that embrocation might be more effective than imprecation.

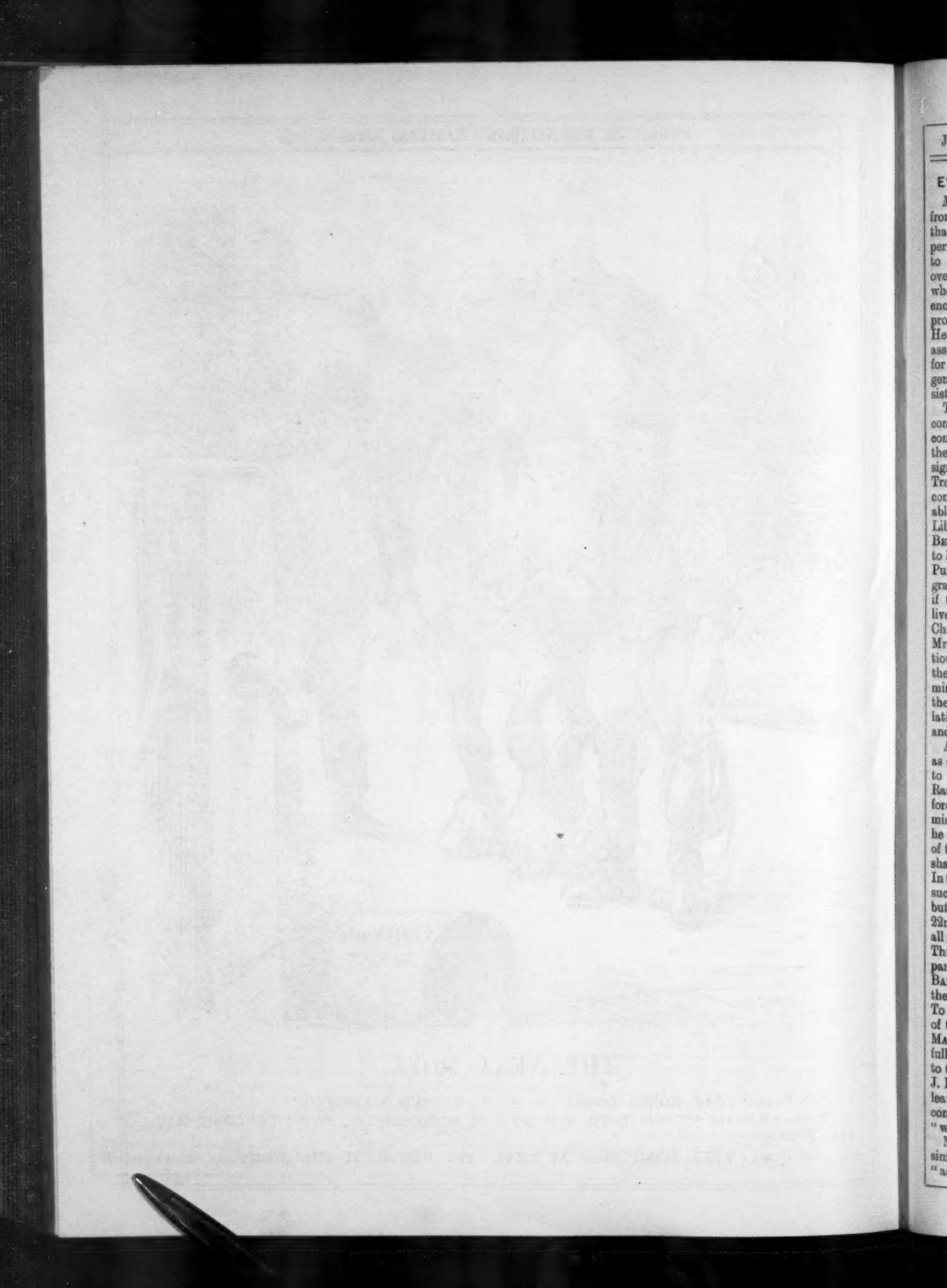


THE NEXT MOVE.

JOHN BULL. "THAT HORSE LOOKS AS IF IT WANTED WATERING."

STANLEY BALDWIN. "I DID TAKE HIM TO THE POND, MISTER, BUT I COULDN'T MAKE HIM DRINK."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, DON'T STOP AT THAT. TRY HIM WITH THE PUMP."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 7th.—An official report from Western Australia to the effect that miners often displayed "the persistence and adaptability needed to ensure successful land settlement overseas" caused Mr. HURD to inquire whether they would be given special encouragement to emigrate. Mr. AMERY promised to bear the suggestion in mind. He would, I understand, gladly offer an assisted passage to Mr. A. J. COOK, but for a lingering doubt as to whether that gentleman, though unquestionably persistent, is sufficiently adaptable.

The fine spirit of statesmanship and conciliation, and not the crude oil of commerce, was responsible, the House learned, for the signing of the Iraq-Turkish Treaty. The Gladstonian conception of the "unspeakable Turk" still infests the Liberal bosom, and Captain BENN (on whose restoration to health and the House Mr. Punch adds his quota of congratulation) wanted to know if the treaty protected the lives and property of the Christian minorities. From Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON'S cautious reply one gathered that the best guarantee for the minorities in question was the existence of friendly relations between the Turks and Iraquis.

A patriot has been defined as one who serves the State to his own disadvantage. Rash, though amiable, therefore, is the statesman who promises that the citizen whom he urges to rush to the help of the State in time of need shall not be the loser thereby. In the general strike Mr. BALDWIN made such a promise to the railway volunteers, but they were all discharged on May 22nd and told not to come back until all the strikers had been fully reinstated. This was arranged between the companies and the N.U.R., pursuant to Mr. BALDWIN'S request that they should bury the spanner and let bygones be bygones. To Captain SHAW, who took up the case of the dismissed patriots, Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND replied that he would carefully consider any instances "contrary to the PRIME MINISTER'S pledges." Mr. J. H. THOMAS thought it was wiser to leave all these matters to the railway companies, who are, just now, his "white-headed boys."

Mr. WILL THORNE is one of those simple-minded souls who occasionally "ask for it." He asked for it this afternoon when, following some reference to the "general strike" by the ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, he inquired how it could be called a general strike when only two million out of seventeen million workers had been affected. Lord WOLMER, always desirous to please, thereupon offered to substitute the term "general *fiasco*."

In Committee on the Finance Bill the House discussed the tea duty with Mr. H. V. ALEXANDER "pouring," as the society reporters say, for the free tea party. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER replied in effect that he yearned to make Empire tea free, but at the moment was looking for more taxes, not fewer.



THE HAPPY FAMILY.

Reading from Cat to Dog: SIR ROBERT HUTCHISON AND SIR GODFREY COLLINS.

Tuesday, June 8th.—Peace hath its patriots no less than industrial war. This their lordships learned when the LORD CHANCELLOR moved the Second Reading of the Judicial Committee Bill which has for its object the appointment of two judicial members with experience of Indian law. Lord HALDANE, supporting the Bill, said that the Judicial Committee had only been able to cope with its task through the devotion of retired judges, many of them over eighty years of age. One had recently sat who was eighty-eight. It was a little ungracious of Lord HALDANE to refer to these stalwart veterans as a "ragged regiment." Perhaps what he really meant was "rugged."

Lord CECIL made a statement on the League of Nations Council, but was apparently not aware at the time that Brazil, where the nuts come from, had withdrawn from the League, taking with it one uncrackable nut—its demand for a permanent seat on the Council—but otherwise somewhat spoiling the good effect of Lord CECIL'S references to the "very great part which South America had played in the League."

There were Labour cheers in the Commons when Colonel LANE-FOX informed the Member for Bournemouth that the Soviet Labour Code lays down a six-hour working day underground with a weekly spell of 42 hours' continuous rest. They ceased suddenly when the MINISTER OF MINES went on to say that in actual fact eight to ten hours a day are being commonly worked by Mr. COOK'S Russian comrades for a wage of twenty-five shillings to twenty-seven-and-six a week. What authority had the Minister for saying this? asked Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, apparently imagining that the Minister had evolved it from his inner consciousness. It was rather a shock to the Labour Benches to learn that the information came from the Central Administration of the Soviet, the British Minister at Moscow and the International Labour Bureau, and was therefore above suspicion.

Captain WEDGWOOD BENN wished to know if Members could still be supplied with copies of the first number of *The British Gazette*, but was informed that the opening issue of that historic organ was rapidly becoming worth its weight in gold. Mr. RONALD MCNEILL comforted the hon. and gallant Member by promising to do his best to get a copy for him.

Improvident people who spoil the barber's Sunday morning sleep by failing to be shaved on Saturday night get no sympathy from Mr. STEWART, the Labour Member for the St. Rollox Division of Glasgow, who presented his Bill for the compulsory closing of hairdressers' shops on Sunday. Mr. STEWART, himself a former member of what is traditionally reputed to be the most loquacious profession, sternly resisted the House's demand for a speech, and it fell to Captain FITZROY to utter the sacred formula, "Next gentleman, please." The House then fell to discussing the Safeguarding of Industries. The Liberal paladins of Free Trade being for the most part engaged in safeguarding the Liberal industry elsewhere, the onslaught on Clause 10 of the Finance

Bill was not spectacular, and the feature of the debate was a lecture by Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER, which might have been entitled "Industrial Science for Parliamentary Children." Thereafter the House proceeded to argue about amorphous carbon electrodes and ferro-molybdenum as though they had been brought up with them from the nursery.

Wednesday, June 9th.—The sensation of becoming a sheer Marquis after being merely an Earl is beyond the power of the commoner to adumbrate, but Lord READING, to whom such trifling offices as that of Lord Chief Justice of England have always been a part of the day's work, showed no sign of restiveness when led in by Lords SALISBURY and LINCOLNSHIRE. He remained long enough to hear Lord CECIL explain that Russia was the great obstacle to "moral disarmament," which is the Genevese for agreeing not to use poison gas, but making all adequate preparations to use it in case the other fellow does.

Nineteen attractive but unfrequented churches in the City of London are threatened with demolition, and Sir MARTIN CONWAY presented a petition signed by half the Academies, Institutes, Societies and Trusts in London demanding that this thing shall not be. The preamble to the petition ran something like this:—

> Stranger, these venerable stones
> Were raised by HAWSMOOR, WREN and JONES—
> All, that 's to say, save two, which were
> Built by the DANCES, *fils et père*.
> But worshippers no longer use,
> As once, their congregated pews,
> And in desuetude they stand,
> Great works of art, sublimely planned,
> But each obscuring, if I 'm right,
> A valuable factory site.
> Oh, let your awful votes deplore
> That vandal Act of '24,
> And rescue from the auction mart
> These gems of architectural art,
> And with united voice abash
> The Church's recreant thirst for cash.

Sir FREDRIC WISE wanted to know where the dollars came from with which the British debt to America is served, and the House, immensely respectful of the hon. Member's financial genius, fully expected him to extract the information that they were imported from the Bahama Islands or dug out of the ground with a spade. The news that they are bought in the exchange market in the ordinary way was vastly disappointing.

"During the Minister's remarks there were heard subdued noises resembling the lowing of a cow."

Thus *The Times*, which should know, leaving its readers to guess which Members so faithfully simulated the milky mistress of the byre. The occasion was the debate on the safeguarding duty on wrapping-paper. Mr. LIVINGSTONE objected to the duty, including vulcanizing paper, and emphasised his point by producing a segment of vulcanised pipe and banging it on the Bench. "Would you call this wrapping-paper?" he demanded truculently. The PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE is not the man to take that sort of thing lying down. Elevating his well-cut boot into the general gaze he retorted, "Would you call that a cow?" It was this *argumentum ad hominem*, or rather *ad bovem*, that wrung from the House the pastoral noises referred to. They did not however save any of the mooers' amendments from handsome defeat.



"KANGAROO PROTECTION."

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "WELL, HE 'S OVER THIS TIME, BUT THERE ARE A LOT MORE TESTS TO COME."

SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER.



The Cow (with an eye on Sir BURTON CHADWICK's boot). "ALAS! MY POOR SISTER."

Thursday, June 10th.—Lord MORRIS speaks, if not with the tongue of angels, at least with the voice of the London Public Morality Council, which thinks that a "wave of sensuality" is sweeping the Metropolitan stage and would have the LORD CHAMBERLAIN turn the licensing of plays over to the local authorities. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN defended himself stoutly, declaring that he was concerned with "indecency," not with "immorality," and that the censorship, as shown by the number of plays refused a licence, was growing more and not less stringent. Then rose a still doughtier champion in the person of the Bishop of SOUTHWARK, who proclaimed himself an enthusiastic play-goer, and declared that the chief peril which threatened the stage was that of becoming too conventional and monotonous. It was now extremely difficult, he said, for any play with new ideas to get accepted, but he failed to say whether this was the fault of the public, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN or Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Nothing ever stirs the angry passions of the Labour Party so thoroughly as an intimation that Moscow has been up to its tricks again. To questions from the Government Benches the HOME SECRETARY replied that he was investigating the question whether the Soviet Government had sent money to assist the miners' strike and would make a more definite statement shortly. A good deal of exclamatory indignation culminated in Mr. KIRKWOOD shouting, after the MINISTER OF HEALTH had answered a question by Miss LAWRENCE, "He is a Minister of Death, and he looks like it!" This combination of the rhetorical overstatement and the provocative personality, either of which might on a less aciduous occasion have provoked no more than a smile, was too much for the Government Benches, which gave vent to angry cries of "Withdraw!" The SPEAKER however thought that the interjection, though very improper if made—he had not caught it—was unworthy of notice.



VISUALISING A PUBLISHER'S NOTE: "*Masked Fate*, THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR. AS A WEAVER OF MYSTERIES MR. THOMAS QUISTER HAS SURELY NO EQUAL. TO DASH ABOUT EUROPE IN HIS COMPANY HOT ON THE HEELS OF AN ENIGMA IS A PASTIME BOTH EXCITING AND EXHILARATING."

The question of supplying tennis-courts and bowling-greens for Members of the House (in addition to the existing sand-pit for children) in Victoria Tower Gardens was raised by Mr. T. JONES. Captain HACKING's reply that Members were better occupied doing their duty in the House was perhaps rather hasty, for nothing would do more to keep the temper of the House sweet than, say, an occasional game of bowls between Mr. MCLEAN and Sir HENRY CRAIK, or a hard set of tennis between Sir JOHN SIMON and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. SNOWDEN opposed the Betting-Tax—he once lost sixpence on a slow horse and has never really smiled again—and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER made one of the liveliest speeches that has been heard in the House for many a long day. Mr. SNOWDEN, he said, had described betting as trying to get something for nothing, but to get something for nothing was surely a fundamental maxim of the Socialist Party. Turning on Lady ASTOR, he pointed out that one moment she was denouncing the moral obliquity of betting and next moment telling people from a public platform which horse they should, if they fell from grace so far, put their money on. But this was, of course, designed to cure them of the betting habit, for the horse in question came in last.

THE SQUIRREL.

A SQUIRREL sat in the topmost flat
  Of an elm nine nut-trees high;
He beat with his feet a loud rat-a-tat-tat
(A leaning to devilry instigates that),
And he dropped an egg he'd been sucking at
  On the tail of a passing pie.

Poor, poor Margot! 'Twas so *mal-à-propos*,
  This bolt from the innocent green;
She was dressed in her best for a flip in the row—
Her tailor-made black with facings of snow—
And the tiniest spot of rain will show
  On a frock of such satiny sheen.

Feeling ready to flay (in a ladylike way)
  She chanced as she homeward flew
To meet replete with his *déjeuner*
The *garde-champêtre*, a susceptible jay,
Who noted her name and her disarray,
  Then twirled his moustaches and crew.

Down from the skies dropped pies and pies,
  Up from the fallows they rose;
They fluttered and sputtered to sympathize,
They honked to heaven with husky cries,
And they sentenced the squirrel in grand assize
  To forfeit his tail and nose.

They found him at last at his evening repast
  On a beech that was running to seed;
About him to out him a cordon was cast,
And he leapt to a look-out, and there he sat fast,
Still cramming his little round body with mast,
  But now with more gluttonous speed.

He wasn't yet done; he upset number one
  With a swipe like the swing of a flail;
He wriggled and squiggled, but kept on the run,
Like a grasshopper leapt, like a whirligig spun,
And was branches away ere his foe had begun
  To perceive the decrease in her tail.

From a feint to the height ('twas his usual sleight)
  He rippled his slide on the bole;
Slewing and screwing from leafage to light,
Like a Will-o'-the-wisp he deluded their sight,
And left them a study in mute black-and-white
  As he dived down a rabbit-hole.

HORRIBLE LONDON LAST WEEK.

[None of the intimate paragraphists of the daily newspapers ever seems to have any bad luck. The notes which follow are compiled for Mr. Punch's benefit by a resolute but not so shiningly successful *flâneur*.]

BARGING into Cheerio's yesterday in order to escape from Thursday evening's rain, whom should I meet but Mr. Antony Purl, the celebrated Patagonian and Central American explorer, whose marriage with Lady Elmira Murphy is almost certain to be one of the fashionable events of the season if it is not broken off again. He drew a small iguana out of his pocket, which bit me, and was very interesting about the Mayas, whom he knows so well. We were joined shortly afterwards by Sir Abraham Chugg, the entertaining and ever-genial phosphate-producer, who has just bought Burke Hall, and had been sitting at the next table with a party of Pittsburg friends. He handed me one of his exquisite half-crown cigars, which I lit almost immediately. Most unfortunately, after the first few puffs it became unwrapped, and I spent so much time in winding it up again that I missed a good tip for the Ascot Gold Vase.

SOCIETY SHOPPERS.

Dropped into Pelfridge's to see the new English fast bowler, who, I gathered, was assisting at the Sports Department; but was unable to get near him owing to the crowd. Was consoled, however, by managing to have a few words of conversation with popular Lady Punting, who was buying a water-proof cover for her charming tennis lawn at Blisterworth, and did not recognise me at first, until I pointed out that her second son had been at school with a nephew of mine near Bognor. Asked her what she thought of "*Wuff!*" the new cabaret show at the Monopole, but she affected not to hear me, so that I am afraid her opinion of it is not very favourable. As I moved away Lord Fitzsampson trod on my toe and laughingly accepted my apologies for the mistake. He had come with his two pretty fair-haired daughters, one of whom is to be a débutante at next week's Court, to make a few purchases at the golosh department.

THE LATE CHARLIE MOFFINGHAM.

Am informed by a friend who frequently visits the Zoo Aquarium that the amphiuna, a kind of water-lizard with rudimentary legs, has been suffering severely from attacks on its tail by a number of pink barbel, who have bitten the unfortunate creature's caudal appendage to the bone. He also noticed that two lobsters had been fighting, and that the victor, having removed its rival's claw, was enjoying it with all the gusto of a gourmet. This reminds me of poor Charlie Moffingham, so long a popular figure at Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes, who died this year under rather curious circumstances. Arriving late for dinner at one of those restaurants which keep special pools inhabited by live *langoustes* in order that epicures may make their own selection, he stumbled on the steps leading down to the reserve, striking his head upon a boulder as he fell. He was alone at the time, and nothing but his watch and key-ring have been discovered. I have never cared for crayfish since.

A WEDDING EPISODE.

Mingling with the throng that attended the reception after the wedding of pretty Miss ("Gaga") Slangham, who has been playing *The Painted Woman* so charmingly in *Poof*, to Mr. Jack Hill, the ever-courteous Public Inspector of Nuisances of the Isle of Dogs, I was about to pay my respects to the lucky pair, when I was tapped on the shoulder by a tall well-dressed stranger with a military air, who apparently suspected me of wanting to steal the wedding-presents, and asked me to step outside. I found this very mortifying, and was tempted to show my resentment, but eventually thought it better to comply with his request. I succeeded, however, in obtaining one glimpse of the delightfully-embossed nickel-plated rain-gauge which has been presented to the happy couple by members of the *Frivolity* cast, and a hall-barometer in rosewood and platinum given to the bridegroom by Lord Bloom.

PRETTY MISS MOGGS.

Unhappy reverberations of the coal strike are to be heard on every side. Sheltering in the same doorway last Friday afternoon, after visiting the Epstein Exhibition at Leicester Square with Mr. Sam Leviston, the well-known owner, trainer and amateur of the arts, he told me that he had taken a loose box for the Covent Garden opera this season, but had been obliged to let it to an Argentine millionaire. He admitted, however, that *Violet Vice*, the charming comedy of manners at the Siddons Theatre, in which he is interested, is drawing splendid houses night after night. Everybody is still enraptured by Miss Sophy Moggs in her delightful character of an inebriated street-walker, who makes good in the Third Act by denouncing hypocrisy and taking to cocaine. Strangely enough I met her in the waiting-room at my dentist's on Wednesday afternoon. She had a swollen face and cut me dead.

THE FASHION FOR EN-TOUT-CAS.

Wedged for half-an-hour or so in the traffic stream in an open taxicab during Saturday's hailstorm, I found that the next motor-car to mine was occupied by none other than Lord Whifflehampton, the enterprising and affable Secretary to the Board of Metropolitan Traffic Control, whose lovely granddaughter, Fritillary, has just opened an umbrella shop in Hanover Square. He commented on the fact that one so seldom sees a hansom-cab in London now-a-days and regretted sadly the familiar clip-clop of hooves on asphalt and the merry jingling of the bell. Lord Whifflehampton, who always wears a gardenia in his button-hole, was an enthusiastic quoit player in his early days, and won the Rutlandshire Championship in 1872. His family seat is at Blurp; but this fine Georgian structure has been let for the summer to Mr. Nahum Ledbitter, the Nashville Chewing-Gum King.

My conversation with him would have amply consoled me for my late arrival at the inauguration ceremony of the Open Air Swimming Bath at Islington, if in my haste to press forward to the platform I had not accidentally slipped in.

HEARD THIS BEFORE?

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman presented themselves at the gates of Paradise and, before St. Peter appeared, argued violently as to which of them was to enter first. Eventually the janitor arrived and unlocked the golden gates.

All of them were turned away.

EVOE.

"ARTICLED PUPILS.

A vacancy occurs in office of old-established City firm of Chartered Accountants, with good general practice, for an Architect Pupil. Premium 200 guineas."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

To help build up the business?

From a list of Whist Drive prizes:—

"Gents—1st, Suit or Overcoat made to measure, £6 6s. Cycle, or 9st. Gold Watch." *Scots Paper.*

Not to be worn on the wrist, we gather.

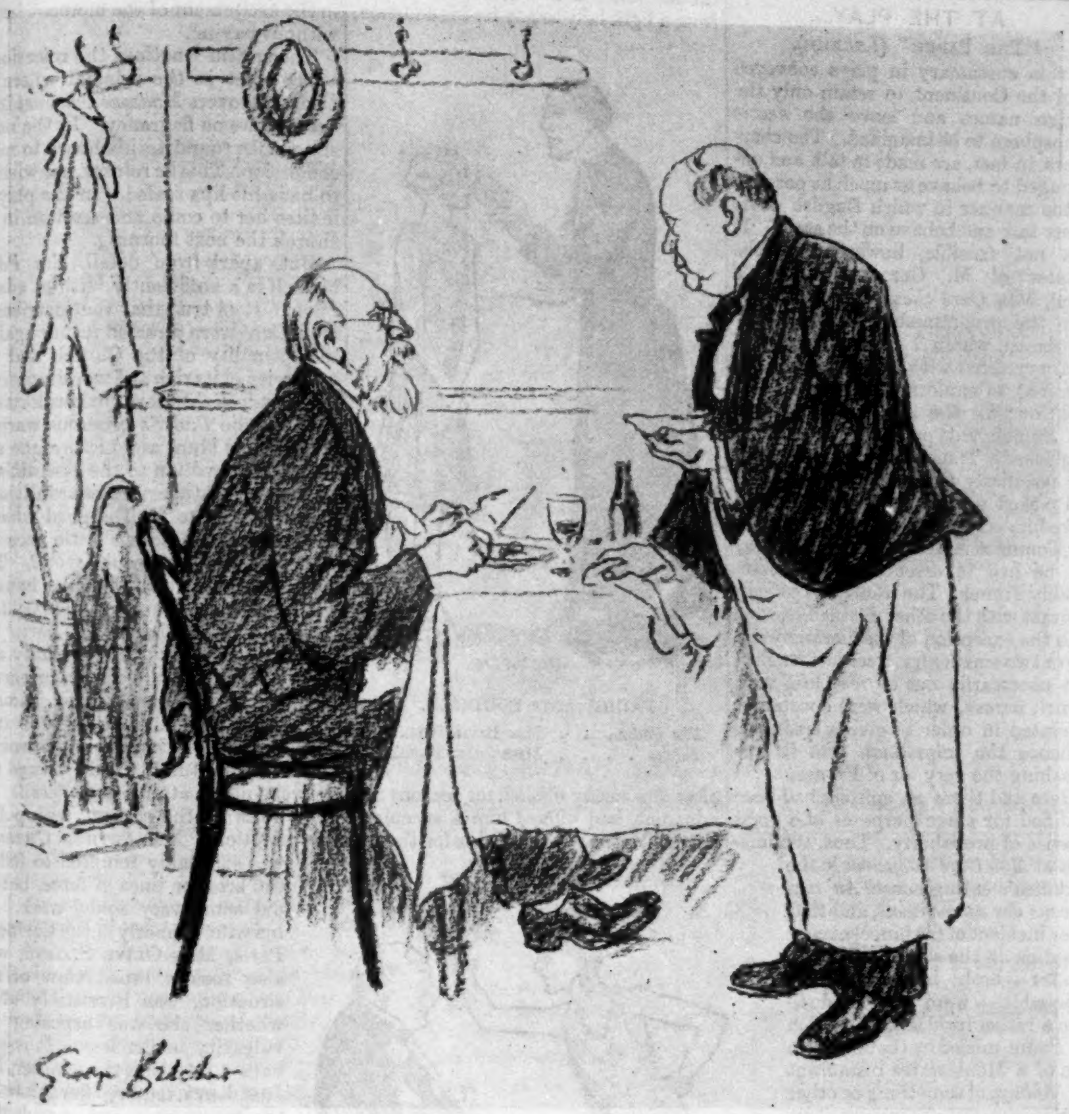
"A few isolated cases of grass fever amongst houses are reported, but there is nothing of the nature of the serious epidemics of the past few years."—*Scots Paper.*

When, owing to the tennis-mania, so many back-yards broke out into a sort of green rash.

From the description of a fire on board an Atlantic liner:—

"Passengers who were drinking cocktails and wine retained their equanimity. Two of the passengers swooned."—*Daily Paper.*

The unfortunate pair were presumably abstaining from cocktails and had no strength to resist the shock.



Waiter. "DID YOU ASK FOR ANOTHER CAULIFLOWER GRATIN, SIR?"
Aberdonian. "'GRATIN!' LOSH, MAN, I THOCHT IT SAID 'GRATIS'!"

THE SWEETSTUFF WIFE.

THE Sweetstuff Wife in the queer little shop
With four little window-panes
Has bottles of bulls'-eyes and lollipop,
Pear-drop, lemon-drop, chocolate-drop,
Boxes of gay tin trains,
Comfits of every colour too
With printed mottoes like "I Love You"
And "Do You Love Me?" "Be Kind," "Be True,"
And horses with fluffy manes,
And sawdust dollies with china heads
And painted tea-sets and tiny beds
And balls with quarters of blues and reds
And butterfly aeroplanes
And sugar-biscuits and sweet-cigars
And ninepins and wind-up motor-cars
And masks and fireworks and silver stars
And lanterns and paper-chains.

The Sweetstuff Wife is never quite done
Cramming her windows full of fun,
She must like making it nice for one,
She takes such heaps of pains;
And even if you haven't a penny
(And where she lives there are none too many)
She never, never complains
Of the big eyes gazing at this and that
And the small round noses pressed so flat
On the four little window-panes.
So I think, I think, you would surely find
That the queer little Sweetstuff Wife
Once swallowed a comfit that said "Be Kind,"
And *was*—for the rest of her life.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PADRE" (LYCEUM).

IT is customary in plays conveyed from the Continent to retain only the foreign names and leave the exotic atmosphere to be imagined. The characters, in fact, are made to talk and encouraged to behave as much as possible in the manner in which English characters talk and behave on the stage. It was not feasible, however, for the adapter of M. CLEMENT VAUTEL'S novel, *Mon Curé chez les Riches* (I see from the programme that two other gentlemen, whom I have never heard of, are credited with a share in its composition) to conform perfectly to this tradition; for the *Abbé Pellegrin* was too French a type to be thoroughly Anglicised. The adapter might modify the peculiarly Gallic slang the *Padre* had picked up in the trenches; might make him sing "Tipperary" and glorify our Tommies instead of his own *poilus*; but he had in essence to remain incurably French. The result was a sharp contrast with the other characters, who, with the exception of the hierarchy and one or two smaller fry, were just English (not necessarily out of real life) with French names, which were constantly reiterated in order to give a credulous audience the impression that it was breathing the very air of France.

Here and there an episode had been modified for stage purposes at a great expense of probability. Thus, the incident at *Mon Curé's déjeuner* in the workmen's eating-house, *Au rendezvous des compagnons*, and that other incident of his innocent conversation in the street with some *cocottes*—both incidents quite reasonable—were combined to form a rather lurid scene in which the *Padre*, misled by the deceptive title of a Montmartre restaurant—*L'Abbaye* of something or other—finds himself, after an excellent repast, mixed up in a most unlikely brawl with a noisy company of night-birds. If he had penetrated this haunt of vice, as he penetrated strange places in the novel, for the purpose of tracing *Madame Cousinet* and retrieving her from a life of great impropriety, his action would have been comprehensible. But apparently he entered the place solely because he was deceived by its name, which seemed to him to indicate a restaurant designed for the physical refreshment of ecclesiastics.

In this scene, by the way, I could not grasp the necessity for his borrowing a hundred francs (in the form of a bright green *billet*) from a light lady to pay for his *addition*,



PADRE AND POUDRÉE.

The Padre . . . MR. BASIL GILL.
Estelle . . . . MISS JOAN MORGAN.

after the *maître d'hôtel*, for reasons not apparent, had offered him a succulent meal with the rarest of wine for the inclusive sum of ten francs. Incidentally, in the excitement of the moment he left without paying.

Then again I noticed the rejection of a nice point in the original where the *Padre* discovers *Madame Cousinet* in an act of extreme flagrancy. In the novel she rushes round to his house to make confession. This he refuses, not wishing to have his lips sealed. In the play he invites her to come and see him in his church the next morning.

But, apart from detail, the *Padre* himself is a sufficiently faithful adaptation. It is true that the diatribes of *Mon Curé* were directed rather against the formality of the Church and the hypocrisy of its rich and worldly patrons than against the more obvious forms of sin; but the *Padre's* generous warmth of heart, his blunt and picturesque sincerity, his devotion to the essentials of Christianity—these virtues are all there. And if his taste for the good wine of the country has been a little accentuated—well, what would you? The Lyceum is a large and popular house.

I have never seen Mr. BASIL GILL to better advantage than in this part. He brought home to us the humanity and lovable nature of the *Padre*, preserved the balance between his gay humour and his ardent advocacy of the true faith, and in his serious passages avoided an excess of rotundity. He showed too the very nicest attention to detail.

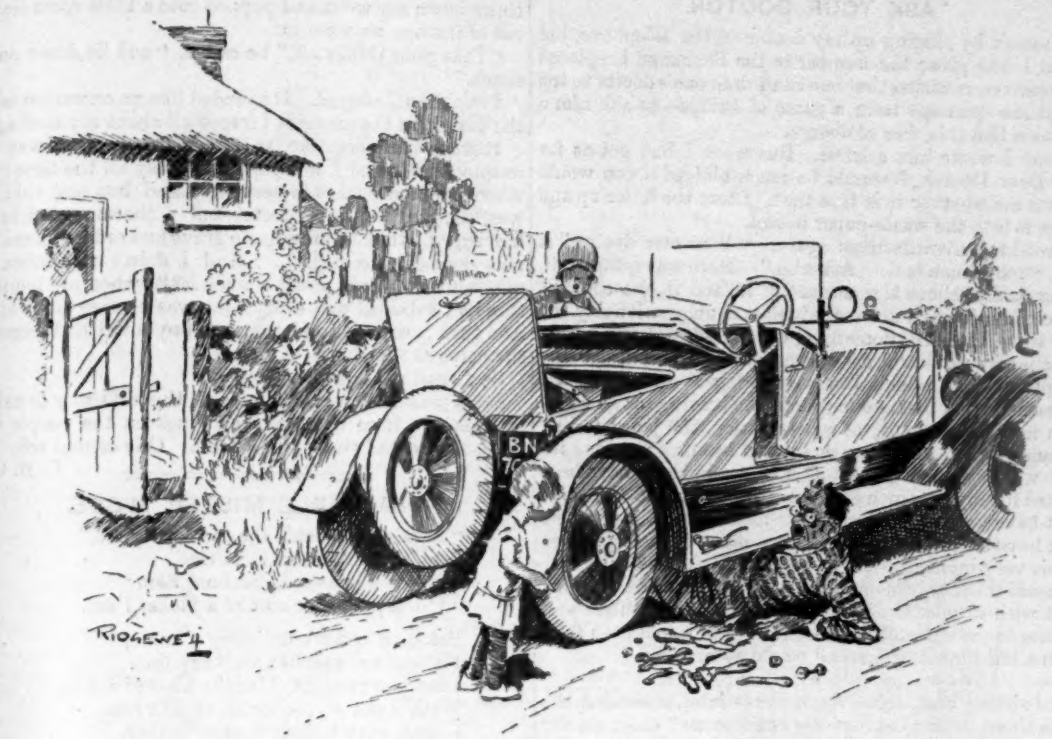
As *Cousinet*, the *parvenu* with political ambitions, Mr. ARTHUR CHESNEY was excusably tempted to follow the broader lines of farce, but he did some very sound work. As his wife, formerly of the Casino de Paris, Miss OLIVE SLOANE, who also took a broad view of the situation, was irresistibly alive, whether she was exposing her vulgarity or her legs. It is perhaps a pity that the adapter, Mr. JOSÉ LEVY, required her to lose her temper so often and so violently.

Mr. PAUL CAVANAGH gave a fairly adequate interpretation of *Mme. Cousinet's* lover, *Pierre de Sableuse*, a rather thankless part, though he was clearly more sinned with than sinning. To serve the requirements of stage symmetry and with the further, and higher, purpose of reclaiming *Pierre* from his evil courses, he had been provided by Mr. LEVY'S creative art with an *ingénue* in the person of *Estelle*, a god-daughter of *Cousinet*. She had long thrown herself at his head and ultimately, by the *Padre's* machinations, got there. Not a very easy part to play, but Miss JOAN MORGAN made it seem more difficult than it was. Nor



THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT.

Madame Cousinet . . . MISS OLIVE SLOANE.
Monsieur Cousinet . . . MR. ARTHUR CHESNEY.



THE INFELICITOUS MOMENT.

"MOTHER SAYS, PLEASE COULD SHE BORROW ONE OF THEM THINGS, 'CAUSE SOMETHINK 'S GONE WRONG WIV' 'ER MANGLE?"

can I compliment the supers, whether they pretended to belong to the *élite* of the neighbourhood or to the frequenters of Montmartre.

With the betrothal of *Pierre* and *Estelle*, the renewal of domestic peace in the *Cousinet* dovecot and the *Padre's* rehabilitation, after many scandals, at the hands (brilliantly gloved) of an Eminence, we arrived at the goal of our desires. The joy of this happy ending was further enhanced by the recovery of the *Padre's* good dog, *Poilu*, after being brutally run down by a motor-car which in the original had caused his extermination. O. S.

The Theatrical Garden Party will be held at the Royal Hospital Gardens, Chelsea, from 3.0 to 7.0 on Tuesday, June 22nd. The many attractions will include "Midnight Drivels," produced by the combined efforts of the Cabarets; a Horse-Jumping Competition run by the *Rose Marie* Company; a "Donkey Grand National"; and an "Olde Country Fayre," conducted by Mr. LESLIE HENSON with the collaboration of Miss FAY COMPTON. The excellent object of the Party is to raise money for the Actors' Orphanage.

TO AUTHORS COMMENCING.

(Suggested by a perusal of Mr. H. W. FOWLER'S "Dictionary of English Usage.")

O ALL ye young writers
Who wish to excel—
Also actors, reciters
And speakers as well—

Don't heed the mere growler
Who grunts and despairs,
But turn to the FOWLER
Who saves you from snares.

If you 've taste in abundance,
But most of it bad,
If you 'd cure your redundance,
Your proneness to pad;

Are you deeply afflicted
With mutinous zeal,
Or over-addicted
To phrases "genteel;"

Are you wedded to choosing
The *cliché* that 's new,
Perversely refusing
The old and the true;

Are your metaphors foggy,
Your grammar to seek,
Your Latinity doggy,
Your French a mere freak;

Are you giv'n to committing
Those up-to-date crimes—
Infinitive-splitting,
Illiterate rhymes;

If, in fine, you 're ambitious
In all that you write
Not to grieve the judicious
Or pedants delight,

But to cheer and refresh us
In language that 's plain,
Neither slipshod nor precious
But lucid and sane

And devoid of gross howlers—
By hook or by crook
You 'll get Mr. FOWLER'S
Most excellent book.

"Hiram she had seen holding on by a rope in the centre of the shaft, and winking at her with one eye rapidly closing and opening."
Story in Monthly Magazine.

Despite his precarious situation we note that he adopted the usual method.

Headline from an article on Roman London:—

"SUBSIDISING VALLEY."
Daily Paper.

Site not mentioned, but possibly in the neighbourhood of Downing Street.

"ASK YOUR DOCTOR."

I BEGAN by ringing up my doctor on the telephone, but when I had given the number to the Exchange I replaced the receiver, realizing that one can't drag one's doctor to the telephone—perhaps from a game of Bridge—to ask him a question like this, free of charge.

Then I wrote him a letter. But when I had got as far as "Dear Doctor, I should be much obliged if you would inform me whether it is true that," I tore the letter up and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

I read the advertisement again. "Your own doctor," it said, "recommends it. Ask him." Here was some stuff, if one could believe the account of it (and if one couldn't one could ask one's doctor), which was unquestionably the very thing I needed; something which swiftly, safely, surely and cheaply would rid me of every one of those distressing symptoms from which I was suffering at the time—the listlessness and distaste for work, the craving for an afternoon nap, the difficulty of concentration, the jaded feeling on being called in the morning, and so on; something indeed which seemed almost as if by a miracle to have been devised for my very own especial case. Thousands of people must have been reading about it; hundreds of these people must have been asking their doctors, many of them perhaps at this very moment. How were they doing it?

I could think only of one way. I would make an appointment with my doctor, tell him all about my troubles and ask him to recommend me this stuff. He would then send me in a bill for his fee and all would be in order.

* * * * * * *

And sitting here, some three weeks later, reviewing the whole thing from a comfortable convalescent chair on the esplanade of a seaside place famous for its restorative breezes, I cannot help wondering whether I was right or wrong in heeding that advice to ask my doctor. I shall never know. It may be that I should have been wiser to buy the stuff and take it according to the directions on the packet *without* asking my doctor; it may be that my life has been saved by my visit to my doctor. On the other hand it may be that if I *had* asked my doctor, instead of allowing my attention to be distracted by his searching questions and his obviously serious view of my condition, he would have said, "Why, of course, my dear man, that's just the very thing I was going to recommend you," in which case I should have been spared all this trouble and expense. But I shall never know.

I said, "Doctor, I've been feeling rotten lately, so I thought I'd call and ask you——"

"Quite right. Let's have a look at you. You don't look specially grand. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"Oh, just working and all that sort of thing."

"Business brisk?"

"Hardly. Just ordinary."

"Late nights?"

"Not so very."

"Eating well?"

"Fairly, thanks."

"What are you drinking?"

"Do you mean tea and things or beer and so on?"

"Anything."

"Anything. It depends on the time of day."

"Plenty of golf?"

"Not plenty. Usual amount, you know."

"How are you playing?"

"Revoltingly."

"Ah!"

He picked up my wrist, and I held my breath, as I always do when doctors hold my wrist. During the silence I remembered this stuff I had called to ask him about. He threw down my wrist and popped into a little room leading out of the one we were in.

"Take your things off," he called, "and lie down on the couch."

Trembling, I obeyed. It sounded like an operation and in the anxiety of the moment I forgot all about my stuff again.

It wasn't an operation, as it turned out, but it was very uncomfortable and I was kept very busy all the time; and when it was over I was very tired and hot and cold and worried; and then the doctor put a thermometer in my mouth; and then he grew quite grave and ordered a cab and sent me home to bed. . . . And I didn't remember my question again until about a week later, when my temperature had subsided and everything was coming right again. And then it seemed too late. And anyhow I had forgotten the name of the stuff.

So I shall never know.

But I wonder if everyone finds all this difficulty in asking his doctor? If so it is jolly bad luck on the people who make this sort of stuff. Or it isn't. One cannot tell.

L. B. G.

PEACEABLE MISTER M'GEE.

"PEACE an' quiet 's the motter for me,"
Said Mister Samuel S. M'Gee,
Otherwise known as Seaboot Sam;
"I 'm a peaceable sort of a bloke, I am.

Peace an' quiet 's an 'obby o' mine,
Fightin' an' suchlike ain't my line.
I tell you straight, I 'm the kind of a cuss
What 's got no use for trouble or fuss;
I don't want nobody makin' bother,
No, not if he was my own born brother;
Back-chat 's a thing my taste don't lean to,
But, when I get things fixed like I mean to,
Why, there ain't a peaceabler mate than me
Sails outer Frisco," said Sam M'Gee.

So he spat on his fists and he hopped off the poop
And waltzed around with a yell and a whoop;
He landed Ginger a clump on the chin
For wearing an impident kind of a grin;
He hammered the soul-case out of Mike
And laid Bill out with a marline-spike,
And chased Jake on to the topsail yard
And pummelled him up there good and hard,
And jumped on Joe with his seaboots on
For something or other they 'd been and done.

Then he fetched the helmsman a kick like a horse
For lettin' the ship get off her course,
And he rubbed his hands, and he said, said he,
"Peace an' quiet is what suits me;
I 'm a peaceable sort of a bloke, I am,
And don't you forget it!" said Seaboot Sam.

C. F. S.

Our Tantalising Cricket Reports.

"At first Cook and Baldwin appeared quite at ease, and they raised the overnight total to 52, the former making some fine drives, while Baldwin occupied himself mainly with defensive strokes. Then Cook was taken low down at forward short leg, and an astonishing collapse set in."—*Daily Paper.*

We are now awaiting the advent of a forward short leg who will catch out another COOK.

"Evidently the —— Provincial Bank is trying to check further collapse by hooks and by crooks."—*Far Eastern Paper.*

We should advise it to stick to the hooks and leave the crooks alone.



COUNTY SONGS.

XI.—SOMERSET.



In Somerset's the town of Bath,
Where Fashion trod the primrose path
When GEORGE THE THIRD was reigning,
And Mr. GAINSBOROUGH was so
Sought after that his studio
Was filled beyond containing.

But Mr. GAINSBOROUGH preferred
The melodies of HENRY BYRD
To painting people's pictures,
So that his cherished violin
I fear too often let him in
For acid curtain strictures.

To Bath went *Pickwick* and his *Sam;*
There *Winkle* heard the portal slam,
And there our loved Miss AUSTEN
With gentle mischief in her pen
Devised the tales that maids and men
Still happily are lost in.

Full fifteen centuries before
Beau NASH controlled the Pump-Room floor,
With World and Wife to follow,
The Romans, bathers through and through,
The worth of Bath's ablutions knew,
And there rejoiced to wallow.

The Romans and the Beau are—where?
But GAINSBOROUGH the debonair
More honoured is than ever:
Not for the music that he played,
But for the lovely things he made
At second-best endeavour.

E. V. L.







Yacht-builder (to prospective purchaser of five-tonner). "YOU SEE, SIR, IF YOU BUY A BOAT LIKE THIS YOU 'RE GETTIN' MORE 'N A BOAT—IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN' YOU 'RE BUYIN' AN 'OME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER whether atmosphere should be allowed to constitute the chief appeal of a short story. In a lyric of course you enjoy its predominance, though I should not care to confine my appetite entirely to "Kubla Khan," "Ulalume" and "The Dong with the Luminous Nose." In narrative prose, atmosphere is surely a supererogatory grace, not the one thing needful; and personally I believe it is because Mr. WALTER DE LA MARE prefers circumfluent glamour to four-square humanity that so much of *The Connoisseur and Other Stories* (COLLINS) gives me the effect of a halo without a head in it. In this indictment I except "The Lost Track," which, thanks, I think, to the influence of R.L.S., has both an argument and an aureole. The story deals with an English tourist in the Southern States who, in the "phlegmatic audacity" resultant from influenza, explores a strange house in a gully. It is "precisely the stuff that films and shockers are made of." So I suppose are the plots of the Elizabethan dramatists. And what WEBSTER does for his and every other man's *Duchess of Malfi* Mr. DE LA MARE does for his Virginian heroine—transmutes her into something unforgettably high and tragic. The trouble with the rest of the book is that there is not enough stuff to transmute. "The Connoisseur" suggests from marvellously oblique angles that possessions are better in imagination than round one's neck. "Mr. Kempe" and "All Hallows" relate intrusions of real men into unreal worlds. "The Nap" is an ironic piece of suburban *genre* painting, and "Missing" deals with the same society under a definitely gruesome aspect. There are nine stories altogether, and on the most flagging page you encounter "some meteor candling its way into oblivion." It is a sky full of memorable portents, but not quite a firmament.

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of his book I find in its enlightened handling of the novels and in an excellent auxiliary chapter on the "Essay on Comedy." Mr. PRIESTLEY's own manner is pleasantly unaffected by preciosities and the ground-plan of his book is commendably clear.

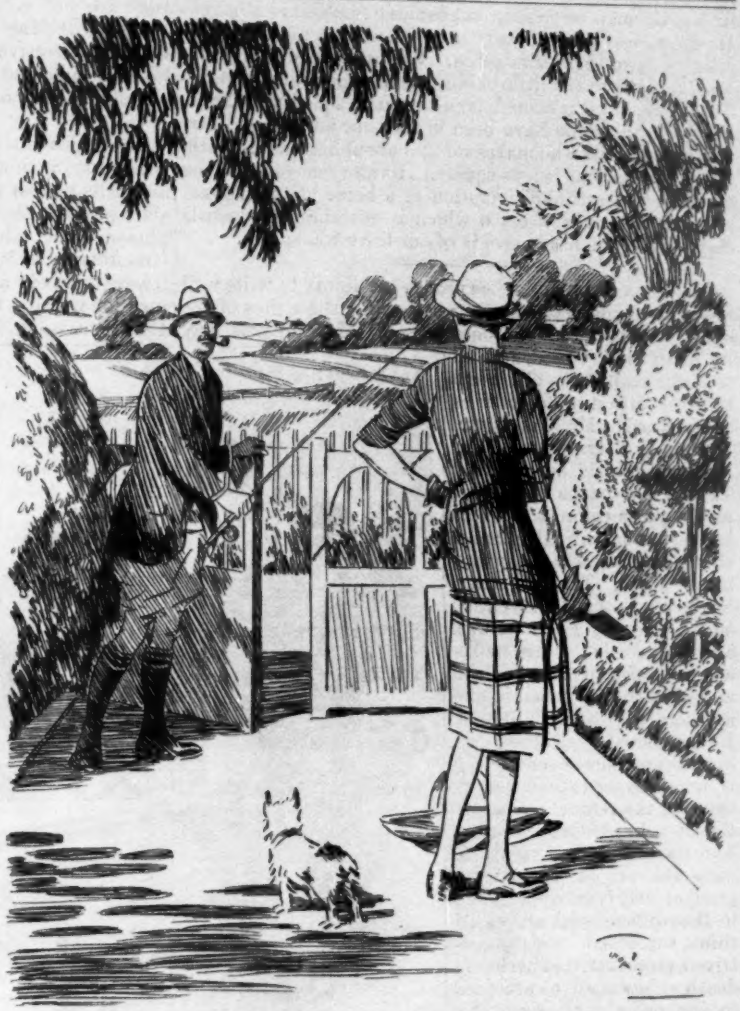
It shows perhaps a morbid strain,
But I confess that I 've a lurking
Fondness for crooks who have the brain
To let their minions do the working;
I mean the kind of toughs who roll
In wealth, the centre of attraction,
And simultaneously control
Colossal schemes of malefaction.

Of one of these, a perfect beaut,
VALENTINE WILLIAMS shows the paces—
A man whose special line is loot
From Egypt's ancient burial places;
This countless understrappers win,
And reputable dealers tout it,
And if they know its origin
They do not make a song about it.

Those who are shrewd, at least, do not,
For there are settled lines to go on,
And those who deviate are shot,
Poisoned or drowned at sea and so on;
And all the while the master hand
Moves at his will, by fortune petted,
Until the final scene is planned
And Nemesis has got him netted.

And how the fellow meets his doom,
Game and without a hint of whining;
And how he woos the girl for whom
The sleuth who works his fall is pining;
All this it is the author's game
To tell (with local colour tinted);
Mr. Ramosi—that 's its name,
And HODDER, STOUGHTON's had it printed.

For some reason or other *The Last Load* (METHUEN), which is the name given by "F. ANSTEY" to his latest collection of stories and sketches, has only just come into my hands, though I see the year of publication is given as 1925. These uncompromising titles strike rather a chill to the heart of veteran readers, who gratefully remember Mr. ANSTEY GUTHRIE at the beginning of his career. His first contribution to *Punch*, by the way, is reprinted in this volume. It appeared in 1885, when *Vice-Versa* was only three years old, *The Tinted Venus* just on the bookstalls, and *The Talking Horse* (always one of my own favourites) not yet put on paper. Mr. GUTHRIE seems to think it improbable that his "literary holding will yield a sufficient crop" for a further carrying, but there are at least two stories in this collection that make us wish for more waggons to bear home the collected sheaves of so individual a fantasy. What other humorist could have written "The Changelings," reprinted here, or "Sparkling Biacrene"? There is a sort of inhuman logic about all these stories of his. Grant a single premise (generally, I admit, a good stout one) and the rest follows as a matter of course. The late FRANK STOCKTON, among American writers, had a touch of the same method, but not of the same delicate variety. I cannot think of another.



Long-suffering Wife. "WHAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE DINNER THIS EVENING?"
The Hopeless Case. "OH, ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AFTER I COME BACK."

If Mr. THOMAS BOYD has already written other books I do not know them. If he should write others in the future I shall certainly read them. For *Samuel Drummond* (CAPE) is a satisfying book, unexciting, but as nourishing to the mind as the kindly fruits of the earth are to the body. Its scene is Ohio before, during and after the Civil War; its theme the simple annals of a farmer's life. When we first meet *Samuel* he is a boy working on his father's farm. But soon *Marthy Jane*, a poor relation of his mother's, golden of hair and blue of eye, comes on the scene, and after a brief rivalry with his brother, who is as gay and voluble as *Samuel* is solid and tongue-tied, *Samuel* marries her. He takes a farm of his own, builds a house and later a larger one, clears his land, sells his timber, sows his corn and rears his stock. He drives to market, occasionally drinks a little more than he should, once is nearly drowned in a flood. He loves, and has little differences with, his wife. Four children are born to him—all girls, though he badly wants a boy. The war breaks out and he enlists, late and reluctantly, for he cares little for politics and his father's sympathies are with the South. He returns from the front and goes on with his farming. His parents die and one of his daughters elopes



Yacht-builder (to prospective purchaser of five-tonner). "YOU SEE, SIR, IF YOU BUY A BOAT LIKE THIS YOU 'RE GETTIN' MORE 'N A BOAT—IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN' YOU 'RE BUYIN' AN 'OME."

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I have always borne a grudge against GEORGE MEREDITH. Not exactly because as a publisher's reader he twice turned down *East Lynne*, but because his whole career as a novelist did so much to pervert the unpretentious art of story-telling which *East Lynne* in many respects so capably embodies. There lies across most of MEREDITH'S prose fiction what he was content should be supposed to lie across his own 'scutcheon, the shadow of a bend-sinister. Its chief beauties are proper to other arts—lyric poetry, dramatic comedy, philosophic criticism; and the narrative art which would have fused these beauties is lacking. "As a novelist," said WILDE, "he can do everything except tell a story." This renders the author of *The Egoist* extremely hard to handle critically; and it is highly to the credit of Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY, who has furnished a volume on *George Meredith* (MACMILLAN) for the English Men of Letters series, that he concentrates particularly on the aims and achievements of the novelist. MEREDITH'S life-story he relates with understanding, fully aware that, where the artist is a finer figure than the man, the world, which on the face of things has benefited by the adjustment, should be slow to condemn. Vital facts which were to have their issue in literature he skilfully emphasizes; and, though a certain vagueness attends his disquisition on MEREDITH'S philosophy, he comes perhaps to as close a grip as is possible with so nebulous a creed. The poet, who is "everything from Apollo to a cornerake," he appreciates very happily; but this, as he modestly admits, has been done before. The chief interest

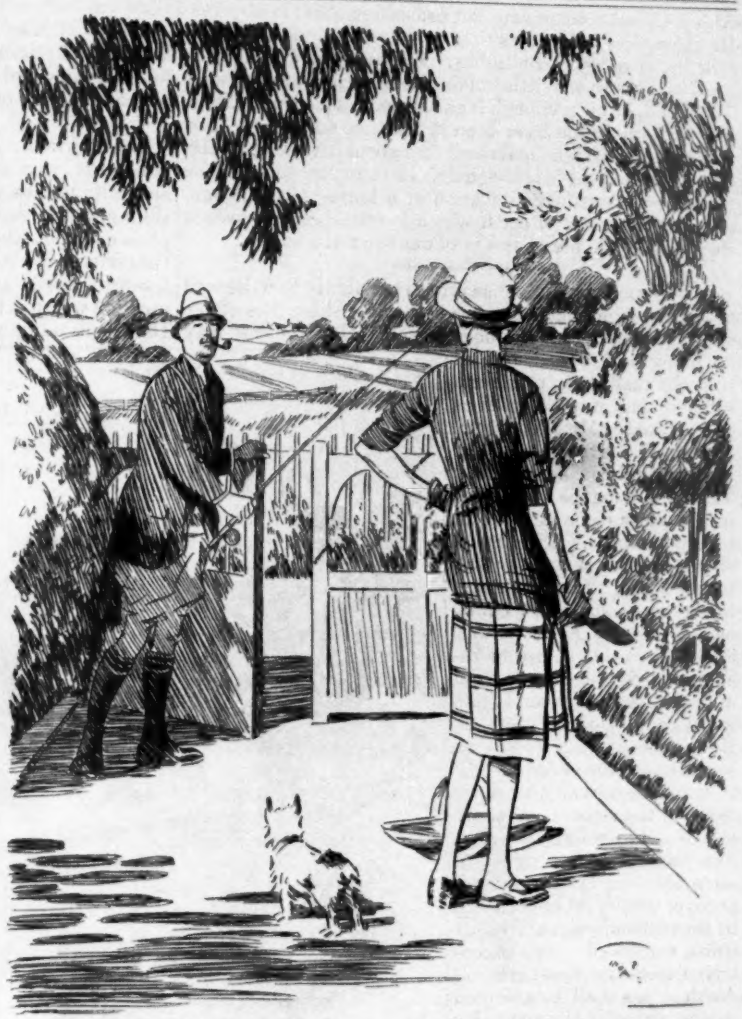
of his book I find in its enlightened handling of the novels and in an excellent auxiliary chapter on the "Essay on Comedy." Mr. PRIESTLEY's own manner is pleasantly unaffected by preciosities and the ground-plan of his book is commendably clear.

It shows perhaps a morbid strain,
But I confess that I 've a lurking
Fondness for crooks who have the brain
To let their minions do the working;
I mean the kind of toughs who roll
In wealth, the centre of attraction,
And simultaneously control
Colossal schemes of malefaction.

Of one of these, a perfect beaut,
VALENTINE WILLIAMS shows the paces—
A man whose special line is loot
From Egypt's ancient burial places;
This countless understrappers win,
And reputable dealers tout it,
And if they know its origin
They do not make a song about it.

Those who are shrewd, at least, do not,
For there are settled lines to go on,
And those who deviate are shot,
Poisoned or drowned at sea and so on;
And all the while the master hand
Moves at his will, by fortune potted,
Until the final scene is planned
And Nemesis has got him netted.

And how the fellow meets his doom,
Game and without a hint of whining;
And how he woos the girl for whom
The sleuth who works his fall is pining;
All this it is the author's game
To tell (with local colour tinted);
Mr. Ramosi—that 's its name,
And HODDER, STOUGHTON 's had it printed.



Long-suffering Wife. "WHAT TIME WOULD YOU LIKE DINNER THIS EVENING?"
The Hopeless Case. "OH, ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES AFTER I COME BACK."

For some reason or other *The Last Load* (METHUEN), which is the name given by "F. ANSTEY" to his latest collection of stories and sketches, has only just come into my hands, though I see the year of publication is given as 1925. These uncompromising titles strike rather a chill to the heart of veteran readers, who gratefully remember Mr. ANSTEY GUTHRIE at the beginning of his career. His first contribution to *Punch*, by the way, is reprinted in this volume. It appeared in 1885, when *Vice-Versa* was only three years old, *The Tinted Venus* just on the bookstalls, and *The Talking Horse* (always one of my own favourites) not yet put on paper. Mr. GUTHRIE seems to think it improbable that his "literary holding will yield a sufficient crop" for a further carrying, but there are at least two stories in this collection that make us wish for more waggons to bear home the collected sheaves of so individual a fantasy. What other humorist could have written "The Changelings," reprinted here, or "Sparkling Biacrene"? There is a sort of inhuman logic about all these stories of his. Grant a single premise (generally, I admit, a good stout one) and the rest follows as a matter of course. The late FRANK STOCKTON, among American writers, had a touch of the same method, but not of the same delicate variety. I cannot think of another.

If Mr. THOMAS BOYD has already written other books I do not know them. If he should write others in the future I shall certainly read them. For *Samuel Drummond* (CAPE) is a satisfying book, unexciting, but as nourishing to the mind as the kindly fruits of the earth are to the body. Its scene is Ohio before, during and after the Civil War; its theme the simple annals of a farmer's life. When we first meet *Samuel* he is a boy working on his father's farm. But soon *Marthy Jane*, a poor relation of his mother's, golden of hair and blue of eye, comes on the scene, and after a brief rivalry with his brother, who is as gay and voluble as *Samuel* is solid and tongue-tied, *Samuel* marries her. He takes a farm of his own, builds a house and later a larger one, clears his land, sells his timber, sows his corn and rears his stock. He drives to market, occasionally drinks a little more than he should, once is nearly drowned in a flood. He loves, and has little differences with, his wife. Four children are born to him—all girls, though he badly wants a boy. The war breaks out and he enlists, late and reluctantly, for he cares little for politics and his father's sympathies are with the South. He returns from the front and goes on with his farming. His parents die and one of his daughters elopes

with a German neighbour, but comes home and is forgiven. He grows less prosperous than of old, raises a mortgage and sells his farm to his son-in-law. We leave him driving with *Marthy Jane* to the little holding he has bought in its stead. That is all, but it is enough for a sane man's pleasure. Thus, one feels, must life have been in the time and place. Mr. BOYD is a realist who makes no fuss about his realism. His character-building is four-square. His story moves with the grave and beautiful deliberation of a horse at the plough, and has a savour of earth which is refreshing to nostrils cloyed with the heady scents of our town romancers.

Miss TENNYSON JESSE has proved her ability to write well about anything, but I like her best when she writes of the sea. I suspect that she does herself. Her interests may be many and varied, but all that she really asks of life is a tall ship with its accessories as enumerated by Mr. MASEFIELD. In *Tom Fool* (HEINEMANN) she is completely in her element. This is a romance of the sea in the years before steam had become general. The hero, I should explain, was not by any means a fool, "Tom" or other; but he was thoughtlessly christened. *Thomas Fould* he was, and *Tom Fool* of course he became. How the sea called him and what the sea meant to him are here very beautifully told. But passionately as Miss JESSE loves the sea she never idealises it, nor does she extenuate anything of the rigours and cruelties of a life before the mast. She has set herself rather to strip the sea of its glamour and yet justify its appeal, and in that difficult task she has, I think, succeeded. She has contrived, moreover, that her hero's death at sea shall be accepted by the reader as the inevitable ending, and a happy one at that. Sailors no doubt will get most from this book, but I commend it also to those who, like myself, love the sea best from the shore. Miss JESSE must "go down to the seas again." And again and again and again.



Lady (who has brought watch for repairs). "I THINK MESELF THE WEIGHT 'S COME OFF THE CHAIN."

With truth the publishers of *Irene in the Centre* (COLLINS) state that its interest "is not so much in the plot as the people." Miss HANNAH YATES, who is making her first bow before the novel-reading public, writes forcibly, and her powers of observation are both acute and judiciously employed. Where she fails to reach complete success at present is in the construction of her story. Her main fabric is not badly built, but if sundry odds and ends had been cleared away the tale would have been less untidy, and *Irene*—that is to say, *Nina Slade*, the actress who played the part of *Irene*—would not have strayed so often from her central position. Still, Miss YATES deserves far more praise than censure; both *Nina* and the wife of the dramatist who invented the part of *Irene*, are admirably realised, and the men who at one time or another were affected by *Nina's* charm are something more than passable, though they are not presented with so sharp an outline as the women. If Miss YATES, who has a pretty wit, which is the more effective because it is not obtrusively used, will take her time and not be hustled, *Irene* should be the first of a fine gallery of portraits.

The tales in *A Peakland Faggot*, by Mr. MURRAY GILCHRIST, with an introduction by Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, are really not so much short stories as cameos of Derbyshire peasant-life, for it is in a subtle handling of word and phrase rather than in plot and construction that Mr. GILCHRIST excels. His pictures come to the eye in the fewest of words and with that economic simplicity of expression which is the mark of a true sense of style. As with DE MAUPASSANT, one feels that he is never satisfied till he finds the one right phrase. If I were to criticise this collection I would say that in it a certain sameness of experience, a similarity of outline, is apparent. Several of the stories are on very nearly the same theme, and, though each is beautiful in itself as a carven gem, it is as though one should carve always from a jewel of the same colour. But this is of little consequence; the value of these cameos lies in their form and in their author's familiarity and sympathy with peasant life, in which qualities he stands very near Mr. THOMAS HARDY. In these days, when the modern short story seems to be sacrificing a good deal to ingenuity of plot and "snappiness" of style, Mr. GILCHRIST'S tales show us how much can be done with the simplest theme and how much more telling is *le mot juste* than *le mot bizarre*.

In *The Pursuit* (ALLEN AND UNWIN) we can witness a neatly staged and clever contest between organised pleasure and the simple life. *David Kyteland* returned from the War with his career mapped out for him. A family business, of which his uncle *Val* was chief, awaited him at Kyteland's Wharf. *Val* lived in considerable luxury, and temperamentally the uncle and nephew were not in sympathy; but *David* displayed no particular signs of restiveness until he married and found that his wife's tastes harmonised more with *Val's* than with his own. A long visit to some friends who were poor and found pleasure in simple things convinced him that to work out one's own happiness was the only way to enjoy it. He grew to think with loathing of a life in which every pleasure was "specially prepared." I am not going to reveal any more of a story that demands attention and provokes thought. I see that Mr. L. W. VEDRENNE has written a previous novel, *The Closed Wall*, which I propose to penetrate.

The following from a Scots paper comes, very rightly, under the heading, "GAY SCENE AT THE FIRST ROYAL COURT."

"Miss —— looked charming . . . Her sole garment was a beautiful necklace of pearls."

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is some talk of playing future Test Matches for an unlimited number of days. A futile idea. It can rain longer than that.

* * *

Shortly before the Nottingham Test Match Mr. A. W. CARR was riding on Newmarket Heath. It was observed that he adopted the two-eyed seat.

* * *

Since ROOT's diplomatic cold it is rumoured that the Selection Committee are keeping one bowler so dark that they won't even let him play in the Tests.

* * *

In a German Zoo it appears there is a lion which has never roared in its life. They should send for our Mr. A. J. COOK to go over and show it how.

* * *

A cart-horse belonging to a Hampshire farmer lies down after about six hours' work and refuses to move. We hear of a movement on foot to purchase it for Mr. COOK.

* * *

Mr. COOK says that one miner is worth ten editors. Certainly his friends seem to be much quicker at accepting impossible stories.

* * *

There is no truth in the report that owing to the coal stoppage it has been decided to postpone Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

* * *

A new weather-expert undertakes to forecast for fifty days ahead. Most people prefer to have it broken to them gradually.

* * *

"We have got into the habit of taking miracles for granted," says Mr. HADDEN KNIGHT. This *blasé* attitude causes despair among amateur conjurers.

* * *

"Ripe cherries have already appeared on cherry-trees in some suburban gardens," says a daily. This must have been something of a shock to the people who expected pineapples.

* * *

At an exhibition of pictures each of which was to be sold to the highest bidder the reserve on one by a famous painter represented the value of the frame. It was understood, however, that the purchaser would be expected to take the picture too.

A small two-seater car caught fire in a Highgate street owing to the tank being too full of petrol. A good plan when filling up these minute cars is to use a fountain-pen filler.

* * *

The latest jazz band novelty is the musical hatchet. The best effect is obtained when a strong man buries one of these in the vitals of a saxophone.

* * *

"Jazz is a wearisome reiteration of cacophonic imbecility," says Mr. LIONEL BERLYN. The Savoy Orpheans might set this opinion to music and see how it goes with the Charleston.

* * *

There seems to be no trial of nerve and endurance too great for Signor MUSSOLINI. He has heard Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE lecture in English on "The Meaning of Art."

* * *

The jewellery recently stolen from an American actress was valued at three-quarters of a column in the Press.

* * *

Professional comedians complain that it is very difficult to be funny by wireless. We had suspected this.

* * *

A clock with a dial twenty-six feet in diameter has been erected in the North. It was this that made a night-reveller boast that he had been able to tell the time by the moon.

* * *

A medical writer protests against the assertion that vegetarians never lose their temper. He will have the support of all those who have heard a vegetarian growling after eating his nut-cutlet.

The authorities of the Zoo have just imported a hundred tons of sea-water from the Bay of Biscay. A bad sailor writes to say that he thinks this sort of thing ought to be encouraged.

* * *

The West Ham football team have come back with several complaints of the brutality of the Spanish elevens. Apparently the idea there is to madden the visiting team with banderillas before the start.

* * *

A motor-car in Belfast recently knocked down a man who was carrying a mattress. There's nothing like being prepared when you go for a stroll.

* * *

A lion that escaped at Geneva walked quietly down the street without molesting anybody. There is some talk of its being made an honorary member of the League of Nations.

* * *

ABD-EL-KRIM has been offered a French castle where he can live with his wives. His old enemies seem determined to make him realise exactly what peace means.

* * *

Attention is being drawn to the fact that women don't take much interest in boxing nowadays. Nor, for that matter, do boxers.

* * *

A correspondent of an evening paper reports having seen a Guardsman in full uniform doing a children's cross-word puzzle in an Ealing train. No doubt the military authorities will make inquiries with a view to disciplinary action.

* * *

Sent away three years ago to take part in a hundred-and-fifty-mile race, a homing pigeon has lately returned to its loft at Plymouth. It is said that upon arrival it turned to its owner and asked breathlessly, "Who's won?"

* * *

The Institution of Electrical Engineers has selected this week for the celebration of the jubilee of the telephone. Confidence is felt that subscribers will refrain from mafficking.



Visitor (admiring the flower-beds). "QUITE A RIOT OF COLOUR."
Daughter of the House. "YES—DAD'S LOSING."

"Later the bride and bridegroom left for their honeymoon, with a hat to match."
Local Paper.

Two crowns with but a single thatch,
Two hearts that beat as one.

IN THE MOVEMENT.

I saw at once that she was hardly in her usual good spirits.

"Have you seen Blanche?" she asked as we shook hands.

"Only this morning," I answered. "She was trying the Charleston just once more before she went home."

"The Charleston," she said severely, "is simply not done any more—no hostess permits it."

"Of course not," I agreed. "People just dance it without permission, and that 's so different."

"Oh, quite," she agreed. "Blanche has a new frock," she added, "the very newest thing."

"In that case," I said, "I shall see her, because we shall all see it—I mean, of course, her. The very latest from Paris, I suppose?"

She smiled sadly.

"If it were no more than that," she murmured. "Why, all frocks are always the very latest from Paris, especially those you buy in Brixton. This," she went on impressively, "has never seen Paris. Blanche is telling everyone."

"Then where does it come from?" I asked, trying to think of a likely locality, and then, remembering what frocks of to-day are, I guessed. "From the Garden of Eden, perhaps?" I said. "After the Fall, of course," I added hastily.

"I don't know what you mean," she said with dignity, "and it doesn't matter a bit where a frock comes from or doesn't come from. When you see a great new work of art, do you ask where it comes from?"

"Everybody knows already," I sighed. "From Hollywood, Cal., U.S.A."

"But not frocks as yet," she insisted; "and if they did it wouldn't matter, because what counts now, that is, if you want to be in the movement——"

She paused impressively and I nodded to show I understood.

"Like the waist-line," I said, "though that, I suppose, is not so much in the movement as very movement itself."

"Well, you can't expect a waist-line to be always in the same place, can you?" she argued.

"Certainly not," I agreed. "It would be a dull waist that never varied; I know mine has of recent years. Then it is the waist of Blanche—is it?"

She made a little gesture of impatience.

"If it were only that," she said again. "But it isn't. You see what counts at the moment is this: your frock may be almost anything——"

"Or almost nothing," I murmured, but I don't think she was listening.

"Almost anything," she repeated, "but it simply must, it 's quite necessary, be designed by an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate."

"Must it?" I asked, surprised. "Why?"

"Because," she said simply, "then your photograph wearing it is published in all the papers."

"I see," I said. "That 's splendid. I suppose they are giving a Blue now for dress-designing?"

"Blue?" she repeated. "Oh, no; green is still the right colour; but you may wear others if you can say it is the latest idea of the designer, who is a Cambridge (or Oxford) undergraduate."

"And that," I asked, "is what Blanche is saying?"

She nodded with a kind of reluctant admiration.

"And to think," she confessed, "that I wore a silk evening frock from Paris across the Channel on the coldest day ever known so as to get it through the Customs without paying duty."

"Yet," I said, "even if that frock came from PAQUIN or WORTH, you can still say it was designed by an Oxford (or Cambridge) undergraduate?"

"One can," she agreed, "and one does. But Blanche has the undergraduate to show—he is to be there to-morrow from three to five to display all his latest ideas. I," she said dismally, "got an invitation-card this morning with 'Tea' in the bottom left-hand corner and 'Come early' written across in pencil."

"Lucky undergraduate," I murmured. "Does he want an assistant?"

"Blanche says he has two, freshmen both of them. I will say this for Blanche," she added with a sort of pained admiration, "she is always in the forefront of the movement."

Then she brightened up a little.

"So I thought of you at once," she said.

"But," I protested, "my undergraduate friends are only taking the usual studies—cricket in summer, Rugby in winter and the gramophone all the year round."

"I don't want an undergraduate," she told me impatiently. "Blanche thought of that first. But I was thinking perhaps you might know some one with a boy at Eton or Harrow or somewhere." Her eyes sparkled. "It would be in all the papers," she cried. "Dresses designed by public-school boy (photograph inset). Of course, I could do the actual designing, or we could buy them ready made, Islington or Ealing or somewhere, just like Blanche."

I shook my head gravely. "Won't do at all," I assured her. "We all know how education is neglected at our public schools. We must study the probabilities. How would an errand-boy do?"

She almost wept with gratitude.

"Dresses designed by London errand-boy," she repeated. "The papers will give it front-page headlines, and Blanche will—won't she? I shall send her a special invitation-card when I show them, with 'Tea and Cocktails' in the bottom left-hand corner, and 'Come very early' written across it in red ink."

E. R. P.

SHE-SHANTIES.

SONG FOR A GENTLEMAN ON A COMMON OCCASION; OR, TACTFUL REPLY TO A NEW LOVE ON HER REFERRING INDELICATELY TO SOME OF THE OLD.

Ah, call me not inconstant, who
Am constantly in love with two!
We know the frowns of Heaven fall
On him that never loves at all,
From which it follows—does it not?—
That he is best who loves a lot;
And so, my love, look not so blue—
I am too good to be quite true.

Who does not hate a narrow mind
By one unchanging creed confined?
So do I shun with every art
A too precise and narrow heart.
Though by the stars I may have sworn
That Alice was the fairest born,
I owned—no bigot—I was wrong
The moment Lucy came along.

Sweet Cupid fits the soul with wings
And lifts us up to higher things,
The heart more generous and the mind
To new nobilities inclined.
I never fail, when love begins,
For ever to renounce my sins;
And nothing can be quite in vain
That makes a man reform again.

And pray, what chemist rests content
With one unproved experiment?
Does he not turn from test to test,
And through the better find the best?
So I that swore, high optimist,
A faultless woman must exist,
My trials done, triumphant see
The perfect model, dear, in thee.

And think not they who ne'er did kiss
Embrace the better, sweet, for this.
You do not trust that plumber more
Who swears he never plumbed before,
Nor in the battle choose your knight
From them that never fought a fight.
I could not love thee, dear, so well
Had I not first loved Isabel. A. P. H.

From an account of the Test Match:

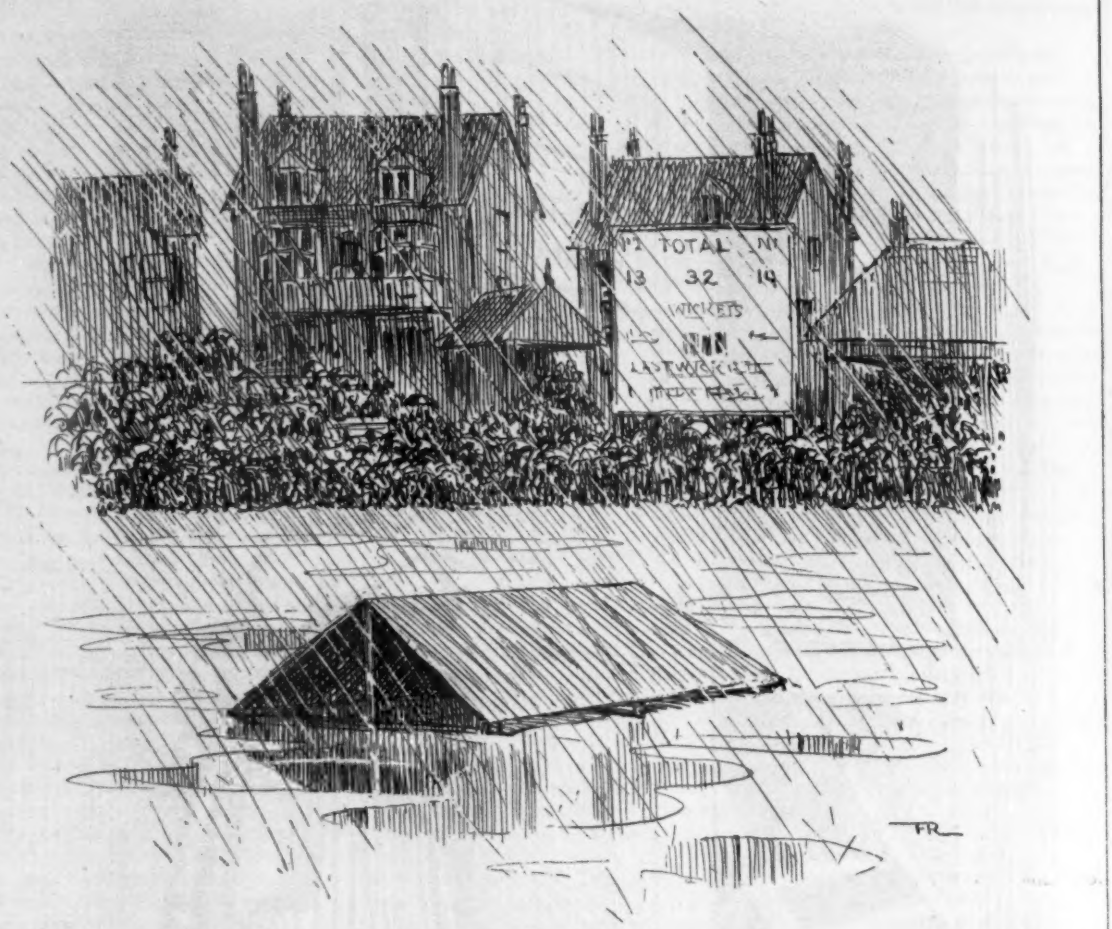
"About 1,000 seat-holders were on the surface."—*Provincial Paper.*

The others, of course, being "sunk without trace"?



THE HAUNTED ROOM.

MADAME LA FRANCE (*landlady*). "NO WONDER I CAN'T GET ANYONE TO STAY HERE WITH THAT THING ABOUT."



SO THIS IS NOTTINGHAM!

THE TRENT BRIDGE TRAGEDY.

TEST matches can provide tests of other things besides cricket ability, and, at any rate on the first of the three luckless days set apart for it, the Nottingham event was a test of good temper and high spirits. It is now a matter of dreary history that the opening of play was delayed by rain till nearly half-past twelve, and after thirty-two runs had been scored rain fell again with such violence that there was no more play at all; but do you suppose that the spectators allowed their disappointment and dejection to show? Not a bit of it. Every drop directed from the pitiless heavens was a challenge to their better nature, and they took it up. Rain became a joke; the loss of the cricket, to which every one had been looking forward with such eagerness, was a mere detail. They ate their sodden sandwiches and waited. Will it be believed that nineteen thousand English men and women—nineteen thousand hardy islanders—preserved a cheerful demeanour and nursed hope against hope until six o'clock in the evening, when the attitude of the umpires surveying the saturated turf made it clear even to the most sanguine that there would be no resumption of play till Monday. There would have been only half-an-hour, anyway; but the majority of people were keen enough on the game to have stayed to see it.

Should any hostile alien have been among that dripping crowd he would have had (before he fled for shelter and solace) serious thoughts about our hardihood and phlegm. "A people that will endure so much to see so little are indeed formidable antagonists," he would have said. And "If this is what they can do in a wet world, what will they do in a dry?"

When the final shower came down and sealed our doom the figures on the board, reading from left to right, were these:—

13—32—19

representing SUTCLIFFE'S score, the total score and HOBBS'S score; and the retina of my eye will not soon let them go. We saw them all day; blurred through rain; distinctly while waiting for the next shower, and even upside-down, reflected in the pools on the grass, together with several thousand dripping spectators, a row of red Nottingham villas and the coverings at each end of the pitch. A stranger from another country, new to cricket, seeing these coverings, which resemble exactly a pair of roofs, would have thought that we were all surrounding a lake village waiting for the underground inhabitants to emerge.

More than half-an-hour had been required for this two-and-thirty to be reached, but little enough had happened. All that we had learned from the brief first round in the meeting of giants was that the umpire's call "No-ball," if heard soon enough, can almost with certainty convert a cautious bats-

man into a boundary hitter, so that one wondered if all of that caution had been necessary. Both the no-balls were MACARTNEY'S, for it was the astute C. G. who had been chosen as a contrast to the formidable onset of GREGORY. We learned also that bowling screens, so important in our own little games, so essential to the fussy champions of the Saturday afternoon contest, can lightly be dispensed with when the world's picked twenty-two are at grips: an odd realisation.

The Pencil and the Pen (by which I mean F. R. and myself) must not be thought of as sitting for the whole day with our eyes either on the static score or on the fluid and unfriendly skies. Our characters perhaps were not in need of such testing, or perhaps we have had more experience of what rain can do to a pitch and the time required for recovery. "This," I said, "is the opportunity to discover Nottingham," and so, after establishing a system of connexion with the Trent Bridge swamp, we scaled the heights on which the castle so commandingly stands—the castle which I had last seen, I believe, when DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS leaped it as the local hero, ROBIN HOOD. To him the hill was nothing, but us it wore out. "We had better," the Pencil gasped, half-way up, "have gone to that *Spanish Love* film after all." On the top, however, we were conscious of its uses, for it is here that the people of Nottingham assemble to look out wistfully across the landscape towards the delectable spots to which they will hasten when at last the joyous hour for leaving Nottingham strikes.

We saw everything that the stronghold contains. We saw the work of famous Nottingham artists of the past, chief of them being RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON; we saw walls disconcertingly covered with the local talent of the moment; we even made the mistake of descending, at a cost of threepence each, to Mortimer's Hole—a mistake because there is no way out and you have to climb up again. A genial attendant, having lighted a number of candles—is there no electric current in Nottingham?—told us who MORTIMER was, but he told us so quickly, and his Nottingham accent made such a secret of it, that we are still ignorant. Halfway down he stopped at a window and pointed through the mist in the direction of the cricket-ground, where the indomitable still waited, where the board still registered its

13—32—19

where the rain still fell. "A better ground than Kensington Oval," he remarked; or did he say "wetter"? I am sure he said "Kensington," anyway; but he was too kindly a creature for me to correct him.

So much for Saturday.

On Sunday it was, of course, fine. That, under the circumstances, was in-



A TEST OF AFFECTION.

evitable; but this being England, and common-sense not yet being a national possession, the cricket-ground was locked. The golf links around Nottingham were crowded; lawn-tennis was being played in every garden with a court; the Trent was merry with boating-parties. But the cricket-ground was locked. County cricket on Sunday has not yet been authorised. For two-and-twenty men to use the Day of Rest for the healthy and innocent purpose of playing cricket and so keeping



TO PLAY OR NOT TO PLAY.

nineteen thousand people happy and out of mischief is still unthinkable; it still would be considered a monstrous assault on piety and decorum. The ground therefore was locked, and so we set out to discover England—motoring (oddly enough) not being among the Sunday sins.

Our itinerary does not matter, but we came in time to Lichfield, where there is a famous cathedral in red stone, with myriad saints on its façade, and three spires. This the Pencil had never seen, and I promised him great pleasure in it, both without and within. But I had forgotten the curious grudging ways of the Church as well as of the State. For not only may there be no county cricket on Sunday, but cathedral-visiting is strictly rationed. When we arrived—in common, I may say, with a large number of other expectant pilgrims from near and far—we found iron railings and bolted doors, and an official notice stating that on Sundays the building is accessible to visitors only from 2.30 to 4. One hour-and-a-half the total allowance of time, on the Lord's own day, for visiting a cathedral, a national monument! And Trent Bridge locked! This is having it both ways, if you like.

We drove back to Nottingham through the serene evening light, confident of a fine day on the morrow. "It won't rain any more," said the Pencil; "I'm rather good as a weather-prophet. I feel it in my bones that the summer is really beginning now." Well, the Pencil's bones need changing. Never was there so determined and steady a downpour as met my eyes when I opened the curtains on Monday morning; nor did it cease until play was out of the question. But did it deter the enthusiasts from again besieging the ground? Not a bit, although the gates were never opened. Meanwhile the cruel clouds were gradually and effectively washing out any chance of the first England *v.* Australia match of 1926 meaning anything, or, as it happened, being further played at all.

If the skies cannot mend their manners something will have to be done. There will have to be a ground covered with a high glass roof. How that roof will be sustained I leave to the engineers, who, if they can pack a thousand horses into the engines of one aeroplane, surely could solve such a trifling problem. Then England and Australia could play their matches according to promise, and we could buy our tickets and reserve our bedrooms with assured minds. The lesson in patience and philosophical calm might be lost, but we should see a game. And *à propos* of aeroplanes, I wonder if a hint could be dropped to aviators suggesting that to fly round and round a cricket-ground during a match is not the best service to render to the players. Test matches are inclined to be nervous affairs anyway, and a buzzing machine circulating just above can be so much of a distraction as to be a nuisance.

E. V. L.



First Lady. "MY DEAR, I'VE FOUND THE SWEETEST AUTO-SUGGESTION MERCHANT. SIMPLY DOESN'T LEAVE YOU A RAG."
Second Lady. "I'VE GOT A DARLING TOO. NOT AN INHIBISH OR A COMPLEX HE CAN'T PUT ACROSS YOU."

SWARMS AND SWARMS.

I SPENT last week-end studying bees. Bees, I find, repay a bit of study. It is a great advantage to be able to tell from the look in a bee's eye whether it is advancing upon you in a cold fury or merely under the mistaken impression that your left ear is a columbine. The result is of course unfortunately the same.

My original intention, I may say, was to half-close my eyes and study them from a deck-chair as they flew past, but my host, the Colonel, had quite different ideas about it. He is very fond of his bees, knows most of them by name, and likes to introduce people to them, with the result that I soon found myself standing on the edge of the lawn looking at a lot of white boxes and saying "How nice!" There was a considerable coming and going of bees in the air about me and I was just wondering if I could retire with discretion to my deck-chair when the Colonel yelled suddenly, "Swarm, by Jove!" and dashed for the house. I stood about for a moment rather bewildered and saying "Where?" till all of a sudden the air round me became unpleasantly congested with bees, and then I retreated behind a large bush and apprehensively watched a mass of them revolving rapidly very high up.

The Colonel returned at a hand-canter with several yards of muslin, a tin pan, a garden squirt and the Bee Lady from next door. I was dragged out from concealment, given the pan and told to bang it.

It is funny how late on in years one realises one's earliest ambitions. Life for me from four to eight had been a melancholy series of frustrated attempts to bang my fill on a tin pan, and now here I was, over twenty years later, being actually cheered on to it. I banged away, while the Colonel squirted water up at the mass of bees. The idea, I gathered, was to give them the impression that a nasty thunder-shower was just coming on and so induce them to swarm on something nearby and let themselves be bottled up in a skep.

After twenty minutes we were all very wet, very tired and very deaf; but the bees hadn't got the hang of the thing at all. They were, perhaps, rather dense bees who didn't know much about swarming drill. At any rate they now began to move off in an unconcerned manner into the surrounding forest. We followed, banging and squirting. The Colonel said that in order to claim your bees when they do finally swarm you must keep your eye on them. This is all right played slowly. At an ordinary bee-rate, however, it has a blindfold cross-country obstacle-race beaten hollow.

In the event they swarmed a mile-and-a-half away on a bough twenty-foot up, and the Colonel, having posted pickets, went home for more paraphernalia and the car. He came back looking like a gipsy caravan stocked for selling sports gear as a side-line. He had everything in the car from a landing-net and two fishing-rods to six single-sticks and a fencing-mask. The only thing he seemed to have forgotten was a battle-axe, but I guessed we could make shift without it. We settled down to detach the swarm, which had now set absolutely solid like a mass of putty, into a skep held up from underneath.

We got them as they fell, though they splashed considerably all over the Colonel. He did not, however, get stung. After long service in India a bee would have to be fitted with a diamond drill to make any impression on him. The Bee Lady, as usual, was covered with friendly bees and seemed to like it. She laughed nastily at me because I watched all this part through a fencing-mask—with binoculars.

We wrapped the skep up in a rug

and brought it home; and it was while it was being decanted gently into the hive that the bees started to dislike me. I was just standing about watching in an interested manner and doing nothing to any of them when a bee flew straight at me with a noise like an aeroplane. I hadn't said a word to it, but I could see it had an offended look. They say bees can do fifty miles an hour, but I beat it to the greenhouse at the side of the lawn by four-fifths of a second and locked myself in with a triumphant laugh.

Then the laugh faded suddenly as I realised that in my panic I had locked the bee in with me. We frantically circled the inside of the greenhouse twice, and finally the bee and I jammed in the doorway trying to get out together. During the rush I was stung in the forehead.

When I returned warily the Bee Lady was sitting at one side of the hive, embedded in bees and throwing more bees in by handfuls. The Colonel was sitting on the other side and about a dozen bees were taking it in turns to try to puncture him.

"Surely you haven't been stung, Mr. Apple?" the Bee Lady asked sarcastically, brushing a pint of bees from her forehead in order to see more clearly.

"Yes," I replied shortly. I was beginning to dislike that Bee Lady.

My second spurt for the greenhouse was made in slightly better time, as I was ready for it. I left the bee outside this time, and after I had rattled the handle angrily it went away in a huff.

When I crept out a little later it emerged triumphantly from behind a geranium, where it had been in hiding, and stung me on the forehead.

"Not again?" asked the Bee Lady as I rejoined the party. I made no answer. I was hopefully waiting till she got stung herself. It didn't seem far off.

At last came my moment. The Bee Lady started to rub her wrist.

"Ah, have you been stung?" I asked coolly.

"Yes," replied the Bee Lady angrily, speaking through a cloud of bees, "in the wood this afternoon by a beastly midge."

There is something I don't like about that Bee Lady, but I didn't have time to think what it was, because I had to do another sprint. There were two bees this time, and they both stung me on the forehead. I spent the rest of the day in the greenhouse.

I came down to breakfast next morning with a forehead on me like MUSSOLINI, and ate nearly a pound of honey by way of revenge. A. A.



"'ERE Y' ARE, SIR—ALL THE WINNERS!"
"DEAR ME—IS THERE NO OTHER NEWS IN THE PAPER?"
"RATHER! ALL THE RUNNERS FER TER-MORRER."

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

["An oyster is sucked up."—*Lokal Anzeiger.*]

You clumsy islanders who get to work
Upon the toothsome mollusc with a fork
May be surprised to learn that shouts of "Shame!"
Burst, when he sees you, from Herr Whatsisname,
From whom the cream of Hunland day by day
Culls the technique of stowing food away.
Potsdam's *élite*, he bids you understand,
Consume the fish exclusively by hand;
The head thrown back, the jaws extended well,
They grasp the pearly creature by the shell,
Hoist it aloft—a pause upon the brink,
A gurgling sound, like soap-suds down a sink,
Rises above the conversation's din,
And—schloop! they suck the juicy morsel in. ALGOL.

"Corners which I should not dare to take at a legal limit are negotiated by the riders with careless insouciance at anything up to 5 m.p.h."—*Sunday Paper.*

The dare-devils!

WIMBLEDON.

A JUBILEE ODE.

THIS is the week
When every sportsman ought to go and see
The Fiftieth Championship, or Jubilee,
At Wimbledon.
I trust the weather will not prove too bleak.
For my own part
I like that Centre Court.
Great fun!
Tremendous sport!
I shall be there most certainly to see them start.
Bless you! I used to watch the giants play ping-pong
More years ago than I should care to name.
The fact is, I belong
To that dim past
When LAWFORD and the RENSHAWS used to play
(Or, let us say,
The BADDELEYS, anyway)
Before we taught America the game,
Or Spain, or France—
When, in effect, England still had a chance.
Perhaps I go too fast,
But let the ancient heroes animate my song.

Yes, on the whole I liked the old place best,
The grounds in Worple Road,
Though we were stowed,
Cabined, confined, compressed
Within a space about one-fifth the size
Of this vast park wherein we wander now
Feeling a mild surprise
If we should come across a friendly face.
The older place
Somehow
Pleased me far more,
Despite the rush and roar
Of those innumerable passing trains.
Even that walk beside the railway line,
That gritty path under a grilling sun
(When there was one)
Got done,
And it was pleasant after all our pains
To note the friendly green of courts and trees
And feel the cooling breeze
(Assuming it was tolerably fine).

I knew them all, what time
The great were in their prime—
SMITH, RISELEY, the DOHERTYS, BARRETT, GORE,
PIM, STOKER, LEWIS, and a whole crowd more
(I could give you a catalogue a foot long, but cut it short).
Those were the days
When we made our ways
Down to the ground directly after lunch
To watch SMITH execute his forehand punch
On the centre court
With an audible snort;
Or ROPER BARRETT, almost excessively sly,
Seeing six moves ahead as in a game of chess.
He used to stroll down after his morning's work,
Change casually, as it might be you or I,
And produce his winners just when he looked beat to the wide.
Yes!
He used to lurk
Dodging behind the net, as though he were trying to hide,
And pat your best returns away down one side
Express.
He'd be at the top still but for Anno Domini.
And some of those pairs used to be pretty useful too—
HILLYARD and CAZALET, DIXON and ROPER BARRETT,
The two left-handed POWELLS.
But that 's only the other day, just before the War,
When we knew not TILDEN nor JOHNSTON, nor the gay
BOROTRA,
And SUZANNE LENGLEN herself
Was but a flapper with her hair down her back.
Strange to reflect
That in those not so distant days
The gallery of the centre court would automatically empty
When a ladies' single came on.
At the same time
England occasionally found a representative in the last
eight.
Excuse me—these reminiscences are slightly overpowering.
You observe I have already had to abandon all pretence of
rhyme;
The fact is
I must be off now,
Seeing that the first match is staged for two o'clock,
And I wouldn't miss the opening strokes for anything.

THE HUM OF THE HIVE.

"VOX, ET——"

AMONG our intelligentsia nothing is regarded as more of an event than a recital by the Witsells, the remarkable family who are justly considered to have put the "ass" in Parnassus.

I was privileged to be present at the Lichen Galleries yesterday when Miss Judith Witsell, whose artistic creed has been so admirably summed up in her own alleged declaration that she would rather have been mangled by purple hyænas than have written KEATS'S *Ode to a Nightingale*, delivered her astonishing poem, "To Hell With Helicon."

Wearing a grotesque mask and screaming through a megaphone Miss Witsell gave full rein to her muse—or should I say "mews"?—as follows:—

"Say,
My
Pegasus is striped like a zebra at the Zoo;
His hoofs are crimson and his wings are blue;
And Hannibal the cannibal,
Hannibal the cannibal,
Hannibal the cannibal, the curse of the Karoo,
Hannibal the cannibal shall ride him to . . ."

Her brothers Osram and Mauleverer, whom she has pronounced to be the two greatest male poets of the age, contributed extemporary vowel sounds.

I gathered that the general opinion of the performance was that the good work of flattening the bourgeois is in efficient hands.

LITERARY LARKS.

I hear great things of the preparations for the Literary Garden Party, and, though the date and venue have yet to be decided upon, I am authorised to mention some of the features that have so far been arranged.

Miss ETHEL M. DELL, I am told, will have charge of a real live cave-man hero, to whom the public will be particularly requested not to offer buns or nuts. It is just possible too, if summer comes, that the curious will be allowed a peep at Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, closely veiled.

Among the stall-holders Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT will display old Staffordshire ware, and Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU will purvey cigars and English gentlemen's requisites. Mr. MICHAEL ARLEN will superintend the "Green Hat Shop."

Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC will preside over the Army Canteen, and those who prefer non-intoxicant refreshments will be able to obtain them from the "Best Cellars."



Possible Purchaser. "IS HE WELL BRED?"
Vendor of Puppy. "YUS, LADY, 'E 'S WELL BRED. 'IS MOTHER WAS A FOX-TERRIER AN' 'IS FATHER BELONGED TO A NAVAL OFFICER."

The little ones will enjoy some jolly rides on the Chesterton, and music will be supplied by Mr. J. C. SQUIRE's Neo-Georgian Band of Loud-squeakers, augmented by the Big Noyes.

The profits, if any, will be devoted to the Psycho-Analysts' Clean Air Fund.

FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

One has only to keep one's eyes and ears open these days to realise that during the Season this London of ours plays a far greater part than Geneva in promoting international amity.

This is, of course, made credible by a glance at the names of those staying at our principal caravanserais. At the Fritz, adjacent suites are being occupied by East and West in the persons of the Maharajah of Tingalore and Mr. Hammerman the Milwaukee coke magnate; and at the Cosmopole the Sultan of Bananaland has for neighbours Señor Alonzo Poncho the Patagonian ranchero, and General Jenghis Bazouk, ex-President-Elect of Transcaspiana, whose picturesque figure mounted on his dromedary is quite one of the sights of the Row.

But it is in social circles that the cordial intercourse of widely-varied nationalities is to be best appreciated. At Lady Schnorrer's very successful dance, for instance, Miss Zélie Houpla of Quebec was Charlestoning energetically with Sheikh Aladdin Ben Ishmael; the Bigosh of Merang was admirably partnered by Jerboa Pasha, and another well-suited couple were Mlle. Zillah Goulash of Stamboul and "Steve" Wallaby the Australian cattle king. In the intervals the conversation was carried on by international gestures.

HOW TO PLAY GAMES.

["This tendency of the British to enjoy themselves . . ."—*Miss Mary K. Browne.*]

Miss Mary K. Browne, captain of the American women's lawn-tennis team, has been telling us, according to *The Star*, how to play games.

"The American players are all brought up on hard courts, training with fast balls and in play of the greatest speed. The British, on the other hand, play on turf courts with a soft ball—a soft sort of game, in fact.

"The British players have not the competitive spirit of the French or the Americans. Not that they lack courage," says Mary kindly, "far from it—but they do not take the game as seriously.

"Tennis is played more for diversion or amusement in England, and less for the development of sound players. This tendency of the British to enjoy themselves is obvious in sports other than tennis. It is the same thing with British track and field training.

"The British competitors at the Olympic games in Antwerp made fun of the Americans because of their thorough training methods. That is not the way to hold your own in international events."—*British United Press.*

The right way to hold your own in international events is illustrated, presumably, in an account of the qualifying rounds for the Open Golf Championship given by another evening paper on the same day, when it is recorded that an American professional, having played consistently below form, took the game so seriously that he snapped his brassy across his knee and spoiled a perfectly good club *coram populo*.

And in the face of this example I don't know, fellow Britons, that we have any answer to the shattering indictment of Miss Mary K. Browne. There is not the smallest doubt that there are thousands of English men and women who, deaf to all finer feelings, do definitely play games "to enjoy themselves," and not for the acquisition of silver-plated drinking-ware or a job on the movies. Moreover it cannot be denied that they insist on playing lawn-tennis on lawns, instead of on asphalt or granite setts, and, although these lawns, by reason of the enervating climate in which they live, are mainly composed of soft green turf (as used for the unmanly game of cricket), and although, if only they had the sense to grow rich, the whole population of Britain might easily substitute for these effeminate greens more red-blooded courts of pink-and-yellow rubble, yet for purposes of selfish enjoyment they continue to play tennis in the most soft and debilitating circumstances, exposing themselves only to the risk of wet feet or serious falls; while they still cling frivolously to the notion that lawn-tennis should be played with balls composed of rubber and not (as in America, of course) of leather or stone.

And the result is that you may travel the length and breadth of the lawns of Britain and scarcely in a day's journey see a tennis-player break a racquet across his knee. The more serious suburbans have been known to fling their racquets at the net or even rise to a muttered imprecation, but for the most the atmosphere is one of quite shameless frivolity and indulgence.



AN EXCEEDINGLY POLITE BUS-CONDUCTOR GIVES UP HIS PLACE TO A YOUNG LADY DURING NON-STANDING HOURS.

It may be, of course, that I have wronged Miss Mary K. Browne. She may not realise that there are two entirely different games: (*a*) lawn-tennis and (*b*) Wimbledon-tennis. And one slight difficulty our players have to contend with is that they learn their tennis on an English "lawn" and play their championships on a billiard-table, at Wimbledon or elsewhere. Miss Mary K. Browne, I take it, has never played lawn-tennis at all; all she knows is billiard-table tennis. And there is no more difficult game in the world, no sterner test of all the manly qualities, than lawn-tennis played upon a genuine English lawn. On such a lawn I, Haddock, the rabbit, will undertake to meet Miss Mary K. Browne—nay, the great Suzanne herself—and knock the stuffing out of her. But it must be a right-down regular lawn such as I am accustomed to and have in mind. If I win the toss I shall choose the Long End; Miss Mary K. Browne will then have the Short End, and she will have to serve out of the chestnut-tree, though I, on the other hand, shall be standing in the bog where the garden-hose was left running. When her first service strikes the net (if it gets through the chestnut-tree) the net will fall down, and between services she will have to crawl under the laurel-bushes to find the new ball.

Those gods and goddesses whom Miss Mary K. Browne is accustomed to meet have a thousand Olympian fits if a single ball by so much as a centimetre deviates from the complete impeccable true. But in her game with me she must be prepared for anything; there will be drama in every bounce. Sometimes the ball will leap high in the air, and sometimes bound at right-angles in one direction or the other, and sometimes it will run serpent-wise and untakably along the ground. And now and then it will fall upon one of the special hazards (for I shall put it there). It will strike that large bump or series of bumps in the left-hand service court which we call the "Himalayas," an eminence from which a superb view of the whole court can be obtained; and then it will shoot straight up into the air and, hanging there, laugh mockingly at the astonished Mary. Or it will fall with a heavy plomp into the irregular cavity where the donkey rolls by night (a hazard known locally as the "Dedanskey"), and then without further movement it will lie dead and irrecoverable in the pit.

Other minor hazards I will not dwell upon—the long grass by the short end base-line, the handles of the mowing-machine on the west side, the branches of the pear-tree on the east, and the trifling absence of any run-back at either end. Nor will I dwell on the occasional irruption of children, cats and dogs on to the court. Enough has been said to show that this game that we play



FIFTY YEARS AGO. A MEMORY REVIVED BY THE WIMBLEDON JUBILEE.

on soft courts with soft balls is a test of stamina and nerve and temper not quite so inconsiderable as Miss MARY seems to think.

And when I have sloshed SUZANNE and MARY, LACOSTE, BOROTRA and any comer on our lawn, I will take up tennis seriously and give up enjoying my games. Also, it may be, I shall give up what I call my work; and I hope that Sir ERNEST HOLDERNESS, for example, will give up messing about in the Civil Service and devote himself to the solid business of international competitions. Let him realise that golf is a whole-time job; kind hearts may be more than coronets but cups and championships are a lot more than the Civil Service. And let our happy-go-lucky tennis-players realise the same thing. Let them buy blanket-coats and fourteen rackets, let them eradicate the smile and put on the true Gorgon countenance of the serious tennis-player; let them put off all childish follies, work, ambition, education, love and marriage, and dedicate themselves with a single mind to the perfecting of the stop-volley and the capture of silver-gilt cups. And then it may be they will be fit to meet with Miss MARY K. BROWNE in the gate. But I doubt it; for I fear that nothing can cure the levity of our race.

Meanwhile, to Miss MARY K. BROWNE, who is, I am sure, as charming as she is skilful, let us wish the best of luck upon the frivolous green grass of Wimbledon.

A. P. H.

COLOUR-SONGS.

I.—MAUVE FOR MOURNING.

WHEN Spring died
  The flowers wept; "Alas, alack,
Let one mourn for Spring," they cried,
  "But need she mourn in black?"
"Nay," said the Gardener,
  "I made you for the world's adorning;
Heliotrope shall mourn for her,
  And mauve shall be her mourning."

Summer died,
  And all the flowers wept again;
Bright tears they couldn't hide
  Stood on their cheeks like rain.
"I will mourn," says Violet;
  In a robe of mauve they robe her;
That 's why her face is wet
  All through October.

Autumn died—
  Almost no one left to mourn—
Ice at the pond's side,
  Rime on the thorn.
But did you never guess,
  When Winter storms welter,
Why Orchid wears a mauve dress
  In the hot-house shelter?
Winter died,
  And all the garden grew so gay
It seemed that not one flower sighed
  Or thought to mourn in May;
But it 's a strange thing
  That, all bright colours scorning,
Lilac, sweetest flower of Spring,
  Wears mauve for mourning.

Golf-Billiards; or, How to Get Out of the Losing Hazard.

"Newman earned applause for a wonderful mashie shot by which he extricated himself from an extremely uncomfortable position. Smith set himself out to overhaul his opponent, and compiled a fast 213, failing at the finish at an awkward mashie shot."—*Belfast Paper.*

Some pretty work, we understand, was also done with the jigger.

"Fat Ducklings, 16s. couple. 21st year."
Daily Paper.

Almost ducks, surely, by this time.

"MOOR PARK GOLF.—Jones and Hagen 4 up on Tolley and Mitchell at 19th."
Evening Paper.

Not bad for Prohibitionists.

"—— RURAL COUNCIL.
DISTRICT BIRTH RATE LOWEST FOR TEN YEARS.
HUMANE KILLER ADOPTED."
Sussex Paper.

Not quite the psychological moment perhaps.

HORSE SHOW.

Olympia.

ONLY one horse that I saw jump at Olympia, a biggish chestnut, did the full course without touching anything, and that appeared to be because the rider, who hovered lightly in the air as he took his jumps, turned his head completely round and carefully watched the hind hooves over to see they did not touch the sticks. The hind hooves, feeling that Master's eye was upon them, were extremely well behaved and kept clear of all obstacles. It is a knack, it seems to me, this elegant seat in the air and hypnotism of the hind hooves while you jump, and probably needs a bit of practice, both by horse and rider, before you get it perfect.

But there may have been other causes which led to the displacement of a certain amount of timber and imitation stone on the opening afternoon. It is the ambition, no doubt, of every nicely conducted county horse who is a bit of a show jumper to come up to London for the season and see the sights and be presented—oh, joy!—at Olympia. But one cannot help feeling that some of them are a little dazzled by the luxury and decorations of the ring.

"I was that moithered by the blue hydrangeas and asparagus fern, me dear, that I quite forgot me steps. Believe me, if it hadn't been for that I should never have touched that pole."

"As for me I can't abide coloured lamp-shades and gilt chairs. But weren't the judges and the geraniums too lovely for anything?"

You can't in fact expect a horse to keep its mind resolutely fixed on timber and stone walls when it is drinking in the beauty of a flower-bed or looking out for a friend in the fauteuils. There was one lady who spoke severely to her mount at every jump, telling it not to be carried away by the gay and glittering scene, but to try to imagine it was just a simple village horse jumping quietly at a country show. She didn't say that in so many words, but it seemed to be the general idea, and it helped quite a lot.

But one competitor was a Bolshevist. I cannot remember her name on the programme; let's call her Incognita. She was a chestnut too. I am sure it was not nerves on her part but sheer Communism that made her want to savage the whole concern.

"Daisies—hydrangeas—flunkeys in uniform—bah! I'm a pore workinglass, used to honest timber and quickset. No gilded halls of luxury for me."

And I must say she did make a mess. Her method was to refuse every jump the first time and the second time go deliberately through it. The sticks were all over the place behind her, and when she came to the stone wall she soon had it looking like the ruins of a Norman keep. It was all that the maroon-clad attendants could do, laying bricks twenty times quicker than the union rate, to get the thing ready again in time for



"HAVING A GOOD LOOK AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL."

the next competitor. I could see the two policemen who opened the doors gravely consulting together as to the advisability of allowing Incognita to remain at large. Who knows what propaganda she might start in the stables? She might persuade some impressionable young horse to leap right in amongst



THE HORSE THAT BROKE UP EVERYTHING.

the gilded chairs and another to do nothing but nibble the asparagus fern. But they let her off with a caution. It seemed to me, however, that before she went out through the big doors Incognita turned her head for one last look at the devastated areas and smiled.

There is one general point about equine psychology that puzzles me a little when I think of the jumpers at Olympia. Practically everyone of them seemed to understand that the stone wall was only a property wall. Even those who, unlike Madam Incognita, refrained from butting it down until not one stone remained upon another, were exceedingly reckless about the number of pieces they took off the top. I will suppose that they had examined it and smelled it and pushed it beforehand and knew that it would give. But what effect does that have on their character in later life? Would they be likely to treat a real wall or bank in that casual manner? And if so, wouldn't it be exceedingly awkward for themselves and their riders? You can crash to a certain extent through real hurdles and sticks, but for horse after horse to be sent thumping through eight inches of sham stone wall seems to be a queer kind of play-acting for them.

It seems to be not etiquette at Olympia to dismount suddenly when your horse refuses a jump, or when it takes a jump a little more violently than you expected. But there was one gentleman who did this, and very charmingly embraced his animal round the neck as he came to the ground. It is a way of taking jumps which I have tried myself on several occasions, and I had a strong sense of sympathy with the man. But watching the back feet over with a severe eye while sitting sideways in the air, and afterwards returning neatly to the saddle, is evidently the orthodox way of going over, and the one I feel bound to recommend to all young beginners. EVOE.

A Drastic Remedy.

"If your skin is not liable to be sensitive, rub the arms gently with pumice stone. This will take them right off."—*Ladies' Paper.*

Nay and Neigh.

"Lady —— looked at him, and, throwing back her head, ejaculated, 'No-o-o' with a surprised intonation. It was a favourite expression of hers, and she managed to make it sound very like a horse's neighing."

Serial in Daily Paper.

Another Impending Apology.

Of the Handel Festival:—

"Of course, Handel, unlike Stravinsky or the Paris Six and many of the moderns, requires no booming, for, as Samuel Butler so deliciously stated, 'He is so great and so simple that no one but a professional musician is unable to understand him.' And this Sir Henry Wood made unmistakably clear in the course of the six hours' work on Saturday."

Yorkshire Paper.

From the menu of a dance-supper in Northern Rhodesia:—

"Consume Royal.
Salmon Mayenaise.
Tongue in Aspect.
Asparagras a la Vingrate."

It is inferred that the cook is not a Rhodes Scholar.



Wicket-keeper (knocking down stumps). "OUT!"
Indignant Batsman. "WHA' FOR?"
Wicket-keeper. "BAT IN THE WRONG BLOCK-'OLE."

LEGS AND THE MAN.

"My dear, I'm so glad to see you," gurgled Jane as she floated up to me; "it's terribly good of you to come."

I rather thought so myself. The fact is I don't like Jane Smithson's parties.

"Such an interesting person is coming," she went on. "I particularly want you to meet him. He's a publisher who's starting a new magazine—lots of money behind him—looking out for writers; so now's your chance. And, my dear, I'll give you a tip. If you want to interest him at once be sure and discuss his legs."

"His legs?" I echoed, aghast.

"Yes. He thinks he's got muscular rheumatism in them and it's his pet topic. Be sympathetic—even hint of a known cure—and he's your friend for life."

With that she dived off. Ten minutes later she appeared before me with a tall interesting-looking man in her wake. Introductions murmured, he seated himself beside me and to my relief gave an immediate opening to the subject indicated.

"Beastly damp weather for June," he said. "Gets into your system, doesn't it?"

"Yes. I'm sure it affects the legs particularly. I suppose you must feel that?"

"Exactly. With me it takes the form of a disinclination to walk."

"But you ought not to walk much," I advised earnestly. "I'm sure it's bad for you."

"Well, I've often thought that myself," he replied, pondering. "I'm a lazy beggar about all forms of exercise."

"It's not laziness," I protested. "It's just that tired feeling we read so much about. I suppose you're quite a victim to it?"

"I am," he replied eagerly, "especially in the mornings. Often during the day too, but nobody sympathises with me about it as a rule."

"Perhaps because so few people realise your sufferings."

"They don't try to."

"But after all it isn't so much sympathy you want as advice. I believe I can help you."

He leaned forward. "Then you must be a magician."

"As it happens my grandfather suffered in much the same way. Entirely in the legs too."

"In—in the legs?"

"Yes, and he used to swear by a wonderful remedy he had discovered. Old-fashioned, perhaps, but I'm sure it was excellent. If you'd like the prescription I could look it up and let you have it."

He stared at me. And in the silence that fell between us I heard the rasping voice of a testy old gentleman on the other side of the room proclaiming, "Yes, I prefer Aix myself, though I'm never certain of the efficacy of these spas. I'm told that the best thing is massage of the legs. . . ."

A sickening conviction swept over me. I looked anxiously at my companion. "I—I wonder if I've made a mistake," I faltered. "Are you a publisher with rheumatism in the legs?"

"No, I'm a writer with ambition in the head," he answered. "As for you, I've been wondering if you're a secret agent for somebody's bath salts."

And then we laughed and laughed. Somehow I rather enjoyed that party of Jane's after all.



MANNERS AND MODES.

SCENE—*The Paddock at Ascot.*

Niece (acting as guide to Uncle from India). "THAT 'S LADY FITZNORMAN."
Uncle. "WHO 'S THE CREATURE WITH HER?"
Niece. "I BELIEVE SHE 'S ONE OF 'FIFINE'S' MANNEQUINS."
Uncle. "HEAVENS! DO THEY LET THAT SORT INTO THE ENCLOSURE NOW?"
Niece. "BUT THAT 'S NOT THE MANNEQUIN THAT 'S WEARING THE BADGE—THAT 'S LADY FITZNORMAN."

HOTGI AND CO.

THREE JUNCTIONS OF THE DECCAN.

[The indulgent reader's ear for scansion must assist him to pronounce these terrible names; the bard can but record them.]

TIME was when I joked on the Junction
As jesters are licensed to do,
And expressed without pang or compunction
My views upon Croydon or Crewe;
The hoary old jests about Clapham,
I made them all perfect and pat;
But Hotgi, Dronachelam, Guntakal
Have cured me of that.

Time was the word "Junction" connoted
No more than a target or butt
For the quizzical arrows that floated
From a quiver that never was shut;
But my satires on Redhill or Forres
Come back to me now with surprise,
For Hotgi, Dronachelam, Guntakal
Connote otherwise.

Place the product of Bletchley and Reading
And Didcot and Rugby and Perth
Where the sun of the Deccan is shedding
Red heat on a desperate earth,
And increase by the square of ten thousand
The din, the delay and the strife,
And you 've Hotgi, Dronachelam, Guntakal
As drawn to the life.

If once I was scurrilous, scathing,
Profane in the words that were writ,
Making serious subjects the plaything
Of what I was pleased to call wit;
If I uttered, *e.g.* about Woking,
Improper expressions, I vow
That Hotgi, Dronachelam, Guntakal
Get back on me now.

My pleasantries, blunted and shivered,
Recoil on unfortunate me,
And it seems like a judgment delivered—
"Thou shalt know what a Junction can be!
Didst thou rail at the Junction of Britain
And all the convenience it hath,
Lo! Hotgi, Dronachelam, Guntakal
Shall lie in thy path."

So I 've finished with jesting on Junctions;
I see they are serious things,
Remote from the fun-maker's functions
As bishops or bailies or kings;
And the gibes that I loosed in my folly
I shall neither repeat nor recall,
For Hotgi, Dronachelam, Guntakal
Are no joke at all. H. B.

"DOMESTIC.

Thunderstorms occurred yesterday at Folkestone, Dover and Croydon."
West-Country Paper.

We understand that there were domestic storms in other places as well.

"'When I get home to the Old Country I shall assuredly tell them that the Scottish societies of New Zealand are keeping the name of Scotland to the fore.'—(Applause)."
New Zealand Paper.

What a nicht!

"I wondered did any of the others see what was so plain to me—her restless eyes, her head that clenched and unclenched as she spoke."
Story in Australian Paper.

If they didn't notice this effect, they must have been singularly unobservant.



LA CHARITÉ FANTASQUE.

Pas d'exploitation: MLLE. BOLSHOVA AND MR. A. J. COOK.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 14th.—The House of Lords sat for a pulsating three minutes during which the Re-election of Ministers Bill was read for the first time. Lord NEWTON explained that his question about Russian money sent to assist the general strike had been postponed until Thursday by request, and Lord BALFOUR expressed his gratitude for the postponement.

A mild request by the FOREIGN SECRETARY that Members of the House of Commons would also await the Government's statement on Thursday was received in a somewhat different spirit. About a dozen questions dealing with the sending of Russian money to this country were on the Order Paper and these had to be answered. The substance of the answers was that His Majesty's *Chargé d'Affaires* in Moscow had been instructed to inform the Soviet Government that His Majesty's Government could not pass over in silence the action of the Soviet Commissariat of Finance in specially authorising the transfer of funds to this country in support of an illegal strike.

It was abundantly clear that the House of Commons did not intend to pass it over in silence either. Disregarding Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's request that they should wait until Thursday, Members on both sides of the House insisted on putting the supplementary questions that were gnawing at their vitals. At one moment there seemed to be more Members on their feet saying, "Arising out of that, Mr. Speaker . . . ." than there were sitting down, but mum was Sir AUSTEN's word, so mum in fact that Mr. THURTLE, rising in majestic indignation, announced that he would presently move the adjournment of the House on this matter of urgent public importance. The SPEAKER, however, decided otherwise.

Members addressed questions covering the same ground to the HOME SECRETARY, only to find that here was another "Man who was Thursday." He did however inform Captain W. BENN that he certainly was not going to take the opinion of the House before exercising the powers conferred on him by the Emergency Act.

The House proceeded to discuss the Betting Tax once more, an amendment seeking to omit the £10 licence fee which the Finance Bill requires the bookmaker to pay being sturdily opposed by the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY. So far from improving the financial position of the illegal bookmaker, he declared, the fee would decrease illegal betting because the licensed bookmaker would, in the language of Labour, be converted from the status of "comrade" to that of "blackleg" as far as the illegal bookmaker was concerned.

Tuesday, June 15th.—Old King Coal is no longer a merry old soul, but he is still the patron of fiddlers, some of whom apparently ask for nothing better than to go on fiddling while British industry burns. Such was the impression engendered by to-day's debate on the coal stoppage. Members were only impressive when they argued that the dispute could not in the nature of things be settled between the disputants. When Mr. BALDWIN, agreeing with the Coal Commission that some reduction in working costs was inevitable, pronounced for a longer working day, the Labour Party started to gibber and continued to chatter like a treeful of indignant monkeys all through the PRIME MINISTER's speech.

Mr. BALDWIN, who was obviously surprised by this reception, told the House that the dispute must be settled between the disputants, but that the Government intended to go on with certain legislation that was designed to assist matters, an optional eight-hour day for a limited period being the most important. He asked the House to accept the Coal Commission's view that too much must not be expected from reorganisation. The Government would look to the mine owners to effect certain amalgamations during the coming three years, reserving the right, if they did not get on with it, to intervene at the end of that period.

Mr. HARTSHORN declared that the situation was worse after the PRIME MINISTER had spoken than before. No settlement within the industry was possible unless it was first unified, with all profits and losses pooled and uniform earnings throughout the mines. What need was there for longer hours or lower wages in the mines that were showing a profit of from one to seven shillings per ton, or what good would they be to mines that showed a loss of several shillings per ton? Such proposals would simply do what the subsidy had done—enable the better mines to cut prices, and so make the position of the unprofitable pits worse than ever.

Sir ALFRED MOND pointed out that Mr. HARTSHORN's speech showed convincingly the need for pit agreements as opposed to a national agreement. You could not make a profit simply by combining a profitable business with a losing business. He pleaded for a selling syndicate, such as they have in Germany, to stabilise the price of coal. The Germans would no more go back to our haphazard system of marketing coal than we would revert to pre-railway methods.

What we want is not more coal but more customers, was Sir JOHN SIMON's argument. He insisted that the PRIME MINISTER, in stating that the Commission did not set much value on reorganisation, had misrepresented his context. Longer hours were no remedy. They meant either more coal for which there was no market, or the employment of fewer men. The Commission had not recommended longer hours but a readjustment of wages on a family allowance basis by which the single man got less and the family man more.

Mr. CLYNES said the poor collier should not be called upon to make further sacrifices during Ascot week when the "undeserving rich" were having their orgy of brilliant and extravagant opulence. What stung him to this masterly contribution to the



P.C. JICKS (to Master WEDGWOOD BENN). "PASS ALONG THERE! AND DON'T YOU DARE TO INTERFERE WITH ME IN THE EXERCISE OF MY DUTY."

debate, unless it was Sir ROBERT HORNE'S air of well-nourished but by no means racy opulence, one cannot say.

The MINISTER OF LABOUR, replying, said that a selling syndicate offered complications in this country which the Germans had not to meet. As for the argument that a longer day meant fewer men employed that applied equally to any proposal involving increased output.

Sir H. CROFT then rose to speak but could make no remarks audible through the barrage of Labour interruptions. So the Amendment to the Vote for the Mines Department (moved by Mr. ADAMSON) was duly negatived and the substantive motion talked out.

Wednesday, June 16th.—Lord BALFOUR informed their Lordships that there was going to be no Minister of Defence. Having been assured by Lord THOMSON, who raised the question, that such a super-Minister would require all the outstanding virtues of JOB, SOLOMON, FRANCIS BACON and Lord CARDWELL, their Lordships probably concluded that it was just as well to let the office await the man. By way of placating the efficiency-seekers the Government, Lord BALFOUR said, were establishing a College of Imperial Defence. "It was of importance," he declared rather naïvely, "that soldiers, sailors and airmen should understand something of what their colleagues in the other two services could and could not do." No machinery is to be provided apparently for enabling them in time of war to understand something of what the politicians can do.

British seamen arriving at New York have been "subjected to the necessity of undressing and other indignities" by the medical officers of that port, and Sir C. KINLOCH-COOKE wanted to know what the Government was going to do about it. Mr. B. SMITH, of Rotherhithe, who perhaps remembers how during the War the flower of British manhood was grossly insulted by being poked in the stomach and told to cough, demanded "methods of retaliation." A Conservative Member mildly suggested that the American authorities might merely wish to prevent unvaccinated persons from conveying smallpox to the United States. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN did not know about that, but anyway was not making any representations.

Possibly Sir G. STRICKLAND has heard of SWIFT'S geographers who

> ". . . . in Afric maps
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er unhabitable downs
> Place elephants instead of towns."

Anyway he filled one of the House's gaps by suggesting that the Committee now investigating the whale industry (not to be confused with the very-like-a-whale industry) should turn its attention to putting the domesticated elephant back on the Afric map and placing elands on Western Australia's unhabitable downs. The House promptly became fertile in helpful suggestion, but Mr. AMERY resolutely refused to lend the Government's approval to any zoomorphic experiments.

Further debate on the Finance Bill called into question the CHANCELLOR'S "raid" on the Road Fund and incidentally led Mr. CHURCHILL to a vein of philosophical speculation. We were spending more on roads this year than on the Air Force and half the amount spent on education. Of course it was not enough; it never would be. That was what made life so interesting.

What constitutes a hat within the meaning of the Act? The CHAIRMAN having put the Question (a proposal to increase the allowance on total earned income), Mr. T. GRIFFITHS of Pontypool rose to object. Though by no means voiceless, he was hatless, and Mr. T. JOHNSTON sought to remedy the deficiency by clothing the Hon. Member's head with a pocket-handkerchief. The CHAIRMAN was too surprised at this unexpected substitute for the red rag to say anything and the Committee divided.

Thursday, June 17th.—Lord BALFOUR told the House of Lords, and the HOME SECRETARY told the House of Commons, that the Government drew a distinction between money sent by, with the assistance of, or through the Soviet Government to foster the illegal general strike and money similarly sent to assist English coal-miners engaged in a trade dispute. With the inflow of the last-named funds the Government does not propose to interfere at present. Meanwhile it will prosecute, in respect of ZINOVIEFF and company, the function formerly assumed by the *Skibbereen Eagle* in respect of the CZAR and keep its eye on them.

The announcement plagued both Houses somewhat. In the Commons restive Conservatives who have less patience than the Government and want all relations with Soviet Russia severed once and for all, angrily demanded a day to debate the whole subject and a day with the Whips off at that. The debate will be next week and will be arranged to cover the "widest possible field," *i.e.* the whole question of trade and political relations between Soviet Russia and Great Britain, but there was no intimation that the knouts would be off.

Lord BALFOUR'S speech in the Lords gave some indication of the Government's position, to wit, that while it was probably a mistake ever to have entered into relations with Soviet Russia it would not improve matters to sever those relations now that they had been established, however unsatisfactory they had proved. Lord NEWTON expressed the view of the revolting and revolted Conservatives. You might, he said, as well try to conciliate tigers or crocodiles as to conciliate the Soviet Government.

> The tiger and the crocodile
> Were walking hand in hand;
> They wept like anything to see
> Our fair and smiling land;
> "If that were only cleared away,"
> They said, "it would be grand."
>
> "If fifty Cooks with fifty strikes
> Swept it for half a year,
> Do you suppose," the tiger said,
> "That we could get it clear?"
> "We'll try it," said the crocodile;
> The tiger said "Hear, Hear!"



A LACK OF HARMONY.

KING COAL AND HIS FIDDLERS THREE.
SIR ALFRED MOND, MR. BALDWIN AND MR. HARTSHORN.

While sportsmen hail on Ascot's course
The triumph of a super-horse,
The Liberals for sport repair
To Weston which is Super-Mare.



Voice from the Bridge. "HULLO, GENERAL! HOW'S YOUR WIFE?"
Angler (rather deaf). "BAD, MY BOY—VERY BAD. WON'T BITE AT ALL TO-DAY."

GARDENING FOR THE WEEK.

ONCE again comes the time-honoured complaint from a correspondent about patchy results from newly-sown grass. He informs us that, although he failed to keep the birds from the seed after sowing (a yellowhammer in particular distinguishing himself by remaining all day on the plot and sitting down on his chest to the meal), the grass came up quite well on the right-hand side of the lawn, but on the left it failed to emerge.

We suspect that he has made the usual mistake of novices and sown the same kind of seed all over the plot, whereas the left side should of course have been sown with left-handed seed. It is folly to expect good results if this precaution is not taken. Very likely too he committed the common blunder of buying cheap seed. How often have we insisted in these columns on the importance of buying reliable guaranteed seed from a reputable firm, and pointed out that care should be taken to see that the firm's name is stamped on each seed!

Our correspondent remarks that he had looked forward to many a pleasant game of lawn-tennis this season, but at present there is unfortunately only half a lawn. As it appears to be useless for that purpose we suggest that he take up bowls instead, a game to which the present shape of the lawn is eminently suited.

On the bare side might be placed one of the elegant bird-baths that have deservedly won such popularity of late, not forgetting a small rack for towels and some soap. Hot water is not necessary as birds do not use it, holding that it destroys the natural oil in the feathers.

There should be room also for a sundial, but as in this country the sun is occasionally missing in summer it would perhaps be advisable to attach a powerful headlight that can be actuated by an ingenious clockwork arrangement so that its movement synchronises with the movement of the absent sun—a pleasant task for wet days, when most gardening operations are impossible. By this means it should be easy to tell the time at any moment, even at night, for which latter purpose the sun is practically useless.

THE SOWERS.

I'M not to touch that bed or you'll be vexed
And you'll tell Master? Well, what ever next!
Oh, yes, I heard exactly what you say,
But, Missis dear, 'twas only yesterday
I hid my special bone—I'll show you where.
What's that? I mustn't? Come, that's hardly fair,
For you've been hiding things as well as me;
I saw you scratching plain as plain could be
Quite near my bone. Do try another bed;
That's quite a nice one by the potting-shed.
I'll help you make some proper holes, quite deep;
Then nobody will know. Come on (just keep
A sharp look-out for William). What d'you say?
You'll be quite cross if I don't go away
Into the house and leave the beds alone?
All right; but don't forget, it's *mine*, that bone.

"DAINTY FROCKS AT MAKERS' PRICES.

You get these garments direct from the manufacturer with nothing added but profit."—*Daily Paper.*

We feared there was a catch somewhere.

MUSIC AND MODE.

THE efforts of a famous singer a couple of seasons back to lend verisimilitude to her impersonation of an even more famous predecessor by the adoption of Victorian fashions, including the crinoline, naturally caused considerable stir. The intimate relations that have always subsisted between millinery and music encouraged the expectation of a revival of that lateral expansion which was the note of the 'sixties. These misgivings have been partially allayed by the success of the "Wireless Ladies' Chorus," whose performances have of late been a conspicuous feature in the programmes of the B.B.C. The fact that they are invisible to the listener-in cannot be disregarded, but there seems to be no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of their title. Very little imagination is required to form a picture of these ladies warbling into the microphone in graceful raiment of the approved lamp-post outlines. But, though discarded as sartorial adjuncts, wires have still their place in the construction of musical instruments, and it is well known that certain firms are now building grand pianofortes, of which the frames are made of reinforced concrete in order to withstand the shock and strain involved in the performance of ultra-modern music.

* * *

The need for this new method of construction has been forcibly illustrated in the past week by the recital of Mr. JOHN COWELL at Wigmore Hall. This redoubtable artist, in the words of the musical critic of *The Daily News*, "attempts to enlarge the expressive sphere of the piano by playing with his elbows and his fists and plucking the strings." It is a matter for regret that these praiseworthy efforts should have met, on the whole, with a singular lack of appreciation. The liberties habitually taken with wind instruments by the best Jazzmaniacs are regarded as perfectly fair game. (The sudden death of an octogenarian after listening to a Jazz band in America cannot be regarded as an adequate ground for interference. Legislation should not be based on isolated cases, however regrettable.) But while the eliciting, from saxophones, cornets and trombones, of sounds both strange and new is (quite properly) accepted as legitimate and even desirable, experiments in the development of pianistic pugilism meet with scant favour. This perverted humanitarianism is probably an outcome of the modern reaction against corporal punishment. It finds no support in the beautiful lyric which was current in mid-Victorian days, describing the pianofortitude of an artiste of whom the poet wrote—

"Her name it was Joanna,
She wore a magnolious crinoline
And she spanked the grand pianna."

* * *

The question of costume and music has been revived in another quarter and in an acute form by the reimposition of the old order at the opera, in virtue of which evening dress is rendered *de rigueur* for those occupying the boxes, stalls and grand circle. There is undoubtedly a certain logic in the demand that when the operatic performers dress finely the audience should follow suit. There was a time when no self-respecting opera-goer could, if a male, dispense with an opera- or crush-hat and a white waistcoat; if a female, with an opera-cloak and a profusion of real or simulated jewellery. But of recent years there has been a sad falling off in this respect. Covent Garden has been desecrated by knickerbockers, pull-overs, rainbow jumpers and other atrocities. People have become obsessed with the strange idea that the end and aim of a visit to the opera is to hear and not to see or be seen.

Hence the conversational *obbligato* provided by the boxes has been hushed to a whisper. The practice of darkening the auditorium during the progress of the opera has eclipsed the coruscations of diamonds and dimmed the glory of tiaras. It is to be hoped that the restoration of the old order will renew the lustre of an entertainment which in its latter-day phases would seem to have forfeited the title of "grand."

* * *

It has been suggested—and in view of the vagueness of the phrase "evening dress" there is much to recommend the proposal—that a graduated scale of costume should be framed and enforced so as to establish a fitting relation between the cost of the seat and the dress of its occupant. In pursuance of this principle artificial or synthetic silk would not be tolerated in the boxes or stalls, and imitation diamonds would only be allowed in the dress-circle. But in view of the deplorable effect of high taxation and the consequent sale of jewellery by many of the best people, tiaras would not be insisted on in the boxes except on gala nights.

* * *

There are, however, other ways in which we might profitably borrow from the example of the past. This is a humanitarian age, yet opera, intended to be a source of diversion and refreshment, has been infected by the spirit of the drama. Too many modern composers deliberately aim at harrowing rather than amusing their audiences. The death-rate in the music-dramas of WAGNER is distressingly high. Even PUCCINI is not immune from criticism in regard to statistics of mortality. Opera would probably gain immensely in popularity if the principle of the "happy ending" were revived. A writer in *The Musical Times* indicates very happily how this could be done. In a series of extracts from *The Musical World* of 1836 onward he quotes the following illuminating paragraph:—

"Bellini's opera, *I Montecchi e Capuletti* was lately performed at Bucharest. At the bottom of the *affiche* was the following notice: 'To avoid the lamentable effect at the end of the fourth Act, Romeo and Juliet will not die."



Bridegroom (to House-agent). "I CAN'T TAKE A HOUSE SO FAR DOWN SUCH A STRAIGHT ROAD. YOU SEE, I HAVE TO WAVE TO MY WIFE UNTIL I'M OUT OF SIGHT."

Our Cynical Advertisers.

"SUMMER SALE.

We are now making Special Bargain Offers to the Public.

EVERYTHING IN RAINWEAR."

Daily Paper.

From a church service-paper:—

"The assembly will disburse after the Benediction."

This is usually done at an earlier point in the proceedings.



HOLIDAY TENNIS.

Hotel Guest (who has organised very mixed doubles). "QUESTION IS, HOW SHALL WE DIVIDE?"
Fierce Stranger. "I HAVE IT! WE'LL DICE FOR THE WOMAN."

HYMN TO RAIN.

(One had to write this in the faint final hope that it might cause the weather to change.)

THE rain it is so pepsome,
The rain it is my mascot;
I love the rain at Epsom,
I like the rain at Ascot.
O silver rain of Dorset!
O glittering rain of Devon!
O rain, to reinforce it,
That comes right down from heaven!

Now each week is a gay week,
And every week 's a gem;
It thunders during May week,
It lightens at Commem.
My rubber shoes to Nottingham
Ecstatically went—
You should have seen me trotting 'em
About beside the Trent.

The rain it hits the duchess,
The rain it wets the duke,
It also lays its clutches
On Mr. A. J. COOK.
It 's aggravating GOOSSENS
And HOBBS and THOMAS HARDY,
The rain that proves a nuisance
To WINSTON CHURCHILL, pardie.

O rain the never critical
That moistens all alike!
O rain the non-political
That never goes on strike!
No single man can trap it all,
Nor steal it from his neighbour;
The rain that rains on Capital
Rains also upon Labour.

O rain the imperturbable,
Thou irrigant mysterious,
Unceasing and uncurable,
Corrosive and imperious!
How many lovers' stock tales
In storms of rain begin!
How low the price of cocktails
Would be if thou wert gin!

O happy English acres
That floods for ever fall in,
Fair paradise for makers
Of waterproof tarpaulin!
I love to see the messy mist
Enfold the fields of Goring;
A murrain on your pessimist,
I like to see it pouring.

O rain, that leaves the simpleton
No worse off than the wisest,
That spoils the courts at Wimbledon
And fills the frog with high zest!
The sun 's a thought to think about
That everyone may capture
And use no end of ink about,
But give me rain for rapture!

EVOE.

Another Sex Problem.

"Mr. William ——, mother of the bride, was the efficient groomsman."—*Local Paper.*

The only way, we suppose, that the bridegroom could be got to the altar.

"Unfurnished, two spacious communicative rooms; all convenience."—*Daily Paper.*

We hate these walls that have tongues as well as ears.

AT THE PLAY.

"GRANITE" (AMBASSADORS).

THE Isle of Lundy, as seen vaguely from the mainland, does not strike one as offering many residential amenities. But a hundred years ago, on Miss CLEMENCE DANE'S showing, it was a place of unmitigated gloom. Its granite, not as yet quarried, had entered into the responsive soul of the solitary farmer who drew a hard living from its shallow soil. He brutalised his wife, ordering her about like a dog, and she barked back. After a dozen years or so of this repulsive life two diversions occurred: (1) the arrival of the husband's half-brother—a retired officer of NELSON'S—whom the wife instantly annexes as a lover; (2) the apparition of a nameless stranger, a crazy half-drowned man whom she undertakes to restore to life and sanity. This was contrary to the etiquette of Lundy, whose inhabitants had hitherto maintained their exclusiveness, and incidentally drawn a little side-profit from wrecks, by pushing half-drowned men back into the sea. In this case she relents on conditions. She will bring him back to life and let him stay on as her servant, if he will undertake to deal faithfully with any man who lays violent hands on her.

In the execution of this promise he very soon pushes her husband over the cliff with her approval. She then marries her lover—and he too in due course is pushed over the cliff. This second murder, following on a momentary quarrel due to jealousy, is carried out under strong protests on her part. It then "emerges" that the nameless stranger has engineered this second quarrel for his own purposes, and that all along he has been pursuing a definite programme by which to secure for himself a farm and a woman.

The only excuse for making us spend an evening over this squalid business is offered by a suggestion of supernatural agencies. Just before the appearance of the half-drowned man, *Judith Morris* has heard some sort of a legend of the Devil coming out of the sea and making a bargain with a woman for her soul; and she regards the nameless stranger as a promising exponent of the Devil's part. The Devil's habit, in these cases, of first doing you a service and then exacting his toll, is of course *vieux jeu*. But there was a fresh and rather pleasant irony in the thought that here he did the service and exacted his toll by two identical acts, namely the pushing of a pair of husbands, one after the other, over the cliff. Indeed I found in this arrangement an undesigned humour, and confess that when he started off on his second murderous enterprise with exactly the same deliberate gesture—taking down the same gun from the same chimney-piece—as on the first occasion, I released a small giggle. But I saw instantly that my behaviour was out of keeping with the reverential atmosphere proper to a first-night audience assembled to hear Miss CLEMENCE DANE interpreted by Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE.



SOCIAL LIFE ON LUNDY.

Judith . . . . . Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE.
A Nameless Man . . . . Mr. LEWIS T. CASSON.

It may be that Miss THORNDIKE, with her feeling for Greek drama, was attracted by this irony (no doubt taken seriously) and by the general air of impending doom. Anyhow the play gave her many chances for a display of elemental emotions, and she was very good in the scene where she tried to recall the stranger and the wind carried away her voice and she saw the murder of the man she loved. But without questioning her great gifts I venture to think that Miss THORNDIKE can be rather irritating, both to ear and eye. Her excellent delivery was spoiled by a curiously annoying quality in her voice; and she often twisted her perfectly good mouth to an appearance of toothlessness.

As *Jordan Morris*, the husband, Mr. EDMUND WILLARD had to do two things, and he did them well. He was asked to be a domineering brute and he was asked to have a parsimonious eye for the main chance. In respect of this latter characteristic the local granite that had entered his soul might easily have come from Aberdeen.

The nature of his half-brother *Prosper* was not so simply defined. He had seen the world outside Lundy and was something of a gentleman. But he came of the same blood as *Jordan;* he too knew what he wanted and could be stubborn about it. Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN is incapable of indifferent work, but here his very individual qualities were not too well served.

As for the *Nameless Man* I have no exact picture in my mind of the way in which a devil who comes out of the sea and lands on Lundy might be expected to behave; I only know that I was not so much impressed by Mr. LEWIS CASSON as I was meant to be. I got very few thrills out of that eerie laugh of his which was designed to make my flesh creep.

The only relief came from *Penny Holt*, the young serving-maid, who retained an astonishing cheerfulness in the ambient gloom. Miss FLORENCE MCHUGH played the part very prettily.

Miss CLEMENCE DANE did her atmosphere well—almost too well for me. And her construction was admirable. She led up very naturally through the suspicions of jealousy to that unnatural quarrel between *Judith* and *Prosper* which was so essential to the Devil's scheme. But I wish she might have given us a little intentional humour by way of contrast. Perhaps granite is too inelastic to make a good jumping-off ground for humour. Here again one thinks of Aberdeen.

The first-night audience seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. If they didn't, they at least concealed their feelings under a close and rapt attention. But the appeal of the play is not to uninstructed tastes; and I doubt if there are enough of the faithful to make it a resounding success.

For myself it awoke vivid memories of those old times, heavy with depres-

sion, when I used to assist at the Stage Society's productions.

Dramas of doom, whose scenes are laid on Lundy,
Ought to be kept exclusively for Sunday.

O. S.

"EASY VIRTUE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

There is a pleasant air of ingenuousness about Mr. NOEL COWARD'S methods. This play of his might well have been called "Easy Satire," for nothing can be easier than to make "virtue" appear ridiculous if you take care that it shall be represented by stuffy and unlovable people, while its opposite is clothed in every charm of mind and body. Certainly the *divorcée* whom young *John Whittaker* picked up at the Cannes Casino and brought home as his wife to live in his father's house, where she found the womenfolk as impossible as their antique code of morals, enjoyed a very easy triumph over "virtue," though she ran away in the very hour of victory.

How did this marriage between a young "healthy animal" and a *rusée* woman of the world, many years his senior, come about? On the stage these ill-assorted unions are commonly handed to us as accomplished facts, without any attempt to explain them. But here it was essential for Mr. COWARD'S purposes that the lady should enlighten the family (and stupid people in the audience) as to the purity of her motives. The boy's infatuation for her well-preserved and heavily-scented charms was understandable enough, but her part in the affair obviously called for some explanation. To a sympathetic acquaintance, who "spoke the same language" as she did, *Larita* explains that she was attracted by *John's* simplicity and wanted to get away from the life she was leading. To the family she insists that she loved him, and not, as their impure minds might imagine, in a physical sense. And this higher love she protests that she retains after he has grown tired of her—an improbable development on his part, you would say, seeing that she had many of those attractions which survive the waning of desire. Perhaps it was due to that indifference to his interests which was one of the curious manifestations of her spiritual passion.

Mr. COWARD clearly meant us to take her side when he put her up against a couple of women whom we were bound to find unbearable—the hard and intolerant mother who nagged her husband in front of the children, and the elder daughter, *Marion*, tough, mannish, shingled and sexless—the last quality in particular being an unpardonable offence in *Larita's* eyes. (There was a younger daughter, *Hilda*, a noisy and devastating flapper who got on my nerves; but, though she was the cause of the exposure of certain details of the heroine's past, she didn't count in the clash of temperaments). Unfortunately, however, *Larita* did her best to alienate our sympathies by her assertion that



UNEASY VICE.

Lari'a . . . . . MISS JANE COWL.

Marion, with her sex "inhibitions," was a hypocrite who "placed physical purity too high and mental purity not high enough."

Now, whatever forms of offensiveness were chargeable to *Marion's* account—and they were many and blatant—hypocrisy was not one of them. The real hypocrite of the play was *Larita*. She protested the purity of her love for *John*, but the only person she loved was herself. After concealing from him an ugly episode in her career, on the pretext, convenient only to herself, that true love, about to start a new life, is not concerned with the details of an unsavoury past, she was apparently so satisfied with the quality of her love that she could afford to excuse herself from taking any interest in the tastes and pursuits of the loved one. Instead of sharing them, this woman, so cruelly misunderstood, preferred to lie about on a sofa nourishing her "mental purity" on MARCEL PROUST'S *Sodom and Gomorrah*.

The truth is that Mr. COWARD did not make out his case. But in the process of failing to do so he gave us some very effective dialogue, being careful to temper its strength with a liberal infusion of banalities.

"Bring me some lemonade in here, John—it's so nice and cool . . ."
"Wouldn't you rather have ginger-beer?"
"No, lemonade."

There was a good deal of this kind of restful relief.

Still, for all his wit, he might have fared badly but for the excellence of his cast. Miss JANE COWL as *Larita* was a revelation. The charm of her appearance and of her beautifully flexible voice was matched with a rare swiftness of intelligence. Always she dominated the scene by the force of her personality. I should like to see her in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, of which *Easy Virtue* is reminiscent. I am certain she would challenge the achievement of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

The whole cast was admirable, and, in particular, Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS as the châtelaine. Mr. VERNON KELSO as *Charles Burleigh*, who "spoke the same language" as *Larita* (English in form but cosmopolitan in flavour) had a nice understanding manner. Miss JOYCE CAREY, who played *Sarah*, an old flame of *John's*, and the one lovable woman in the play, showed those sympathetic qualities that she has inherited from her mother. I wish that she would also reproduce her mother's gentle voice. Miss MARDA VANNE seemed to have all the physical equipment needed for the unfeminine part of *Marion*, and played it with a commendably brutal candour. Mr. BARRON, as *Colonel Whittaker*, who "thought perhaps a little light irony might alleviate the prevailing gloom," had a greater success with the audience than with his family. Mr. RAGLAN'S *John* was sound in body and mind.

And I must not forget the boisterous couples who dashed on and off during the ball of the last Act. Their joyous intrusions and excursions were carried out with great fidelity to nature.

As for Mr. COWARD'S share in the entertainment, there is, as I said, some-

thing attractive in his ingenuousness. It would be most unfair to him to take his alleged sophistication seriously. His attitude here is stamped all over with the brand of youth—of youth that sets itself to remove the old landmarks just for the fun of seeming cleverer than the people who planted them. It is all rather engaging, like the irresponsibility of the very young undergraduate who removes brass plates and policemen's helmets. Mr. COWARD will of course grow out of it in time; but the little world of the theatre will be the duller for that advance towards maturity.

O. S.

"DIAGHILEFF'S RUSSIAN BALLET"
(HIS MAJESTY'S).

I REMEMBER somebody writing long, long ago—

"Nijinsky bounded as he ran
With such superb aplomb
He did not seem to be a man,
He seemed to be a bomb."

Muscovite empires may crumble, Muscovite favourites retire, but the Russian Ballet proceeds from strength to strength. We were all determined to be immensely enthusiastic about *Les Noces*, and no wonder. DIAGHILEFF! STRAVINSKY! GOOSSENS! This was their highest trump. Almost their last trump, one might say. *Les Noces* is described on the programme as "Russian choreographic scenes in four tableaux—without interruption," and unless one can apply this term to two double-grand pianos and the tonitant repercussion of cymbals and drums (I was well on the brass side) and the punctuation of many marriage bells, no doubt the definition is adequate.

How to describe *Les Noces*, who knows? Who could possibly know? It was all in black and white. The dancers, when they were not more actively employed, piled themselves and laced themselves into pyramidical patterns, from which peered forth sorrowful heads. One might start in verse:—

The bridesmaids weave and intermingle;
The pallid bride in fear and hopes
Has scorned the fashionable shingle
And done her hair in ten-yard ropes.

She had, you know. But that was entirely necessary because the ropes had to be twisted and laid about her neck as a symbol of the matrimonial chains. The first tableau was "The Benediction of the Bride." There was one tiny square window in the back-cloth. The second tableau was "The Benediction of the Bridegroom." There were two tiny square windows in the back-cloth. I suppose the immobile gentleman with the long grey beard would be the father of the bride, but I do not feel absolutely sure. There may have been a priest. Choreographically speaking, the Russians seem to take their marriages to an accompaniment of thunder and lightning and paroxysms of callisthenic woe. Perhaps that is the new world's notion of marriage.

The third tableau was "The Departure of the Bride from the Parental Home." This naturally increased the pandemonium. The fourth tableau was "The Wedding Feast." This intensified the hubbub once again. At the back of the stage was a small alcove containing a bed piled with pillows. I did not count the pillows. There were four strong solo singers and four heroic-hearted pianists. Of this I am certain, however, there was only one bridegroom and only one bride. They stood stony in grief.

For the rest the distinction between the outbreak of a Soviet revolution and the ritual of a wedding-party seemed almost infinitesimal. But does it matter much? The patterns are beautiful. The Russian ballerinas have their exquisite grace. The Russian male dancers, as usual, bound into the air and pause at the top of their bound so long that they seem to be practising the art of levitation. Nobody falters in his harmonious madness. It is all one tremendous diabolical thrill. It was so with *Les Noces*. It was so with *Les Matelots*.

Symbolism was made easier for me here. There was, for instance, a small square screen, on one face of which was a painted ship upon a painted ocean. Not idle, though. It shivered with the motions of the dancers, and after a time they turned it round to show a Russian sailor and a Russian sailor's lass, and I know not what beside. *Danilova* danced and *Sokolova* danced, they danced beautifully; and as for the First Sailor and the Second Sailor and the Third Sailor, how they did dance!

"In a disguise which makes them unrecognisable, the First Sailor and his companions try in turn to make love to the girl." So says the programme. And again, "Her friend suggests taking the young girl to a bar to meet the three sailors, but she refuses." And yet once more, "The three sailors enter and throw off their disguises. The young girl rejoins her lover, to whom she has been faithful."

Well, I suppose it may have been that. But it is putting it rather mildly. What the three Russian sailors really did, amongst other things, was to leap furiously about with chairs, pretending apparently that it was a horse-race. They flung themselves about impetuously. They danced till they shone. WOIZIKOVSKY, LIFAR, SLAVINSKY—all of them performed prodigies of rhythmic hardihood and pulled an incredible number of imaginary ropes. *Les Matelots* came after the symphonic interlude, "Fantaisie Finnoise," and aptly. I should not say that a Finnish or Russian sailor would be frightened in a storm. No waves of the ocean could heave him so violently as he heaves himself on land. The back-cloths kept lifting and showing more and more passionately symbolical scenes beyond.

If a Russian sailor had a wife in every port, and married her choreographically to the music of *Les Noces* in each—— But enough of this dreaming.

These two ballets were preceded by SCHUMANN'S *Carnaval*, which is well enough known and pretty without being seismic.

Everything was rapturously received, and when the various artistes, vocal, instrumental, saltatory, had succeeded in grouping themselves for the curtains, they were seen to be almost ambuscaded in flowers.

EVOE.

A Ball will be held at 18, Carlton House Terrace, on Wednesday, June 30th, on behalf of the Funds of the Victoria Hospital for Children. The PRINCE OF WALES, its President, has promised to attend. This hospital, which is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee, finds itself in need of a sum of £15,000 for urgent purposes, and of an additional income of £3,000. Tickets for the Ball, three guineas each (to include a Champagne Supper), can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. JOHN DANIELL, 15, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.10. Cheques should be made payable to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

"ALLEGED THEFT OF SUNBEAM."
Provincial Paper.

We fancied we had missed one.

There was an aerial Unc.
Who talked like a saint or a monk;
But his family life
Was a war to the knife,
And he ended by doing a bunk.

"The friends of dentist D. —— will be sorry to hear that he was in a motor accident last week and is progressing favourably."
Australian Paper.

Not really friends, we gather, but merely patients.

"His political friends still are satisfied the Prime Minister will do the right thing at the opportune moment, and his personal popularity remains unimpaired, but there are murmurings among the rank and file of the Reform Party, who expected much from their new leader, against the delay in putting into operation the fair promises of the bustings."
New Zealand Paper.

Mr. BALDWIN, when he reads this comment upon his New Zealand colleague, will congratulate himself on never having indulged in "bustings."



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

Look at the man up there; look hard;
For two are his claims on your regard:
He holds the highest of legal ranks,
Also the freedom of Bury (Lancs)!

MR. PUNCH'S PERSONALITIES.—XIX.



Holiday-maker (accustomed to a non-repairing lease, to farmer whose field he has rented). "I SAY—LOOK HERE. THIS FIELD OF YOURS IS FRIGHTFULLY DAMP. MY WIFE AND I HAVE BOTH CAUGHT FEARFUL COLDS. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

TAKEN as a whole, I prefer the grand coherence of Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON'S latest *Father Brown* tales to the perhaps more exciting diversity of those embodied in the previous volumes. As mysteries, one or two of the new batch may be transparent and, as bubbles of fancy, over-inflated; but neither transparency nor over-inflation is a quality to be entered to the debit side of a book intended to ridicule the cloud-castles of modern mystery-mongers. Eight crimes are the themes of eight stories, and each crime is complicated by some sort of superstition—the kind of superstition common in a world "balanced on the very edge of belief—of belief in almost anything." Each crime is also in course of interpretation in the light, if you can call it a light, of superstition when *Father Brown* arrives with faith, hope, charity and logic to demolish the interpretation and proclaim the facts. The jolly penguin-like little priest has not lost in status or reality by being continually used as a sort of ecclesiastical litmus-paper for the detection of good and evil. And this although his opportunities for turning a beatific blue at the presence of truth are strictly limited, and falsehood with its customary red reaction is rampant on every page of *The Incredulity of Father Brown* (CASSELL). "The Resurrection of Father Brown" sees him eluding a plot for his beatification. Its seven successors are concerned with the identification of murderers and the disentangling of their motives. Personally I should have preferred two or three more legends of intellectual conspiracy and fewer versions of physical violence. Still, it is only fair to the author to admit that there is nothing more robust, hilarious and picturesque than a Chestertonian murder approached in the right spirit; and if you bring a right spirit to *The Incredulity of Father Brown* I can promise you your meed of entertainment.

As one who took delight in *Moby Dick* long before the "re-discovery" of its author established him as the centre of a modern literary cult, I make bold to subscribe to the heresy—so regarded by the new Melvillites—that it will be as an epic of the sea pure and simple and not as an allegory of shadowy and undefined "contending forces" that the story of the White Whale will endure, and that HERMAN MELVILLE'S greatness lies far more in his superb descriptive and narrative gifts than in that vague transcendentalism which became an obsession with him towards the close of his life. It is on the whole not always the happiest of fates for an author to enjoy a posthumous vogue, involving as it does the dragging to light of all his published and unpublished indiscretions and the lavishing of indiscriminate praise alike on the failures and the triumphs of his genius. That MELVILLE was a genius few will be found to deny; but it is no less undeniable that he wrote a good deal which might well be surrendered to oblivion, and that even his finest work is disfigured by turgid and pompous passages and by discursiveness carried to the point of tedium. Mr. JOHN FREEMAN, whose *Herman Melville* appears in the new English Men of Letters series (MACMILLAN), is too sound a critic to indulge in the extravagances of literary idolatry which unfortunately characterise so much that is being written about MELVILLE to-day. He is an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm is discriminating and restrained; and even those who cannot go all the way with him on every occasion—to me the extract quoted from *Billy Budd*, for example, seems to show MELVILLE at his polysyllabic worst—will acknowledge that he has worthily carried out the task of present-

ing for the first time to English readers in volume form an analysis of that confused but splendid literary personality.

Readers of *Punch* already know full well
The signature of "W. M. L.";
But their avowed proprietress, Miss LETTS,
So charms us by her wit that one forgets
The parodist we welcome and admire
Can waken serious music from her lyre;
And in *More Songs from Leinster* she reveals
A graver mood that has its own appeals.

Dismissing urban lures or Fashion's flux,
The poses of tin gods or "Georgian bucks,"
She turns to Nature and the very poor
For loyalties and beauties that endure—
Courage and fun, unselfishness and love,
Trust in the goodness of "the Man Above,"
The fragrant heather singing in the breeze,
The touch of April's fingers on the trees.

Whether the theme be dogs or tinkers' wives,
Or country doctors' "christianable" lives,
The scent of gorse, the glamour of the glen—
All gain an added magic from her pen;
For even in the simplest homeliest lay
You 're sure of finding something fresh or gay,
Some antidote to fever, fret and worry,
In this slim volume published by JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. BRAND WHITLOCK'S *Uprooted* (APPLETON) is a little perfunctory in treatment. An atmosphere has been discerned, but has failed on the whole to inspire; an "order of ideas" has been perceived but has fallen short of being "dealt with divinely." A more malicious spirit than the author's might have disported itself to greater effect among the American ex-war workers, dollar kings, artists and social climbers whose penetration of the continent of Europe is the subject of his latest novel. But a praiseworthy partiality for his itinerant countrymen and countrywomen prevents him from setting them up as cockshies for long; and the result is certainly amiable if a trifle wanting in zest. The ugliest figure in the book, *Mrs. Richardson*, a faded cadger—wearer of mysterious war-decorations and profuse in reminiscences of the *haut monde*—is "discovered" chaperoning a Middle West heiress, rich, crude, generous and beautiful. *Betty Marsh* engages the reluctant sympathy of *Leslie Waldron*, an artist of the old American colony, whose obvious destiny is to wed a widowed compatriot countess. *Betty* is also ardently courted by a callow and engaging engineer of her own stock and by a suspicious Oriental princeling. A millionaire of more than customary flamboyance is likewise of her train, philosophically prepared, if the young girl rejects him, to take over the chaperon, with her social stock and goodwill, at her own exorbitant valuation. Dilute the American figures with a larger but shadowier quota of French; set them round *café* tables, in salons of "almost ecclesiastical bareness," on the decks of yachts, under the top-lights of studios and on the promenades of Nice and Monte Carlo; allow their relations to get a little untidy and strained before imposing a final equilibrium, and you will have done what Mr. WHITLOCK does with competence and ease, if not, as I hinted, with distinction.



Fond Father. "THAT 'S RIGHT; BRING DADDIE A NICE STONE."
Small Son (obligingly). "YES, DADDIE. WHICH ONE?"

If Miss VIOLA TREE'S *Castles in the Air* (HOGARTH PRESS) were a record of success, the frank egotism which inspires it would have been scarcely tolerable. But it is, on the very contrary, the history of her failure to adapt a charming natural voice, the beauty of which was acclaimed by many critics, to the exacting requirements of the Opera House, and the reader who may begin by thinking that all this is rather too much fuss to make in public over, to him, a small thing, finds himself sharing the hopes and fears of the ambitions writer as this or that maestro or impresario approves and encourages, or the other frowns and condemns. For Miss TREE has a sensitive pen and an arresting personality. She has produced a book that contains many phrases and certain letters which I should think she may

later regret to have intruded upon the general, and these regrets may be shared by several of her friends; but perhaps we are all eavesdroppers at heart and there is no doubt that, whatever be the disadvantages of candour, it can be very entertaining. One of the best things in the book is a characteristically caustic, cocksure, well-argued and shrewd letter from Mr. BERNARD SHAW on the folly of taking a lovely voice to Italy to be murdered by Italian singing-masters. Letters often quite irrelevant to the main issue, but most attractive in themselves—letters from friends, such as the two GRENFELL boys, CHARLES LISTER, Lord RIBBLESDALE, Mr. and Mrs. ASQUITH, will go to prove that the most charming of arts is not yet dead. Of course it never will die, despite the gloomy prophets. As to the interesting and gifted subjects of this curious chapter of autobiography, a detached philosopher may be permitted to wonder at the queer order in which the author places the things that go to make up life.

I imagined that *The Land of Mist* (HUTCHINSON), in which, the wrapper tells me, "Professor Challenger, Lord John Roxton and Mr. Malone figure," would be a stirring adventure tale of *The Lost World* type; but when I was informed as early as p. 13 that "there are over four hundred registered Spiritualist churches in Great Britain" I realised my error. Under the guise of a novel, and using the characters he has already made famous, Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE has put forward a fairly convincing defence of spiritualism. His scenes embrace every aspect of his subject, from spiritualistic religious meetings, physical-phenomena séances and bogus mediums down to haunted houses, exorcisms and ectoplasmic materialisations. *Mr. Malone*, the reporter, representing the open-minded seeker after truth, asks convenient questions throughout the book on behalf of the reader, while *Professor Challenger* presents himself as the dogmatic and ignorant unbeliever. This perhaps is one of the best points the author makes—that the majority of those who attack spiritualism have not taken the trouble to study its defence as put forward by very able men, but are inclined to base all their charges on proved examples of that charlatanism to which the science unfortunately lends itself. In a book of this nature there is of course no plot, unless it be the gradual conversion of *Professor Challenger* from bull-necked incredulity to whole-hearted and even intolerant defence of the psychic cause. It is however a good book; but personally I am rather given the feeling that I have been offered medicine in a champagne glass. I am left wondering how long it will be before *Sherlock Holmes* becomes a spiritualist and conclusively proves the existence of ectoplasm by "simple elementary deduction" in the teeth of a dense and materialistic *Watson*.



The Shipwrecked One. "HALLO! WHAT'S IT LIKE HERE?"
The Marooned One. "OH, SO-SO. FEARFULLY DULL ON SUNDAYS."

Before long you will be off on your holiday. There will be, I expect, a tiresome train journey; there will quite definitely be a wet afternoon or two. I would urge you therefore to take *The War Maker* (NELSON) in your bag, for it will make the train journey seem less long and the wet afternoons less dreary. This is the third tale of adventure that Mr. ALAN HILLGARTH has given to us, and if it lacks in some measure the literary quality of his first book it is nevertheless far above the average in its class. I am inclined to think that Mr. HILLGARTH is rapidly qualifying for the position of Mr. JOHN BUCHAN'S understudy. He has the same flair for a situation, the same sense of what is topical, and above all he has Mr. BUCHAN'S happy knack of suggesting that he understands international politics from A to Z. From which you may infer that *The War Maker* has to do with gun-running into Spanish Morocco. The tale is deftly told, though I think Mr. HILLGARTH might have tidied up its conclusion with more effect. He has some shrewd things to say about the modern Spanish character, the result, I fancy, of personal observation in Northern Africa, and the more exacting reader who is not content with mere thrills will find his comments interesting.

I have a strong conviction that in modern novels of mystery the furniture is beginning to behave most wantonly, and it is time a protest was made against such conduct. In tales of this *genre* I expect to have tricks played on my intelligence, and I enjoy them; but they must be human tricks. When bedsteads, writing-tables or what-nots are brought in to add to my mystification I feel as if the whole inanimate world were in league to thwart me. It isn't fair. *The Crime of Jane Dacre* (METHUEN) is the straw (I hope the last one) which drives me to protest. If SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE had not invited the furniture to assist her in the solution of the puzzle I should have pronounced a benison upon her story; for *Jane Dacre*, though prone to behave foolishly, is attractive in her folly, and her flights and fancies provide admirable material for holiday reading. As it is, I begin to think that dealers in old furniture ought to insure themselves heavily against the criminal tendencies of their stock-in-trade.

To read the work of Professor L. J. JACKS, author of *The Heroes of Smokeover* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), in what may be called his lighter vein, is a sheer delight. He has a peculiar gift for writing the profoundest sense in a nonsensical manner and of reaching his point by almost scandalously frivolous routes. However much one may disagree with his conclusions it is impossible not to chuckle over his methods of arriving at them. Once or twice I think that he goes unwarrantably far in his search for fun; for instance in "A Tale of Milk and Water" he hovers on the brink of farce—and farce is not the fare that his sincere admirers ask of him. But this is a minor matter in a book that invites both laughter and reflection.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. A. J. COOK is reported to have lost his head at a recent meeting. We understand that he attaches a sentimental value to it.

* * *

In 1700 coal could be bought at ten shillings a ton, we read. That would of course be B.C. (Before COOK).

* * *

People are wondering why J. W. HEARNE was dropped out of the English team for the second Test Match. The reason, of course, is the way he did not bat at Nottingham.

* * *

"Our days are being lengthened by one second every ten million years," says a scientist. Ultimately, we suppose, there will be half-day Test matches.

* * *

In spite of the fact that a Carmelite House newspaper predicted fine weather the other day it rained in the morning. No fuss however is to be made about it, as our contemporary has decided to let the matter drop.

* * *

A writer in *The Daily News* mentions a village in Norfolk where they chuckle when it rains. They must have had some hearty laughs this summer.

* * *

In a recent "go slow" bicycle race one competitor, a messenger-boy, who couldn't keep his mind off his work, did so well that he seemed to be cycling backwards.

* * *

Writing in *The Westminster Gazette*, "W. M. C." says that the visit of the National Liberal Federation to Weston-super-Mare enabled him to view some peregrine falcons through his field-glasses. We always maintained that the gathering would prove to have served a useful purpose.

* * *

According to a solicitor at Kendal a man can hit another in order to assert his right. And then he should dodge in order to avoid the other man's left.

* * *

A wagtail has reared five young in a coke-heap at Southend gas-works. The devoted mother bird sallies out before dawn in search of early therms.

* * *

It has been said of a certain American that he could not possibly spend all his money. In that case, if he is anxious about it, he might put the job out to be done by the West Ham Board of Guardians.

* * *

A literary critic says that a few beautiful words spoken aloud can cause a surge of joy in the heart of the listener. For instance, when the dentist says, "Now rinse your mouth out with this."

* * *

A machine at the National Physical Laboratory has proved that fruit can breathe. Then why doesn't a plum sometimes sneeze a wasp off?

* * *

Following the fashion of dressmakers who give names like "Eunice" and "Barbara" to their creations, a West-End tailor is thinking of putting a pair of trousers on the market with one leg named "Archibald" and the other "Clarence."



AMATEUR CRUISING YACHTSMAN, FINDING HIMSELF TEMPORARILY EMBARRASSED FOR MONEY, ATTEMPTS TO PAWN YACHT'S DINGHY.

If the hatchet had been a musical instrument in his day, as it is now, GEORGE WASHINGTON might have got out of it by telling the old man he was merely practising his scales.

* * *

A team of golfers were beaten by a team of ladies in a cricket match at Manchester. Some of the golfers complained that they were bowled before they had finished addressing the ball.

* * *

It has been decided that we are not to have a new Ministry of Defence. The reason is that we shall soon have nothing worth defending.

* * *

A species of parrot in St. Vincent is said to have become extinct because of its habit of sitting on volcanos. Does Mr. COOK know this?

* * *

Rudimentary gills were recently found in the throat of an American. Four rudimentary gills make one rudimentary pint.

Two Americans are endeavouring to circle the globe in thirty days. Before long some of these record-breakers who travel in a westerly direction will have to wait a bit before landing in case they arrive before they start.

* * *

There is a policeman in Sheffield who is B.A., LL.B. The local feeling is that it is much pleasanter to be run in by an educated man.

* * *

Mr. LIONEL CUST complains that several pieces of sculpture in London are placed where they can't be seen. This is not a common complaint.

* * *

A female skeleton with the bone of the third finger of the left hand worn very thin has been discovered during excavations in Hampshire. Can she have been the original movie star?

* * *

Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA points out that Lord RIDDELL is living in the house where PALMERSTON was born. We don't see that anything can be done about it.

* * *

Reptile skins are greatly in vogue for women's wear. It is a good use to make of lounge lizards.

* * *

It is believed that Spain and Brazil have some idea of forming a League of Resignations.

* * *

Mrs. WINTRINGHAM points out that there are men of genius in the Liberal Party. Liberal opinion, however, is divided as to which they are.

* * *

ABD-EL-KRIM has placed large orders for European clothes with Paris tailors. This looks as if he was determined to carry on the Peace relentlessly.

* * *

A Frenchman has been charged with making scarves that contained an explosive. But nothing seems to be done about the people who put all these Fair-Isle jumpers on the market.

* * *

A Harley Street specialist declares that the strong silent type of man generally lives to an old age. We sincerely hope the POET LAUREATE is strong.

* * *

A salmon hooked by an Ayrshire angler the other day broke away from him after a struggle of eight hours. It should have lasted only seven hours, but Mr. COOK was not consulted.

OUR BATTALION MATCH.

THE great event of each summer is for us neither Ascot nor Wimbledon. It is our big cricket-match of the season—Officers *v.* Sergeants. It is largely attended, for the troops take what is called "a thoroughly healthy interest in the sport of their seniors," which means they have all got their last week's pay on the result. The sergeants always say confidently they are certain of winning and have backed themselves to do so. The officers too always say they are certain of winning, but it is generally found they have backed the sergeants.

The teams consist of thirteen—eleven players, one umpire and one scorer per side. The scorer and umpire are very carefully chosen by their captains. They must be good men, for often the winning of the match rests entirely with them.

Our match this season was very closely fought out. The sergeants won the toss and put us in, and Captain Bayonet set forth to "take," as he expressed it, "the edge off the bowling." I don't quite know what taking the edge off the bowling is, but Captain Bayonet spent twenty-two minutes doing it, made up as follows: Ten minutes buckling on pads and gloves, one minute's sharp walk (half-a-minute out and half-a-minute back), fifty-nine seconds taking guard and ten minutes unbuckling pads and gloves. Possibly it was rather blunt sort of bowling and hadn't got an edge. Captain Bayonet maintained that it wasn't fair and that he was still looking round to see where the field was placed.

After an hour's play we were forty-seven for eight wickets. As far as I could gather from those eight we had had rotten luck. One said he had been given the wrong guard; one swore the ball touched his bat before his leg and therefore he couldn't have been out l.b.w.; and one swore the ball touched his leg before his bat and therefore he couldn't have been caught at the wicket. Three claimed to have been bowled by the best ball of the game up to that point, and of them Captain Bayonet, who had been bowled the first ball of the match, certainly spoke the truth. Another had the sun in his eyes, and the last said truly that his bat wanted re-stringing. Certainly we had had rotten luck; and even then a bold attempt to stump the Adjutant when halfway up the pitch was only frustrated by the fact that luckily he was at *our* umpire's end. It is difficult to stump or even catch out our Adjutant, even in a game of cricket.

Our innings closed at sixty-three, and Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, who had been scoring freely all round his person, received an ovation. His total was seventeen, of which sixteen were grouped under the generic euphemism of "leg"-byes. He retired to the pavilion for massage.

From a quarter to four to six was the tea interval, a posse of fatigue-men having been all afternoon unloading several dozen of tea. At six we took the field again, full of tea and hope.

With the help of our man at point, who made a sharp clicking noise with his mouth and then said, "Oh, well held, Sir!" we got five men caught at the wicket. After that we lost his services owing to the deceitful behaviour of Sergeant Grenade, who took guard and stance as a left-hander till the first ball was on its way, when he reverted to his normal right-hand position and executed a fine pull to what should have been square leg. Unfortunately it was still point. Our man fielded it brilliantly though inadvertently, and no doubt will soon be about again as well as ever.

With the score at thirty-two Captain Ledger bowled an over and the score went to fifty-four. Captain Ledger has such a slow and reluctant delivery that one would think each ball was on his charge. However, it was soon "struck off."

We next put Lieutenant Holster on, our best bowler having sprained his elbow during the tea interval. Lieutenant Holster bowls very fast and round the umpire, generally while the batsman is taking guard. He secured us four wickets, including that of Sergeant-Major Magazine, whose late cuts had been getting later and later. In fact, one was at last so late that we had to get a substitute wicket-keeper.

With the last man in, Lieutenant Holster adopted the leg theory, against which for a long time Quartermaster-Sergeant Fourbytwo fought a successful rearguard action. At length Lieutenant Holster sent down the fastest ball of the match and secured a decision of l.b.w. The umpire telephoned to the hospital to inform the batsman he was out and stumps were drawn at seven-thirty.

The score was then found to be sixty-three all. After a recount had been demanded, it was re-edited at sixty-three to the officers and fifty-nine to the sergeants, the pay-sergeant, who was scorer for our opponents, having carelessly added in the day of the month.

Thus the officers won the match and lost their money. A. A.

"In Hot Weather ——'s Cafe is the Warmest restaurant in Christchurch."
New Zealand Paper.

This information leaves us cold.

SHE-SHANTIES.

WHAT'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT LOVE?

NOWADAYS,
In books and plays,
Love, it seems, is quite a craze.
Really, anyone would say,
To see our modern dramas,
The upper classes spent the day
In passion and pyjamas!
But what's all this talk about Love?
Have we no worthier topics
Than furtive embraces
At watering-places,
Or dusky intrigues in the Tropics?
Well, look at myself—I'm as bright as a bee,
But no problems of passion preoccupy me,
For what with my cats and Committees, you see,
I haven't a moment for Love.

On the stage,
In youth and age,
Wet or fine, emotions rage;
But in life we make less fuss
About the crude affections,
And what the village does discuss
Is cows and their complexions.
So what's all this talk about Love?
It's just a theatrical fashion.
Take my own case—
I'm the life of the place,
But I haven't a moment for passion.
Well, look at my Mondays—an average day—
The Glee-club, the Scouts and *the Y.M.C.A.,*
*But we never s*ay *that side of life in a play—*
What is *all this talk about Love?*

You don't see me
In *déshabille*
Behaving tenderly at tea;
A woman has enough to do
To keep the parish going
And make the Vicar Number Two
Without the Vicar knowing.
What's all this talk about Love?
I'm Colonel-in-Chief of the Guides,
On several Committees
For cleansing our cities,
And frequently lecture, with slides.
So with this and with that and the garden, you see,
No problems of passion preoccupy me,
Yet my life is as full as a woman's can be—
What is *all this talk about Love?*

A. P. H.

Film Fashions.

From a cinema programme:—

"Monday, Norma Shearer, Lew Cody and Mary Carr in 'Nothing to Wear'; Thursday, Constance Talmadge in 'A Pair of Silk Stockings.'"—*Local Paper.*

We are glad to note a slight improvement as the week wears on.



ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE COAL STOPPAGE.

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH. "I WISH THIS SMOKE NUISANCE WOULD START AGAIN. I WANT TO ABATE IT."



HOW A SCOTTISH VISITOR TO HYDE PARK SEATED HIMSELF AND HIS FAMILY ON A CHAIR FOR TWOPENCE.

BELINDA'S BLIND MAN.

WHEN Belinda was a little girl, smaller than she is now—oh, *very* much smaller, of course—she fell one day amongst good companions. And Belinda's good companions persuaded Belinda, without, I am afraid, very much difficulty, to join their Guild of Good Deeds.

Now a person of four years of age may have a vast experience of the world, but she is not always very coherent. When Belinda returned, full of the new great undertaking, from the home where the good companions dwelt in peace and rectitude with their parents, the precise commitments to which she had in the meantime pledged herself were far from clear. Obviously Belinda had made some very serious and very important promises, and moreover Belinda was urgent that they should be implemented without delay; but equally obviously Belinda could not remember what they were. The situation presented elements of difficulty.

But ultimately one concrete fact emerged, as facts will. At the very earliest opportunity Belinda must help a blind man to cross a street. Apparently nothing else would do; as a good deed this ranked supreme and unapproachable. Partly the insistence with which it had been impressed upon Belinda as the kind of thing expected of her, but still more the gloriously spectacular character of the thing itself, had fixed it, and it alone, in her mind.

Four is an impetuous age, and Belinda did not believe in letting intention rust in inactivity. There and then she demanded a blind man and a street; bedtime could wait.

Who are parents and nurses that they should thwart the first promptings of a generous altruism in the infant mind? What right has Authority to ban the blind in favour of bed? And of what use is Omnipotence if it cannot produce a mere blind man? It is not much to ask.

The parent who hesitates is lost. Belinda's mother darted a quick little look of appeal at Belinda's father.

"Couldn't *you?*" it said as plain as words. "There is the camp-stool with the broken leg and the tin mug that holds the weed-killer. You wouldn't have to sit at the street corner very long either, and you could wear a false moustache."

"But I've got a real moustache already"—that was what Belinda's father's glance replied, even plainer still.

Belinda's mother's eyes danced with little imps of mischief.

"Then you could shave it off," they said.

"Impossible." Belinda's father's eyes had a snap in them.

"But Belinda *must* have a blind man, and if *you* don't——" pleadingly.

And then suddenly Belinda's father's eyes nearly jumped out of his head.

"We have it," they said. "The corner by the letter-box! As blind as a bat—if only he hasn't gone off his beat."

"Of *course*." Belinda's mother's eyes were full of relief and gratitude and admiration and, oh! all sorts of nice things.

"Why don't you bofe say anyfing?" said Belinda.

"Come along, darling," said Belinda's mother. "I know a poor blind man who's simply *longing* for someone to help him to cross the street."

"Yes," said Belinda, solemnly considering the suggestion. "Would it be now?"

"Ever and ever so now," assented Belinda's mother. "You see, he 's got to be *right* home by bedtime."

"*His* bedtime?" queried the positivist.

"No, darling, *your* bedtime."

"That's funny," said Belinda, immediately dismissing it. "Let's go."

* * * * *

"'*Ow* old did you say she was?" asked the blind man.

"Four," said Belinda's father. "A big four," he added hurriedly.

"I got one that age meself," said the blind man. "*Awkward* age."

"Then I hope you understand——"

"Ho, yes, I understands all right," said the blind man. "An' 'ow much was you goin' to make it, guv'nor?"

"If half-a-crown——"

"I'll chance it," said the blind man. "Mind you, it's risky. I can get meself acrost all right, but if she goes nippin' about——"

"Oh, no, nothing like that."

"Nor pullin' me under no taxis."

"I'll have the traffic stopped."

"Well, I'll see," said the blind man.

"By the way, I suppose you really *are* blind?" said Belinda's father.

"Wot do *you* think?" said the blind man.

* * * * *

Belinda's method of crossing a street was always spectacular. It consisted as a preliminary in vamping a policeman or two and persuading them to hold up as much traffic as could conveniently be collected, whilst she made a solemn progress, looking neither to the right nor the left. How she managed not to be led ignominiously by the hand across the street I do not know. That was doubtless good enough for ordinary little girls, but it was not good enough for Belinda. Anyhow, the fact remains that the constable on point duty at the corner would as soon have thought of offering his arm to the QUEEN as his hand to Belinda, though she obviously had his heart already.

Belinda staged her scene with an attention to detail which would have delighted Mr. FROHMAN. She waited until a particularly important-looking string of taxis and motor-lorries hove in sight, and then made an imperious sign to the stalwart constable who dominated the centre of the crossing, with half an eye upon the little white figure on the curb.

"*Now* then," said Belinda, turning to the blind man.

The blind man glanced up at the adjacent clock.

"Time I was gettin' 'ome," he said. "I'll chance it. Come on, Missy."

Deliberately he folded his little camp-stool and slipped his tin mug into his pocket whilst the traffic snorted but waited.

"Come on," said Belinda again, and, taking her unwilling victim by the hand, she led him out on to the broad highway.

After that it all happened very quickly. A busy snorting little car, the sort of car that never *can* behave itself in traffic, suddenly swooped from behind a bus and dashed straight towards the slow-moving procession of two.

For one awful moment it looked as though nothing could save Belinda and her helpless trusting charge. The big policeman stood as though rooted to the spot; Belinda's father could only gasp and spring, too late, forward.

But the blind man saw it all in a flash. Lifting Belinda quickly in his arms he dashed for the further pavement and safety.

* * * * *

"I 'ike that blind man," said Belinda an hour later, wriggling herself a little further into the cosy bed-clothes. "I fink I'll help him again some time p'raps."

L. DU G.



Dissatisfied Taxi-driver. "LUMME, COMRADE, YOU AIN'T ARF CHUCKIN' YER RED GOLD ABAHT."

Our Pessimistic Traders.

"The summer season is now over, and buyers are turning their attention to winter goods."
Weekly Paper.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O you that from some southern land
  Return with each new spring
To this reviving island and,
  When in the humour, fling
A song so gallant, so divine,
Out on the night, if fairly fine,
As utterly to take the shine
  Out of all birds that sing;

The thrush, grown conscious of your voice,
  Retires behind his leaves,
The blackbird, not at all from choice,
  Sits mopily and grieves;
That wealth of song can e'en transfix
Both dawning owls and farmyard chicks,
And the rude sparrow as he picks
  Things off the couchant beeves.

You are the theme, all themes above,
  The bards have held most dear;
Bar WORDSWORTH, who preferred the dove,
  Even the most austere
On you have cast their loveliest gems
From Wight to Hampstead or the Thames,
Yet it is one that fate condemns
  Me ever not to hear.

I have stol'n forth in many a glade
  Where, at their best in June,
Rich nightingales their serenade
  Lift to the solemn moon
So madly that it sometimes stirs
Young wanderers mid the briars and burrs
To sit incautiously on furze,
  Enravished by the tune.

The spinney and the wooded hill,
  The unfrequented lane,
Gardens that throb with song until
  The residents complain,
Though strangers, eager for the sound,
Come trespassing from miles around—
These I have visited, and found
  I always went in vain.

O budded quicks, melodious plots,
  O song so full and free
That livens up those favoured spots
  Often till after three,
O groves so thrilled with high romance
That, though the whole world gaped askance,
I could have sung with half a chance,
  Why are you mute for me?

We cannot all see Grecian urns;
  Not everywhere one meets
His Lycidas, howe'er he burns
  To emulate those feats;
But you, immortal bird, are there,
A general theme, with charm to spare,
On which, for all that I 'm aware,
  I might have rivalled KEATS.

But as you please. Unless it 's wet,
  When the deep shadows fall
To-night I 'll give you one chance yet;
  If lost, there 's no recall.
Sing me your best, and I 'll sing you
Something in praise that 's really new;
If you can do without it, do;
  It 's one ode less, that 's all.

DUM-DUM.

THINGS I DON'T LIKE.

ROMAN REMAINS.

THERE lies before me as I write a portion of a Roman British city in the form of a brick.

To be strictly accurate there doesn't; I believe it is somewhere in the house, unless I threw it at a cat in the next garden; but I can't be bothered to search for it merely for the sake of literary exactitude.

As bricks go it is a beautiful brick. It has the texture and quality of a thoroughbred brick. Even a bricklayer would take pride in laying a brick like that.

Once, when it happened to be handy, I showed it to the builder who came about those cracks in the dining-room wall.

"Ah, that's a brick, that is," said he. "We don't get bricks like that nowadays."

Well, why don't we? We don't, and that's what annoys me about these Roman remains that make people so excited. It seems to me monstrous that the Romans spent all that time in this country, treating BOADICEA and others of the British nobility and gentry so badly too, without making some return by teaching the natives how to make really good durable bricks. I can't for the life of me see that they did any good by coming here at all. The trouble they took, entirely for their own sakes, to keep the Scots out was all in vain as far as modern London is concerned.

From those history-books in which our rough island story is skimmed so lightly up to the year 1066 I got the impression that the Romans had only been dropping coins and things about Britain, in their careless Southern way, for about six months when, being urgently summoned home, they made way for a beery blonde race, most of whose confused and singularly inept kings had names beginning with Ethel. It was not until about the time when this brick came into my possession that I realised that the Romans were here for more than four hundred years—quite long enough for them to have left behind them something more useful than "remains."

Not long ago I was discussing with a sophisticated Welshman the excavation of the Roman amphitheatre at Caerleon-on-Usk, which, we are told, was used for gladiatorial combats and the martyrdom of Christians—the very purposes for which we ourselves use the Albert Hall.

"Do you realise," he said, "that under the influence of the Romans Welsh was beginning to become a Latin language?"

"Something like Journalese?" I suggested. "What a pity the Welsh didn't get the Romans to teach them how to make really high-class bricks."

Then he began to babble of Roman culture, a subject that always leaves me very tired.

Though I object to having their culture rammed down my throat I recognise that the Romans showed ability in matters quite unconnected with the building trades. Their literary men, for example, were excellent classical scholars. But I contend that the practical value of the Roman occupation of this country has been preposterously exaggerated. Even the much-vaunted roads they made have proved to be quite unsuitable for motor traffic.

I am really grieved by the present craze for digging up fair English turf in order to disclose the ruins of villas that can have been no more convenient, though built of more durable bricks, than those that are springing up in our suburbs to-day. And I cannot see that an inscription deciphered as meaning that BALBUS built this wall when PLANCUS was Consul will have any more importance five thousand years hence than one that says that this stone was laid by Albert Wuggins, Esq., J.P., to commemorate the Jubilee of Her Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA.

Have we nothing then to show for the long sojourn of the Romans in this country except objects of interest to the archæologist and inconvenience to the allotment-holder?

Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH in one of his lectures has expressed the opinion that it is extremely improbable that the Romans spent all that time here without leaving traces of themselves in the blood of the population.

As an Englishman I don't feel so bucked about Roman remains of that kind either. Racially the Roman soldiery and colonists were a miscellaneous collection of assorted Dagoes and what-not. Yet this theory is conceivably a sound one. I was thinking of it the other evening in Soho.

"I keep a register of properties for sale and clients requiring same. Whether the reader of this advertisement has property for sale or a purchaser let me help you."

Provincial Paper.

Have you a purchaser for sale?



Mr. Goldstein (who has recently changed his name to Brown). "I VANT TO CHANGE MY NAME TO ROBINSON."
Solicitor. "WELL, OF COURSE I CAN DO IT FOR YOU, BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO CHANGE AGAIN?"
Mr. Brown. "VEN DEY SAY TO ME, 'VOT VAS YOUR NAME BEFORE IT VAS ROBINSON?' I VANT TO SAY IT VAS BROWN."

THE CHUMLEIGH FÊTE.

THE hedges shine with dog-rose stars;
The trout are rising in the brook;
The people in their motor-cars
Stop on the old stone bridge to look
At Chumleigh, little knowing all—
I mean to say that Mrs. Bate
Has *not* been asked to take a stall
At Lady Simpson's annual fête.

The Vicar told me yesterday,
It came upon him like a bomb;
The Vicar doubted what to say,
And so did Mr. Pearson (Tom);
And, though the sparrows seem to chirp
About its ivied windows still,
The chancel of our Early Perp.
Looks changed to me to-day and chill.

The whole affair is wrapped in doubt,
But some ascribe it to a terse
Remark by Mrs. Bate about
The salary of the district nurse;
Others exhume an ancient sin,
Gossip that Mrs. Bate denies
On Lady Simpson's origin
Not being County. Oh, these lies!

The nightingale sings on and on
As though its tiny heart would break,
The branch-barred moonlight glistens wan
For those who needs must lie awake;
Though Mrs. Bate once met the KING
No more the scent of new-mown hay
Can charm her, thinking of this thing,
Nor roses, nor the longest day.

The Browns are terribly distressed;
I have not spoken to the Squire,
But Mrs. Mansfield of "The Nest"
Has darkly used the word "conspire;"
In any case a kind of pall
Spreads over us since Mrs. Bate
Has *not* been asked to take a stall
At Lady Simpson's annual fête.

EVOE.

'LOGICAL NOVELS.

VI.—THE ENTOMOLOGICAL.

THE CINEMA-MAN IN THE TIMBER-MARSH.

ALL about the timber-marsh the great butterflies flit and settle. Cecropias crawl on the undergrowth; you see a Turnus every here and there glinting in the sun, or it may be only the common Dione Vanillæ that catches your eye. Sometimes a great Heliconian brushes you with her wings, or flitting over the marsh comes an Argyrnis.

The watching man did not know one of them. He was a down-and-out, an escaped embezzler. He knew Bulls and Bears in Wall Street, but of butterflies in the timber-marsh he knew nothing. His listless bloodshot eyes followed the floating wings, but he saw only blood, the blood of the Tammany Boss he had struck down in Fifth Avenue. Whether he had killed his victim or only broken his nose he did not know. He had fled, to lose himself here in this lonely waste where the Lepidoptera had it all their own way.

As he gazed sullenly at a Cossus Centerensis a yet brighter vision flashed among the trees and a voice sweeter than the oriole's came carolling down the path.

A young girl in the exquisite Pickfordian freshness of American heyday was coming towards him. Her check gingham dress fluttered in the wind, her straw hat hung by a ribbon. Once she paused to pick a huge horned caterpillar from a spray and put it in her pocket-handkerchief. The sight was too much for the man. He leaped to his feet.

"Kill that bug," he shouted; "why the Sam Hill do you put it in your nose-wiper?"

Mary Clementine stared at him. Came a ripple of fairy laughter.

"Why, Cinema-man," she cried, "you sure startled me."

He glowered. Even Mary Clementine could not take liberties with Silas B. MacIntyre, the Wall Street wart-hog. But he did not know our Mary Clementine, our Movie-Stardust girl, and she did not know that this was the man whom all the detectives wanted, the headline of a hundred papers.

"Cinema-man ain't my moniker," he growled.

"Of course not. I only meant that you look like a Cinema-man, the kind that chases people in bad dreams," she explained shyly. "No doubt you've a nice name your mammy knows you by."

"Not fancy enough for you, Miss," he gloomed at her. "Tell you straight, I'm a hobo. You go to those boobs in the town and tell them Silas B. is here, the man they're so belly-aching to get the screws on."

"But of course I won't, you poor Cinema-man," laughed Mary Clementine. "I'm going to have my lunch with you on this fallen log here. See what I've got."

Out of the cutest little basket Mary Clementine drew her simple lunch, Johnny cake and squash pie and hominy wrapped up in a napkin.

"Eat," she said, and filled her pretty mouth full.

Silas B. MacIntyre turned brick red.

"I ain't no white man," he said gruffly, "to eat with swells like you. I'm a pegleg in the ring, a dip; I ain't no dope. I leave the happy dust alone. I can put it over any bull alive, but I'm doing a getaway right here. I can't hand you out a hard-luck gag or a smooth spiel, but you've gotten a notion in your little bean as I'm a poor needy two-by-four guy. Huh!"

Our Mary Clementine is a Mayflower girl, a Star-dust girl. She wiped the crumbs of Johnny cake from her knee, then, taking out her handkerchief, she let fall the ugly orange puppy caterpillar of that lovely swallow-tail Papilio Cresphontes. She dropped it softly into the open hand of the cinema-man.

"It's yours," she said with a wistful sigh. For with this butterfly her collection would have been complete and her college entrance fees paid. The dream of her youth, the hoarded vision of her austere childhood in the timber-marsh faded like a mist. Her childish speedwell eyes filled with tears.

"Take care of it," she said.

"Search me!" muttered Silas B. "What 'll I do with the darned bug?"

"Feed it—these leaves here," she said; "it 'll become a chrysalis and then a butterfly. Watching it you 'll be happy."

She rose and flitted away from him, a little gingham-clad figure, leaving Silas B. MacIntyre an awakened man.

* * * * *

In the little wood house by the lonely timber-marsh life went hardly for Mary Clementine. Her father was an invalid, a querulous disappointed man; her brother had been crippled in an automobile race, and her mother, a hard-faced dour woman descended from the Pilgrim Fathers, went grimly about the business of life.

Never again might Mary Clementine find Papilio Cresphontes, and she had given it away to help a fellow-being in his dire need. The girlish cheeks grew hollow, the blue eyes too large, while she toiled at household chores and sat late at her books. But Mary Clementine seemed fated never to know Graduation Day. All her little savings went to buy an artificial leg for her brother. And the stern-faced mother gave her no sympathy. She'd no use, she said gruffly, for "frills."

Day by day Mary Clementine haunted the timber-marsh, net in hand, a little flitting figure, still searching for Papilio Cresphontes.

Then at last she saw it, the gorgeous beautiful thing flitting above her, in front of her. With a cry she was after it, recklessly running through the undergrowth. Bright wings over the black marsh mud! A gingham frock slowly disappearing, two white-stockinged legs going . . . gone. A mop of golden curls above the cruel mud; despairing eyes, red lips trembling . . . a shuddering cry of horror. The mud was to



Plutocrat. "I DON'T CARE A ROW OF 'OUSES FOR ANYBODY'S OPINION."



"ATMOSPHERICS."

Old Lady. "TELL ME, JOAN, IS THAT A SAXOPHONE OR A DEEP DEPRESSION NEAR ICELAND MOVING SLOWLY SOUTHWARD?"

have the brightest thing in the timber-marsh. No! No! No! The marsh was to be cheated. Strong arms about her, a man's voice cheering her.

"Huh! Reckon you're safe. Hold on to the elevator-man. There—there!"

An agonized effort, a squelch of hungry disappointed mud and Mary Clementine was on an outstretched bough leaning on the rough tweed shoulder of a real American white male man. That was what she thought as her sunshine eyes sought those of her rescuer. Then surprise overcame even joy.

"Cinema-man!" she gasped, "my Cinema-man! But you—you look like an English lord."

"Reckon I am that guy," said Silas B. shyly, whimsically. "Simon Bertram FitzSimon, twentieth Baron Earlscourt in the Peerage of Great Britain and a whole lot more *Burke*-stuff, at your service."

Mary Clementine swallowed a little mud with a gasp.

"But how—why?" she murmured.

"It was all that darned bug you gave me—I mean that blessed butterfly," he explained slowly.

Mary Clementine nestled against him. Even coated as she was with timber-marsh mud, to see our Mary Clementine nestle was a sight for the movies.

"You mean Papilio Cresphontes."

"That's so. You see, you putting it over on me to nourish and cherish that darned caterpillar like my life was a bit of real uplift to me. What with getting him his day's rations and making notations on his habits I'd no time for backslidings. The day he came out of his chrysalis I got him canned and pinned out, when there happened along an old English professor, some fossil. Stuck to me like chewing-gum to sell him that bug. That wasn't enough. I must be his stenographer and make notations for him. And in the end I'd got to go to England."

"So that's where you were, Cinema-man," murmured Mary Clementine. "I thought I'd lost you for ever. But even now I don't see how you're a lord."

"Well, I reckon," said Silas B., "I'd a terrible familiar appearance to those English swells, like their old portraits. It seemed the heir to the title had been kidnapped by a wicked nurse and taken to New York City and never heard of again. It was soon established that I was that child. Nurse called me 'Si,' which was short for 'Simon,' not 'Silas,' as we supposed. And, Mary Clementine, you'll sure be some peach of a baroness."

"Have they any butterflies in England?" she asked with a shy cheek against his shoulder.

"They sure have. But it's not a lepidopterous country like this one. And I guess it's time we showed those Britishers the moral uplift of entomology in fiction."

Mary Clementine seized her butterfly net.

"Come!" she said. W. M. L.

À propos of the recent description of a Chinese malefactor:—

"Being beheaded is regarded, even in Chinese criminal circles, as the most ignoble death possible and one involving the most complete loss of 'face.'"—*Shanghai Paper.*

That's the worst of getting one's head mislaid.

"SEEMS TO ME . . ."

GEORGE HAS A BRAIN-WAVE ABOUT THE LIBERAL PARTIES.

"OF course," said George sleepily, putting down the paper and picking up the port, "I don't know anything about it, old boy, and it 's nothing to do with me, but seems to me, as a layman or dog's-body, that there 's not so much fun in the world that we can afford to lose the Liberal Parties. And from that point of view, Haddock, old fish, it seems to me that it 's up to the Brighter London Movement to do something to keep at least one of the Liberal Parties going, old boy, and not let the Liberal Parties do themselves in altogether in one of these orgies of self-mutilation. They say that sometimes, in the savage knife-dances they have, the natives of Potbelli are apt to get carried away and cut out their livers in an access of religious frenzy. We don't want anything of that sort to happen to the Liberal Parties, do we, old boy? Of course I don't know anything about it, but, seems to me, the gloomy drama of Westminster would have to be taken off altogether if you cut out the comic relief, if you see what I mean.

"Of course, old boy, I know I 'm not clever and all that, but, as often happens to me, I 've had an idea. I met an American meat-packer once who said he 'd never looked back since he went out flat-footed for Christian Science. And, seems to me, what the Liberal Parties ought to do is to go out flat-footed for Liberty. Yes, it 's a funny idea, old boy, I know, specially in these days, but it came to me in the bath, so there 's pretty sure to be something in it. What they want in the dear old Liberal Parties, seems to me, is some kind of a unifying idea, if you see what I mean. Of course I don't know anything about these things, but I read the papers a lot, and when I see a speech by a Liberal leader I always read the first column and a-half. And I always see a lot about these principles of Liberalism, old boy. I always like to see the principles of Liberalism in print, because I 've got a pretty good ear for music and it runs nicely, you can't deny. But, believe me or not, Haddock—and of course I don't pretend to understand everything—but, do you know, I could no more give you a list of the principles of Liberalism than I could give you a nominal roll of the House of Lords.

"Well, now, when you come to consider the amount of time I devote to the papers, old boy, that 's a very extraordinary thing, seems to me. Of course I know, if you say 'Free Trade,' that always brings them together; it 's like throwing a bone into a Dogs' Home; but if you don't say 'Free Trade' you haven't a hope of seeing more than a couple of Liberals at the same time, and if you say anything else it 's like letting a town-dog loose in a sheep-run. The first principle of Liberalism, seems to me, is to vote in different Lobbies, and, seems to me, it 's pretty hard on the Liberal Parties they 've only two Lobbies at the House of Commons. I mean, between plain 'Aye' and 'No' there 's all sorts of things a Liberal might want to say. There 's the Contingent Affirmative and the Hypothetical Negative and the Abstention Conditional; he might like to vote Aye-under-protest or No-without-prejudice; he may want to make it clear that when he votes 'No' he only does it as an insult to one of his leaders or a gesture of loyalty to another. But, seems to me, there 's no fine shades in the House of Commons' voting arrangements; and if a Liberal has to vote plain 'Aye' or 'No' it 's ten to one he 'll find himself in the same Lobby as another Liberal and lose a lot of caste.

"Still, you 'd think they 'd be proud of voting in different places, old boy, even if it 's only two, because, after all, that does mean liberty, seems to me; but they aren't. Now what I thought of in the bath was this. You see this Eight Hours' Bill they 're bringing in? Well, when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was told about that, he said, 'Seems to me, the Government 's blundering badly.' Some of his kind of Liberal were voting for the Government about the same time, and some were voting against it, and some of them were busy abstaining, and some were passing resolutions of unity, and others were making demonstrations of solidarity. But Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, one of the leaders of one of the Liberal Parties, said that the Government were blundering badly in bringing in this Bill about Hours.

"Now, of course, I don't know anything about these things, and I don't understand the coal strike like you do, I dare say, but, seems to me, apart from all that, this Bill is the most wonderful Bill that anybody 's brought in for years. Because, you see, it 's a Bill *to allow people to do something*, if they like. Now that 's a most extraordinary thing, old boy. Of course it may not seem extraordinary to you, because, seems to me, you don't study the legislative columns like I do, though you may know more about the coal strike, old boy. But I can tell you that pretty nearly every Bill that 's been brought in by anybody since I started reading the legislative columns has been a Bill to stop somebody from doing something they wanted to do, or a Bill to make somebody do something they didn't want to do. You see the difference at once, old boy? And yet when the Government brings in a Bill to let people do something if they like, the first thing that happens is that one of the leaders of one of the Liberal Parties says it 's a bloomer.

"Now that will show you the kind of state our politics is in. When an Englishman hears a man singing in church his first instinct is to stop him. And, seems to me, when I read about these Bills, there must be hundreds of people at Westminster just sitting about and thinking out ways of stopping me from doing things. And of course in the whole history of the world, old boy, no one 's ever brought in a Bill to let me do something that I couldn't do already. My standard of living goes down and down, but does anybody so much as ask a Question about it, old boy?

"Of course I know it isn't only the people at Westminster. It 's the people who



"DEAR PATER,—THINGS ARE A BIT TIGHT FOR ME AT THE MOMENT, AND A SMALL CHECK WOULD SUIT ME NICELY."



Point (*appealing for catch at wicket*). "'OW 'S THAT?"
Umpire (*supporter of batting side*). "MIND YER OWN BUSINESS." (*Appeal dismissed.*)

write postcards. My Aunt Agatha keeps a bundle of postcards in a drawer printed all ready: 'I PROTEST AGAINST BLANK, BLANK. PRAY USE YOUR INFLUENCE TO STOP IT.' And when she reads that some girls wear pyjamas or kiss on Sundays she whips out a postcard, fills in the blank and off it goes to her Member of Parliament and the B.B.C.; and all her friends send postcards by the same post to all the bishops and all the editors and all the managers of theatres to protest against girls wearing pyjamas and kissing on Sundays. And it 's the Aunts, old boy, who govern our land. For when all the Members of Parliament get letters from all the Aunt Agathas about girls wearing pyjamas or kissing on Sundays they lose their nerve and ask a Question. And sooner or later somebody brings in a Bill to stop girls wearing pyjamas and kissing on Sundays.

"And, seems to me, there isn't a soul in the whole darned borough of Westminster whose first instinct it is to say, 'Now why in the name of COBDEN *shouldn't* the girls wear pyjamas and kiss on Sundays?'

"And all the parties are just as bad as each other. If all the Bills they have in mind became law none of us could ever do anything we wanted to do again. And that 's where I see a chance for the Liberal Parties. Seems to me their first principle should be, 'If any man brings in a Bill to stop anyone from doing anything or make anyone do anything we all stand up and shout *Why?* You may be right about the pyjamas and you may persuade us about the pyjamas, but our *primâ-facie* What 's-its-name is "Let the pyjamas alone!" And if this Bill is inspired by postcards from Aunt Agatha it 's muck.'

"And all the time," said George, "they should be bringing in little Bills themselves to let people do things they can't do. Seems to me, if they took this line, the Liberal Parties might have twenty or thirty seats in the next Parliament. Look at this cigarette," continued George thoughtfully; "it cost a man five pounds—not the man who bought it but the man who sold it. Selling cigarettes after 8 P.M. There 's a law against that, old boy. There is also a law against selling chocolates after 9.30 P.M. This man was selling chocolate legally with his right hand, but with his left he pointed at a packet of cigarettes and was fined five pounds. And not one member of that bat-eyed Parliament has a word to say. Seems to me," said George, "the Liberal Parties might bring in a little Bill about that—'A Bill to Permit Free Britons to Buy and Sell Cigarettes and Chocolates at any Hour They Dam Well Please.' Seems to me," said George, "there would be more sense in that than many things they do. And what a chance, old boy, for the Principles of Liberalism!" A. P. H.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(BY A MISONEIST.)

FAR too many bags of vanity;
Far too much macabre can-canity;
Music that is mad or "Planety,"
Rich in resonant inanity
But devoid of tune or sanity;
Hearts and faces hard and granity;
Minds deprived of all urbanity;
Speech that revels in profanity;
Liberal Lloyd-Georgianity
Face to face with Runcimanity;
Everywhere Alsatianity,
And the worship of Suzannity.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The ordinary man meant an intelligent person, one who was interested in the things in which he was interested."—*Local Paper.*

"One thing is certain, whether you accept or reject my Gulf Stream statement there is something very seriously wrong with our weather."—*Letter in Daily Paper.*

This statement is accepted.



MANNERS AND MODES.

SCENE—*Bond Street.*

Youthful Blood (in bowler, to ditto in silk hat). "HULLO! WHAT IS IT—WEDDIN' OR SOMETHIN'? YOU LOOK HORRIBLY SUBURBAN."

PERFECTLY LOVELY TIMES.

XVIII.—THE HEATHFIELD GARDENS DEADLOCK.

So far as I am concerned the matter is at an end. Unless Enderby is prepared to resume operations on the understanding that the score is now 40—15 in my favour, there will be no continuance of rhythmical ball-exercise on the Heathfield Gardens Lawn-Tennis Court between 3 and 4 P.M. this summer. Nobody else plays at that time of day.

It seems a pity that this crisis should have arisen for it was our first game of the season, partly because the ground has been completely waterlogged for over a month, and partly because Enderby has only just remitted his share of the annual subsidy to his niece, who is the honorary secretary of the Club.

The inauguration ceremony took place under most favourable auspices, by which I mean to say that there were many moments during the afternoon when the sun was distinctly visible. I gather that there was disappointment on the day in question at Stonehenge, a mist obscuring the radiance which was expected to shine on the stone called the Friar's Heel, and that there were eight hundred miles of fog in the Atlantic. But on the Heathfield Gardens Lawn-Tennis Court patches of brightness frequently occurred. There was a dry bustle in the laburnums, a large jug of cider-cup had been prepared and the young starlings were very busy pecking at worms. Only man, if one can include Enderby in this zoological category, was vile.

Perhaps I had better recapitulate the now historic outlines of the dispute.

Obtaining service, I struck the ball twice fiercely into the net. Love 15. My second service was returned into the net: 15 all. I then baffled and beat him completely with a sharp delivery that kept low and struck him between the right ankle and the right knee. 30—15. My next service he lobbed.

"Out!" I cried in a clear ringing voice when the descent had been finally achieved.

"Line," said Enderby. He came round and picked up the ball and showed that it had a white mark on it.

I pointed out that, owing to the unmethodical and irregular delineation of the court by Bates, the hired gardener, several splashes of white stuff had been deposited just beyond the line.

"I am certain," said Enderby, "that my ball struck the line."

"How can you be certain?" I said, "You are not your ball."

Enderby pointed out to me the argument used upon a certain relevant occasion by the Japanese philosopher, SOSHI. SOSHI was walking beside the river with a friend.

"How delightfully the fishes are enjoying themselves in the water!" exclaimed SOSHI.

His friend said, "You are not a fish. How do you know the fishes are enjoying themselves?"

"You are not myself," returned SOSHI. "How do you know that I do not know that the fishes are enjoying themselves?"

"Similarly," urged Enderby, "how do you know that I am not certain that my ball fell on the line?"

I replied by throwing my racquet carelessly into a clump of delphiniums and folding my arms.

Mind you, I am not obstinate. I



THE BABE IN THE WOOD.

"WHEN THEY DO AGREE, THEIR UNANIMITY IS WONDERFUL."—*SHERIDAN, "The Critic."*



THE SEASON IN FULL SWING.

Female Thruster. "LOOK—THERE'S LADY LETTICE, AND I'M SO HEMMED IN I CAN'T WAVE TO ATTRACT HER ATTENTION."
Thruster's Husband. "THEN JUST PULL A FRIENDLY FACE AT HER AND HOPE FOR THE BEST."

frankly and freely admit the necessity for a thorough reorganisation of both base-lines on the Heathfield Gardens Lawn-tennis Court, beginning with the gradual elimination of misleading and unprofitable patches. But I do demand that until such time as that reorganisation has been set on foot not an inch shall be added to the court nor a point taken off my score. I cannot consent to take up my racquet again on the basis of a let, the tentative formula first proposed by Mrs. Enderby, still less upon the basis of 30 all. The right of decision in the matter of this return was vested in me, and I can admit no outside adjudication or gratuitous interference by a third party. Meanwhile the athletic life of Heathfield Gardens between 3 and 4 P.M. is temporarily at a standstill.

I am determined not to speak to Bates on the question of reorganisation, nor to encounter Enderby again except on the condition of a full and frank avowal of his error, and a resumption of the game upon my own terms, with myself in the right-hand court. Mrs. Enderby promise of strawberries and whipped cream for tea if we wash out the original score and start all over again I regard as merely the muddle-headed effort of a well-meaning but misguided pacifist.

Enderby employs his leisure hours in science. For all that I know he may shine in that pursuit. At exhibiting the development *in vitro* of the Isolated Eye of the Embryonic Fowl he may be a past-master of his craft. At illustrating the methods of Recording and Measuring Solar Radiation he may be a popular and genial figure in the meteorological world. As a comparer of Lepidoptera for the purpose of shedding light on the Induction of Melanism there may be no one, perhaps, who wins so many admiring plaudits at meetings of the Royal Society, or whose photograph is so frequently published in *The Butterfly Collectors' Review*. But at determining the exact incidence of a tennis-ball on the floor of a lawn-tennis court he is, frankly speaking, a Scug. Nothing is to be gained by mincing matters or beating about the bush.

Time will doubtless soften the asperities of the situation and permit of our meeting again in the latter half of July or thereabouts. But there must first of all be a recognition on his part that the acceptance of the 40—15 position is a necessary preliminary to all negotiations, and that authority in base-line decisions rests singly and solely with the party operating in that court in which the base-line is situate. To admit any trifling on an issue so vital is to undermine the whole of that carefully-laid foundation on which English lawn-tennis is reared.

Meanwhile, as I told Mrs. Enderby at the Smiths' on Saturday night, so far as contests between her husband and myself on the Heathfield Gardens Court are concerned, my racquet is for the time being laid aside. She offered no answer except to ask me whether I could reach the almonds, but I think, from the slight *moue* she made, she understood the gravity of my words. EVOE.

"A reward of Q5 is offered to the rectors or vicars of the counties of Sussex, Surrey, Middlesex, Berkshire, Yorkshire and London, supplying particulars of the birth or baptism of Arthur Bartlett, and/or Arthur Burges, born in March, 1813."—*Daily Paper.*
Five quid (Q5) seems very handsome.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 21st.—Brazil, the FOREIGN SECRETARY informed the House, has formally withdrawn from the League of Nations because it cannot have a permanent seat on the Council. Sir AUSTEN expressed regret, but called the League an "increasingly powerful international organisation," a phrase which may not strike Brazil as being very flattering to herself. One gathered from the attitude of Spain that the feast of reason might be deprived of its *mañanas* as well as its nuts.

Mr. SUGDEN asked the PRIME MINISTER if he could not arrange to get our share of German reparations in coal. Mr. BALDWIN said there would have to be negotiations and it would be late in the autumn before the coal began to arrive. And by that time, of course, summer may be here.

Messrs. FIMMEN and OUDEGEEST are the secretaries of the International Federation of Trades Unions and the International Transport Workers' Union and they wanted to come to London for the International Labour Congress on Migration. It may be explained that whenever an organisation is started with the object of torpedoing British industry for the benefit of the Continental worker it is called the International something or other. The HOME SECRETARY, however, who has had his international eye on the distinguished internationalists in question and is aware that during the general strike they bent their secretarial efforts to the congenial task of stopping the unloading of British ships in foreign ports, refuses to give them "increased facilities for any other plans of a similar character." Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, who is a bit of an internationalist himself, was so overwhelmed at the prospect of this international calamity that he wanted to move the adjournment of the House but failed to convince the SPEAKER that the matter was urgent.

The SECRETARY FOR MINES having introduced the Coal Mines Bill and the Mining Industry Bill, the House settled down to complete the Committee stage of the Finance Bill. About a dozen new clauses and amendments proposing exemptions from income-tax of one sort or another were moved by various sections of the House. To most of them Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. MCNEILL ruthlessly administered the polished *coup de grâce*. Every now and again *Messieurs les assassins* paused to strop the axe on the despatch-box and murmur kindly, "This hurts us more than it does you. We would love to let the little darlings live, but we simply can't afford it."

Tuesday, June 22nd.—Opposition by the stoutest of Conservative peers to a measure blessed by a Conservative Government and passed by substantial majorities in the House of Commons should endear the House of Lords to those who like to think that we have an upper chamber in which pure intellect habitually triumphs over the dictates of party discipline. The revolt of Lords PHILLIMORE, DERBY, YOUNGER, BANBURY and WITTENHAM would have been more impressive, however, if its apparent purpose had not been to proclaim that QUEEN ANNE is not dead. For the object of their wrath, the Re-election of Ministers Bill, does away with the present necessity—established by the statute of "Great ANNA"—of having a by-election whenever a Member of the House of Commons takes office.

The argument for the Bill, as propounded by Lords CLARENDON and SALISBURY, is that the conditions which caused the existing rule to be made—the possible exercise of undue influence by the Crown on its paid servants in the House of Commons—had disappeared. The argument in opposition was that the Constitution should not be changed without an appeal to the country, which might well wish to preserve to itself the right to veto the appointment to office of a Member whom it no longer approved of. Lord DARLING countered this objection with the suggestion that if the Bill were rejected the Government might be driven, in order to avoid by-elections, to selecting all its Ministers from the House of Lords.

Mr. WHITLEY craved the indulgence of the House of Commons to inform it that Oxford proposed to honour him with a degree on the following day. Modestly and incorrectly assuming that it was the Speaker and not the Man that the University was delighting to honour, he desired permission to be absent for the occasion.

Questions and answers to and by the PRIME MINISTER on the subject of mining royalties almost assumed the dimensions of a small debate. The gist of the answers was that the coal strike has made the question of the State acquisition of mining royalties much more difficult financially than it was, but that the whole question is being carefully considered.

The Second Reading of the Smoke Abatement Bill provoked little enthusiasm. Members heard from Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN that country people get twenty per cent. more sunshine per day than city folk and wondered if twenty per cent. of precious little was worth worrying about anyway. They heard that Manchester spends seven-pence-half-penny a week more per head on its laundry than Harrogate, and wondered if this included the cost of washing the Liberal Party's soiled linen in public. They learned that Clause 1 of the Bill extends the definition of "smoke" to include "soot, ash, grit and gritty particles," and that severe penalties await the owner of any gritty young particle found loitering in public places without a permit.

Criticism of the Bill—there was no opposition—came from those who thought that it was time measures were taken against the domestic coal fire, from which, Members alleged, more than half of all the soot, ash, grit, etc.,



"'I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO RAIN,' SAID TWEEDLEDUM; 'AT LEAST NOT UNDER HERE.'"
"Through the Looking-Glass."

MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. RONALD MCNEILL.

is derived. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, however, declared that to suppress the open coal fire until a reliable smokeless fuel had been invented wouldn't be cricket on the hearth.

Wednesday, June 23rd.—The Mining Industry Bill recalls ANSTEY'S "Parable of Piljosh." The elephant was dying of hunger when a benevolent person offered him an acid drop. Colonel LANE-FOX is not the sort of man out of whose hand the wild elephants of the Socialist bush are prepared to eat. All through his speech they trumpeted indignantly, and the SPEAKER'S threat that those who interrupted would not be allowed to speak fell on deaf ears.

The acrid mirth took on a more natural tone when the SECRETARY FOR MINES, with the large manner of a rich uncle from Australia, explained that "Part III. provided for the setting up of baths." The vision of Colonel LANE-FOX essaying to capture that fowl of ill omen, Mr. COOK, by putting bath-salts on his tail really justified what the Parliamentary reporter describes as "some Opposition laughter."

Mr. HARTSHORN, who attacked the Bill in a speech of statesmanlike force and lucidity—his second within nine days—declared that the mine-owners would never amalgamate if the matter were left to them. He also declared that it was not the foreigner who had cut prices but the profitable British mines, which had undercut the foreigner with the help of their share of the coal subsidy. He again pleaded for unification, by which the hopeless mines could be scrapped and the unprofitable ones brought to the same state of efficiency as the profitable ones; and suggested that the leaders of all parties in the House should get round a table and try to hammer out a solution.

Some Conservative Members, and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE on behalf of self and friends, supported this proposal; but Colonel LANE-FOX "side-stepped" it by replying that the Government would be charmed to meet "anyone authorised by the miners to negotiate"—in a word the still unsalted Mr. COOK.

Thursday, June 24th.—The Peers' debate on the proposal to allow peeresses in their own right to take part in their deliberations was conducted with a lamentable lack of chivalry. Even peers wax ungallant when the age-old antagonism between the sexes finds a suitable focus, and such of the twenty existing peeresses in their own right as were present heard uncomplimentary things said about themselves and had to find what solace they could in the bitter reflection that the unfair sex had carefully elected to speak its mind when



DR. SPEAKER.

there was no risk of the female of the species retaliating.

Every argument against Lord ASTOR'S Bill was produced except the one that really weighs on their Lordships' minds, namely the knowledge that active-minded peeresses would never be content to do nothing in particular and do it very well. The Second Reading of the Bill was refused by 125 votes to 85, presumably on the ground, so comfortingly advanced by Lord BIRKENHEAD, that the time to admit women to the House of Lords is when, if ever, the House of Lords is reformed.

While their Lordships were busy burying their false fangs in Lord ASTOR'S devoted Bill the Commons were learning with dismay that twenty million artificial teeth are being imported into this country annually. Captain WATERHOUSE, who gave the information, wanted to know if the Government would treat false teeth as a key industry. Sir P. CUNLIFFE-LISTER thought not. Other Members suggested that imported grinders should be marked under the Merchandise Marks Bill, or better still that we should import the elephants and grow our own ivory. Mr. MACQUISTEN, ever the pessimist, said that if the trade unions pursued their present policy there would be no need in this country for any kind of teeth, artificial or other.

Salaries of the Ministry of Agriculture gave the House in Committee an opportunity of discussing agriculture, which it does with the greater fluency because nothing ever comes of it. Perhaps that is why Mr. GUINNESS turned his back on the Press Gallery while he explained that "the mainspring of agricultural prosperity must be the self-help of the British farmer."

On the motion for adjournment Mr. R. MCNEILL took the House into the Government's confidence on the subject of the Meston Committee's Report. The Committee, it appears, was appointed in May, 1922, to consider the question of block-grants, and completed its investigations in March of the following year. No report however had been received, though Lord MESTON had assured the Government at decorous intervals that he was absolutely in the act of sticking down the envelope and licking the stamp.



EXIT THE GREAT ANNA.
LORDS SALISBURY AND CLARENDON.

Candour in Advertisement.

From a booklet in praise of a South Coast resort:—

"FISH.—Grey Mullet, Bass, Plaice, Dabs, Bream and Soles, can be caught in the vicinity, and in September and October even smelt."

The New Numismatology.

"A Roman farthing (Carolus II.) has been unearthed at Canterbury."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Junior Shorthorn-Typist Required at once."—*Provincial Paper.* But would anyone dare to dictate to her?



Wife of Artist. "YES, CLAUDE DESIGNED ALL THE FURNITURE AND DECORATION OF THIS ROOM. IT'S HIS HOBBY."
Caller. "DON'T YOU FIND THAT CHAIR RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE?"
Wife of Artist. "OH, OF COURSE I ALWAYS SIT ON THE FLOOR EXCEPT WHEN WE HAVE VISITORS."

MR. PUNCH TO MISS RUTH DRAPER.

LET others celebrate the skill
Of HAGEN (not the WAGNER person)
Or BOBBY JONES, or tune their quill
In praise of GISH or BILLY MERSON;

Let them wax lyrical upon
The stalwart nymphs, at whom one gazes
In wonder as at Wimbledon
They bang the bounding ball to blazes;

Let them exalt STRAVINSKY'S muse,
Explosive, sombre and barbaric—
I find it easier to enthuse
About RUTH DRAPER at the Garrick.

Alone, with but the slightest change
Of dress, a miracle mnemonic,
Triumphantly we've seen her range
Over the gamut histrionic.

In half-a-dozen tongues she plays,
In all achieving sheer perfection
Not only in the turn of phrase,
But in the subtlest voice-inflexion.

Kaleidoscopic in her moods
She thrills, refreshes and rejoices,
A *femme-orchestre* whose art includes
All tones and "registers" and voices.

Her satire's keen and sharp, and yet,
Though they admire her when she's witty,
Her hearers never can forget
Her swift appeals to human pity.

O elocutionists, and all
Ye jocular alert reciters,
Who seek our senses to enthrall
With excerpts from facetious writers,

Take heed of one who from the fount
Of life both sweet and bitter fetches,
Who turns them both to fine account
And writes her own delightful "sketches:"

Whose genius wisely is displayed
In stimulating her spectators
To lend the imaginative aid
Which makes them her collaborators;

Whose piercingly observant eyes
Let nothing great or small escape her,
Mistress of magical surprise,
Of laughter and of tears—RUTH DRAPER.

The Vogue of Grand Guignol.

Cambridge University has decided to confer honorary degrees on all except students seeking first-class horrors, for whom the examinations will be held as usual."—*New Zealand Paper.*

Official notices in Manchester tram-car:—

"DON'T SPIT IN THE TRAM.
USE THE SHIP CANAL."

TO A BAD WICKET-KEEPER.

Air—"Oh, why do you walk through the fields in gloves . . ."

Oh, WHY do you stand on the field in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?
Oh, fat white booby whom nobody loves,
Why do you stand on the field in gloves,
When the air is loud with my "Heavens above's!"
As you drop each ball that they touch?
Oh, why do you stand on the field in gloves,
Missing so much and so much?

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Just across the way is Spencer's House, in which the poet, Herbert Spencer, is said to have written 'Shepheards's Calendar' about 1576."—*Local Paper.*

"2-seater car, less engine and radiator, body, hood, etc., in fair condition, price free on rail, £7 10s."—*Motoring Paper.*

There doesn't seem to be much left for the money, unless it's the smell.

"Wanted, finely framed modern miniatures of famous personages, known or unknown."
Weekly Paper.

Thanks to the efforts of the Press the supply of unknown famous personages is growing rapidly.

AT THE PLAY.

"WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN" (SAVOY).

MR. H. F. MALTBY has set his "piece of extravagance" in one of those mournful agglomerations of disused railway carriages, packing-cases, corrugated-iron bungalows, chicken-runs, goat-pitches, wireless wires, struggling vegetables and hoarded rubbish which have crept like a leprosy over once lovely patches of the South Downs. Our particular scene is a derelict G.W.R. saloon with about eleven-shillings' worth of extemporised furniture and cracked oddments of crockery, the residence of the widowed *Countess Strong-i'-th'-Arm* and her daughter the *Lady Ursula*. The once great lady, though definitely deteriorated, puts up an heroic fight against complete submergence. *Ursula*, on the other hand, has acquired a formidable accent and a sad repertory of vulgar *clichés*, and is happy in her job as kitchen-maid at The Towers, ancient seat of the *Strong-i'-th'-Arms*, now owned by a deplorable vulgarian, *Burrows*, who, as "transpires" later, had founded his fortunes on a bob pinched long ago from the *Countess* when she was a child and put on a winner at 33 to 1. This was a queer lapse on the part of the lad who had worshipped the radiant maiden from afar.

For the moment the profiteer does not recognise his old flame, and, having had his face ground in early youth by the governing classes generally, is determined to put through it any one of the tribe that comes into his power. The *Countess* is behind with her rent. Out with her then.

But, naturally, young *Hector Burrows*, of Harrow and Cambridge, has fallen in love with the kitchenmaid and insists on helping with the rent. *Ursula's* mother naturally assumes his intentions to be dishonourable (he is not quite sure about them himself) and reproves her for looking beyond her station and risking her maiden honour.

A situation not seriously meant to be plausible, of which the working out would have diverted me more if it had been kept on the plane of farcical fantasy and not been larded with sentiment and apparently serious politico-sociological passages.

However there was plenty of obvious fun extracted from this elaborate inversion of an old situation, even if the ringing of the changes of misadventure due to the collapse of furniture and fittings became a little tiresome before we were done with them. Very properly the softened profiteer led his old love to



A FALLEN PEER.

Lord Tottenham . . . MR. FRED KERR.

the altar and The Towers, while his expensive *Hector* was given permission to pursue his courtship of the *Lady Ursula*.

It didn't seem quite Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S proper environment, but she brought a subtlety of conception to the portrait of the decaying *Countess* which made of that part something more, I imagine, than was written into it. Her air of weary horror at her duckling's excesses was a pleasant thing to watch. Mr. FRED KERR, as the corduroyed odd-job labourer, *Lord Tottenham*, a rather delightful old buffer, got a good deal of quiet amusement out of an attractive part. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE as *Lady Tottenham* was less well served perhaps, but was an adequate foil. I thought Miss ELIZABETH ARKELL (*Ursula*) a little too effervescent, though it would be difficult, perhaps, to define any exaggerations in so bizarre a situation as over-playing. Mr. GEORGE ELTON put in an amusing piece of work as a lugubrious broker, and Mr. ROBIN IRVINE was agreeable enough as the sensitive unlikely scion of the ignoble house of *Burrows*. Of course there was no actor but Mr. EDMUND GWENN who could have been allowed to impersonate the ineffable *Burrows père*, a part which he could play in his sleep from long practice in the manufacture of peculiarly offensive vulgarians. *Elizabeth*, the goat, deserves a word of praise for her air of easy assurance when taking her call, though she seemed to think she might have been allowed to investigate the green covering of the orchestra pit as a possible source of solace more to the point than mere applause. T.



EARLY MORNING COURAGE.

MR. BURROWS (MR. EDMUND GWENN) PROPOSES TO *COUNTESS STRONG-I'-TH'-ARM* (MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL) IN THE SMALL HOURS.

"RIVERSIDE NIGHTS" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

I welcome the return of *Riverside Nights* to its own place after a brief migration to the neighbourhood of Cambridge Circus, which is situated too far from the Thames. Not that there is anything peculiarly riparian in this entertainment; but the fame of Hammersmith is closely associated with Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR, the producer of this attractive revue, and is also the home of Mr. A. P. HERBERT, his chief partner in its creation. Further, one feels that Mr. PLAYFAIR, who in his part of *compère* confides to us so intimately the affairs of his own family, real or imagined, looks best in his natural surroundings.

To "signalise" (as our literary cricketers say) the return of *Riverside Nights*, two new scenes have been introduced—(1) "The Ballad of Black-Eyed Susan," with GAY'S words and

LEVERIDGE'S original setting, arranged by Mr. ALFRED REYNOLDS, a very charming number whose only defect, itself part of the charm, was the blue of Miss KATHLYN HILLIARD'S eyes; (2) "The Scarlet Scissors," conceived by Mr. ASHLEY DUKES and choreographed by Mr. FREDERIC ASHTON to the music of Mr. EUGENE GOOSSENS, a show of mannequins in which the foibles of ballet in general and Russian ballet in particular were very happily burlesqued.

The original programme keeps the freshness of its very uncommon qualities. In Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S parody of TCHEHOV, "Love lies Bleeding," or "The Puss in Russian Boots," one regrets the disappearance of Miss MARIE DAINTON with her superb imitation of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, but it remains the best thing of its kind on the revue stage. Master PLAYFAIR'S "Drama" of LAMBERT SIMNEL and PERKIN WARBECK has lost nothing of its compelling appeal to the historical instinct; and the good fun of Miss DOROTHY MASSINGHAM'S pseudo-Italian episode, "Il Triangolo Eternello," is unabated.

I hope I am not prejudiced by the fact that most of them have appeared in these pages when I say that perhaps the distinguishing feature of the entertainment is still to be found in Mr. HERBERT'S lyrical studies of low life, admirably interpreted by Miss ELSA LANCHESTER and Miss DORICE FORDRED, who recognise that it is their first business to get the author's words across to us. Mr. GEORGE BAKER, who played the title-rôle in A.P.H.'s "The Policeman's Serenade," doesn't seem to have learned this lesson. He was more concerned with the claims of his own admirable voice.

Altogether a delightful entertainment, which asks for a nicer sense of humour than most revues demand, but escapes any suspicion of an attempt to be superior. I commend these *noctes Hammersmithianæ* to all people with brows of medium elevation, neither too high nor too low. O. S.

ON Tuesday, July 6th, at 5.30 and 8.0 P.M., Mr. BEN GREET and his Players are to give scenes from *As You Like It* in the Garden of Lambeth Palace, on behalf of the funds of St. Peter's Orphan and Convalescent Homes (more familiarly known as the TAIT Homes), of which the Archbishop of CANTERBURY is President. If the weather is unfavourable the afternoon performance will be given in the Guard Room of the Palace, and the evening performance in Archbishop TEMPLE'S Central School, 202, Lambeth Road, S.E. Tickets for the afternoon performance, £1 1*s.* 0*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.*, may be obtained from Miss CARNEGIE, Lambeth Palace, S.E., and for the evening performance, 5*s.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*, from the Mayor, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2.

These Homes, for which Mrs. RANDALL DAVIDSON recently broadcasted a moving appeal, developed from an orphanage founded by Dr. TAIT for the care of children whose parents had died in the cholera epidemic that swept over London sixty years ago. The good work is in urgent need of a sum of £2,000 for structural improvements and of a large addition to the list of annual subscribers. Gifts should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer of the TAIT Homes, 1, The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.1.



A SLOW MIND IN A QUICK BODY.

First Edinburgh Caddie. "Y'R MAN FRA' GLESGA CANNA HIT A BA'. HE 'S OWER QUICK I' THE UPTAK'."

Second Ditto. "HE 'S NO THAT WHEN I MAK' A JOKE."

Another Impending Apology.

"Some of his figures were obtained in typical Hagen fashion. At the twelfth, for instance, his drive hit a lady and the ball stopped short of a bunker."—*Daily Paper.*

"Better springing will compensate the motorist for using a second grade road."
Liverpool Paper.

And would often save the pedestrian on any sort of road.

"The Royal procession was as brilliant as ever. The King and the Princes had a pale pink, wide-brimmed crinoline hat, with pink ostrich feathers, a cream wrap with fur collar, and a pale pink chiffon scarf."—*Welsh Paper.*

Why did the London journals conspire to suppress these picturesque details?

MORE JACKDAW IN GEORGIA.

LOVE IN LAMBETH.

(*If Mr.* PETT RIDGE *took to writing blank verse.*)

Liza.

OH, Alf, I 'm orl messed up wiv fish an' chips!
You are a one fer squeezin'—ain't yer, nah?
Gaw on, you finish 'em, I 'm full right up.
Farver won't 'arf be crorss wiv me, me aht
After eleven. Very strick, 'e is;
'E says no gal what 'as 'er self-respeck
Stays aht wiv fellers after ten o'clock.

Alf.

'Im—'e 's orlright; 'e 's on'y up the loop.
Thinks we 're a pair o' waxworks, eh? Not 'arf!
Blimey! a pair o' pleadin' kippers gits
More liberty than us . . . Don't tork ter me;
I bet, if truth was known, when 'e was young
'E was a fair ole rip.

Liza.

Nah, none o' that;
Yer not ter say them things 'bout Farver, Alf;
I won't allow it. 'Tain't as if 'e 's crool:
It 's *'is* 'ome, an' 'e 's welcome to 'is views.
I knows meself, I do, an' I knows *you*,
An' if 'e 's funny like it can't be 'elped.
One thing, I ain't the flighty sort, I ain't.
Oh, Alf!

Alf.

Yus, kid?

Liza.

I sometimes think I 'd die
If you took up along o' someone else.
I 'm gorn on you more 'n I ever thought
I could on any bloke.

Alf.

I *loves* you, Liz!
I loves them eyes o' yourn becorse they shine;
I loves yer 'air, an', when I sees yer mouth
'Itchin' up sudden-like ter see the joke,
I 'as ter larf meself. Them teeth, agin,
As white as little onions.

Liza.

Oh, gaw on, Alf!
You are a one fer sayin' things, you are.

Alf.

Yer 'ands too, Liza; lovely little 'ands
They is; an' 'tain't your fault they 're stained
Orl purple wiv red cabbige. Gi 's a kiss;
I feels I want ter eat yer, 'struth I do.

Liza.

I wouldn't mind . . . It seems so silly, Alf,
Us bein' 'ere ahtside the street door spoonin'.
Bert Cook an' Cissie Clark ain't nothin' like
As old as we are, an' they 're married.

Alf.

Ah!
But 'e 'd a job; 'e 's bin in reg'lar work
Since 'e come back from Frawnce, the perisher!
An' wot if they *is* married? Look at 'em,
Look at 'er 'air an' fice! Why, strike me pink!
I wouldn't be Bert Cook fer quids, not me!
'Ere, dole or no dole, we 'll be spliced, ole gal,
Come nex' Benk 'Olid'y. Wot d'yer say nah, eh?

Liza.

I 'm that there sick o' pickles; make yer eyes
Smart wiv the vinegar an' spice, they do.
I sometimes *dream* o' mustard pickles, Alf;
An' then I sees me 'ands orl red an' sore. . . .
I gotter go nah. Weren't them pickshers good?
I 'll *dream* of *'Er!* I 'ated that torl chap—
'Im wiv the eyeglarss an' the spats. . . Oh, Alf!
Oh, Alf, yer mouth *is* rough. Oh, Alf!

Alf.

'Ere, Liz,
I can't 'elp bein' rough; I can't afford
Ter shave 'ere twice a week. Ter-morrer, eh?

Liza.

Dahn by the Ole Vic. Eight o'clock. Goo'-night.

Alf.

So-long, Liz.

Liza.

So-long, Alf.

Alf (*all alone*).

A blinkin' shime!
Blimey! I wish I wasn't on the dole . . .
Why, there 's ole Bert! 'Ere, what 's the 'urry, Bert?
'Feard o' the missus, ain't yer? Don't I *know!*
'Ere, 'ave a fag, Bert. 'Oo 's fer a gime o' pills?

[Alf *and the* Shadowy Third *slouch off to a billiard-saloon in the New Cut as* Liza *ascends a dark staircase and prepares to face* Father.

W. K. S.

TERMINOLOGICAL UNCERTAINTY.

A REGRETTABLE incident took place the other day at the meeting of the Women's National Liberal Federation. On the proposal to send a message to Lord OXFORD expressing confidence in his leadership, a delegate asked, "Does this imply anything against Mr. LLOYD GEORGE?" to which the President replied, "I have not mentioned that subject."

Is "that subject" a proper expression to use in referring to an eminent statesman? The dictionary defines "subject" as "one under the power of another." If the term was used in this sense, then I have no hesitation in saying that, applied to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, it was, to say the least, hardly accurate. Another definition of the word as used in anatomy is "a dead body for dissection." If that was the meaning to be conveyed, then I say that even his bitterest enemy would be compelled to admit that the term was erroneous. And in the further technical sense of "a person supposed to be peculiarly sensitive to hypnotic influence" the description "subject" seems scarcely applicable to the Welsh Wizard. "The scheme or idea of a work of art" might be admissible, but did the President mean that? The answer to this question obviously is "Ah!"

Perhaps the safest meaning to attach to the word as here used is "that of which anything is said, or of which a discourse treats, bringing many things under a common head."

But I hold to the opinion that the remark was regrettable. There is an uneasy feeling in my mind that "object" was the word on the tip of the President's tongue.

THE SETTLER.

[A tit has built her nest in the mouth of a German gun at Leighton Buzzard.]

FROM that once noisy murderous mouth ere long
Will issue, thanks to her, what silvery song;
For life, instead of devastation, dwells
Within her exquisitely-fashioned shells. W. K. H.



COUNTY SONGS.

XII.—CHESHIRE.

If cats are aversions
And cheese is a bane,
Avoid the excursions
By road, boat or train
To Cheshire; for Cheshire, although, when at ease,
The G.O.M. dwelt there and cut down its trees,
Has foremost renown for its cats (without frown) and its smooth and delectable cheese.

If cats are magnetic
And cheese is a lure,
The peripatetic
Should hasten to tour
In Cheshire; for Cheshire, although the abode
Of Tarporley heroes who revelled and rode,
Is prouder than sin of its cats (with a grin) and its delicate roseate cheese.

E. V. L.





Small but observant Native. "'ERBIE—QUICK! THIS IS 'OW 'E DONE IT. I WATCHED 'IM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

AFTER the scattering by CROMWELL of CHARLES THE FIRST'S pictures there ensued in England a century of artistic apathy so notable that Continental critics excelled themselves in conjectures as to what, apart from "climate and a phlegmatic constitution," could have been the pre-eminent cause. With the French Revolution the boot was on the other leg, and English connoisseurs began to amass the art treasures extruded by Continental upheavals. In this happy hour "*Christie's*" (CONSTABLE) rose into eminence as the greatest "clearing-house of art" in the country. The sale-room and the name are identified from 1766, when JAMES CHRISTIE the First handled coffins, barrel-organs, dripping-pans, sedan-chairs, "sophas," coach geldings, pigs, poultry, and loads of Kensington hay. The first picture sale with the owner's name attached took place in 1787, when the collection of Mr. DELBOURG, "first musician to His Majesty," came under the hammer. From thenceforward the story of "Christie's" is one of cumulative interest. No one could have told it, I feel, with greater sympathy, acumen and grace than Mr. H. C. MARILLIER, or discerned more of the sidelights that its crude revelations of market value shed on cycles of national and international taste and readjustments of national and international purchasing power. His sense of humanity and humour breathes new life into the once ardent and contentious dust of artists, collectors and dealers; and his volume is so admirably indexed that it is easy to follow the fortunes of a given canvas, painter or school through the vicissitudes of public favour. There is a chronological list of all "Christie's" greatest sales, from the dispersal of Sir JOSHUA'S Old Masters to the disposal of the SARGENT water-colours; and the book itself, with its excellent reproductions of portraits and caricatures, is a piece for collectors.

Ruritanias are dead. There are not enough real monarchies in the Balkans nowadays to enable us to give credibility to those imaginary Courts where an Otto or a Rudolph hold sway. In Serbonia Mr. C. E. BAINES has imagined a republic in which "the scattered enemies of England have found their rallying point; it has become the Mecca of all fomenters of strikes and sedition throughout the Empire." This is a good idea, for it enables the hero of *The Blue Poppy* (ARNOLD) to combine the advantages of foreign travel, detective work and a not perhaps too much exaggerated study of certain international possibilities of the day. The plot begins with a murder on a golf-course, symbolically impressive by reason of the red flag on the green, and proceeds to breathless escapes by agents of the English Secret Service in a mysterious foreign town. The Serbonian police are ruthless, the Serbonian government is diabolically cunning. There is a woman who helps. All the right ingredients, in fact, are there. But there is much less nonsense and much surer insight, or at any rate much more plausible pretext, in this novel than in the majority of such romances. Nor is Mr. BAINES without the weapon of wit. "Like most of that kind," says his detective in speaking of a certain old "professional revolutionary" who had belonged at one time or another to every society which had attempted to destroy the British Empire, "he was a charming companion, and singularly free from that bad habit of teetotalism which spoils so many of our younger seditionists. After his fourth or fifth he would talk freely about his past experiences and his hopes for the future." Though the author owes, of course, a great

deal to Mr. JOHN BUCHAN'S stories in a similar *genre* one cannot help surmising that he too is in a position to know more about international intrigue than the ordinary raisers of our hair. *The Blue Poppy* can be safely plucked from the library list.

Writers on "the youngest art"
Seldom manage to impart
Information that succeeds
In providing for the needs
Of the expert skilled technician
And the amateur musician.
In his *Studies and Caprices*—
Aptly named in view of "pieces"
Thus entitled by begetters
Both of music and of letters—
I have found the genuine pith
Of the matter in BRENT SMITH,
Who, already known to choirs
And to bands in western shires,
Swims into a wider ken
In this volume (METHUEN).
Here, without parade of learning,
Sympathetic yet discerning,
Linking to incisive brevity
Moments of "judicious levity,"
He vivaciously discourses
On the elemental forces,
BACH and BEETHOVEN, or writes
Of the large yet lesser lights,
Critical and yet urbane,
Fresh yet reverent and sane.

Though the foundations of *The House of the Goat* (DUCKWORTH) are well and truly laid, its super-structure is sometimes rather wobbly. But in spite of this the tale as a whole is to be commended. *Miss Elizabeth Shaw*, aged thirty-five, was born to mother; and at her farm at Ockling, on the banks of a "lazy Norfolk river," she had ample opportunity to exercise her maternal instinct. One man however wanted her not for a mother but for a wife. He began to build a house at Ockling which cruelly offended the æsthetic senses of the architect. *Elizabeth* sympathised with the young architect, who, further, had to be saved from the clutches of a vamp. At the same time her feelings for the other man were gradually becoming less and less maternal. From this quandary the author ultimately, if rather slowly, extracted her. His account however of the clash between the business-man who knew what kind of house he wanted and meant to have it, and the architect whose soul revolted against his philistinism is done effectively and with a right restraint. Mr. C. LLOYD JONES is worth watching, and I intend to watch him.

The river of London as the background of a story set among the dwellers on its grimy littoral suggests many possibilities both romantic and realistic. It just depends how you look at it. It is rather a pity that Mr. ANTHONY BERTRAM, the author of *The Pool* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), should have elected to do so through glasses tinted with the smoke of Muscovite gloom, for he writes with much shrewd observation and plenty of humour in his lighter moments. His story is about a slum beauty and her various Rotherhithe swains: *Young Bert* the boxer, *Erb* with his pathetic fumblings after education, and *Syd*, the typical "corner boy," undeveloped and stunted in everything but vice. It depicts with an almost brutal baldness a side of life which undoubtedly does exist; but there are, after all, other things in the Pool besides dead dogs and worse, and other qualities to be observed in Rotherhithe than the various forms of mental and moral degeneracy which Mr. BERTRAM delineates so powerfully but painfully.



ZOOLOGY.

Lady. "DEAR ME! SO THAT'S THE PINK ELEPHANT. HOW DOES IT GET ON WITH THE OTHERS?"

Keeper. "SPLENDID, MUM! AIN'T YOU HEARD? GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES?"



THIS COAL BUSINESS.

"WE haven't met," I said, "since the general strike. You bore up well, I hope, during that attempt to frustrate your activities?"

"Thank you," replied the Sage; "there is always a certain satisfaction in carrying on your job when people of no authority order you to desist, and in contriving to go on eating when they want you to starve. But there is no great satisfaction in winning a victory over your own folk. I never cared much for any sort of war, but I prefer the kind in which the enemy consists of aliens."

"But wasn't this just as wanton a war," I asked, "as the one that Germany made? Wasn't it due to the same silly vanity in the leaders who launched it?"

"That may be," said Mr. Punch; "but the fact remains that, whatever they may have thought of it, the men who were called upon to strike gave as complete a response to that call as the Huns gave to the call of their war-lords. I think it was called 'the solidarity of labour.' How do you account for that phenomenon?"

"I don't accept," I said, "the limitation of the term 'labour' to those who happen to belong to Trade Unions. I am a bit of a labourer myself, but I don't take orders from Messrs. BEVIN and CITRINE. Indeed, till the other day I had never so much as heard of this Mr. CITRINE. But let that pass. This unanimity among the workers who were called out I attribute in part to sympathy for their brothers of the mines, and in part to loyal recognition of services rendered in the past by their leaders before the Trade Unions had reached the present stage of tyranny over their members. But I attribute it also in part to fear; fear, at the worst, of violence, done in the course of 'peaceful' persuasion, to themselves and their families; fear, at the best, of a social boycott. I recall a picture described to me of some children in an elementary school who were found playing apart from the others. Their fellows refused to mix with them; they were treated as pariahs. They were the children of men who had stuck to their work in a recent strike."

"A very ugly picture," said the Sage.

"Yes," I said; "but such cruelty is not the spontaneous expression of public opinion among the men; it is imposed upon them by the noisy few. The average working man does not openly express an opinion, except in occasional ballots, which, not being secret, afford no criterion. He keeps silence and submits to the loud and violent among his fellows, or to leaders whom he dares not disobey for fear of being broken. I should very much like to know the inarticulate miner's private opinion of such champions as Mr. SMITH and Mr. COOK. Does he never silently pray to be delivered from his friends?"

"I see hope of deliverance," said Mr. Punch, "in the Cabinet's proposal to make it permissible to restore the hours of labour in the mines to the point at which they stood only a few years ago. Indeed I allow myself to wonder a little why the Commission's Report did not urge this solution as being more humanitarian than the proposal to reduce wages. But it did at least suggest that the men should be offered the option. And they will be well advised to accept this alternative. You hate, as I do, to think of women and children suffering because their men-folk are holding out for a reasonable wage, and we can both understand that the general sympathy of the public for the miners should in some cases take the practical shape of gifts in aid, even though these gifts not only tend to prolong the deadlock and all the misery it entails for those whom it throws out of work in other industries, but are also tainted, however innocently, by association with the gifts of the Soviet Unions, which have that sinister end in view. But if these miners—a sturdy race—merely claimed our pity for a state of distress which they could end to-morrow by doing an hour's more work on five days a week, their appeal would fall on ears not quite so attentive."

"True," I said; "and that explains the execrations with which Mr. BALDWIN's announcement of a Bill to allow longer hours was received by the Labour Party. They were afraid that the men would accept this solution and go back to work. That would not suit the leaders' book."

"It seems," said the Sage, "that some of these leaders are more concerned for the gratification of their vanity than for the good of the men whose cause they profess to serve. They are for ever trying to save their own faces. No doubt at this moment Mr. COOK is chiefly occupied in calculating how much he can save of the face that does all this parrot-talk. Not knowing his face, I cannot pretend to guess what he would look like with part of it gone. But is any of it worth saving?

"To me the most depressing thing in the whole miserable business is that you and I, the alleged heirs of freedom, who only ask to be allowed to do our turn of labour without interruption, should be at the mercy of a little oligarchy in whose election we have had no sort of voice. If they were a wise oligarchy the position would be more tolerable, though even so we should prefer to have the choosing of them. But the trouble is that this conflict has not thrown up a first-class leader on either side. The miners' representatives betray an ignorance of the elements of political economy that is simply fantastic; and they betray something worse than ignorance when they frankly state that the ruin of other industries does not concern them so long as they secure the interests of their own. As for the owners' representatives they don't seem to have an original idea in all the heads of them put together. 'Hands off our mines' would appear to be the total sum of their contribution to the solving of the problem.

"I should like to get at both sides," continued the Sage on a rising note of courage. "Indeed, I have it in contemplation to invite a conference of owners and men in each district and to read to them a few salient passages from a certain book, replete with philosophic wisdom, and well adapted for their guidance along the way of reason. I foresee as an immediate result a mutual understanding between the two parties."

"And may I venture," I said, "to ask the authorship and title of this unusual work?"

"Have you no more imagination," replied Mr. Punch, "than the leaders in this melancholy dispute?"

"Tell me," I said.

"I will," said he; "I will gratify your amiable curiosity though it does not deceive me. For you must know as well as I do that the work in question is my

One Hundred and Seventieth Volume."

